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THE HESPERIAN.

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART.

"WE WILL STAND BY THE RUDDER THAT GOVERNS THE BARK—NOR ASK HOW WE LOOK FROM THE SHORE."

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[Original.]

THE GOLDEN MOUNTAINS.

To him—who with a philosophic eye,
Surveys the swelling slopes, and rugged heights
Which—rising from the stern and surf-beat shore,
Ascend successive toward the shining peaks,
Clothed in perpetual winter—there is food
For wonder, and for thought.
A gorgeous treasury of hidden spoil,
Lies beneath each worn and hoary crag,
While every spot that glances back the sun,
Is strewn or paved with ore; each river rolls
Richer than fabled Pactolus. Below,
Channels—whose earliest tracks are hid and lost
Beneath the fire-heaved mountains—gleam with gold,
The hills are ribbed and seamed with sparkling veins,
Wrenching the bosom of the trembling earth,
From its remotest depths.
Undimmed within the moistened cells of earth.
These stores, like captives lay: and when at length
They leaped into the glare of day, they shone
Beneath a careless blow, that men call chance.
Such was the chance, that on the Andes ridge
Revealed those earlier treasures to the sun,
When the wild Indian on Potosi's side,
With aimless grasp, snatched at a yielding shrub,
Beneath whose roots the virgin ore blazed forth,
Which freighted all the argosies of Spain,
And stretched her sceptre over half the world.
Here man may view from nature's pinnacle,
At once, the boiling surf—the glittering spire—
The cunning cot, close nestled in the vale—
The fir—the blushing brook—the hazy smoke—
The groaning wheels of commerce on the mart—
Urged on to action, by the swarthy tide,
Which pours its treasures from the mountains' slope
And Freedom reigns; no hending child of toil
Pursues a hopeless task; in other lands,
The treasure rescued from the yielding soil,
Was tinged with blood and tears; by Ural's base—
Or Zacatecas brow, peon and surf,
Groaned in a hopeless bondage—not so here;
Hope sheds her dazzling hues on every stream,
And darts the splendor of her shining brow
A sun in deepest caves.
Ye parched and barren hills! from your pierced breasts,
What quickening streams flow forth, grander than these
In shape and beauty towering to the sky,
Andes and Alps, and Appanines arise—
Judea's mountains trod by heavenly feet—
The fortresses of freedom guarded yet,
By warrior spirits, seen at dead of night,
At Marathon, or by Thermopole—
These, touch the heart more nearly, but from you,
Goes forth a power, inferior but to these;
And your bright stream, poured into shrivelled veins,
Reanimates and stirs a nation's pulse.
On every sea, there floats a statelier fleet,
And whether, where the hot Caribbean blast,
Pours its full breath upon the eager sail,

Or where the Arctic gale beats in the shroud,
Stiffened and chained in unrelenting frost—
In each the impulse swells; it forms, and frames
The huge Leviathan: its power imparts
A deepened music, to the busy hum
Of cities multitudinous—appears
Temple and palace, citadel and port,
It opens distant and benighted realms
To letters and to trade; it gives reward
To art and science—and tho, never yet
Did love of gold move the true poet's soul,
Still shall no Otways starve upon our shores:
But they—"the princes of the mind," whose sway
All hearts acknowledge—ask no stinted dole
From monarch, or from peer.
Such are your gifts—oh mountains! and abroad,
Like silent, plenteous, fertilizing rain,
They fall on every land. Be ever thus,
A fountain in the desert—may your streams
Gladden and elevate the humblest home,
May all our varied and increasing wants—
Social, and national, find their supply
Within your bounteous breast. In future years,
When the historian shall record the march
Of science—letters—commerce—arts, and arms,
May every page, of that immortal tale,
Be sealed and stamped with honor.

[Original.]

THE VISION OF OSWALD, THE DREAMER.

BY MRS. JAMES.

It was a luxuriously furnished room; neither
parlor, boudoir nor chamber, but combining
the requisites of all three. The walls were
adorned with a few rare and exquisite paint-
ings. Books, richly bound, were scattered
about, and in a recess, a curiously stained
transparent case contained a large old black-
lettered Bible, fastened with golden clasps.
Near this was lying a volume of Jacob Beh-
man's quaint and mystical sermons, and, as
though it had just been looked into, it was
open. Marginal notes were penciled within;
a spirit of despondency had certainly dictated
most of them. They bore no particular refer-
ence to the philosophy of the volume, but
seemed rather impressions which had been
produced by some previous train of thought,
and which a passage here and there, had con-
firmed.

"Vague, and dreamy, and speculative; they
are all alike—Poet, Philosopher and Student.
What do they know? Seekers, but foiled in at-
tainment. For me life has no gift—the goblet is
empty."

Such were a few of these sentences; and
the writer, a young and handsome man, was
now listlessly reclining upon a couch, the very
form of which was a luxury, so pliant were the
springs which fitted it easily to the figure. In-
deed, everything in the apartment was calcul-
ated to induce a spirit of indolent inactivity,
rather than of quiet repose, and Oswald had
already lost some of the vigorous strength
which had marked his early manhood.

It was now the twilight time. A servant
noiselessly entered, lighted and placed behind
a transparent shade a silver sconce, which
emitted a faint and delicate perfume; then
winding a musical instrument, which was
moved by springs, and renewing the fire, stood
a moment as if awaiting orders. Receiving
none, he retreated as silently as he came, and
left his master again alone.

The twilight deepened, and as the shadows
of the passers-by rested momentarily upon the
wall, the shimmering fire-light, now brighten-
ing, now dying away, magnified them into co-
lossal proportions or dwarfed them into pig-
mies, until the whole seemed like a moving
panorama of strange unearthly figures. Os-
wald became interested. It was pleasant thus
to be secluded from the world, and yet sur-
rounded by phantasies of its living realities.
It was pleasant to mingle with the crowd with-
out its contamination; and he gathered his
rich robe around him, and settled his tasseled
cap more gracefully on his head, as he indo-
lently watched the pageant. Truly, in one
sense, his goblet of life was empty. The pro-
cession, increasing in numbers, moved more
rapidly; for at nightfall, and more particularly
from the windows of houses in the streets of a
large city may be seen strange sights; and Os-
wald beheld, moving in and out among the
phantasmagorial shadows grouped upon his
cavass, little children, wan and haggard, grop-
ing their way darkly, with a pallor like death
upon their faces, and eyes with no expression
save that indicating hunger, or want, or cold.
Poor little things! he murmured, with a shiver
—poor little things!—that was all; and then
he turned away from them to watch other
shapes go by. Age, moulded by penury into
positive ugliness, and ghastly Crime, and loath-
some Intemperance, all at intervals passed the
windows of his apartment, and exaggerated
semblances of each were for a moment deline-
ated upon the wall. There was another side of
the picture, and the rolling human tide was
joy-freighted for many who, like Oswald, were
exempted from bearing the toil and burden of
the day; and for many others, who, bearing
their burdens bravely, laid them down at the
threshold of home, to bless the love-lighted
faces which smiled them a welcome there, and
to forget within its sacred precincts all that
came between them and happiness. But he
thought not of these; he was only in the mood
to be amused at the phantastic liberties taken
by the fire-light with the figures he was watch-
ing. Puny men grew gigantic, handsome fea-
tures were distorted, and became a ludicrous
caricature of themselves, and tall spectral

shape, bearing a faint similitude to woman, strode past with most unwomanly gait. It was curious what transformations took place, and how the flickering flames glanced about, shaping them at its own unsteady will, into grotesque or awful forms. It was tragical to behold the deformities and odd excrescences on head and shoulders and limbs of these shadow people, and he laughed at the ugliness the fire brought into such bold relief. But wearying at last, he lapsed into his usual indifference to all unconnected with his own personal comfort.

Oswald had not always been thus inolent. But the effeminate tendencies of his boyhood had been encouraged rather than repressed, and abundant pecuniary resources had opened to him such a world of selfish gratifications, that he had yielded to their temptations, and his days had gone by in effortless intentions to make himself worthy of life. Manhood came, and found him a dreamer. Wrapped in his luxurious seclusion, he indulged in speculative reveries, and garnered from the past only food for his morbid fancies. He read the lives of great men, and marked but their struggles and disappointments. He studied philosophy wearily, and was baffled in his search for truth and happiness. He turned to poetry; it charmed, but did not satisfy him. Unable to solve the enigma of life, he pronounced pleasure its chief good, and resolved not to disquiet himself regarding its end.

Still the shadows went to and fro on the wall, dimly. But Oswald was conscious of one figure, separate from the rest, growing into awful distinctness beneath his gaze, and with undefinable terror he beheld it approaching him. It was that of an old man. There was a majestic calmness in all his movements, and his pale, broad forehead accorded well with the granite hardness of his face. His silver hair and long flowing beard rested upon his robe, which swept the ground. In his eyes there was neither pity nor compassion as they rested on the young man.

Oswald trembled, but obeyed, as a voice which held within its compass the echoes of centuries, bade him "follow!" and as he arose he noticed in the hand of his awful guide an hour glass. Drop by drop as the golden sands were exhausted, mysteriously they were replenished, and the pilgrim said, "Sixty times within the hour swings the pendulum to and fro, and twelve times sixty of these golden drops are awarded to thee each day.—Say not the goblet of life is empty."

And the pendulum seemed to repeat: "Say not the goblet of life is empty;" and at each stroke backward and forward, came the words "TIME AND ETERNITY."

Oswald felt a responsibility never before experienced; he moved as if a burden had been laid upon him. He was strangely annoyed at the continuous sounds of "Time and Eternity," which the pendulum uttered as with a tongue. Even his watch caught the echo, and faintly whispered "Time and Eternity;" and at a sign from the aged pilgrim, the city clocks rang out with brazen and stentorian tones, "Time and Eternity!"

"Wherefore, oh, awful Guide," said Oswald,

"dost thou remind me that Time is, and Eternity shall be?"

"Thou saidst," replied he, "for thee life had no gift—the goblet was empty. I would remind thee that for every mortal I bear the one great gift—Behold!" And he held up the hour glass.

"But of what use is thy gift to me? Other men spend years in the accumulation of wealth. It is mine unsought. Some gather the treasures of intellect; of these I have my share. There are those who vainly pursue science; one succeeds, thousands fail; fools laugh at them, and they go down to the grave with sorrowing hearts and disappointed hopes. Others seek to illustrate truth, or to unfold the sublime mysteries of philosophy, or to teach the old creed of human brotherhood. Fallacy, all. Is the world wiser or better? Does not the serpent still lurk beneath the tree of knowledge?"

There was sternness in those unrelenting eyes as they confronted the bold questioner; there was reproof in the voice: "Deluded self-worshipper," it said, "because thou hast the blessing of wealth, dost thou think to render no account for the abuse of it? Because the teachings of the Thinker have failed to arouse thee from thy lethargy, dost thou question their wisdom? Thy shallow reason, incapable of measuring minds greater than thine own, pronounces that labor vain which is unmarked by success. This is the test mediocrity ever applies to genius." Oswald stood abashed, as he continued: "And the old creed of human brotherhood? Eighteen hundred years ago came One, teaching that all men were brothers. Blessed, thrice blessed are they whose lives exemplify this truth. Dost thou ask if the world is wiser for the power of greatness, or better for the strength of goodness? Thou shalt see!" And again he said "Follow!"

The young man was transported, he knew not how, to a bridge spanning a dark river. "This separates," said the Pilgrim, stepping upon it, "the Past from the Present. Yon arches represent the centuries; between each of them lies the space of an hundred years."

Oswald, seating himself on the bridge, beheld a perspective of arches, each smaller than the other, till in the dim distance he could scarcely descry their proportions. Over a few nearest the bridge clambered vines and green mosses. Some were broken and crumbling into ruins, but most of them retained their original shape, and the grey mould covered them. Between each of these a great plain extended, upon which cities, villages and towns were visible. Myriads of human beings also appeared, and to his wondering eyes the whole looked like a succession of vast pictures, of which the arches formed the frame work. His attention was riveted. Far in the back ground of the most remote arch, a spectre with gory locks and fierce blood-stained eyes, was striding up and down. His garments were crimson, and aloft he held a banner inscribed "The God of Battles." Cruel implements of destruction were girded about his waist, and wherever he came, men fought each other, and the earth ran with streams of blood. Barbar-

ities were perpetrated which sickened the soul of the gazer, and a gray smoke rose from the smouldering ruins of hut and hamlet, where the gory demon had planted his burning foot.

The Pilgrim spoke: "In all ages of the world there has been a God of Battles, created by the passions of men. He embodies those attributes which nearest ally him to the brute. This is he."

Then came another figure on the scene. A bloated, reeling mass of fleshy obesity, whose breath was poison, and whose touch left a mark as of flame upon the countenances of his victims. And another, having bleared eyes and thick, sensual lips, and a vulture-like scent, as though forever seeking prey. And still another: A huge, misshapen, ungainly Goliath—a giant, with the strength of a Sampson, wielding diabolical instruments of torture. The chain, the padlock and the scourge were in his right hand, and his iron-shod heel ground fiercely upon the throbbing hearts of prostrate millions.

It was a fearful sight, and Oswald turned, shuddering away, as still these terrible figures followed each other in quick succession.

"No more, oh, awful Seer! Veil from my eyes the vision."

"Thou see'st the Reality," replied the Pilgrim. "To other men war wears an aspect in which the lineaments only of yon hideous spectre may be faintly traced; the bay-leaf crown conceals the gory locks; the clang of martial instruments drowns the discordant voice of strife, and in the banner held aloft, they behold only the type of fame, glory or victory. To other men Intemperance seems not so fearful. The bacchanal revel, the sparkling wine-cup, the song, the mirth, the dance, temporarily renew the semblance of vigorous life in the old, and stir the blood of the young with pleasurable emotions, till fierce fires are kindled in those of impulsive temperament, and the giddy delirium of a moment may leave its mark of shame or crime on the character, uneffaceable from the memory by any repentance of after years.

"Lust, also wears a deceitful face, and with guileful charms lures youth and beauty from the path of virtue. Even slavery gilds the padlock and the scourge, and hides its cloven foot, and men bow down to it, as of old they at Ephesus worshipped Diana, crying, 'Great art thou!' Yonder, also, thou may'st behold the yellow visage of Mammon, and the hard face of Avarice, and the disgusting front of Gluttony. But I have said I would prove the world wiser for its great men—better for its good ones;" and he led Oswald to the extreme end of the bridge, nearest the arches.

"Thou may'st from here discern," said he, some difference in the characters of these world-pictures between the arches."

"Yes," replied Oswald, "in those nearest me I perceive less ruggedness—more of refinement and beauty in the architectural designs. Even the agricultural aspect of the landscape is improved, and the shapes which so appalled my spirit, though still discernable, seem to exercise a less powerful sway over the multitude of human beings."

While he yet spoke, suddenly a heavy cloud swept across the scene, and expanding, over-arched the firmament. A few stars glittered here and there, but beneath all was blank darkness. The Pilgrim with the hour-glass still kept his position on the bridge, and there was a dread doubt in his eye, as he appeared to be summoning from the world of space other spirits to take the places of those so lately visible.

"Nay," he said, confronting Oswald, "it is useless. I have shown the Past—I was about to unveil the Future, but thou hast seen enough. Now look into yonder dark cloister."

A gloomy structure of stone, with small windows of stained glass, latticed with an iron grating, was all that remained of the vast pictures the Pilgrim had disclosed to his youthful companion. A doorway was open in the center of the building, and on either side the aisle were cloisters tenanted by a company of strange looking old monks in hood and cowl. They were poring over musty volumes, in appearance as antique as themselves, and some were transcribing in cramped and heavy letters the contents of various papers into these books. What connection this scene had with the foregoing, whether it was a second act in the drama, or whether it was distinct and separate, having no reference to it, Oswald could not determine. He knew, however, it was not meaningless, for that the old man was teaching him lessons of grave import, he could not doubt. And now came unbidden to his ears the echo of his own words: "Is the world wiser or better?—wiser for its great men, better for its good men?"

"Had all the knowledge been lost which these have garnered for future generations," said the Seer, answering, without seeming to do so, the question, "the world would have lacked the experience which has made it wiser than of yore. The human mind rests not; its tendency is onward the experiences of past ages are stepping stones to its progress."

"And what do these old Monks, with hood and cowl, to aid the progress so inevitable?"

"By careful toil and study they are recording the historical events which tradition or obscure manuscripts have brought down to them; and when some more rapid mode of transcribing shall have been discovered, these records will become invaluable, as containing the leaves of that Past which man's frail memory, unassisted, could never transmit from age to age."

Oswald almost sneered. "And of what use to the coming generations will be all the knowledge thus preserved? Personal experience is the best teacher; self-bought knowledge is the most profitable."

For a moment Oswald seemed transported to his own studio, and the venerable Seer, silently and without comment, pointed to dusky tomes over whose pages Oswald, in his college days, had poured with a kindling ambition. Greek and Latin authors, the old scholars, and the old poets, classics, belles-lettres, all were contained in the well-furnished library of the dreamy young man.

The Seer spoke: "To what heights of

knowledge, oh, Idler, wouldst thou ever have ascended, had not these been thy teacher? "Knowledge is Power," and weak and supine as are thy present energies, thou wouldst have been a drivelling fool but for these."

The rebuke sounded harshly to the effeminate young man. He remembered his early boyhood, when the latent fire of noble ambition to acquire learning had given him energy and exercised his will, far beyond his present aspirations—and he sighed.

"Young man!"

Oswald looked up.

"Some remorseful emotions are awakened in thy heart; some generous impulse of better days is stirring thy nature; thou has learned that as the ages advance, every great or noble human endeavor leaves its mark upon the time for the example of posterity. Vice leaves also its scar upon the years as warning to those who are to come. War and Intemperance, Slavery, and Crime of all descriptions, still exist. He who preached 'Peace and good-will among men,' took upon Him our humanity, with its manifold temptations. These great evils have been infused with less of barbarity; the ministering angels of Pity and Compassion, the divine attributes of Charity and Love, have been more apparent. The 'good seed,' spoken of in this volume, (pointing to the golden-clasped volume as he spoke,) has not always fallen upon stony places, but 'fruit a hundred fold' bearing witness to its germinating. Study these pages!" and the Seer, lifted up his voice: "Wisdom, Knowledge and Experience will lend their teachings to thy heart, but all in vain unless thou read'st them by this light!"

Sudden and wonderful are oft the transformations in the shadowy land of dreams. Faces rise up before us, unseen for years; friends stand beside us who sleep, perhaps, in ocean graves or in foreign lands; voices speak to us from the dead Past, with mysterious meaning, and memories haunt us, of which our waking hours bear no impress. The very figures we have been watching change or glide away, leaving only thin air, or assuming other shapes, totally unlike those they at first wore.

It was thus in the seemingly enchanted land where the thoughts of Oswald were, for the time being, held captive. And now he seemed to be moving among the motly crowd which had at first attracted his attention outside the windows. He shrank from contact with them; his dainty morning robe was wrapped closely about his form, as he encountered coarseness and filth. His white hands scarcely touched those of the brown-palmed beggar who craved his charity. He stepped aside lest he might inhale the breath of disease as it came heated from the breath of some passer-by. He looked round for the old man, and although he still heard ringing in his ears the awful sound of "Time and Eternity," the Seer and the hour-glass had vanished.

Swiftly the stream of human life flowed on—swiftly, but ever and anon swayed to and

fro by some sudden alarm, or some equally sudden outburst of excitement.

It was during one of these impulsive movements of the crowd that Oswald perceived a figure more distinctly, which had hitherto moved so quietly that it appeared invisible to the greater portion of those who thronged the avenues and thoroughfares. Although it was in their midst, none seemed aware of its presence. In its hand was carried a sharp but delicate scythe, and living faces blanched with fear as they felt its touch from the unseen bearer.

It confronted Oswald—it glided by his side—it spoke, and sadly the burden rose on the air—

"The grass withereth—the flower fadeth."

Oswald now became aware, as by intuition, that the white-winged Death Angel was his fearful companion, and "Eternity!" echoed its awful cadences through the secret chambers of his soul.

As they passed onward, noiselessly the Death Angel lifted his spear one warning moment over a human head, but left it untouched, yet striking, perhaps, one walking beside with the fatal instrument.

The young man ventured to question his companion, as he had done formerly the aged Seer. "Dost thou spare these in mercy or in wrath?"

Mild and beautiful in expression were the eyes which beamed upon Oswald, as he replied: "'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth,' the strong man, the young maiden, and the babe, all are mine. In the Spring of life, its Autumn and its Winter, 'All seasons are mine own;' but 'The day and the hour no man knoweth.'"

"And none—are none ready?" questioned Oswald.

With a pitying and benignant glance, the figure beckoned him onward. Turning into one of the less crowded avenues, they passed together over the threshold of a low-roofed cottage. On a couch a sick man was lying. Physical suffering had worn lines of anguish upon his countenance, but it was sublime with the spirit's triumph. Solemnly the angel lifted his scythe, and as the upraised eye of the dying man caught its first glimmer, with a beatific smile he murmured: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting!"

Oswald comprehended the teaching; he needed no more. The "still ending" of all human hopes, fears and aspirations was before him in that now insensate clay. "But," said he of the scythe, "all this man had in his goblet of life, were the golden drops of Time. He has gone down to the grave honored and respected. He has elevated his race by the utterance of noble truths. He has urged them to active benevolence by his example. He was poor, but the riches of a generous nature were poured out in consolations to the afflicted. The glow of a warm heart has made sunshine in many a cheerless hovel. Thou hast more—abundantly more. Social position, genius, wealth, and a vigorous physical organization—are all of these to be utterly wasted? Is the world to be no wiser or bet-

ter for thy creation? Atom of infinity—spark from the Eternal! treasure up for thy waking hours the visions of this night. They may avail thee much."

Slowly, slowly, as a vapor of mist will lift away from the hill-sides, dissolving into thin air, the dream-picture faded away, and Oswald awoke.

It was early morning. The flame in the silver sconce was flickering, the fire-light had dwindled away, the musical instrument had ceased its melody. But all the appurtenances of self-indulgent luxury were around him. The quaint old volume he had been reading was beside him. How strangely that marginal note now struck his eye: "*For me this life has no gift—the goblet is empty.*"

Later in the day, three college friends of Oswald entered the apartment.

"Come, old chum," said Theobald, "let's to the race-ground. 'Bright Sally' is to run a three-mile heat against 'Lady Ousley'—dine at the Odeon. By George! a real frolic—come home gloriously drunk!"

"Theatre to-night—supper with Prima Donna!" chimed in others. "Lots of fun!"

Oswald was not there. The gaming table, the horse-race, the sensual excitements formerly so blandishing, had lost their charms. The "Goblet of Life" had been emptied to be re-filled with the Waters of Repentance. "Marah" was in the bitterness of the draught, but ere long it became sweet to the taste, and henceforth Oswald lived no purposeless existence. Poverty found in his wise munificence abundant relief. Struggling genius developed itself under his patronage. In the Senate Chamber he espoused the cause of the oppressed. Social and literary distinction were the results of his intellectual attainments.

Oswald's vision had awakened his slumbering faculties—had aroused his dormant powers. His "Goblet of Life" was filled with earthly happiness; and as he quaffed it drop by drop, he realized that "TIME AND ETERNITY" were not all a dream.

Beauty in Age.

A writer significantly says:

"If women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from sweetened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and coloring, and consequently, to those who never could boast either of these latter, years give much more than they take away."

And that:

"Many a one, who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life."

It is difficult to make pretty women believe the above, and they therefore are content to waste the spring of their lives in frivolities, leaving their minds to run to weed so utterly, that, when age begins to come upon them, they have not only faces expressionless from want of mind and thought to show, but also faces positively ugly with furrows of discontent and disappointed vanity. No woman of character, who has cultivated her mind and heart, can ever grow homely. Her good qualities and ripened intellect develop with her years, and must shine through her face, and must ever render her, in spite of years, a pleasing and agreeable object in any social relation.—*Dispatch.*

DR. FRANCIS BACON, in a recent lecture before the New York Historical Society, asserts that there are more than eighty different languages spoken in that city alone. What a Babel!

[Original.]

The Pleasures of Reading—Its Abuse.

"THANK God for books!" was the expression of one whose opinion is more weighty than mine. Next to the bread of life, I know of nothing to be more grateful for, than a good book. It has not been our lot to be favored with leisure to read a great number of volumes, but some of the few we have read, we prize as our best friends and choicest treasures. The pleasure of reading, who can begin fully to describe it! We experience it almost as soon as we can accent our mother tongue. How often do we see the child of four years, listen with conscious delight as its parent reads some simple tale; how its face will change with emotion of joy or sorrow, according to the tone of the story. As it advances in years, books are its stored treasures. The young mind to which a proper impulse has been given, will have books, even at the sacrifice of appetite or attire. Why is it so? Because they afford pleasure higher and pure than aught else. How different the life of such a youth from that of a child of nature, whose ancestors never knew the use of letters. When in time past, we have looked on the South Sea Islanders, stupid, ignorant and indolent, as he lay in the shade of a tropical tree, we have thought how few and meagre must be his ideas, and how circumscribed the range of his mental horizon. To him the brilliant and mighty canopy of the Heavens, with its vast and numberless worlds, embarked on an illimitable ocean of space, are so many small torches which he might reach from the mountains; and the earth itself but a speck, bounded by the horizon of his vision. How must his life waste away in gross gratification, listless stupidity, supineness and sleep. He lives but to vegetate like the plants around him. Not so with the man who loves books. He has thrown open to him the very secrets of the universe, and revels in intellectual joys as pure as the food of angels. What pleasure can be higher than the thrilling emotions often awakened by the perusal of a new book of genius. Books lay before us not only the great and immutable laws of nature, but they point out the wonderful mechanism of the world we inhabit—they unravel the hidden secrets of human nature, and give us a clear insight into the life of man. With such an author as Shakspeare before us, we can enter the hovel of the wretched and simple, the cottage of the humble poor, or the gorgeous courts of kings. With a Gibbon or Macaulay we can travel the long ages past, and awake to new life hoary heroes and sages, that they may fight over their battles, and pronounce anew their oracles. When banished from society and afloat on the far-off sea, how have we peered such authors as Bulwer, who opens to us a world of imagination and a fountain of thought? In such company we are happy.

It was well said, by a brave soldier to a haughty prince in command, "sir, the sword knows no nobility; it will peirce a king as easily as a subject—in this we are equal." It may be said with more truth, that books make men equal. They often raise the poor above the great and rich of this world. We

have seen a man with hands hardened by toil, and a face on which storms and sun has left their mark, yet with a mind so imbued with knowledge, so adorned with ideas, as to elevate him high above men of the would-be aristocracy, and give him a place among God's nobility. What if we cannot count so many dollars as our rich neighbor, shall we hang our heads when we meet him? We may have as many ideas, if so, are we not equal? What though our purses are empty, if our heads are furnished, and our hearts pure, we can walk erect with a conscious dignity. What if the rich and fashionable do not visit our humble abode, if we can have the sacred writers to instruct us in history and biography, and those sublime subjects which relate to our immortal nature; Shakspeare to delineate for us his beautiful creations—Byron to sing of the lovely forms of nature and art—Milton to charm us with his tale of our first parents in Paradise; or Macaulay to call up the past and philosophize on the peasant, we care not who slight our humble home?

To a lover of books no solitude is wearisome; no confinement misery. Even these spring up within him a fountain of thought, and his imagination gives to the walls of a dungeon the bright hues of a landscape.

One of the great abuses of reading is devouring hastily too many books. Many rush through a work with more rapidity and less thought than they require to consume a meal. Reading makes no more impression on such minds, than a flash of light on surrounding objects. One of these, though he may count by thousands the volumes he has read, yet may be unable to point out one characteristic of either Dickens or Bulwer; What is gained by such reading? A little amusement at the loss of much time. All reading that does not arouse to activity the intellect, give strength and comprehensiveness to the reasoning powers, is worse than none at all.

It is better, that a youth when he lays aside his school books should neglect all study, than to read without thought. Let him reason on what he knows and sees rather than waste time. A celebrated statesman has told us, it is better to have few books well read, than to glance hastily through an extensive library.

Another abuse of reading is the perusal of trashy books. This evil exists in every community, but more especially in California. A thousand ephemeral and worthless books are sold to one of merit; the statistics of our city libraries show how general is this taste.

Such books neither quicken the intellect or purify the heart. A people to be virtuous must be made thoughtful, and this depends on the proper selection of intellectual food. Let us then encourage that kind of reading which shall give purity to the heart and vigor to the intellect.

THANKFUL—A ragged and weather-beaten loafer cralled in before a fire in a public house, and seating himself began to cough tremendously. "Mister," said a by-stander, "you've got a cold." "Have I," said the other, "pon my honor I'm glad of it—I'm so wretched poor it's a consolation to get anything."

We extract the following beautiful lines from an article which appeared in a late number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are, if we mistake not, from the pen of the distinguished author, Oliver W. Holmes :

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green
To the billows of foam-crested blue,
You bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
Half-dreaming, my eyes will pursue :
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail ;
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way,
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,—
Of breakers that whiten and roar ;
How little he cares, if in shadow or sun
They see him that gaze from the shore !
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
To the rock that is under his lee,
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaunted caves
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
May see us in sun-shine or shade ;
Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
We'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore !

[Original.]

IMAGINATION.

THERE are few themes which have been made the subject of more consideration, and dissertation than the question of the true province of imagination.

It is an element of the mind, which so identifies itself with all other faculties, and so mysteriously connects itself with the real, that to analyze it, as a distinct feature, requires a vast deal of thought, and more than ordinary clearness of perception.

That it is a native endowment, is satisfactorily demonstrated in the traditions of the "untutored mind"—than which, nothing can be more touchingly and beautifully illustrative.

Indeed, there are many proofs in favor of the theory, that imagination only remains intrinsically so, while in its primeval state, and that cultivation tends to an alloy. A modern essayist asserts, that imagination begins to recede as civilization advances, and that wherever science gains, poetry loses.

Be this as it may, the design is at present, confined to a glance at its influences and advantages upon actual life.

It is well known, that the union of elements, in all creations of the imagination, is dependent upon, and regulated by—the taste—not less than moral principle—and yet, it is only when we come to consider that taste is but the perfected image, drawn after imagination's own model—and that the manners and habits of a cultivated people, are all formed thus—that we are led to reflect how much we owe, to this one faculty of the intellect. Without it, we should have no basis upon which to form our tastes—neither incentive, nor aspiration.

It is wonderful to contemplate with what intuitive facility, we introduce it into every place of human affairs. It is the motive power of the mind. We can fulfill no purpose within the scope of human events—which calls into exercise any intellectual process—without it, we insensibly employ it as an auxiliary to all branches of action, and its suggestions prove, absolutely incalculable.

When the skillful general first enters upon

the battle field, he issues no commands until the movements of the enemy be anticipated—nor does the astute politician wait the reply of his adversary, but shrewdly contemplating his views he thus forestalls the attack.

Imagination is as distinct a feature of the human mind, as man is a representation of the divine conception. To one who will give the subject a moment of thought, a most singular phenomenon will present itself by which we may conclude, that it is only an exaggeration of the real, or a compound perhaps of many parts, making up a whole, though the combination may not necessarily be consistent with the actual.

Let us employ the five senses, as an illustration. One could readily conceive of a different construction, or modes of perception, but beyond the sensations belonging thereto, who could imagine one entirely independent ?

By this, we know, that whatever suggests itself to the imagination, either as a part, or as a whole, is known in some way, to the sense, and thus it is, that our apprehension of the possible is enlarged.

If it may be said to pervert the understanding, it is when reason deserts the empire, and leaves fancy sole potentate of the great realm of thought, and if it intoxicates, it is only that, failing to realize our anticipations, we court the "dear delusion."

The office it performs in literature is incalculable—not less perhaps in history than in works of fiction, or speculation. Divesting either the author, or the reader of the aid of imagination would be but to confine history to the actual personal experience, for the words, as well as the figures, which portray past events, are but agents of the imagination, employed to convey facts. And with this privation we should lose the capacity to comprehend truths, since it is by comparison that we are enabled to regulate our judgment just as we estimate the speed of the moving ship by its contrast with the shore.

In works of fiction, fancy maintains the same position that imagination holds relative to fact ; it gives a glow to expression, and a fascination to the subject, and introduces the mind into that realm which lies beyond the region of mere ideas. Indeed, the intellect knows no greater joy—no prouder boast than in the free, full exercise of that faculty, which springs—like the rivulet from the rock—from a well disciplined mind.

And the power which imagination wields is as infinite as thought, and as arbitrary. After the great musical composer Beethoven—was overtaken by that terrible malady—deafness, and when unable to distinguish the most acute sound, he was known to pause in the midst of a wonderful performance, overwhelmed with the most intense emotion—and give vent to tears, to so powerful an extent was his brain excited by the composition.

But especially does it exert a magic influence in relieving suffering humanity, since it rather tends to mitigate coming evils, and exaggerate future happiness. It conceals the storm which beset our path, and alleviates the disappointments which roll their surf with the tide of life. It is a germ implanted in the

human breast, by the angel of mercy, tho too often watered by tears. It blooms sweeter in the spring-time of youth, but if experience blight the flower, hidden within its receptacles will be found the seeds of immortality.

It relieves and softens, by its rare tints—the harsh and rugged outlines of existence. It plays upon the cheek of the poet, or plows its foaming path through frozen seas. It puts life into volumes of lore, and lends an endearing charm to thought, and a grace to expression. It is confined to no brand of art, science, profession, or pursuit. In the most staid and sober feature upon which science has set her seal—in learning physics—in mathematics—in architecture, it is the great axis, upon which all results revolve.

It beautifies and elevates our apprehension of the true. We never gaze upon a picture but we can conceive of one more perfect. We look upon the type, but it finds its perfected grace in the imagination. The sublime, the terrible, the beautiful, with all this combination, are but the creatures of the one element of the mind, and without it humanity would be as incomplete, as a statue of Nemesis, upon whose features, the sculptor had forgotten to stamp—Retribution.

DOCTORS DISAGREE.—It has been said by some wise doctors, that drinking at meals is injurious. But "doctors differ." Orr, in his clever work on Dietetics, says it is wrong ; for, he adds, the gastric juice may be diluted with a considerable quantity of water without losing its dissolving power in the slightest degree. Only a superabundance of water would diminish or arrest the peculiar action of the matter contained in the digestive fluids. Large draughts of water, therefore, will be the most injurious with aliments difficult of digestion, like the fats, and hence the drinking of too much water after fat pork, for instance, should be avoided ; but in countries where soup does not constitute a regular part of the meal, drinking water is positively recommended. Beer and wine at dinner are also hurtful only if taken in excess ; for in the latter case, the alcohol coagulates the albuminous substances, not only of the food, but also of the digestive fluids, and thus disturbs digestion. If taken in a moderate quantity, these beverages are calculated to cause the meal to support a person longer, for the fact that we are not so soon hungry again after a meal with wine, than if we have taken only water with it, is to be accounted for by the slower combustion of the constituents of our body, inasmuch as the alcohol we have imbibed takes possession of the inhaled oxygen. Hence, wine with a meal is extremely useful when a long journey, or work in hand, renders it impossible to take food again at the usual time ; so much the more so, as such detention from food itself usually causes an acceleration of the metamorphosis of the tissues, which beer and wine efficiently obviate.

A CRIMINAL SAMSON.—A prisoner in Green County (Wisconsin) jail, by the name of Sam Whitman, has been amusing himself and astonishing the jailor with his feats of strength. Unaided by a single instrument, he broke a set of the strongest patent bandenfts, rent the shackles from his feet, tore off several locks from the door of his cell, broke a large iron door which served as an additional fastening, and passing out into the hall of the jail, exercised himself in the satisfactory mysteries of a pigeon wing. A night or two since he concluded to give another entertainment, which consisted in breaking two of the heavy iron bars of the grate of his cell door, but his performance being unseasonably checked by the entrance of his keeper, he retired in great confusion.

FOLLOWING THE FASHIONS.

It has been truly said, that there is not a greater tyrant upon earth than the tyrant fashion. At one time it pinches our feet, at another it cramps the waist, compressing the lungs into an inability of performing their functions healthfully. It erects its shrine, and demands that its deluded votaries shall bow down before the idol it has set up, with a homage more base and idolatrous than was ever paid to a Pagan image. A diseased public opinion reigns over crowds of people, who are more afraid of violating some ridiculous rule of fashionable etiquette, than they are of transgressing the commands of the Almighty.

All arbitrary changes of fashion are peculiarly oppressive to the poor. Dr. Franklin once said—"It is other people's eyes that ruin us. If all were blind but myself, I should never want fine houses, fine furniture, nor fine clothes." The desire to appear well in the eyes of others, is rarely graduated by the depth of the purse. The servant-girl not unfrequently expends two months' wages for a bonnet or a dress, because her old one is out of fashion; not because it is worn, or untidy, or uncomfortable, but simply because it is unfashionable. This is one of the worst species of slavery that can well be imagined. It is not to be expected that her nature is so superior to those who move in higher circles than her own, that she can content herself with being singled out as an oddity, and called old-fashioned.

Some of the edicts of fashion are a compound of ridiculous folly and cowardly weakness. What can be more painfully humiliating to a man of good sense than to see an American lady sweeping our dirty side-walks with the long trail of a costly dress, for no other reason than that Queen Victoria has such outrageously ugly feet that she is ashamed to have them seen? So, because the Queen of England wears long sweeping dresses, that do the work of street-cleaners, to hide positive deformity, American ladies must imitate the fashion, even though it may conceal perfection itself. We know of nothing more ridiculous than this, unless it be the prevailing custom of turning the female face out of doors, whether pretty or ugly, simply because some one across the Atlantic had more beauty of countenance than modesty and propriety of deportment.

This love of extravagant display, in following the fashion in dress, produces the most unhappy effects upon the morals of society. The Superintendent of the Boston House of Refuge declared, some years ago, that this was the most efficient cause of the degradation of the young and inexperienced females of that city. On this fact, the celebrated Miss Sedgwick remarks, with great justice and truth:—"If this be so, should not the reformation begin among the educated and reflecting? How can a lady whose dresses are teeming with French laces enjoin simplicity and economy upon her domestics?"

New fashions, and their frequent changes, not only operate with great hardship and oppression upon the poorer classes, but they are also oppressive to those in the middle walks of life. In a large family, this is felt to an alarming and ruinous degree. The rich can indulge in these expensive follies without apprehension of consequent beggary and destitution. But they seem to forget that the almost omnipotent force and influence of their example is felt through all the ramifications of society; that what is to them a matter of no consideration, as it is merely the expenditure of a small portion of their surplus income, is to those of limited means a matter of life and death—as to follow the fashion, to them, will be to deprive their children of a portion of their daily bread. For a lady to wear a shawl which costs some hundreds of dollars is wicked, even though her husband and father may possess unbounded wealth.

That we, as a nation, are rapidly losing the principles of virtue and economy which were so eminently characteristic of our republican fathers, is a melancholy fact, which no one will attempt to deny. A love of show, extravagance, and display, is an infatuation that is leading our land to ruin. It is the whirlpool that sooner or later will engulf our national glory and prosperity in its foaming vortex. It is a subject upon which

we have not time to dwell at greater length to-day, vitally important though it be. It is not merely the extravagance which wastes and consumes, that we so deeply deplore, as it is the depravity and corruption that such habits always bring in their train. It is this which makes them such destructive enemies of liberty, virtue, and public happiness. It was the wise saying of the most remarkable man who ever filled the Presidential chair, the immortal hero of New Orleans, that: "True virtue cannot exist where pomp and parade are the governing passion." The saying ought to be written in letters of gold—engraved upon our door-posts—it vitally concerns us all.—*National Argus.*

POISON PAPER-HANGINGS.—The mode in which the poison on paper-hanging finds its way into the body is probably in the form of an impalpable dust, diffused through the atmosphere of the room; and is, therefore more likely to issue from flock and rough green paper than from those which are glazed or coated with varnish or oil. It would be, perhaps, at any time difficult to detect arsenic or arsenite of copper in the air of a room thus papered; but let our readers consider that an attack of painter's cholera has frequently occurred from a slight exposure to the air of a recently painted room, and no one has pretended to detect the vapor of carbonate of lead in the air which must have transmitted the poison. The insidious mode in which modern discovery has proved lead poisoning to take place should teach us that we have much to learn regarding the operations of other poisons. Some people are more susceptible of the effects of lead than others, and the same may be true with arsenic. We may add, that the paper is not merely used for hangings, but for wrapping articles of food, tobacco, snuff, &c. At a railway station in the north of England was purchased during the last summer a packet of soft cakes. They were in what Mr. Fletcher calls a bright "cheerful" green paper wrapper. On examining the pigment, which was coarsely laid on a thin paper-wrapper, it was found to consist of arsenic and copper! Such packets should have the Prussian symbol of poison—namely, a death's head and cross-bones stamped conspicuously in black on the outside, with the motto, "Memento mori."

CHERISH A HOPEFUL SPIRIT.—The hopeful spirit is far from the reckless, dashing, gambling, spirit so common in this age. This last arises from an eager desire for wealth or station as the great good; and neither inquires into means or consequences. It is fever of the mind, careless of the effects of actions on others; a monomania which has some glittering phantom in sight, and overlooks all beside in its wide struggle to grasp it. This is not the temper which can be equal in success or failure. To such there is no sunny side, even in the hour of triumph, for there is still something more to be attained. But the cheerful, contented mind finds a sunny side, even in failure. It has taught the cheerful man some truths which otherwise would have been unseen. There is no sting of conscience to goad to madness; nothing which can prevent a stout endeavor to retrieve the lost step. Such men may not amass fortunes at a cast of the die, and squander them by another. They may not be pilloried in high stations, the mark for the random shots of a nation, until hurled down to make room for another favorite of the hour. But they will mark their path by light, scattering blessings, and imparting warmth of their own spirit to all with whom they mingle—enjoy life, and make enjoyment to others.

DAUGHTER OF THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.—The *Edinburgh Courant* says:

Lord Palmerston has intimated to Miss Hogg, the eldest daughter of the Ettrick Shephard, that her Majesty has been pleased, in consideration of her father's genius, to confer upon her a civil list pension of £40 a year. A few years ago, Lord Aberdeen bestowed on Mrs. Hogg, the poet's widow, a pension of £30, which she continues to enjoy.—*Dispatch.*

Extravagance of Women.

THE papers, Southern as well as Northern, are still hammering away upon the old, exhausted theme—the extravagance of ladies' dresses—and still the ladies' dresses, as though to prove the uselessness of such needless outlay of time, ink and brains on their behalf, cost yearly more and more. Beautiful fabrics are made, as skill ripens and mechanical appliances are perfected, each year producing those more delicate and elegant in texture, and why should they not be worn at fitting times and seasons? The ladies can see no reason, and, therefore, to encourage art, artists and artisans, the rich and costly fabrics are called for, purchased and displayed to their heart's content; the opposite sex—that is, the part of them who must grumble anyhow—laying aside their own numerous extravagances only long enough to predict total ruin to the country, and the subversion of the entire universe, because the ladies, like planets, love to shine in borrowed lustre. Well, let them rave, the ladies will dress, and provided they but manifest good taste enough to know when, and where, and how to "pile on the agony," we see no reason why they should be gainsaid. Even Lady Napier, who has been setting our court butterflies such a good example in dress, horrifying some by the marked plainness and absence of all ornament of her street attire, and the rigid unostentatiousness of her toilet on all public occasions, has been censured for the costliness of her ball dresses. At her late ball, where all the beauty of the Capitol blazed forth with blinding lustre, the fair hostess herself had on a dress whose cost has been estimated in the vicinity of three thousand dollars, exclusive of jewelry, and other "fixings" and etceteras. Upon the same occasion the diamonds alone worn by the wife of the Count de Sartiges are valued at four or five thousand dollars. The lace robe of Mrs. Mathews, of Alabama, cost three thousand dollars, and Mrs. Gwin, of California, wore a Honiton valued at two thousand dollars! From these and similar displays, combined newspaperdom predicts national and social ruin, or, in the moderate words of a leading Richmond journal, that: "Society in Washington is rapidly and hopelessly sinking under an accumulation of native follies and foreign fashion." To the grave charges against the ladies for their extravagance in dress, we can only add that so long as men will exert to the utmost their powers of brain and body in producing and throwing into the market such tempting articles of luxury and splendor, in the way of dress, women are certainly not to blame in generously patronizing their vast exertions, and thereby giving them a chance to make their everlasting fortunes.—*Despatch.*

How he was Sold.

A very beautiful and witty young lady, the daughter of one of Boston's "solid men," was recently introduced at a ball in that city to a pair of whiskers and monstache, behind which lay hidden a quantity of extra fine broadcloth, starch and impudence, which combination requested the honor of her hand in a dance. The Combination being apparently very much smitten, inquired in a subsequent conversation the business of the young lady's father. "He is a wood sawyer," replied she, with charming *naïveté*. The Combination abruptly *vamosed*, feeling a due sense of his own degradation in having shown so much attention to so common a personage. Later in the evening, however, he ascertained that the "wood sawyer" in question was a wholesale dealer in mahogany, which had occasionally to be sawed under his own supervision. The knowledge came too late, the wood-sawyer's daughter had entirely forgotten that she had ever been introduced to the unfortunate Combination.—*Dispatch.*

AN ARMY OF DISAPPOINTED FAIR ONES.—Out of fifty thousand Prussian maidens who applied for a place in the bridal escort of the Princess Royal of England, on her arrival in Berlin, only two hundred were chosen to figure on the occasion, in white muslin.—*Dispatch.*

Miss Harriet Hosmer.

The following eloquent tribute to the genius and character of Miss Hosmer, from Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD, has recently been addressed to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*:

The interest I take in works of Art, and the still greater interest I feel in the free and full development of woman's faculties, have always drawn me powerfully toward Harriet Hosmer and the productions of her chisel.

The energy, vivaciousness, and directness of this young lady's character attracted attention even in childhood. Society, as it is called, that is, the mass of humans, who are never alive in real earnest, but congratulate themselves, and each other, upon being mere stereotyped formulas of gentility or propriety, looked doubtfully upon her, and said, "She is so peculiar!" "She is so eccentric!" Occasionally I heard such remarks, and being thankful to God whenever a woman dares to be individual, I also observed her. I was curious to ascertain what was the nature of the peculiarities that made women suspect Achilles was among them, betraying his disguise by unskilful use of his skirts; and I soon became convinced that the imputed eccentricity was merely the natural expression of a soul very much alive and earnest in its work.

"She could not hide
The quickening inner life from those at watch.
They saw a light at the window now and then,
They had not set there." "Who had set it there?"
* * * * * They could not say
She had no business with a sort of soul,
But plainly they objected and demurred."

This aroused in me a most earnest hope that the fire in her young soul might not expend itself in fitful flashes, but prove its divinity by burning brightly and steadily. Here, was a woman, who, at the very outset of her life, refused to have her feet cramped by the little Chinese shoes, which society places on us all, and then misnames our feeble tottering, feminine grace. If she walked forward with vigorous freedom and kept her balance in slippery places she would do much toward putting those crippling little shoes out of fashion. Therefore, I fervently bade her God speed. But, feeling that the cause of womankind had so much at stake in her progress, I confess that I observed her anxiously.

The Art she had chosen, peculiarly required masculine strength of mind and muscle. Was such a strength in her? I saw that she began wisely. She did not try her 'prentice hand on pretty cameos for breast-pins, or upon ivory heads for parasols and canes. Evidently, sculpture was with her a passion of the soul, an earnest study, not a mere accomplishment, destined to be the transient wonder of drawing-rooms. She made herself thoroughly acquainted with anatomy, not merely by the aid of books, and the instructions of her father, but by her own presence in dissection-rooms. She took solid blocks of marble to her little studio in the garden, and alone there in the early morning hours, her strong young arms chiselled out those forms of beauty, which her clairvoyant soul saw hidden in the shapeless mass.

She tried her hand on a bust of the first Napoleon, intended as a present for her father. This proved that she could work well in marble, and copy likenesses correctly. Her next production was a bust of Hesper, the Evening Star, in which poetical conception of the subject was added to mechanical skill. Soon after the completion of it, she went to Rome, to pursue her studies with the celebrated and venerable English sculptor, Mr. Gibson. From that land of marbles, she sent us Medusa and Daphne, Ænone and Puck. These were beautifully wrought, and gave indications of a poetic mind. They proved an uncommon degree of talent; of that there could be no doubt. But did they establish Miss Hosmer's claim to genius? In my own mind, this query remained unanswered. I rejoiced that a woman had achieved so much in the most manly of the Arts. I said to myself,

"It was in you—yes,
I felt 'twas in you. Yet I doubted half
If that od-force of German Reichenbach,
Which still from female finger-tips burns blue,

Could strike out like the masculine white-heats,
To quicken men."

When I heard that she was modelling a statue of Beatrice Cenci, in her last slumber on earth, before the tidings of approaching execution was brought to her miserable cell, I felt that the subject was admirably chosen, but difficult to execute. I hastened to look at the statue, as soon as it arrived in Boston. The query in my soul was answered. At the first glance, I felt the presence of genius; and the more I examined, the more strongly was this first impression confirmed. The beauty of the workmanship, the exquisite finish of details, the skilful arrangement of drapery, to preserve the lines of beauty every where continuous, were subordinate attractions. The expression of the statue at once rivetted my attention. The whole figure was so soundly asleep, even to its fingers' ends; yet obviously it was not healthy, natural repose. It was the sleep of a body worn out by the wretchedness of the soul. On that innocent face, suffering had left its traces. The arm, that had been tossing in the grief-tempest, had fallen heavily, too weary to change itself into a more easy posture. Those large eyes, now so closely veiled by their swollen lids, had evidently wept, till the fountain of tears was dry. That lovely mouth was still the open portal of a sigh, which the mastery of sleep had left no time to close.

Critics may prove their superiority of culture by finding defects in this admirable work, or in imagining that they find them. But, I think genuine lovers of the beautiful will henceforth never doubt that Miss Hosmer has a genius for sculpture. I rejoice that such a gem has been added to the Arts. Especially do I rejoice that such a poetical conception of the subject came from a woman's soul, and that such finished workmanship was done by a woman's hand.

"Man doubts whether we can do the thing
With decent grace, we've not yet done at all.
Now do it! Bring your statue! You have room.
He'll see it, even by the starlight here.
* * * * * There is no need to speak.
The universe shall henceforth speak for you,
And witness, She who did this thing was bid
To do it—claims her license in her work."

L. MARIA CHILD.

FOR THE LADIES.

Some important change in the bonnet was naturally looked for this season; rumors of an approach to a more comfortable size were heard from afar; but, for once, *on dits* have been found at fault. If the bonnet of to-day is not smaller than ever, it is only because it cannot possibly be so and retain its name or its inclined-plane position; but by a slight modification of shape—a depression of the front till it is on a perfect level with the top of the head—it is made to appear so. This flattening puts an immediate end to the full blonde ruches around the face, so charming and so frail; these are reduced to side decorations, a bandeau, detached from the bonnet, of small bows of velvet, ribbon or chenille, being worn a-la-couronne across the front.

We have to thank her, that was Miss Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa Guelph for the only striking novelty in the decoration of these Lilliputian head-dresses, namely, the introduction of the Scotch plaid. Plaid tissues of brilliant colors are woven in patterns for bonnets, but a better effect is produced by combining it with straw and white silk or velvet; feathers and flowers "come" to match, and for the demi-saison, as the fashion-mongers say, it will be the favorite. The soft cap-crown is again in vogue, ornamented with lace barbes; these are admirably adapted to fine white straws. Fringe and crimped tassels, lace coiffures in black and white, and blonde violettee are much used for outside trimming. Some attempt has been made to revive the "gypsy" form in straw, but it has met with very little encouragement, nothing approaching hat-shape being tolerated by the young ladyhood of this generation, except for watering-place or country wear.

The skirts of gowns are made decidedly

short in front with a slight train behind; this is by no means an admirable style, but will be in high favor with those whose "golden lilies" are of Cinderellian proportion, and whose shoemaker is beloved of St. Crispin. The at-home shoes to be worn with these dresses are to match in color and fancifully decorated with "roses" and lace. Bodies are cut almost always without basquines; some have the old style—deep points before, behind, and even on the sides; the back of the bodice is trimmed in the same manner as the fronts, and (another revival) the skirt is put on at the waist quite plain in front, the fullness commencing under the arms; sleeves are cut open and very large, lined with white silk or satin. For décolleté toilet the square corsage, with straps over the shoulder is much admired.

BALL DRESSES.

The preference in ball costume seems to be given to the light materials, such as tulle, tarlatan, illusion and gauze; these are made with double skirts and flouncings, which admit of every variety of decoration; the most brilliant are embroidered with gold or silver, the double or triple skirts being edged with fringe to match; trimmings of pinked ruches, illusion puffings, wreaths of flowers and feathers, are varied with astonishing invention. Velvets, moire and satins, with over-dresses or flounces of costly lace, constitute the costumes for the dowagers.

We would be terrified were we not so much amused, at the slight "feeler" thrown out toward the resuscitation of the deadest of all dead modes—the old-fashioned sacque dress, the most unsightly, grotesque contrivance ever invented or worn by woman. The defunct original was literally a sack gathered into a small yoke about the neck and falling into diverging lines to the ground; its abortive offspring just dragged into existence is offered adroitly in the shape of a morning gown, the back only being a la sacque, the fronts cut and trimmed in the usual becoming style of breakfast toilet. But, my dear Fashion, it won't do; believe one of the humblest of your slaves; even your decree that

"No longer shall the boddice aptly laced
From the full bosom to the tender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees and beautifully less."

would be simply laughed at. For once pronounce your work; the present style of morning dress, though unvaried for years, leaves nothing to be desired; spare it to us in its perfection.

THE BASQUE.

The wail of many Jeremiahs has reached us, lamenting the expected extinction of the basque. We confess to a lack of sympathy, for though we have gracefully submitted to, we have never been able to forgive it for annihilating those little loves of silk aprons, be-pocketed, laced and ribboned, which added such a coquettish charm to the at-home toilet of a young and pretty woman. Another sacrifice laid at its feet was the belt, the most poetical and classically associated of all articles of female dress. What were Venus, even, without her Cestus? And yet our women were audacious enough to discard it. We hope it will be at once re-instated when we remind them that it was the little despised silken web which suggested one of the most delicately-flattering and comprehensive compliments ever offered by a lover in so few words:

"Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the world goes round."

For Summer wear, nevertheless, basques of thin white muslin, embroidered with delicate tracery and trimmed with soft-tinted ribbons to match the skirt, are especially beautiful; these, however, are not the basque par excellence, and being made full, requires the ribbon to confine them at the waist.—*Tribune*.

DESIRE and regret are the two great disturbers of our repose; since the one carries us on to the future, and the other takes us back to the enjoyments which are past.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. A. M. SHULTZ.....EDITRESS.
MRS. F. H. DAY.....ASSISTANT EDITRESS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1858.

TO OUR READERS.

We offer to the public to-day the first number of a periodical, principally devoted to the interest of literature on the Pacific Coast.

It is usual, and perhaps proper, on such occasions, to indicate the purpose and expectations with which such an enterprise is commenced, and to describe the field which, while we aspire to occupy, we shall endeavor to cultivate. Perhaps the tints will be too bright. It may be that imagination will lend a deeper green to the foliage and a more laughing splendor to the streams. If so, time will sober the hues, and experience, if not disappointment, rectify the delusion.

The office of literature, in its most extended sense, is as wide-spread and universal as civilization itself. It surveys and records all the events which the varied relations of human life bring forth; it delineates whatever is real and actual, and presents pictures of life and manners, drawn alike from the palaces of princes, the throngs of cities, the tents of the Tartar, or the caravan of the wilderness. It presents a panorama of the world, shifting from mountain to cataract—from the bending flower to the tall fir, “fit for the mast of some proud Admiral.” It observes and depicts the present; but its power is not restricted. It records and classifies the past; it portrays the rise and fall of empires; it tracks the advance and halt of civilization; it tells the great story of the contest for Constitutional liberty, and loves to linger by the grave of Hampden or the tomb of Washington. It is the treasury of the merchant who seeks new ventures; it is the prophet of the politician, and the rewarder of the statesman, who may read, while he yet lives, the verdict which an impartial posterity may catch from its lips.

Neither is its province confined to the past. It fixes and embodies the dream of the poet and the creation of the dramatist. It opens a realm beyond the limits of time and space; it peoples earth, and air, and Heaven with inhabitants, such as no mortal vision ever beheld. It combines all grand and beautiful ideas in shape and form to which dull reality is a stranger. It unites the noblest thoughts with the noblest actions. It portrays the conceptions of the artist and the poet in words more durable than marble, and spreads them far on the wings of the wind.

But if it be the “apostle of the ideal,” it is none the less the observer of the actual and the real. It follows in the footsteps of science and perpetuates its discoveries to coming ages. “It is the handmaid of the philosopher, and sits watchful and reverent at his feet.”

But we feel while we write, the feebleness of the attempt to describe a power which is infinite as the human mind, and as “broad and general as the evening air.” Be ours the

task to speak of literature as it regards the society in which we live, and to define the career which we hope to pursue.

We are engaged as a community in laying the foundation of a new empire. The time has come when men begin to identify their interests with those of the golden country which has so generously rewarded their noble enterprise. We are rearing our own statesmen—watching day by day the development of those intellects which promise to erect the platform of our future, directing the mind which may open to us hidden and mysterious recesses; fostering faculties which may yet burst upon the world with inimitable splendor; and the importance of the policy of our system, or the necessity of our mutual exertion in the advancement of our national organization, is scarcely to be exaggerated.

We are forming a distinctive history of our own; we are introducing pleasing or startling episodes into the biographies of men. A few years and we shall have passed away, but the events which the reporter now lightly records, will be introduced alike into the nursery song and into the courts of the people. If unconsciously we be rearing a Cervantes, let not our vagaries furnish him with a Don Quixote; or, if a Macaulay, let not the crimes of the only people which knew no infancy of civilization, defame the page which tells our story to the world.

And is there a better medium through which to accomplish the great purpose than a pure periodical literature? Though it may be inferior to that of older and more polished communities, it may still have a nicer adaptation to the wants and the tastes of the dwellers on the Pacific Coast.

It is somewhere said that “Literature,” like many other graces and glories of civilization, “finds strength and purity by being transplanted, even as the juices of the grape acquire a sweeter flavor by the voyage across the wave, and are richer in a distant land than on the sunny isle that gave them birth.” And so may our literature, like vigorous plants embedded in a new soil, become statlier and taller under a new sun. Let us cherish our exotic with parental care; let us enrich the soil with thought; let us be ever watchful of the weeds that may thrust themselves in to stunt its growth, and our labors will bear with them their own reward.

There is no civilized community but ought to contribute its share to the sum total of the literary wealth of the world. The phrase, “Republic of letters,” is no unmeaning term. “It is not governed by a central power; it has neither palaces, thrones nor guards. Its mightiest names have sprung from the people, and its brightest flowers have bloomed in the recesses of humble and provincial life.” Shakspeare grew to the full stature of intellectual manhood on the banks of the Avon; and Michael Angelo had dreamed of the terrors and splendors of the Last Judgment, before he had wandered in the galleries of Lorenzo.

Our journal is intended to be literary. Not that we do not intend to observe and record

passing events, for in an age, and on a shore where the events of years are crowded into days, no periodical could be complete without it. But we mean to leave to abler cotemporaries the stately periods of politics, the far-seeing views of commercial adventure, and the busy discussion which mingles with and makes daily affairs. It is rather our wish to recall our readers from the cares and anxieties of business and adventure to the pleasant walks of taste and imagination. We hope to find a place for the recital of great deeds, for brilliant thoughts, for pure and high imaginings, for the wonders of travel, and the amenities of social life. We desire it to be a visitor to the distant and scattered homes which are already spreading themselves beyond the snowy mountains; to bear messages of truth and images of beauty to gladden and soften the light of domestic dwellings; to elevate pursuits and manners; to present bright and pleasant pictures of life in other lands; to select, and yet scatter the graceful and glowing thoughts of all minds and all nations.

But more especially shall we address ourselves to Woman. Her home is at once her Eden and her empire, and we would not tempt her to forsake that holy province for the untried fields of fame. To be womanly is woman's sweetest charm, and should be her highest aim. We would not implant the germ of ambition in her breast, lest in its too vigorous growth it uproot the tenderer fibres of domestic virtue, and man's “garden” again become “a wild.” We cannot go with her to the ballot-box nor the counting-room; but if there be a “vacant chair” in the household, we would sit there, or a “dead lamb,” we would whisper soothing words; or if a sentiment or an aspiration should struggle for utterance at the portals of her soul, or if she may have gathered a gem from the mine of classical lore, let this little sheet present itself as not an unwelcome messenger to bear it forth to the world.

Woman holds in her hands the leading-strings to guide the coming generations—and let her be equal to the task. Let her enlarge her apprehension, let her cultivate her range of thought, through the improvement of those divine gifts which may fit her for the fulfillment of her noble destiny, that each day she may add a new strain to the music of her march, and shed a softened and a mellowed light upon the broad landscape of human life.

It is needless to say this is our first effort, and it is with no very philosophic serenity that we launch our little bark upon the broad tide of public opinion. It may be that some relentless wave will dash it in pieces; but we can at least hope that the surf, as it breaks upon the shore, may scatter a few gleaming shells, to be gathered by our posterity.

And now we commit ourselves to the public, with mingled anxiety and hope. We desire its patronage, because, fortunately for literature, “its patronage is more imperial and impartial than the favor of a king.” We invoke its indulgence for the errors which our want of experience will render certain, and the defects for which our sex will plead excuse. We

love and honor the vocation we have chosen, and will endeavor never to forget its usefulness and its dignity.

In the great harvest of letters, we know we shall not reap with the vigorous toil of manly art; we shall thrust in our sickle with but a feeble hand, and we may faint and weary beneath the scorching sun. Perhaps, however, we may find some bright sheaves, lost in the uneven fields and ripened by the sweet still waters. Perhaps, like Ruth, we shall find gleanings enriched by the kindly gifts of fellow laborers, so often generous, and scarcely less seldom just; and it may be that a liberal public, for whom the fruits of the field are to be gathered, will smile approval upon our labors, and bestow upon us something of its praise, more of its forbearance.

TO THE WOMEN OF CALIFORNIA.

An enterprise is undertaken, that, in its nature calls for the talent, genius, latent and active, which the women of California possess. It is nothing less than the *establishing* of a literary paper upon a *firm* and *respectable* basis. It is useless to say that of late the public have been imposed upon by a disguised adventurer, an unprincipled stranger. In bold contrast to that, the present undertaking is in the hands of ladies, and will be conducted by our own citizens; those with whom we have toiled day by day for years past, those who have stood by California through her many vicissitudes, and who are willing to give all their time, and bring their energies to bear in establishing a literary paper which will be a credit to the State.

Let us show to doubting ones that here upon the Pacific there are living writers—that there are themes worthy of our ablest pens teeming every where around us, which we can and will make available. From the glittering points of the towering Sierras or the dark, grizzly haunted canon,—from the way-worn, weary desert or the mountains glittering with golden treasure, from the tangled glen and green wildwood, from the craggy cliffs of the leaping, foaming Yosemite, the miners lone cabin, or the unknown grave,—from the great city with its purlieus of vice, from the elegant mansion, the lowly cot or from the sad suicide's despairing gaze, we may weave startling stories of disappointed hopes—of contented love—of intrigue—unmitigated crime—of the midnight assassin or the strong stare of the unclosed eye,—of the hairbreadth escapes of the daring hunter—the weary, starving emigrant, of retributive justice, and of moral courage. Be aroused ladies, themes are clustering thick around us. What can you wish more startling, more fresh than the events which have transpired since our glorious stars and stripes first waved over this sunny land? Come freely forward, then, and assist us with song and story as well as subscription. Let the *will* be as well defined as the way, and the future means of THE HESPERIAN is reduced to a present certainty. There may be a few benighted individuals who think that women are incapable of sustaining a literary paper by the productions of *their* intellects; to such croakers, allow me modestly

—“To vindicate her claim
To talent, virtue and undying fame.

Let equal pains on woman be bestowed,
Equal notices her roused spirit goad
And she will spring exulting to the prize
Which bears in fame the scholar to the skies.”

In the furtherance of this new enterprise is presented a *tangible motive*: first and most important, your own intellectual culture, and next the compensation for good contributions. Certainly here is incentive sufficient to bring out developed as well as undeveloped talent. Doubtless there are scores of well educated ladies in California, who are capable of producing creditable literary articles, who do not know their own powers; let such no longer put off the day of beginning, but begin at once the cultivation of talent which God in his goodness has given them. The benefit to the social circle would be incalculable; instead of the attention of ladies being occupied with the last new fashions—the *distingue* appearance of Mrs. So-and-so's turn out, or what is worse, the scandalous remarks about some “unprotected,” the whole tone of society would become more elevated, and the too well deserved epithet of *gossip* as applied to women would soon be altogether a misnomer. But, if she gropes her way in noattractive ignorance from sunny childhood to decrepit age

“No wonder if she feebly acts her part,
And badly soothes man's bleeding, aching heart—
No wonder when the beauteous rose shall fade
From her fair cheeks, and in the tomb she's laid
No marble tells what she accomplished here
While moving mindless in her silent sphere.”

C. H.

[Original.]

CALIFORNIA HOMES.

A FEW years past a home in California was a thing unthought of. Men came here in haste to be rich, threw off the restraints of life, and engaged in *anything* by which they could, in the shortest period of time, amass the coveted “pile.” In those days few thought of bringing to this country, wife, mother or sister. The prevailing idea seemed to be, stay in California a few months, a few years at most, amass wealth and then return to spend the balance of their lives in luxury and ease mid the scenes of their childhood, forgetting in their selfishness, that there was anything due from them to the land of their adoption, and California suffers to this hour for the wrong inflicted upon her in that early time.

California has proved to the world, that where man *can* go, women *should* go; where ever man can stay for a month or a year, there should he plant his home. The more dangers and difficulties, the more trials and temptations with which he is surrounded, the more he *needs* the sustaining, strengthening, purifying influence of home.

A short time since and the hills which are now thickly dotted o'er with redemption pledges to California, were barren sand heaps, and in the valleys where now may be found many an humble yet happy home, were vast pools of stagnant water, sending up their poisonous vapor, fit emblem of the moral atmosphere with which men had surrounded themselves in those days.

How strangely now contrasts my own comfortable and happy home with that I found when first I arrived here. I had the best there was, 'tis

true, but cloth and paper formed but poor protection against such winters as we had then. Many a time I awoke in the morning to find my room all afloat and my shoes chasing one another like small boats at regatta, but soon I learned that shoes and stockings made a fine pillow, besides affording me the luxury of a dry pair in the morning, but alas, often my “blue blankets” were wet through. I thought I had a brilliant idea, when it occurred to me to cover my cot (bedsteads were scarce in those days) with the water-proof coat which had served me in crossing the Isthmus—carefully I arranged its folds, so that they acted as conductors to carry the water to the floor, and so composed myself to sleep, but was awakened in the night by the grumbling of my room mate (an English lady) who had been awakened by the rain pouring in torrents upon her bed—not being so well provided for as I was, she had attempted to better her condition by hoisting an umbrella over her head, but what was an umbrella in a cloth house? when it seemed as if the very floodgates of heaven were unloosed. Never shall I forget the despairing look of that poor old lady as she lay on her cot, holding the umbrella over her head, vainly endeavoring to protect herself from the streams which at every point found ingress to our dwelling.

Now cloth and paper structures have given place to more substantial buildings of wood and brick. California is the place for homes. What other part of the world boasts a climate equal to ours? As for her productions, it seems as if Dame Nature had provided for the rest of the world with a benevolent, but *prudent* hand, but when she came to California, she *emptied her lap* and scattered upon the prolific soil in wild profusion, luxuries which hitherto she had hoarded with jealous care.

Homes of California. How the hearts of many thrill to the music of those words. The heart of the miner beats warmer and faster beneath his blue shirt, as he sees his comfortless cabin converted into a *home* by the presence of wife and little ones, and the song of “Home, Sweet home,” rises ever and anon from his lips as he bends o'er his sluice box, or pursues his labors in the bowels of the earth.

With the advent of homes in California has dawned a new era in the social horizon. Gold is not now the *only* subject of conversation, the only good sought for. The mind of man refuses longer to be fed upon husks, and turns to pursuits more intellectual, more worthy of himself. There are mines of intellectual wealth in our midst yet unexplored, more valuable far than *any* mineral wealth as yet discovered.

Every pure home in California is an *Altar* upon which the domestic virtues are offered day by day, and their influence, like the perfume of incense, is wafted forth pervading and purifying society as naught else can.

MARKS OF SUSPICION.—Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, and unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purpose of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The more successful knaves are usually of this description—as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent which they have.

[Original.]

THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT HOUSE.

A few days since, while glancing at the contents of an old portfolio, which had long been hidden among the mysteries of an "oaken chest," a page of manuscript arrested the eye, only a few lines of which were yet legible. They were evidently from the pen of one who had long since crossed the shoreless river, but whom we knew had left her footprints upon the strand—and do but prove, what, alas, has been proved too often, that adversity is the parent of genius.

"The wind blows fiercely from the north, and the sleet comes driving against the window-panes, keeping time to the hoarse blast, while its startling footsteps ring out the ceaseless "tick! "tick!" and the echo is, on mortal on! over crushed hearts—wrecked hopes—no matter, work! What tho' the fingers are benumbed with cold, and the eyelids grow heavy, and throb with fatigue, and the single taper has burned low; still, write!—think!—dip!—and write again. And wherefore? Aye! my babes startle from their fitful dreams and murmur, "bread!" A great brown house looms up across the way, and our home is in its shadow. The sun never rises above it—the stars twinkle and set, ere it is yet deep twilight—the moon kindles a moment in the sky and then fades out—the tender plant struggles awhile and then withers; no genial sunlight comes to unfold the leaves, and wearied with watching, they droop and die, and a mist gathers here, and hangs upon my brow, and it dissolves into what the world calls tears. Earth is full of gladness, and sunshine, and hope, but it lies beyond, and I cannot reach it."

Toil on, child of genius! The world is a great mart, and "tall brown houses" loom up all over it, and myriads there be who walk in the shadow for a life time, and the image of God leaves no impress upon the human soil. Toil on! for manifold are the hearts who, living under the full glare of the sun, would find relief for their fainting spirits among those quiet shadows. Ask of the mother, when the shifting kaleidoscope of life wrought that dark image in her soul, when jeweled hands disposed the tiny limbs and robed them for the silent house; when prating tongues discussed the weeds of woe; when to mourn was to mourn in grandeur, and to weep, was but to sigh with a studied cadence—ask! and she would murmur, "Leave me alone with my babe, and let the shadows close about us!"

Yes, toil on! for the shadow, be it ever so dense, can never darken the soul of genius; above there gleams a taper which may light the gloom of adversity. God never created a mortal but to live in the shadow of some "brown house." There is a chilling wind in every cloud, and what if it break above your head?—struggle bravely with the storm, else when the chariot wheels of Time, burdened with their weight of ages, shall cease to move; when the Avenging Angel, groping his way through the night of terror, shall smite the earth with his rod, and bid the hus-

bandman come forth, who shall answer for the buried talent of some of earth's most gifted sons and daughters? Nay, let not the "proud ship" go down with all its priceless burden of immortal wealth, while the rotten hulk rocks in indolence on the sunlit wave; for when the lights and shades of a life are woven into a chaplet to adorn the brow of worth, what matter if he shall have lived in the shadow of a great brown house?

ENCOUNTER WITH A FIGHTING WHALE.

BY AN ACTOR IN THE SCENE.

We had been some months from home—six weeks on whaling ground, without discovering the first object of our search. Our captain had become morose, and moody. So anxious was he that the day before the events, which I am about to relate, occurred, he offered fifty dollars to the man that should first espy a whale. It was the 20th of August, 1840;—though since then I have passed through many exciting scenes, the recollections of that day are fresh in my mind. On that memorable morning, long before the tropical sun had shown his disc on the horizon, the mastsheads of our goodly ship were fully manned.

Although every man was willing to do his duty, yet such is the frailty of human nature, that a great reward will quicken the activity of most of us. I, being what old salts call a "greeny" was at the mizzenmast. Just as the sun rose, dispelling the dreary gloom of night, the man at the mainmast called out, with a tone loud and exulting, "There she blows! there she blows!" The Captain, though asleep, caught the sound, and, with the joy of a hero flushed with victory, rushed to the deck. Breathlessly he exclaimed, "Where away?"

"On our starboard beam, sir; three miles to leeward."

"What does it look like?"

"A large sperm whale, sir."

I looked, and for the first time in my life, beheld the great leviathan of the deep. There he lay, his huge form rippling the smooth and glassy sea. There was no time for philosophizing.

"Call all hands! Hard up your helm! Get the boats ready!" all uttered in a tone that nearly stunned me.

Here I must confess the truth, though it display weakness. The object of our search was at hand—our means of living depended upon his capture, and he might become an easy prey; yet I could not but shrink from the conflict with so great an enemy. To attack a monster nearly as large as our ship, who was able to sink her should he make the attempt, was a trial of my courage, such as I never had before. I thought of the first battle of a rising hero; but that was no consolation to me. Well he might risk life and limb, because for him there was wealth and honor in life and glory in death; but for us, if victorious, only a few dollars; if not, an obscure though easy death.

Notwithstanding these encouraging thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, I was at my post when the order was given to lower away the boats. As I placed myself on the after-thwart of the mate's boat and commenced pulling, the whale being about two miles off, the mate looked at me and exclaimed—

"You're sad, Tom; cheer up, boy. I've killed a hundred such chaps as that before now. He is ours as sure as the ship floats," and with joyous exultation he continued—"See how lazily he moves; he is napping, digesting his breakfast. We will slide up along side of him so gently, that before he knows it the cold iron will tickle his heart-strings, and then, by heavens! he will be ours. Give way, my lads, give way," was his hearty entreaty.

His tone and manner inspired me, for the most of his life had been spent in that perilous business. On, on we went, our boat, noiseless as a thing of life, cutting the water. When we had got as I thought near him, I dared, against the usual custom, to look around. There he lay, about three ship's length off, his back elevated about two feet above the surface, every part of his huge form distinctly in view, unconscious that an enemy was approaching. My knees shook with fear; for I knew that should he strike us with his flukes, he would send us, boat and all, flying in the air. It was a breathless moment as we shot by his flukes, and placed the bow of the boat within three feet of his hump. Quick as a flash, the boatsteerer, with the skill of a veteran, buried the harpoon deep in his carcass. For a moment his huge form quivered, then throwing up his flukes, he brought them down with a power that might be heard for miles around. Starting, he took the line so fast from the tub that had it not been wet it would have taken fire by the friction, as it went through the choekes in the bow of the boat. He ran about half a mile and came to a dead stop, remaining on top of water long enough for the captain's boat to come up and fasten.

"Haul line, boys! haul line!" cried the mate. To our surprise, the line was slack. The whale was coming for us under water! Then with the tone of authority mingled with fear, the mate exclaimed, "Stern all! stern, for your lives, boys!" and at that instant, leaping from the stern-sheets to the bow, he jumped to the Captain's boat. Until that moment I knew not our danger, the next the cedar plank cracked beneath my feet, and I felt the boat being lifted from the water. Leaping over the jaw of the monster, as he raised it to bite the boat in two, I found myself some fathoms under water, and swam from the whale and the boat, and after about four minutes came to the surface. I thought of Jonah, but did not care to try the experiment of being swallowed. I saw the boat in two parts, and the whale not in sight. My comrades, except one, were all in the captain's boat; he being within a few feet, was hauled in by an oar. One poor fellow had his thigh nearly bitten off. There was poor me alone in the water. The captain called for me to swim to his boat, and I made an effort to do so. Just as I expected to see them ship their oars and pull for me, the whale started, carrying them from me at the rate of six knots per hour, at the same time calling on me lustily to come to them.

I looked in vain to see them cut line and row to me; I quickly saw there was no help to be expected from that quarter—they were too anxious to secure the whale to think much of me; so I seized an oar, and felt quite easy. My only fear was that some hungry shark might be around. I looked to the ship as my last hope. Feeling composed, I made up my mind for the

worst; for though I entered the conflict with fear, I would end with resignation. As these thoughts passed through my mind, the ship hove to, and the second mate's boat being lowered, they came to my rescue. When they took me in, I had been in the water an hour and a-half, but was not much exhausted. I could not have kept up so long without the oar to support me. Just as they returned to the ship, the man at the mast-head called out, "The captain's boat is stove." Not being needed in that boat, I went on board. The second mate started to pick up the captain and his crew, four miles off. After they left me, the whale ran eight miles before they could haul near him. He had received the benefit of one lance, and came to a stand-still on the water, at a short distance, as if thinking what he would do next, when the mate exclaimed, "Now is our chance, boys! Haul me up, and I'll pay him for all his tricks!"

Confident of success this time, they hauled line with a vengeance, and the whale, as confident of victory, allowed them to approach within the ship's length, when, quick as thought, he turned for the boat. All but the mate leaped out—he was not to be cheated out of his sport, and when the monster came near, dealt him a blow, which unfortunately was not a mortal one. He ran his jaw through the boat, looked around complacently for a moment, as if satisfied with the havoc he had made and the complete victory he had gained over his enemies. Turning his head to windward, he darted rapidly away, with two harpoons in his body, and two lines of two hundred fathoms each, trailing after him.

I should not be surprised if some small fry, finding him napping, had fastened him to a small island; or he may be running yet, as whales are very long lived.

The second mate's boat picked up the vanquished crew. We were soon made comfortable with dry clothes and a hearty meal, and the unfortunate man's wounds were well cared for.

The captain assured us that he had been in the business twenty years, and never met with such an encounter before.

Thus ended the conflict of eight hours, having lost two boats with their gear, and had one man badly hurt. It may seem strange to some that any man or set of men should leave another to sink or swim, as the chance might be, through fear of losing a whale. In my case, however, there was a strong probability that I could keep my head above the water till a boat could be lowered from the ship. But I have heard of other instances of such heartless recklessness, which, had they happened on shore, would have seriously endangered the necks of the principal actors. The utter disregard of human life which is too frequently witnessed on board of ships, both whaling and merchant, would, if known, astonish the public.

The scene which I have described is only one among many which happen on a long and perilous whaling cruise. Time has wrought many changes since that eventful trip. Some of my shipmates have fought their last battle on earth and entered on a sea without a storm. Among them is our brave mate, Mr. L. During his next voyage, in a desperate encounter with such a whale as I have described, his boat was stove, and he was thrown wounded into the water. After a strenuous effort to reach another boat,

he sank to rise no more. How sad the reminiscences of friends who have gone to that mysterious and unseen country to which we all look with hope or fear. But such is life.

X. Y.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

EUROPEAN ACQUAINTANCE. By C. W. DE FORREST.
Sold by Le Count, Montgomery street.

This book was evidently written more to amuse, than to instruct. In this the author has succeeded admirably. He was on an excursion for his health, but he seems to have made it one of pleasure and amusement.

The author's style is original and unique, overflowing with pleasantry and humor. Though an invalid, he does not go croaking and whining through the world. No annoyance disturbs, no perplexity destroys his equanimity. Let him go where he will, he is ready to laugh and determined to be pleased. To give some idea of the author's quaint style, we quote the following description of a dinner scene at Priessnitz's great Water Cure establishment:

"By half past twelve we were bearing our empty, expectant stomachs up and down the great eating-hall. Patients followed patients through the creaking doors until nearly two hundred sick, blind and deformed people were hungrily patrolling around the long tables. Eight or ten neat, curiously white-faced damsels hurried in and out, loaded with piles of plates, or with monstrous loaves of what seemed to be mahogany bread. Presently they all entered in a column, bearing spacious, smoking platters of meat and vegetables, prepared, as I afterward found, by cooks of Satan's providing. No other signal was necessary to the famished invalids, who immediately made for the tables at a pace which reminded one of the fast-trotting borders of a Western hotel. However sick they may have been in other respects, they were certainly well enough to eat; and I think I never saw, before nor since, such an average large appetite among such a number of people. A disgracefully dirty man, with an ugly, swelled face, who sat on our left, filled his plate three or four inches deep with every kind of provender, ate it up, and then did it again, and a third time, as if it were no feat at all. We afterward learned that Priessnitz counselled his patients to eat all they wished—the more the better, for the old peasant was as perversely ignorant of a stomach as if he carried a crop and digested with pebbles like a chicken; maintaining, among other heresies, that a water patient's gastric powers should be strengthened by hard digestion, as much as his legs by hard walking. Partly in consequence of this monstrous theory, and partly because of the native savageness of Silesian cookery, the food was of the worst description, consisting of such horrors as veal ten days old, sauer-kraut, and the most unsuspicious dough-balls. Such a diet would produce a galloping dyspepsia in any one who was not invigorated by frequent baths and wet rubbings; but, as things were, I imagine that no great harm was done, and that, in a general way, two hundred ostriches could not have digested better. A man who takes four cold duckings per diem, walks five or six miles after each of them, and wears a wet bandage over his abdomen, may confide, even to recklessness, in his gastric juices.

How the Professor put the patients through a water course, is so ludicrously described that we cannot omit it:

"He listened to the brief history of my malady, seeming very indifferent to its past symptoms, but examining attentively the color of my skin and the development of my muscles.

He then ordered the wet sheet to be spread and signed me to stretch myself in it. As soon as I had measured my length on the dripping linen, Franz folded me up rapidly, and then packed me thickly in blankets, and coverlets, as if I were a batch of dough set away to rise. Neuville followed my damp example, and our teeth were soon chattering in chilly sympathy. Having noted the intensity of our ague, as if it were a means of judging what degree of vigor in the treatment we could bear, Priessnitz marched off to survey the agonies of Irwine and Burroughs. Neuville and I remained as fixed, and nearly as moist, as King Log in the pond, but in a state of anguish far beyond the capacities of that solid potentate. We were so cold that we could not speak plainly, and shivered until our bedsteads caught the infraction. Then a change came—a graduated, almost unconscious change to warmth—and at the end of ten minutes it was hard to say whether we were uncomfortable or not. A few minutes more brought a sensation of absolute physical pleasure, and I began to think that after all, water was my element, and that it was quite a mistake that I was not furnished with tasty red fins like a perch, or a convenient long tail, for sculling, like a polliwog.

"Just at this stage of the experiment, when I would have been glad to continue it longer, Priessnitz came back, and declared us ready for the plunge-bath. Franz turned up the blanket so as to leave my feet and ankles free, shod me with a pair of straw slippers, set me unsteadily upright, like a staggering ninepin, took firm hold of my envelopments behind, and started me on my pilgrimage. I set off at the rate of a furlong an hour, which was the top of my possible speed under the circumstances. Forming a little procession, with Priessnitz at the head as officiating priest, then myself as the walking corpse, and then Franz as sexton, we moved solemnly on until we reached a stairway leading into a most gloomy and low-spirited cellar. Dank, rude, dirty flagstones were visible at the bottom, while from an unseen corner bubbled the threatening voice of a runlet of water. The stair was so steep and the steps so narrow that it seemed impossible to descend without pitching forward; but, confiding myself desperately to the attraction of gravitation, I cautiously raised my left foot, made a pivot of the right one, wheeled half a diameter, settled carefully down six inches, wheeled back again to a front face, brought my dextral foot down and found myself on the first step. Ten repetitions of this delicate and complicated manœuvre carried me to the flooring of the cellar.

"Franz now engineered me into a side room and halted me alongside of an oblong cistern, brimming with black water, supplied by a brooklet, which fell into it with a perpetual chilly gurgle. In a moment his practiced fingers had peeled me like an orange, only far quicker than any orange was ever yet stripped of its envelope. As I shuffled off the last tag of that humid coil, she steam curled up from my body as from an acceptable sacrifice, or an ear of hot boiled corn. Priessnitz pointed to the cistern, like an angel of destiny signing to my tomb, and I bolted into it in a hurry, as wise people always bolt out of the frying pan into the fire, when there is no help for it. In a minute my whole surface was so iced that it felt hard, smooth and glossy, like a skin of marble. I got out of the first symptom of permission, when Franz set about rubbing me down with a new linen sheet, still possessed of all its native asperity. If I had been a mammoth or an ichthyosaurus, with a cuticle a foot thick, he could not have put more emphasis into his efforts to bring my blood into a vigorous circulation. Priessnitz joined in as if he enjoyed the exercise, and honored me with a searching attrition from his knowing fingers. Then, after examining me, to see if I grew healthfully rosy under the excitement, he signed me to throw a dry sheet over my

shoulders, and give myself an air-bath before a window into which a fresh morning breeze was pouring. Holding tight with both hands to the corners of the sheet, I flapped my linen wings as if I were some gigantic bat or butterfly about to take flight through the orifice, and soar away over the meadows. "Goot!" said Priessnitz, nodding his solemn head in token of ample satisfaction; and folding my drapery around me, I marched up stairs, like a statue looking for a pedestal, or a belated ghost returning to its churchyard. I met Neville descending with a stiffness of dignity which made me think of Bunker Hill Monument walking down to geth a bath in the harbor; so woefully solemn, so dubious about his footing, so bolt upright and yet so tottering, that he would have shaken the gravity of a pyramid, or moved a weeping crocodile to laughter. Once more in the double-bedded chamber, I gave myself a few hurried rubs of supererogation, and was about dressing, when Neville and Franz reappeared from the lower regions. With shivering fingers I seized my thick under-wrapper, and proceeded to don it, with a glorious sense of anticipatory comfort. But that atrocious Franz saw it, snatched it, tucked it under his arm, made a grab next at my drawers and stockings, and then signified by menacing signs, that I was to leave my cloak on its nail. No luckless urchin in Dotheboy's Hall was ever stripped half so pitilessly. As for Neville, who had been toasting himself over American fires through the mediocre chill of a Florentine winter, and was as sensitive to wind as a butterfly or a weathercock, or Mr. Jarndyce himself, he was despoiled with the same hyperborean unkindness. Out we went, nearly as thinly dressed as Adam and Eve, but leaving no paradise behind us; forth we hurried, driven by Franz, that bald-headed cherub, horribly armed with a wet sheet; away into the woods we fled, to wander like Cain, and drink three or four tumblers of water before we might venture back to breakfast.

We see nothing in the book that calls for criticism. He passes no hasty judgment on what he saw, nor does he delight to find fault with his acquaintances. Take the book altogether, we have rarely met one of this class more interesting.

We quote, for the sake of variety, the following from an amusing book—entitled, "NAUGHTY BOYS, OR THE SUFFERINGS OF MR. DELTEIL:"

The difficulties of reaching his class overcome, the unfortunate professor was no better off; scarcely was he in his pulpit, before his sense of smell would be tickled by a strong homely perfume—one day it was of fried potatoes, another of roasted apples. Dodi had infected the whole class with his love of cooking, and the class-room stove was now constantly used for preparing these two delicacies. Afraid that the principal might come in, and certain that he would not be very tolerant of such smells, Mr. Delteil had the courage to send for the porter, confiscate the roasted apples, and order them to be carried away.

Paterculus (a name bestowed by the Collegians on the porter) proceeded to make a seizure of the batch of baking, with unconcealed satisfaction, as he looked upon it in the light of a flagrant infringement of his patent for barley-sugar and roasted apples. Mr. Delteil paid dearly for this act of courage.

On the morrow there was no possibility of having any fire in the stove. The wood was crackling and singeing cheerily in its iron house when the Professor came in; not ten minutes after it was sad and silent, and then a pall of thick black smoke spread all over the room, as trying as onions for the eyes. Mr. Delteil first ordered the door and then the window to be opened; dark threatening masses, like storm-clouds, whirled through both apertures, but still the stove vomited forth column upon column of the stifling vapour.

The boys made loud complaints of the cold, drew their caps down over their eyes, buried their hands in their pockets, and sat listlessly gazing at the whimsical shapes issuing from the stove, the last ever more fantastic than its predecessor. Thus passed all the class hours. Mr. Delteil went home with a purple nose and red eye. For two days did this smoke continue to pervade Mr. Delteil's class-room; the Professor in great uneasiness consulted every vane he could see, wondering how soon the wind would change, saying to himself that no doubt any unusually rapid current of air on such a high mountain, gave rise to great disorder in all the chimneys of the town.

The potato-cooking commenced, and the smoke disap-

peared. Paterculus was sent for a second time, and a second time by the Professor's command, proceeded to make another seizure; the smoke re-appeared, and that with such fury, the cold, too, with the open window, was so intense, that Bineau had the audacity to propose a game of clap-shoe to Mr. Delteil.

"How dare you, sir?" exclaimed the Professor, really thunderstruck by the boy's impudence.

While many bitter thoughts were crowding on Mr. Delteil, as he tried to think of some fitting punishment for Bineau, a game of clap-shoe had begun, and was going on with great spirit, each boy taking his *vis-a-vis* for a partner, as if it had been a country-dance. The clack-clack of the shoes at last made the Professor raise his head.

"Young gentlemen!" he breathlessly exclaimed.

But a party of four were playing, and the noise they made completely overpowered the master's voice.

Two more joined the game; and it was really a curious sight to see the marvellous rapidity with which the twelve legs crossed and re-crossed, and met above and beneath. Every clap of the shoes fell like the stroke of a hammer on Mr. Delteil's head, and perhaps it was this nervous pain which made him suddenly conceive the mad idea of separating the players.

He came out of his reading-desk, supposing that his mere approach would restore order, but the rhythm of the game acted like the roll of drums in battle; it drove fear from every heart, and made it nearly as dangerous to break into that boyish circle as into a military square. Not only legs and feet were in action, but arms were also in full swing.

Bineau was the most violent of all. His partner was the timid Larmuzeaux, who was almost knocked over every instant by the kicks he received. Lagache and Cuenigay were playing scientifically, striking sparks from the little nails with which prudent shoemakers ornamented young gentlemen's shoes.

"Pueri, I withdraw!" exclaimed Mr. Delteil in utter desperation; but he was unable to make his voice heard in such a riot.

The game went on; so he gathered his papers together, and put them, with his pens and ink, into the pockets of his long loose coat. After one more glance at the players, he went out of the room and left them to themselves; but he had scarcely shut the door when he felt uneasy at the step he had taken. Was it consistent with his duty to leave the class alone under any circumstances? Ought he not to have kept his own with the boys? Ought he to go to the Principal, though he dreaded what his reception might be?—Very likely Mr. Tassin would throw the whole blame on him. Such were the reflections which disturbed the Professor's mind as he strode up and down before the class-room door, without daring to venture in again.

Fortunately, the boys were almost as much afraid of having forced their Professor to go out of the room, as the Professor was of his own exit. The game, therefore, came to a stop, and, after many and many a hesitation, hearing no more of the horrid noise, Mr. Delteil went back to his reading-desk, but with eyes cast down so afraid was he of meeting the impudent faces of his pupils.

The smoke had completely vanished during his short absence, and now, for the first time, it dawned on Mr. Delteil's mind that he had been the victim of a trick.

"Young gentlemen," he began, "I have come back to you without seeking the Principal; never again hope to force me to leave the room. Whatever your insolence, or whatever your racket, I shall never again quit my reading-desk. I will not do so, not even if you set fire to it. I might have gone to Mr. Tassin and requested his assistance in restoring order, and punishing the rioters, but I have preferred making you blush for your own conduct. There are several most unruly boys in this class, boys whose delight it is to lead others astray. I know them perfectly now, and I shall make arrangements this very day which shall prevent their having the power to corrupt the good. The behaviour of those I allude to has been abominable; they have hitherto ridiculed me on account of my lenity. Well, since gentleness has had no effect, let them beware of my anger. It shall not be said that the seventh class is the worst in the whole College—it shall not be said that five of you can hinder all the rest from studying. To-morrow is Thursday—well, Master Bineau shall remain in prison all to-morrow afternoon. I am sorry to be obliged to resort to such extreme measures, but Master Bineau is a very hotbed of discord. It is he who develops all the bad of your natural dispositions."

"It's not my fault if the chimney smoked," said Bineau. "You had boy!" exclaimed Mr. Delteil, angrily; "instead of repenting and confessing your fault, you choose to add untruth to treachery."

"But what did make the stove smoke, sir?" asked Bineau.

"Tell me, sir," returned the Professor, "why has it now ceased to smoke?"

"How should I know?" said Bineau; "but I can't stand the cold, and I was forced to warm myself one way or other."

"And you dared to propose to me—to me, your Professor!—to play at clap-shoe—a man of my age and profession to do what is only fit for little blackguards like yourself!"

"But, sir, mamma is always telling me not to catch cold."

We close these extracts with the following, which explains the mystery of our Professor's life:

Mr. Delteil, who for so long had lived on bread and chocolate, considered these three dishes as profusion. He was inclined to exclaim, "You offer me a dinner fit for a prince!" and if he restrained himself, it was not from false shame, but from that sentiment which had impelled him from the beginning to hide the misery of his existence. Had he replied, "I never spend more than sixpence a day on my food," he knew beforehand

the question that would naturally have followed, "But why do you starve yourself in that manner?" and then he must have entered into so many details. He must have related his whole life, his hopes, and his labours, and perhaps after all not be understood. Would he not be considered crazy if he confessed that, with the exception of his sixpence a day, and the amount of his rent, he spent the whole of his Professor's salary in printing one single copy of his dictionary? Could any woman, for instance, understand the absorbing interest of this Herculean labor, when the friends of his youth, those who, when he was twenty, had been twenty also, had looked upon his darling project as the height of madness? Had not the printer himself laughed at the proposition of printing a single copy? Any avowal involved, indeed, a history of minutiae, to which few persons can ever have a key.

THE LACE MERCHANT'S DOG.—Who would have imagined that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and thus gained for his master upwards of a hundred thousand crowns? And yet an incident like this happened a few years since in Europe.

One of those industrious beings who know how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined, in extreme poverty, to engage in trade. He preferred that of the merchandise which occupied the least space and was calculated to yield the most profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and repairing to Flanders, he there bought pieces of lace, which, without any danger, he smuggled into France in the following manner:

He trained an active spaniel to his purpose. He caused him to be shaved and procured for him the skin of another dog, of the same hue and the same shape. He then rolled the lace around the body of his dog, and put over it the garb of the stranger so adroitly that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace thus arranged in his pedestrian bandbox, he would say to his docile messenger, "Forward, my friend!" At these words, the dog would start and pass boldly through the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having passed the bounds, he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually carressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of safety, renewing his occupation as necessity required.

Such was the success of the smuggler, that in a few years he amassed a handsome fortune, and kept his coach. Envy pursues the prosperous. A mischievous neighbor betrayed the lace merchant, and, notwithstanding his efforts to disguise his dog, he was watched, and discovered.

How far does the cunning of some animals extend! Did the spies of the custom-house expect him at one gate, he saw them at a distance, and instantly went toward the other. Were the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the wall; at others passed secretly behind a carriage, or running between the legs of travelers, he would thus accomplish his aim. One day, however, while swimming in a stream near Malines, he was shot and died in the water. There was then about him, five thousand crowns' worth of lace; the loss of which did not affect the master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful dog.

JUDGE HOLMES, of the northern part of the State of New York, is one of the most celebrated wits of that portion of our "great country." The Judge has a son who has formerly known as "a hard case," but who, I am happy to say, has now "joined the Sons" and reformed. The young gentleman inherited a great portion of his father's brilliant wit, and he sometimes even got a little the best of the Governor.

The Judge was invited to lecture in a little village some distance from his place of residence, and his son accompanied him. During the delivery of his lecture, a refractory child in the audience kept up an incessant squalling. The lecture was, however, gone through with, and the Judge and his son got into their carriage and started for home. After riding some distance in silence, the Judge said:

"Don't you think, Henry, that that child disturbed the audience very much?"

"Why no, father," said Henry, "I didn't observe that they were kept awake by it."

Vittoria Colonna.

The year 1490 was one of those periods that intervene between an old decaying system, ready to perish, and a new time, full, indeed, of disquietude, uncertainty and strife, yet containing within itself the more perfect order that is to come. "Men are near awaking," says Novalis, "when they dream that they dream;" and there were many evident signs that the slumber, which had been long and deep, was now about to be broken.

In this year of threatening spiritual and temporal revolution, Anna, daughter of the Duke of Urbino, and wife of Fabrizio Colonna, Grand Constable of the Kingdom of Naples, gave birth to a daughter in the Castle of Marino, twelve miles distant from Rome, who soon after received the name of Vittoria—a name which her life teaches us to associate with a noble mind, a sweet countenance, and a heart most pure.

Amongst the most intimate friends of Fabrizio Colonna, father of Vittoria, was Don Alfonso, Marquis of Pescara, to whom a son was born the same year that Vittoria saw the light. Wishing to strengthen their friendship by the possession of common interests, Pescara proposed to Colonna that their children should be betrothed in marriage. Fabrizio consented, and their engagement was solemnly made when the children were not more than four years of age.

We do not hear much of Vittoria until she was sixteen. We are told that her parents bestowed much attention upon her education; and we must understand this word in no limited sense; for they educated both body and mind, and most of all, her affections. What wonder, then that when she came to womanhood, great lords and nobles crowded to her feet, irresistibly attracted by her learning; by the wit which prevented that learning from becoming pedantry, by her warmth of heart, and by the magic of her beauty.

Among other nobles who followed in her train, were the Dukes of Savoy and Braganza. Each made her an offer of marriage. To both, as to all other suitors, she made the same reply—her hand was not her own.

Vittoria was what, in modern times, would be spitefully called a "blue-stocking." She not only knew how to write her own language with correctness and grace, but had studied ancient literature, and was guilty of composing Latin verse. Some allowance must be made for this serious failing. In our own country, half a century nearer these more becoming times, the gentle Lady Jane Grey studied Plato in his own tongue; and Aseham declared that "there were not four persons in court or college" who knew Greek better than our Queen Elizabeth.

The Marquis of Pescara died at the siege of Naples, in 1496, and his son succeeded to the ancestral honors when but an infant. As he grew up he became scarcely less an object of attraction than Vittoria. Brave, generous and handsome,

he was quite a cavalier of the good old time, when courage was not deemed another name for brute force. He could wield the pen as well as the sword, and would, as was the fashion of the young men of that day, address to his Vittoria sonnets a la Patrarca; or, like our own noble-hearted Montrose, sing:

"But if thou wilt be constant, then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never seen before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore."

The marriage of this "peerless couple," to use Rota's words, was celebrated, in 1507, with great pomp; the united ages of bride and bridegroom not exceeding thirty-four years. For a short time after the wedding they resided at Ischia, that "epitome of the whole earth," as Bishop Berkeley afterwards termed it.

But since 1490, that time, as we have said, of coming troubles, many events of the utmost importance had taken place in Italy. One French King, Charles VIII. had crossed the Alps, and having overrun the fair plains of the Peninsula, had overturned the power of the Medici at Florence, marched into the eternal city, and pointed his cannon against the Castle of St. Angelo; had, moreover, compelled the Pope to capitulate, seized the crown of Naples, and, for a time, given laws to Italy, until the different states, united by a common danger, joined with the German Emperor and Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain to drive out the intruder.

In 1500, Louis XII. also descended from the mountains, and in twenty days made himself master of the Duchy of Milan and the powerful republic of Genoa. Five years afterwards Louis made peace with the German Emperor. Three later—that is, the year after Vittoria's marriage—the celebrated League of Cambray was formed, by which Pope Julius II. united with the Kings of France and Spain to crush the formidable state of Venice. Julius, having obtained his end by means of this strong alliance, resolved to break with Louis and expel the French forces from the country.

Now was the time for every true man to rally round the standards of Italy and Spain. Pescara was not one to lag behind where duty or glory painted the way. He had not passed his brief time of wedded happiness in slothful ease. Of him it may be as truly repeated, as was once said of the Emperor Vaspasian, "Nunquam minus otiosus quam cum otiosus erat ille."

At the age of twenty-one he had acquired a reputation, not merely for bravery, but for military skill, and was appointed General-in-chief of calvary. In the following year, 1512, on the 11th of April, occurred the celebrated battle of Ravenna, in which, after a desperate struggle, the French won the day. This engagement is remarkable for the youth

of two of the principal generals who commanded in it. Pescara was but twenty-two; while Gaston de Foix, nephew of the French king, was only one year older. The first was taken prisoner, together with his father-in-law, and the Cardinal Legate—de Medici, afterwards Leo X; the latter was shot, while in the ardor of pursuit, by a Spanish harquebusier. His death damped the joy of his countrymen in their hour of victory, and he carried to the grave the regrets of brave foes.

Pescara was taken to Milan; but was soon set free on the intercession of his maternal uncle, Triulzi.

During her husband's absence Vittoria lived at Naples, passing her time in reading the classics and writing poetry. She had but one theme for all her verse—her husband's praises: so that, says Bullart, "she seemed to be a new muse, destined to proclaim the renown of this great captain, and to inspire the praises which are due to warlike virtue." Even after Pescara had been released, the unsettled state of Italy demanded the constant presence of the General among his troops. It was only at distant intervals that he could visit his wife. This absence was rendered more hearable by the frequent letters that passed between them, full of tenderest affection, and firm and unshaken faith in each other's constancy.

We must now pass over some dozen years. In 1524 occurred the battle of Biagrasa, interesting chiefly on account of the death of the renowned Bayard, the "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

On the 24th of February, in the year following, was fought the famous battle of Pavia, where the valorous Francis "lost all save honor." Pescara, on that occasion, contributed to the success of the Allies. He himself was wounded, though not seriously. The victory was by no means such an one as the Italians desired. It was too decisive. They were as much in the power of Germany after it, as before they had been at the mercy of France. They accordingly sought to detach Pescara from the imperial interests by offering him the crown of Naples.

Whether Pescara did or did not accept the proffered honor; or whether, by a feigned assent, he made a treacherous use of treachery, we know how Vittoria acted. As soon as she had heard of the proposal, she wrote to her husband, reminding him of his "wonted virtue, and with what reputation and renown he had advanced the glory of many kings; that not by the grandeur of kingdoms and titles was honor acquired, but by a life of virtue, which should pass unspotted to his descendants; that she did not desire to be the wife of a king, but rather of that great captain, who, not only in war by his valor, but also in peace by his generosity, had known how to conquer the greatest kings." This was about August or September, 1525. Toward the close of the year, Pescara became seriously indisposed. As he grew worse the physicians became alarmed, and communicated their fears to

their patient. He ardently longed to see his faithful wife before he died; but the prayer was not to be granted. His cousin and heir, the Marquis del Vastro (for he left no children,) closed his eyes a few days after.

Vittoria no sooner heard of the serious illness of her husband than she set out from Naples. On her way she passed through Rome, and there, and everywhere was received with extraordinary honors. But when she had proceeded no farther than Viterbo, the fatal news reached her. The blow was terrible. She was no ordinary wife weeping for an ordinary husband. Hers was not such a loss as one year's tears and weeds would suffice to mourn. For a long time she refused to be comforted, and showed that, with all her high intellectual endowments, she had but a woman's heart, most tender, most true. At last she checked her grief and—married the Duke of Braganza? By no means. She was still young and very beautiful, and moreover famous in the world of letters. So, after a decent interval, princes and lords crowded around the widow, as, twenty years before they had thronged around the maiden. Again they made her offers of marriage; but each and all she gently, though firmly refused, saying, "My bright sun, (so she used always to call her husband,) although he is set to others, still lives and shines for me." For the first seven years of her widowhood Vittoria gave herself up to the study and writing of sonnets in praise of her husband. There are no less than one hundred and twenty-five of those extant; and it cannot be denied that they manifest more real feeling than the sonnets of Petrarch. They are infinitely more genuine in their tone, and almost wholly free from the wearisome conceits which disfigure the poems of Laura's lover. Indeed, while it is still a matter of dispute whether the Beatrice of Dante, the Laura of Petrarch, and the "Donna" of Michael Angelo, are historical personages, there is no doubt that Vittoria's verses are not the result of ingenuity, but the offspring of deep affection hallowed by the sense of loss.

After a period of retirement, Vittoria again appeared in society, and her friendship was courted by the literati of that brilliant age. Among those who could claim acquaintance with her, we find Martelli, Giovinetti the historian, Flaminio the poet, "whose Latin verses," says Hallam, "are often equal in beauty and purity to those of Tibullus himself." Castiglione wrote his Cortigiano greatly to please her. Bernardo Tasso she substantially befriended; for when he lost all his property in the political turmoils of that time, Vittoria gave him such assistance as called forth his gratitude; and his more illustrious son was taught to look up to the gentle lady with heartfelt devotion. With Pietro Bembo she held frequent correspondence; while best known of all her friends was Ariosto himself, who, in the 37th canto of his Orlando Furioso,

alludes to her as "another sun lightening the heavens:"

"Vittoria e il nome, e ben conviensi a nata
Fra le vittorie; e a chi o vada, o stanzi
Di trofei sempre, e di trionfi ornata
La Vittoria abbia seco o dietro, o innanzi."

Seven years Vittoria spent in writing these elegiacal sonnets. A great change then came over her. She began to doubt whether it was right to give up so much precious time to tears and sad memories. The cause of this change is ascertainable.

At this period Juan Valdez, (or Valdesso,) a Spanish nobleman holding office at Naples, exercised a powerful influence over the minds of those with whom he came in contact. He was one of those men who do much, without making any show. He studied theology, and became attached to simpler views than the Romish Church could offer. A perfect gentleman, a thorough scholar, endowed with excellent qualities of head and heart, it was no marvel that he won the affections of every one. His mingled gentleness and power made a vast impression upon Vittoria. By him she was taught to look with favor on the Reformation movement in Italy. At this time the Reformed doctrines had obtained a higher ascendancy in that country than they have ever since held. The Reformation was of a far more intellectual character there than in Germany. Consequently, while in the North the new doctrines were embraced by the peasantry, in the South they were adopted almost exclusively by the nobility and gentry, the literati and students at the universities. Hence it followed, that the teaching of Luther remains to this day, and the lessons inculcated by the scholar-like Valdez have altogether died out of Italy.

Among Vittoria's leading friends at this time were the cardinals Contarini and Pole. The latter had left England in order to escape the displeasure of Henry VIII. for his conduct on the divorce question. Both Englishman and Italian had become acquainted with the main tenets of the German divines; but, unlike the Reformers, they viewed separation from Rome as the greatest calamity that could befall the Church, and were ready to give up any dogma for the sake of visible unity. Pole was Vittoria's spiritual guide. He watched her with the deepest solicitude, lest her love for scriptural truth should induce her to secede from the Church of Rome; and about this time she joined one of those societies which, under the name of "Oratories of Divine Love," were accustomed to meet in the different Italian cities for "mutual edification, the worship of God, preaching, and the practice of spiritual exercises."

Looking back through three centuries upon those distinguished assemblies, we wonder how it was that so many refined minds, so many generous hearts, so many noble intellects, failed to produce a lasting influence upon the Italian mind. Was it that this people, so prone to gorgeous display, and all the "luxury of devotion," was naturally unfit for the severe austeri-

ty of Northern worship? or, was it that the reformers of Italy were too refined, too intellectual, and not sufficiently endowed with the mental and physical strength of Luther?

We must retrace our steps. During Vittoria's seven years' sadness were probably written the 125 sonnets, placed by Rata in the first part of his edition. To this period doubtless belong the Canzoni, which Roscoe esteems above her sonnets; which subsequently must have been written the 212 Rime Spirituali, and the Stanze of which the above-mentioned historian remarks, that in simplicity, harmony, and elegance of style, they equal the "productions of any of her cotemporaries, and in lively description and genuine poetry excel them all, excepting only those of the inimitable Ariosto." In the first-mentioned sonnets, and in the Canzoni, she dwells on the eventful life and noble actions of her husband.

In 1537 a friendship commenced which, more than any other circumstance, has handed Vittoria's name down through 300 years, and caused the general reader to have some knowledge, at least, of her history, even though he may be ignorant of her writings.

It was at Rome that Vittoria first saw Michael Angelo. She was then in her forty-seventh year, he in his sixty-fourth. This fact must preclude all ideas of a romantic attachment on the part of the great artist. We can not look on this as another illustration of "the Loves of the Poets," but be content with a more common-place view. And yet the affection which this "king of men" felt for our poetess was of no common sort. He looked up to her with reverence. His love for her was that of the artist. He loved her as we do not find he had loved any other woman. More than Laura was to Petrarch—even as Beatrice was to Dante—in his sonnets he makes frequent mention of Vittoria. Mr. Taylor has thus translated one of these:

"If it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the Eternal Point of all,
Such I believe my love; for, as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing
Whilst I thus live. Nor is it marvelous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth by nature, tempted forth,
Enamored through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the primal love
As to its end; and honors in admiring;
For, who adores the Creator needs must
love his work."

Though Angelo's writings often partake of the obscurity of the other great Italian poets, so that it is not always easy to determine whether he is speaking of an abstraction, there can be no doubt that in this case he does refer to an actual person. The last line proves it. In a sonnet translated by Dr. Harford, he speaks of Vittoria, as embodying those æsthetic ideas which all his life long he had been striving to express. In another he speaks

of painful doubts, which he beseeches her to solve :

"I, lady, to your sacred penmanship
Present the blank page of my troubled mind,
That you, in dissipation of my doubts,
May on it write how my benighted soul
Of its desired end may not so fail
As to incur at length a fatal fall.
Be you the writer, who have taught me how
To tread by fairest paths the way to heaven."

The same year that Vittoria became acquainted with Angelo she formed the design of visiting Jerusalem. From this she was dissuaded by her cousin, the Marquis Del Vasto. In 1541 she determined to retire into a convent, and joined a sisterhood at Orvieto. Thence, a few months after, she removed to the convent of Santa Caterina, at Viterbo, this being the town where she first heard the sad tidings of her husband's death. Towards the end of 1546 Vittoria returned from Viterbo to Rome, and took up her residence at the convent of Sta-Anna. At the beginning of 1547 she became seriously ill, and was removed to the palace of Giulio and Cesarini. She rapidly grew worse. On the 15th of February, she made her will, and very shortly after her gentle spirit rejoined the spirit of him whom she had so long loved and lost.

Ancient and Modern Literature.

The following article we extract from Hazlitt's "Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth:"

There are four sorts or schools of tragedy with which I am acquainted. The first is the antique or classical. This consisted, I apprehend, in the introduction of persons on the stage, speaking, feeling, and acting according to nature, that is, according to the impression of given circumstance on the passions and mind of man in those circumstances, but limited by the physical conditions of time and place, as to its external form, and to a certain dignity of attitude and expression, selection in the figures, and unity in their grouping, as in a statue or base-relief. The second is the Gothic or romantic, or, as it might be called, the historical or poetical tragedy, and differs from the former only in having a larger scope in the design and boldness of the execution; that is, it is the dramatic representation of nature and passion emancipated from the precise imitation of an actual event in place and time, from the same fastidiousness in the choice of the materials, and with the license of the epic and fanciful form added to it in the range of the subject and the decorations of language. This is particularly the style or school of Shakspeare, and of the best writers of the age of Elizabeth, and the one immediately following. Of this class, or genus, the "tragedie bourgeoise" is a variety and the antithesis of the classical form. The third sort is the French or common-place rhetorical style, which is founded on the antique as to its form and subject matter; but instead of individual nature, real passion, or imagination growing out of real passion and the circumstances of the speaker, it deals only in vague, imposing

and labored declamations, or descriptions of nature, dissertations on the passions, and pompous flourishes which never entered any head but the author's, have no existence in nature which they pretend to identify, and are not dramatic at all, but purely didactic. The fourth and last is the German or paradoxical style, which differs from the others in representing men as acting not from the impulse of feeling, or as debating common-place questions of morality, but as the organs and mouth-pieces (that is, as acting, speaking, and thinking under the sole influence) of certain extravagant speculative opinions, abstracted from all existing customs, prejudices and institutions. It is my present business to speak chiefly of the first and last of these.

Sophocles differs from Shakspeare as a Doric portico does from Westminster Abbey. The principle of the one is simplicity and harmony, of the other richness and power. The one relies on form or proportion, the other on quantity and variety and prominence of parts. The one owes its charm to a certain union and regularity of feeling, the other adds to its effect from complexity and the combination of the greatest extremes. The classical appeals to sense and habit; the Gothic or romantic strikes from novelty, strangeness and contrast. Both are founded in essential and indestructible principles of human nature. We may prefer the one to the other, as we choose; but to set up an arbitrary and bigotted standard of excellence in consequence of this preference, and to exclude either the one or the other from poetry or art, is to deny the existence of the first principles of the human mind, and to war with nature, which is the height of weakness and arrogance at once. There are some observations on this subject in a late number of the *Edinburg Review*, from which I shall here make a pretty long extract:

"The obvious distinction between the two styles, the classical and the romantic, is, that the one is conversant with objects that are grand or beautiful in themselves, or in the consequence of obvious and universal associations: the other with those that are interesting only by the force of circumstances and imagination. A Grecian temple for instance, is a classical object: it is beautiful in itself, and excites immediate admiration. But the ruins of a Gothic castle have no beauty or symmetry to attract the eye, and yet they excite a more powerful and romantic interest, from the ideas with which they are habitually associated. If, in addition to this, we are told that this is Macbeth's castle, the scene of the murder of Duncan, the interest will be instantly heightened to a sort of pleasing horror. The classical idea or form of anything, it may also be observed, remains always the same, and suggests nearly the same impressions; but the associations of ideas belonging to the romantic character may vary infinitely, and take in the whole range of nature and accident. Antigone, in Sophocles, waiting near the grove of the Furies—Elec-

tra, in *Æschylus*, offering sacrifice at the tomb of Agamemnon—are classical subjects, because the circumstances and the characters have a correspondent dignity, and an immediate interest, from their mere designation. Florimel, in *Spenser*, where she is described sitting on the ground in the Witch's hut, is not classical, though in the highest degree poetical and romantic: for the incidents and situations are in themselves mean and disagreeable, till they are redeemed by the genius of the poet, and converted, by the very contrast into a source of the utmost pathos and elevation of sentiment. Othello's handkerchief is not classical, though "there was magic in the web:"—it is only a powerful instrument of passion and imagination. Even Lear is not classical; for he is a poor crazy old man, who has nothing sublime about him but his afflictions, and who dies of a broken heart.

"Schlegel somewhere compares the Furies in *Æschylus* to the Witches of Shakspeare—we think without much reason. Perhaps Shakspeare has surrounded the wierd sisters with associations as terrible, and even more mysterious, strange and fantastic, than the Furies of *Æschylus*; but the traditionary beings themselves are not so petrific. These are of marble—their look alone must blast the beholder;—those are of air, bubbles; and though so 'withered and so wild in their attire,' it is their spells alone which are fatal. They owe their power to metaphysical aid; but the others contain all that is dreadful in their corporeal figures. In this we see the distinct spirit of the classical and the romantic mythology. The serpents that twine round the head of the Furies are not to be trifled with, though they implied no preternatural power. The bearded witches in *Macbeth* are in themselves grotesque and ludicrous, except as this strange deviation from nature staggers our imagination, and leads us to expect and to believe in all incredible things. They appal the faculties by what they say or do; the others are intolerable, even to the sight.

"Be fit to live; be ready to die!" Never can I peruse these words without agitation. What has been undergone, what has been suffered, what struggles have been made before we be fit to live. And this point is scarcely attained ere we are to be ready to enter into a state totally unconnected with life.—*Zimmerman*.

THE HEATHEN.—Think of Adam after his fall, before the promise, hiding himself from God, and you have a perfect portraiture of a poor creature without the Gospel.—*Owen*.

JUSTICE.—Though justice be not commonly sold, yet it costs much, and it is necessary to be very rich in order to obtain it.—*Stanislaus Augustus*.

On the tomb-stone of a sweet girl, blind from her birth, was the appropriate inscription: "There is no night there."

Forget not that life is a flower, which no sooner is fully blown than it begins to wither

Proverbs of Solomon Levi, Esq.

OUR surprise that Mr. Levi had never married was participated in by Mr. Levi's friends. In early youth, he is reported to have loved—aye, loved madly, deeply, (he gave her a watch and chain, which cost him thirty pounds). Miss Maud Doggery was not what might strictly be called handsome, owing to a large port wine stain on the left cheek, shaped exactly like a huge red gooseberry. (It appears that two days before Miss Maud was born, her mother felt an inordinate desire to drink champagne. It was not gratified, and hence the poor child was marked with a gooseberry).

Mr. Levi has since confessed that whenever he made love to her, it was always on the right side, with the damaged cheek turned to the wall. He invariably spoke of her as one who, even if she had a stain upon her cheek, had none upon her character; and who, if not positively handsome (even on the other side of her face there were freckles as big as chocolate drops), at least was the perfection of maidenly modesty. But she deceived Mr. Levi in a most shameful manner. She had always led him to suppose that her fortune amounted to £15,000; and it was only a few days before the wedding was to have taken place that he fortunately discovered that the money was invested in Pennsylvanian bonds. One morning, twenty years after his love fit, somebody told Mr. Levi that Miss Maud Doggery was still living. I fancy I can see the governor—pale as a ground-glass lamp shade—throw up his hands as he exclaimed, "living? Heavens! what an escape I have had! and the villians told me she was consumptive!" In the afternoon he came into our office, and spoke the following wonderful proverbs:

ON WOMAN, ETC.

Remember this, my boys. In Eden there was only one woman, and it is the symbol of happiness. Would that it had been a "Pearadise," for then the apple had not been there. The source of all evil was apple saucc.

With the rib of man was woman made. In her daughters you may easily trace the love of rib-bones.

At the first wedding ceremony, the bridegroom slept. How many have since been led to the altar lulled by some soft soap-orifice.

Woman shared the apple with man, but she took the first bite.

This was the curse of the world: "Woman shall love fine clothes, and man shall pay for them."

No sooner had Eve seen Sat(i)n than she wished to clothe herself.

Ask a woman what is meant by happiness, and she will reply, "A velvet dress, with fourteen breadths to the skirt."

How many marry that they may wear rich garments! Cambrie handkerchiefs are not the only things that can be drawn through a wedding ring.

This is the vanity of women: "Court plumes and the largest bussel."

When cats wash their faces, bad weather is at hand; when women use washes to their complexions, it is a true sign that the beauty of the day is gone.

Many powder their faces, that their skins may seem white; it is as a poulterer flours an old hen, that it may pass for a tender chicken.

How many women have been ruined by diamonds, as bird-catchers entice the lark from heaven to earth with sparkling glass.

As the child crows at the shining candle, so do women at glittering gems; and both shall burn their fingers if they touch them.

The stepping-stone to fortune is not to be found in a jeweller's shop.

Some women have hearts brittle as glass; he that would engrave his name on them must use diamonds.

Brilliants of the first water are those given to stay the wife's first flood of tears.

Any woman will listen to your suit if you first give her an ear-ring; but it must be an emerald one.

There are some men who beat their wives, and then seek the hand of forgiveness by placing jewels upon their fingers. They follow the inscriptions on their street-doors, "Knock and ring!"

All women have hearts, but often it is with them as with oaks—the heart is the hardest part.

No chain is so strong as the banms of marriage.

BEGINNING AND ENDING WITH A JACK-KNIFE.—In 1800, a youth, then residing in Maine, owned a jack-knife, which he, being of a some, what trading and money-making disposition, sold for a gallon of West India rum. This he retailed, and with the proceeds purchased two gallons, and eventually a barrel, which was followed in due time with a large stock. In a word, he got rich, and became the Squire of the district, through the possession and sale of the jack-knife, and an indomitable trading industry. He died worth property in real estate and money valued at \$80,000. This was divided, by testament, among four children—three boys and a girl. Luck, which seemed to have been the guardian angel of the father, deserted the children, for every folly and extravagance they could engage in seemed to occupy their exclusive attention and cultivation. The daughter married unfortunately, and her patrimony was soon thrown away by her spendthrift of a husband. The sons were no more fortunate, and two of them died of dissipation, and in almost poverty. The daughter also died. The last of the family, for many years past, has lived on the kindness of those who knew him in his days of prosperity, as pride would not allow him to go to the poor farm. A few days ago he died; suddenly and unattended, in a barn, where he had laid himself down to take a drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined, all that was found in them was a small piece of string and a jack-knife. So, the fortune that began with an implement of that kind left but its simple duplicate.

HOPE.—It is a craft, sailing down the stream of Time, bearing a burden of human passions. Its beacon light is Experience; Aspiration is its flag, and Truth fills the sails. It is outward bound, and never casts anchor until it furls its sails in the distant port of Eternity!

We are indebted to C. P. Kimball, of Noisy Carrier, for favors. Thanks are also due Messrs. Hutchings & Rosenfield for late periodicals.

We clip the following from the London Times:

The execution of Ginseppe Andrea Pierri and of Felice Orsini, condemned to the punishment of parricides by the decree of the Court of Assizes of the Seine on the 26th of February last, took place last Saturday morning at seven o'clock on the Place de la Roquette. The condemned, informed at half-past five that their appeal had been rejected, and were assisted in their last moments by Messrs. the Almoners Hugon and Nottelet. The *Gazette des Tribunaux* give the following account of the final proceedings:

The mournful procession soon put itself in motion. The condemned parties issued forth from the prison with naked feet, clad in long white skirts, and with black veils over their heads. Pierri walked first, between the Abbe Nottelet and the executioner of Rouen. On entering the court of the prison, Pierri, whose features were convulsively contracted and whose feverish excitement continually increased, endeavored to raise the chant of the Girodins, and continued with a broken voice until beyond the prison walls. They mounted the steps of the scaffold, and on reaching the platform remained exposed whilst an officer read the decree of condemnation. This ceremony concluded, the executioners laid hold of Pierri, who again endeavored to give utterance to the song he had momentarily suspended, and his voice finally expired beneath the stroke of the axe. Orsini, who till then had remained silent, now cried "Viva l'Italie!" "Viva la France!" and then delivered himself up to the executioners.

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[Original.]

LIVING JEWELS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Old Time stole silently by—

His footprints he left on the sand;

His face was wrinkled, his hair was gray—

Swiftly, and softly he stole away,

With a casket in his hand.

"And these are my jewels," said he;

"Gems of the rarest dye;

Gathered where grand old rivers flow.

In the sunny south, and ice-bergs glow

In the flash of the northern sky."

"Each jewel is a soul,

Cut from the Living stone!

Aod, with the diamond pen of God,

Angels have written there in blood;

The deeds that soul has done."

"This was a jewel rare,

Shaming the sun at morn—

'Tis a miser's gem—how changed its hue!

Angels might weep to see it now,

And he'll laugh loud with scorn!"

"This is a patriot's pearl—

Earth hath few gems more rare;

Not like the warrior's, blushing in blood,

But, with the living pen of God,

Bright deeds are written there."

"And this is the jewel of one

To heaven and mercy given;

Lowly his lot, but this living gem—

Kings wear it not in their diadem!

'Tis set in the crown of heaven!"

SHADOWS.

A hand is reaching from the night,

To call me back;

A chilling breath is on my brow

I feared it then—I feel it now,

Vain are my tears—vainer my vow.

For shadows gather round my track

Where love once shed serenest light.

Delay oh! spirit of the past

Oh! yet delay.

Give yet some hours for stormy sorrow,

Dark is the gloom that shades the morrow,

And by itself no hope can borrow,

Since sweetest pleasures soon decay,

And even love may die at last.

Old Philosopher to a Young One.

Shame upon thee, craven spirit!

Is it manly, just or brave,

If a truth has shown within thee,

To conceal the light it gave?

Captive of the world's opinion—

Free to speak—hast yet a slave?

All conviction should be valiant—

Tell thy truth—if truth it be;

Never seek to stem its current.

Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea;

It will fit the widening circle

Of Eternal Verity.

[Original.]

LOVE AND IMPULSE.

"Man the life-boat!—man the life-boat!—
quick, my boys, or every soul goes down!
See! the heavens are a flame of light, and the
waves seem eager for their prey. Almighty
Power protect us!—one struggle more, and
our tempest-wearied craft is swallowed up by
the frantic billows."

Though the voice of the commander came
mingled and confused with the raving of the
elements, yet before he had ceased to speak,
every man was found at his post. No cry of
despair echoed through the deserted passages
of the sinking ship, but silently as thought,
and with equal speed, the boat was lowered,
and one after another of the little crew sprung
from the deck, while anon a prayer arose and
winged its way beyond the reach of the angry
elements, to claim its reward of Him who
"holds the wind in his fist." And while yet
the chronometer dragged its pulseless hand
along its breast, and the lamps yet burned
within the abandoned cabin, the noble ship
slowly sunk beneath the darkened waves,
"like a star that goes down at night."

For many hours they had struggled with
the storm, and when at length the morning
dawned, it was ushered in by the dark-browed
sentinels of the tempest. But too late for the
fated ship and its faithful crew the winds be-
came exhausted; bright crevices became visi-
ble along the dark vaults of the heavens,
emitting fitful gleams of light, and the terrific
thunder, at whose voice brave men grew pale,
but found an echo in the booming of the bil-
low.

But Suffering had only paved her way, and
now she prepared to execute her plans. With
but a morsel upon which to subsist, the little
crew found themselves upon an open sea, in
the midst of its stranger waters, with no com-
pass to guide, and no hand to pilot them into
harbor. Dismay trembled upon every breast,
and each eye, half strained from its socket,
sought in vain to catch a glimpse of some
friendly vessel.

But who can sit face to face with Death—
its icy breath upon his cheek, his finger-ends
tinkling with its frosty bells—and fail to find
his pulses lag or his spirits droop?

Night came, and dragged its weary length
into the Past; again the stars grew dim or
brighter in their turn, while each recurring
day witnessed some one or more of the little
band committed to the treacherous deep, until
only one was left to watch alone. And who
was this? and why had destiny forgotten to

weave his shroud among those of her earlier
victims? Alas! time will show.

There is a crisis in the life of every man,
when inevitably under the control of peculiar
circumstances his fate seems reflected back
like the ghastly and fitting objects revealed
by a magic lantern. But to this man the con-
sciousness of his impending destiny only ren-
dered the stupefied senses the more morbid,
and strictly in keeping with his nature, Wal-
ter Clark blended the lights and shades of the
past and future with as much thought and
skill as if he were solving a mathematical
problem before the desk of his counting-room.

Far out in the Pacific seas rises an island,
embracing many miles of variegated soil, some
portions presenting a barren, rocky and sterile
appearance, while others are covered with
vegetation and foliage of luxuriant growth.
Along the beach, where the sea gull swoops
and the dashing waves lash the desolate
strand, moved a single human being. He was
dressed in skins, his hair long and matted for
want of care, his beard flowing far down over
his breast, presenting indisputable proof of the
startling truth that he was an exile. His
form was gigantic; his eyes large, black and
deeply-set; his lips firm and compressed,
while his figure, though slightly bent with
years, was still singularly commanding. A
few rude implements lay scattered upon
the ground; some fish were drying in
the sun; a species of nut was also exposed to
the heat, which was evidently designed as a
substitute for flour, for near by might have
been seen a kind of mortar, or hollow in a
rock, with a pestle of the same material, but
beyond, no trace of a living creature was vis-
ible. Alone, and reclining upon the ground
beneath the shade of the palm, he smoked his
pipe of clay filled with sea-weed, watching the
wreaths of smoke as it curled in the air high
above his head, with the same dreamy satis-
faction that pervades the breast of the most
inveterate occupant of the smoking saloon.

Within a few paces remove, and slightly
protruding from the base of the hill in the
rear, might have been seen a mass of rocks,
while upon close examination was discernable
an aperture, readily admitting of egress, but
difficult of entrance. After making the novel
descent, the way lay through a long dismal
passage which led to an opening between the
rocks, which being appropriated by the lone
creature, had constituted his only shelter for
a series of years. A few domestic utensils
appeared, indeed, like magic within that un-
earthly place; but some wizard's wand must
have placed them there, else how should the

semblance of civilization enter those gloomy vaults?

And those walls, inanimate as they were, had been the silent witnesses to the ebb and flow of a human heart; had seen the emotions of men, exercised—*independent of external circumstances—even to the most fearful extent.*

It was near the close of day; the sun was preparing to weave his jewels into twilight, when the hermit, shaking the ashes from his pipe, placed his brawny hands on his knees, and attempted to rise. Suddenly his eye caught an object at no great distance, floating upon the water. He re-seated himself and looked again. With a half suffocating sigh he sunk back against the tree, his eye still riveted on the tiny object in the distance. Presently, with a cry of joy, he leaped from his rustic seat and approached the beach. On, on it came, the tiny speck, but swelling with every bound, till a little nearer, he discovered it to be a life-boat. But judge of his dismay when no hand appeared at the rudder! As if the cherished hopes of a long life had been crowded into one moment, and that moment wrecked upon the sea of Time, "the spirits he had raised abandoned him;" and still with the tenacity of Hope, and the avidity of the famished soul, his eye clung to the little pulseless voyager. It was drifting towards the beach, and—oh, joy!—it neared the shore. Tottering beneath the weight of that pregnant moment, he sprung into the boat and knelt above a senseless form, pale and dampened by the spray.

Reader, pause! Let us not profane an hour sacred to all eternity. Angels might almost forget their songs, and leaning upon their harps, gaze in silent reverence upon such a scene. For the first time in thirty years the poor soul-stricken hermit looked upon the image of God!

And who shall attempt a delineation of the intense agony of delight which crowded and thronged the aisles and portals of that hour? All night the silent stars looked down upon his efforts to resuscitate the prostrate man, bidding him, with voiceless eloquence, persevere. At length the morning came, just as it comes to us, smiling alike upon hopes withered and dead, and newly born; and while the dappled light tremblingly bathed his temples, the rigid muscles began to relax and the eyelids unclosed. What! tears upon the old man's cheek! Aye, and those tears which had reveled at their fount for a score and a half of years, fell first upon the brow of Walter Clark. And for weeks they struggled bravely with the enemy. His food, which consisted of fish or game, such as he could procure without ammunition, wild fruit and a species of rice, together with the milk of the cocoa, seemed all unfit for the exhausted system of Walter. But gradually nature adapted necessities to their means, and soon, to the boundless extasy of the poor hermit, he was able to converse.

And the human voice! Who has not felt a thrill of delight as the tones of the loved ones fell upon the ear after an absence? Then judge of the emotions of this monarch of the wild when human accents, half buried in ob-

livion, rose to greet his ear. But with a delicacy of instinct, which, when exercised by man infinitely exceeds that of woman, each studiously avoided any direct allusion to past histories—the old man, because loneliness had rendered him slightly cynical in his disposition, and Walter caught the non-communicative spirit, and also kept silent. Incidentally, indeed, each referred to past events, or the disasters which had linked their lonely fate, but beyond, no reference had yet been made. But as days and weeks wearied on, the hermit discovered Clark to be laying plans for escape from the terrible bondage, as impracticable, alas, as his own had proven to his sorrow.

We are creatures of habit, and as the consequence of a life of solitude the old man had contracted the habit of few words, and although his ideas seemed singularly correct, considering the absence of necessity for precision of thought, yet whenever he spoke, it was attended with more or less embarrassment.

One day, while sitting at their rude table, composed of a flat rock elevated and supported by the aid of stones, and partaking of their rustic repast, the old man spoke:

"My son," he said—an epithet he had chosen from the first—"you seem thoughtful."

"Yes," replied Clark, nervously, "I have been contemplating the horrors of my future. Buooyant with hope I left the home I cherished to find a lodging place upon this desolate shore, bounded by the sea upon every side—a very living death, with no hope for the future, and but tortured with memories of the past."

"Have you parents?" again questioned the hermit.

"Of my parentage, alas, I know but little," said Walter. "Some mysterious circumstance, the nature of which, however, I am in ignorance, bereft me of both my parents. Of the cause of my father's disappearance, I yet remain in ignorance."

"And your mother?" interrupted the hermit, in a low, hoarse tone of voice.

"My mother's fate," replied Walter, not seeming to observe his singular manner, "also remains a profound mystery. Leaving me, her only child, in charge of an uncle, my father's brother, to whom I am infinitely indebted, she fled without one word of explanation. Her only memento is a locket containing her miniature, which I still treasure as the last relic of a lost prize. It was said, indeed, that my father visited his home shortly after, in great distress, but the story is old and probably exaggerated, and my uncle being absent from the city at the time, as for many months after, but little importance was attached to the story."

"Is that all?" anxiously inquired the old man, gazing full into the face of Walter, while his lips grew suddenly pale and compressed.

"That is all," said Clark, at the same moment lifting his eyes to the old man's face and regarding him intently.

But if for a moment a mist had gathered on the windows of his soul, it as quickly passed away, and again his face wore that expression

of melancholy sternness it was wont to assume.

"Let us walk," he said, hastily rising and shifting the skins which hung loosely about his form, and the two sallied forth—one the picture of fettered hope struggling to be free, the other worn and wearied with the absence of care, bearing a bleeding heart, down, down to the goal where passion dies and love lies a withered corpse upon the breast which lent it life.

And that night, when Walter Clark composed himself on his bed of leaves and skins, he dreamed of the elm trees, and the cool fountain whose humid breath bore the sweet odor of flowers, and a silvery light bathed the whole scene; but when he looked for the luminary, dark clouds flitted along, and a shadowy form glided past, and he awoke, turned upon his rustic couch and slept again.

And the old man? With a new secret struggling and bounding in his breast, and haunted by memory to the very portals of despair, he arose from his bed, felt his way along the dark passage to the opening, and walked forth into the cold starlight. Seating himself beneath the same old tree which had sheltered him for years alike from sun and storm, he listened to the sobbing of the waves, his faithful companions and only solace through many a weary 'watch,' and whose music seemed all the while "maddening with mystic dance the solemn midnight hour." At length, passing his hand across his brow, as if inspired with a new thought, he arose and retraced his steps back to the cave, never pausing until he stood before the dreamer. A few inaudible words passed his lips, while he drew a locket from beneath the head of the sleeping man, and stooping before a bed of embers which gleamed from a small recess among the rocks, he touched a spring and a youthful face appeared.

"No!" he said, with a sigh, after regarding it for a few moments; "and yet he said it was in his possession," and with a look of disappointment, he was about closing it from the light, when in the act his finger pressed another spring, and a second picture sprang to life. As firm as the rocks around him he stood while gazing upon that lovely and long-remembered face. For many minutes he contemplated the picture, while a crowd of memories thronged his soul.

When the angel of Love, finding the gates of Heaven ajar, fled to earth with her treasure she laid her precious burden upon the altar of Truth, and when asked for her emblem, she silently sealed it with a kiss. Pulsates a heart but at some moment has felt the intense delight, yet the sacredness of such an offering? When free from all debasing thoughts, the act might cheer and chasten the very sunlight. And yet, too oft, alas, how sadly desecrated!

And for the first time since that same silent eye had plead in voiceless eloquence before him, the old man pressed his lips to the bloodless picture.

But the secret lay concealed in his own breast. Twelve months—not with their "changes," but with their soul-torturing monotony—had rolled away since Walter Clark

set out in pursuit of wealth, and what were his prospects to-day? Darker than if the chasm of despair had yawned on either side his path.

But a new era dawned. One day the hermit observed that more than ever, the spirit of gloom seemed hovering over the life of Walter, shrouding and enveloping his energies beneath its sable wings. He wandered restlessly, he muttered inaudibly—he was wakeful, or when sleeping, his dreams were frightful and disturbed. At length he strolled away to a shade and sat himself down, the hermit all the while keeping his eye steadily fixed upon his retreating form. Then, as if a new resolution had suddenly been formed, he hastily rose and followed him.

"Walter, my son," he said, after a moment's pause, "I have pondered long and earnestly. The irremediable, but all the more aggravating, state of circumstances that surround us, has acted as a barrier against a revelation of the knowledge I have possessed for years. Bereft of motive, we belie the power which declares us men; and yet here have I lived on with scarce an impulse, save those with which the mocking visions of memory inspired me, month after month and year after year. What wonder, then, that my energies seem dormant, my nature sullen and cold, or my life a burden? Thirsty and way-worn I have traversed the desert where never a flower sprung in my path; foot-sore, I have trod the sands which yielded beneath my step. For days and years have I looked abroad with that terrible sense of desolation gnawing at my soul, which only feeds the hungry flame while it consumes my life. A few more years and a change will come, and Walter, I long for it."

Walter looked the sympathy he felt, while the old man continued:

"But, my son, the thought of leaving you here alone to tread these desolate shores, with no voice to greet you save the howl of the forest monster, with no sound to cheer you save the monotonous roar of the sea, which falls upon the ear like the moan of a lost spirit, or the lazy flap of the sea-fowls' wings; with no recourse beyond the communion of your dreamy forebodings, rends my soul with agony. Do not marvel at my anxiety; when you trace the cause you will find the effects as old as the world. And so I have resolved to give you the benefit—if benefit it should prove—which doubt has been the sole cause of my hesitancy in this matter—of my sadly strange experience while sojourning upon these sea-girt shores. Of my private history, or the circumstances which drove me from my home, and from thence to this island, more anon. I mean to speak specifically of my discoveries while here, and whether valuable to you or not, remains to be proven. To possess the means and yet to lack the power to make those means available, is the most pitiless lot that can fall to man. And yet, since "not a sparrow falls to the ground without its maker's notice," you may yet perchance be released from this terrible slavery. You may remember having expressed a desire to visit a remote portion of this island, and I endeavored to explain to you the many dangers of so rash an experiment.

Unsatisfactory and illogical as my arguments must have been, you yet regarded them reverently, foregoing the gratification of a natural spirit of curiosity, in favor of my 'whims,' for they must have seemed to you but little less. And now to my story.

First let me say, however, that except for the time lost through the interference of the strange and startling occurrences I am about to relate, I have kept dates accurately. This you may know by comparison with events which transpired previous to my exile.

It was twenty years since, though so far as regards changes wrought by time, it might have been yesterday, that in accordance with my habit, having finished my lonely meal and the tide being out, I walked forth upon the strand to spend an hour before the dusky shades of night should close about me. The evening was singularly calm. A soft breeze came like the breathings of a wind-harp across the sea, melting in tones of touching tenderness upon the shore. Twilight gathered her misty mantle about her jeweled form and prepared to walk abroad. If there is an analogy between mind and matter; if the elements of the soul are regulated by those of the physical world, in that fact, and in that alone, might I account for my inimitable tranquility of mind. The very atmosphere seemed peopled and pulsating with mystic myriads. Even the melancholy moan of the sea seemed melting with the cadence of sweet sounds. The very fluid I inhaled inspired me with new life, and as the air rarified, I found myself leaping from rock to rock like a vagrant leaf, while in the wildness and insanity of the hour, I shouted at the top of my voice.

Suddenly a dizziness seized me; respiration thickened; a suffocating sensation followed; my pulses labored like an exhausted engine, and in horror I staggered towards my cave. Just as I reached the entrance my senses slowly glided into chaos, and I fell to the ground.

How long I remained thus I shall never know, but when I again awoke to consciousness the sea was writhing in a convulsive struggle with the enraged elements. It is idle to attempt a description of that awe-inspiring hour. Trees were torn from their places and madly hurled through the air. Rock upon rock was precipitated from its base into the sea. Beast and bird mingled their cries while they fled from place to place, or crouched, tamed with terror, at my very door. Presently I felt the earth tremble beneath my feet. The sea shook her foam-crested brow as does a queen her jeweled head, while the fitful flashes of light revealed mass upon mass of blackened clouds, bending and trembling beneath their weight of wrath.

Sickened with horror and despair, I fled to my cavern, my last place of refuge. Crash after crash followed the spasmodic symptom of the earth, while with my blood frozen in its channel and the roots of my hair stiffened with the agony of fear, I laid my face upon the earth and listened to the terrible breath of devastation as it swept in fury across my island home. I have no means by which to

judge correctly of time, the sun being withdrawn, but for hours the contest, fierce and terrific as it was, continued. At length, still cowering and exhausted with fear, I succeeded in rising to my feet. Thus had I stood for some moments, when I heard a distant rumbling sound. Nearer and yet nearer it came, until with a sudden and frightful convulsion of the earth, the cave yawned and a flood of water rushed from the fissure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Original.]

FEMALE HOBBIES

Women must all have their hobbies—some a church, some a society, some a school, aye, and some a pen. We will begin with the first class—the church hobbies, which are certainly the most popular. Frequently do we see women becoming complete devotees to the age of finery, and dress, and mannerism, carrying their love of power to proselyting, attending the morning prayers with most martyr-like punctuality, drumming up all the recruits to attend Sabbath school—and, in fact, verifying by their daily life how hard it is to become famous, even in a religious way. Such women have a peculiar unapproachable manner; their looks express, perhaps, the hard combat with their sinful natures, and the victory once won, no outside influence must counteract the perfect peace within. One can easily detect this self-religious look by casting an eye round any place of worship. The pew itself has a sanctified, and—were it anywhere else than in America—an aristocratically religious appearance. The exemplary manner of its occupant, as she kneels so devoutly, seems to say so much to the sinners, but so little to God. Form—form—nothing but form. Her talk savors of surpluses and forms; and the very patronizing inquiry if such and such a person belongs to "our church," is very edifying to those who have *crude* notions of the Christian religion; who have read that love to all was considered by our great Teacher the all-in-all of Christianity. But no; with such a mind religion is a grand scheme that can be understood only by an initiation into the forms of the church; and what looks of disdain and haughty-like commiseration she casts upon such uncultivated thinkers. Can any course of daily life, no matter how upright, how conscientious, or how *practically* religious, counterbalance to her the want of enthusiasm in all the matters of the church, or even the want of interest in planning a new robe for a needy clergyman? She is in the pale of the church, and by attending to such grave matters her soul's peace is secured. Every community has several such (in their own estimation,) leaders, who, however, may be very useful in their way, but to my matter-of-fact style of thinking, practice their piety exclusively, allowing it to shine only upon velvet-cushioned pews and be-crossed prayer books. Generally speaking, such leaders enrol themselves in the charitable list of the benevolent societies, rendering them influential and popular; and besides, 'tis not much labor, as the poor list and sewing is always well attended

to by the humbler followers. Their countenance is sufficient to further any charitable design, as there are always plenty of inferiors, who perform as well as promise, and 'tis not to be expected that with the labor of their own hands and hearts, they could do much for Christ's sake. There would be no grateful incense offered by the admiring members were they to attend personally to the many wants of their suffering sisters; but by having their name attached to the benevolents, they receive full interest for all their spasmodic charities.

Other ladies (women being too democratic,) have a school hobby, which they ride most unmercifully. (Having been once victimized by this ambition of one who mistook her sphere of action, I can feelingly recount her exploits, as a fair example of the school-crazy.) Having a young and delicate mind to train, it keeps her in a constant ferment as to whose tender and judicious care she can entrust her precious growthling; and after placing her under the tuition of every school class or governess, she fancies herself qualified to judge of the attainments of each and all, and her complaints of this or that one, who have shamefully misused her darling, retarded her progress in French, (which language, by-the-by, of great importance in learning one's own,) renders her *au fait* in all the details of instruction. She affects to patronize this or that school; can enumerate all its different advantages; can listen and repeat from her child the exact number of lessons recited; knows all the delinquencies of each scholar, and entertains her friends with borrowed ideas upon Education. Whoever has, at the time being, the immense advantage of her patronage, may work in fear and trembling, knowing that her child is not the star of the wholeschool, around which teachers and all revolve, and that her mighty influence may at any moment be withdrawn; and then, as far as possible for one woman to injure another, will the scales be turned, and the different inuendoes and doubts as to said teacher's capacity, quickly become circulated. Her critical powers are tested or influenced by the homage done to her judgment in her judgments; and although not having received the benefit of a modern education, yet she is fully prepared to criticise the French "accent," as she terms it, of her different friends, and suggests, with much authority, many improvements in Sally's style of playing, quite confounding to the German professor, whose soul of music is somewhat disturbed at Madame's peremptory order of so many tunes to the month. "She tink her child von mashine to grind out music for pay," and with this sage ejaculation, bids her good morning. Thus all learn to dislike and fear her ignorant demaunds and judgments, leaving her to teach her own school, wearied with everlasting complaints, and wondering at the high hobby she has chosen.

Numerous are the last and most important class—they who fancy, and not always rightly so, their right to wield a pen. Presuming upon a slight smattering of literature and a happy method of stringing adjectives together, they adopt the fashionable title of Anthoress. One

can discern her style of writing by her manner when in company. If sentimental, romance is her forte, and woe unto the person who has been accidentally left her partner; she will deluge him with complaints of this unfeeling world, expressing, by her dreamy air, that she is "alone;" that "few can understand her," etc., and her hobby is to delight and enlist the sympathies of her readers in a maudlin, lachrymical manner. Quite to the contrary are those who affect the strong-minded—earnest workers in the vineyard of morality; and what few sprigs of labored dullness emanate from their intense desire to be famous, are only striking from their earnestness and faith in their own infallibility, and the banishment of aught that can hide the personality of the writer. Many are quite facetious, and delight themselves (not others,) with awkward attempts at wit. There is also another class, whose suave manner almost lulls the reader to sleep; the words flow like music, and the pretty arrangement of all the euphonious terms in the English language would be admirable, if one could detect an original idea. We might cite hundreds and thousands of pen-hobby riders, without finding one well ridden; and of all the hobbies 'tis the most dangerous, fascinating, and least likely to become exhausted. Our women write a great deal, but think very little. A book is read for the new ideas they may gain, not to expand and discipline the mind, but to tassel their own name to them after diluting them in their own weak manner. They care not so much for the good that may result from one well written, well weighed sentence, as for the notoriety redounding to them from spreading thinner than the thinnest gold-leaf some borrowed substance.

Woman's love of dress should have been numbered as her greatest hobby; but as it is too natural and graceful a failing (if failing it may be called,) to be thus marked, I will only add that the needle, so long dethroned and stigmatized by many as hum-drum, could replace with ease the many *ferries* of the day; and the ladies, whilst making, mending or darning, would do well to think upon their different hobbies, and not ride a favorite too long.

BRUTUS.

CHRONICLES.

1. Now in the land of Ophir, a kingdom that borders on the sea called the Sea of Peace, there dwelt certain wise men.

2. Such as rulers, and priests; and some were the scribes of the people.

3. And they said one to another, Sound wisdom we have and understanding; we have strength.

4. Now it came to pass in those days that that there journeyed to the city of the Saints, which borders upon the sea, certain two scribes from the seaport where great ships lie at anchor.

5. And when George, the Scribe, surnamed Weekes, and Anna Cora, his (twenty-fifth) handmaid, landed upon the coast, there was great commotion among the people.

6. Inasmuch as they said between themselves,

7. Here will we establish our record; here will we build our throne.

8. And Cora Anna hung a necklace about her neck, and put on a brodered robe, and went into the high places, even among the tables of the money-changers.

9. And some of the leaders said, Verily here is a woman of marvelous beauty; let us exchange our gold for knowledge.

10. And they did place in her hand, some three, and some five, and some seven pieces of silver.

11. And it came to pass that a certain High Priest, who dwelt in a city beyond the Sea of Peace, did lift up his voice in the temple and among the people, and upon tablets were recorded the words of his mouth.

12. And this same George, surnamed Weekes, and Cora Anna his wife, (?) saw that their words found favor in the hearts of the multitude, and they did connive together to transcribe them to parchment and sell it to the people.

13. And sundry good things there were upon the scroll, and when it was held up before the eyes of the people, they said with one voice, Verily, it is good.

14. And Cora Anna did take this parchment in her hand and bare it beyond the gates of the City of the Saints, and after journeying for twelve hours, she came to a city—the City of the Plain—and called *sacred to memory*.

15. And there was an assemblage of the people congregated there, and Cora Anna did go out about the four corners of the court, and say, A stranger sojourns among you, and with her shalt thou divide thy inheritance.

16. And they were men loyal in spirit, and when they saw the woman, that she was fair, and that her words were smooth, even like oil they opened their purses before her.

17. And certain Stocktonians there were, and they were strangers, and *she took them in*.

18. Now about these days a rumor went out among the people, inasmuch as some of the wise men knew the words upon the parchment, and they said, Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

19. And Cora Anna and George, her husband, did wax exceeding wroth, and some of the people with them, and in their indignation they said, Why trouble ye this woman? She is holier than thou.

20. And some of the scribes, exceeding meek in spirit, did bring flowers of choice colors to comfort her, and laid them at her feet, saying, All these will we give thee if thou wilt but make us thy servants.

21. Now certain other rumors came across the sea, and when the people heard them, they lifted up their voice, saying, Verily, it is written, thou shalt not steal.

22. And Cora Anna said in the humility of her spirit, Verily, I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of men in the land of the living.

23. And again the people lifted up their voice and cried, Thou shalt not steal.

24. And again she answered, saying, He was reviled, and reviled not again; He was led like a lamb to the slaughter and as a sheep before

his shearers is dumb, so He opened not his mouth.

25. Now there was a ship out at sea, not yet entered harbor, and the two scribes knew there was an oracle within the ship, and they feared the oracle.

26. And Cora Anna and George did secretly say, This is a rebellious people; let us not abide in their midst, nor walk in their streets, neither sleep in their dwellings.

27. Let us hie to a place of safety, and wait the going out of the ship called the Glimpse, and let us embark for an island in the sea, and take up our abode among a more gullable people.

28. And they took all the money they had gathered together—some of the physician, and some of the man who came over with them in the ship, and some of the people—and put it in a bag, and—*sloped*.

[Original.]

"TIME, THE CONSOLER."—Byron.

THE sun rose brightly one fine May morning in the little town of Brandon, and great was the bustle and many and varied the preparations in the cottage of Michael Burns, whose pretty daughter Nellie was that day to become the wife of young John Williams, a fine, promising lad as any in the village.

Old Michael had been a widower for many years, with but one child to bless his humble cot. He was a jovial, easy tempered fellow, who took kindly to his desolate condition, and being a contented soul, thanked Heaven for every blessing, and received affliction meekly—even his matrimonial bereavement. His sainted wife was said to have been in her lifetime a bit of a shrew—

On this sunshiny morning he stood on his own porch, the center of a congratulatory group, who, waiting the bridegroom's appearance to proceed to church, beguiled the time with jokes and laughter and good natured praises of the happy pair.

Young John had prospects, it seemed, and these they discussed. He was well enough to do amongst them at his trade, they said; but who knew what he might be one of these days? His uncle, old John Williams, had gone to London over thirty years before, a poor lad, with less to start in the world with than his nephews, and although he had never returned to astonish and dazzle the eyes of his townspeople with his wealth and grandeur, still reports of the almost fabulous possessions acquired by him had set them all staring, and young John calculating as to the probable chance of his heirship.

While they laughed and chatted, the lattice of the bride's window opened and a sweet young face, whose shining dark hair was decked with snow-drops and white ribbons, looked out upon the porch.

"Are you most ready, Sallie?" inquired Michael, as, after looking wistfully down the road, she turned towards him.

"Yes, and waiting, too," she answered.

"Where is John, I wonder? Nellie's looking like a white rose; she's tired of standing, and it would be a pity to have her sit and rumple her beautiful gown."

"A bad beginning for John, isn't it, Sallie?" said David Green, a smartly dressed young carpenter, who had been thinking as Sallie spoke how pretty *she* would look when she wore bridal gear on her own account. "Tell Nellie I am sorry for her," he added, laughing; "a laggard on his wedding morn bids fair to be a drone all his life."

"He'll be here, true enough," said Sallie Waters; "but now that we are all ready, I thought we might as well be on our way to church." The pretty head disappeared, and the lattice closed, while Michael, being reminded of the time, went in to consult the old Dutch clock in the parlor.

"It's late, boys," he said, returning, "and John was always punctual. It's nearly an hour since the time named; I hope nothing's amiss."

All turned to the road, and looking anxiously to the bend, where it crossed the one broad street of the village, watched earnestly for some sign of the expected bridegroom's approach. A young man in holiday dress came hurrying along, and joined them. It was young Ferris, the inn-keeper's son; and as he came up, all inquired at once, had he seen William?—did he know why he waited? etc. He was out of breath with his hurry; but stop a bit, he could tell them all about it. A young man in a post-chaise, all the way from London, had arrived at the inn an hour ago, very bustling and important. Did they know a Mr. John Williams, son of Matthias Williams, joiner, deceased? Yes, of course, they did. Could he be shown his residence? Of course, he could. At once? Immediately. And so, young Ferris (owning to some slight curiosity on the subject of such an unusual affair as a gentleman in a post-chaise, from London, demanding an immediate interview with one of the villagers,) accompanied him to the newly painted cottage, that young Williams in the pride of his heart had decorated and adorned to receive his blooming bride. They found him ready dressed and hurrying forward the preparations made by his old aunt for the wedding guests, who were to assemble in the evening for a dance in the new domicile. After a few words of introduction, the young man from London produced some legal looking documents, and begged the honor of a private conversation. Ferris had hurried away, but not before having heard something to the effect that old John Williams was dead; and he shrewdly suspected, from the deferential politeness of the young man, (a solicitor's clerk, no doubt,) that John, the younger had come in for something handsome. As he concluded his narration, he saw that Nellie Burns, in her white dress, looking fresh and beautiful as brides always do, or ought to—with her two bridesmaids, Jane and Sallie Waters, and three or four more blushing, fluttering, white-dressed and white-ribboned girls, had joined them, and listened eagerly to his story.

"Double luck, Nell," said her father, rubbing his hands, with a little dash of pride in the rising fortunes of his future son-in-law. "A husband and a legacy in one day! Not bad that, boys, eh?"

"Where is John?" said Nellie; "why don't he come?"

A post-chaise, rolling down the road toward them, with John's strangely excited face leaning from the window, answered her. In a moment more John and the cause of this sudden commotion, the young man from London, stood on the porch beside them. There was a hurried attempt at explanation. John, who seemed almost beside himself at the news, held Nellie's hand, and talking unintelligibly of his presence being necessary at once, and the impossibility of waiting when fortune called, and how much brighter their future bridal day would be for this postponement, when the young Londoner exclaimed:

"Mr. Williams' attorneys think his immediate presence in the city of the greatest importance, and as too much time has been already wasted in unnecessary inquiries, it would be well (with a propitiatory bow to the company,) if we could start at once."

"You can go from the church door, John," said Michael. "I would be the last to detain you under such circumstances; hurry, girls, let us be moving, and loose no time."

"I'm afraid," said John, in a queer, flurried manner, in which a newly awakened sense of importance and shame-faced awkwardness strangely mingled, "I'm afraid that any delay now may be injurious to me. I really fear that—"

"John," said old Michael, with a flushed face, "you surely don't mean to leave Nellie on the porch here? An hour more or less cannot hurt your case, and the poor girl—"

Nellie interrupted him. "I will not be married to-day," she said, quietly. "John's going or staying will not alter my mind. I shall be contented to wait. When he comes back again with his business all settled, will, as he says, be the better time."

Her father thought differently it seemed, for he was about to remonstrate, beginning with—"But the girls and lads will have lost all their frolic, and it seems too bad—" when Nellie, taking his hand, drew him into the house, and Williams followed.

In a few moments more, after a hasty good-bye, John and his companion sprang into the chaise and rattled away, while his disappointed wedding guests, as an outlet to the fun and jollity they had bottled up for the occasion, gave a hearty round of cheers for the fortunate legatee.

Week after week passed by, and letters from John to the Burns', (for after the first one to Nellie, he seemed to prefer addressing the family as "My dear friends,") informed them that the complicated affairs of his late uncle still held him prisoner, and that difficulty after difficulty seemed to arise to prevent his return to "dear, pleasant Brandon, though," he added, rather loftily, "to a man of means, London is the only place endurable as a permanent residence." These, and various other expressions of a like nature, sorely puzzled good old Michael Burns. Nellie made no remarks on them, and when questioned by her father as to what the lad meant by his "hopes sometime to revisit his native town," and that

"Nellie was still the blooming belle of the village, taking all hearts captive," she replied, quietly, "I do not know, father; people change so there is no counting on anything in this world. But let it mean what it will, I will always try to be a good daughter to you, and make your home bright and cheerful." "Well, lass," he returned, "if it don't fret you, I'll not bother." And time flew by. A year from the day that was to have been Nellie Burns' wedding day came round, and like every year that has come and gone in this world of ours, brought its changes, good and evil. The pretty cottage Nellie had hoped to call hers, had an owner. Sallie Waters, who was to have been her bridesmaid, was herself a bride, and stood in its jessamine porch in the evening with a smiling face to greet her husband's return, and David Green thought himself a happy man when he caught the first glimpse of her bright, watchful eye.

Nearly all the young girls who had been the disappointed bridal guests of Nellie Burns, had identified themselves by having the ceremony performed for their own particular behoof. But Nellie was still Nellie Burns; John Williams had forgotten her! It was a hard thought and a bitter one, and she strove against the truth in her own heart that day by day forced itself upon her more firmly and clearly. Months on months had gone by without a letter from him; and though the battle in her heart between hope and despair was a silent one, it was none the less painful, and the face that met every one with a cheerful smile, had a haggard, ghastly look when none were by; and the busy, housewifely figure that was always brisk in her father's presence, making, as she promised, his home bright and cheerful, tossed to and fro night after night alone in her little bed room, in the feverish agony of "hope deferred" that had made her "heart sick."

Poor Nellie Burns! If she had wept and upbraided her faithless lover, the whole village would have sympathised with her. As it was, they all agreed that it was well she cared so little for him. "If she had been tender-hearted like," said old Goody Williams, John's aunt, "it might have gone to her head, like poor Jenny Bruce who lost her wits for Billy Rogers, who went to sea; but she makes just nothing of it, and won't say a word against him they tell me to any one.

So Nellie fought with her grief alone, and sometimes she thought it too strong for her, and thanked God with her poor breaking heart that she would die of the wound that rankled so deeply there.

Twenty years were gone. The sunshine of twenty summers and the snows of twenty winters had fallen on the town of Brandon. How many times the snow-drops might have sprung timidly from the grass of Nellie Burns' grave; how many times the birds of summer in the church-yard boughs might have sung mournfully and plaintively at eventide a requiem for the village beauty, whose heart had withered in her youth.

In the cheerful parlor of the "Old Oak Tree," the inn of the village, sat a comely, buxom

woman of forty, with a jaunty cap trimmed with gay ribbons, and an ample gown of a bright pattern, whose glowing roses were reflected in her cheeks. A pleasant, comfortable looking dame she was, with something in her face that told of extraordinary youthful beauty, and quite enough left to keep you from regretting she was no longer young. The sun was warm and bright, and the parlor curtains were drawn, though the windows were raised for the air, and a knot of lounging villagers chatted within hearing. The jolly, good-humored inn-keeper, whose face and figure reflected the good living of his house, joined them and divided his attention between their gossip and the presence of his wife in the parlor, with whom he talked through the blinds. It was a lazy dozing afternoon, and its drowsy influence seem to steal over the buxom hostess of the inn, for when her husband after a prolonged chat with the gronp on the porch sauntered towards her, he found her nodding with her work fallen from her hands, her head gently inclined on her bosom, and evidently arranged for a cosy nap. A sudden rumbling of wheels, and the flying dust through the street attracted his attention and nipped in the bud his benevolent intentions of waking his spouse with a tickling feather or sprinkling her with cold water it being a great joke with him to catch her dozing. The vehicle stopping at the door proved to be a handsome traveling carriage from which a gentleman alighting assisted a lady, who with great difficulty ascended the steps and entered the inn. "We can stop here, I suppose," said the new comer, a sharp faced though not ill-looking man of fifty or thereabouts, addressing Ferris the landlord.

The lady a querulous invalid some years his senior, wore an expression of habitual discontent, that all the elegant richness or her traveling dress was not an offset to. That they were ill-matched at first, or had grown dissatisfied with each other, was evident in the bearing of both; they seemed to rebel against growing old together, for neither content or sympathy found expression on the face of either.

Ushered by the host she entered the inn parlor, and in doing so, startled and awoke the sleeping hostess, hastily apologizing she greeted them with respectful courtesy. As she glanced at the new comers, a strange look of half surprise, half recognition dawned on her face, and then died slowly out. As for the travelers, they scarcely glanced towards her, being too much occupied in arrangement for their comfort. The lady heat up and arranged the sofa pillows, against whose hardness she murmured greatly, trying to find an endurable seat, and finally resigned herself in quiet dissatisfaction. Mrs. Ferris with kindly solitude ventured to recommend the removal of some of her heavy dress. She was told after a surprised stare, that the servants who waited upon and smoothed the rugged path of this wretchedly suffering lady not having yet arrived, and she could not possibly be supposed to do anything for herself. It was simply impossible for the present. They are

very grand people I have no doubt, thought the simple-minded hostess, and with pity for the illness that made so much grandeur unenjoyable, she set herself earnestly to work to see that everything was properly served to such distinguished guests.

The cloth was laid and dinner was placed before them. Two fashionable looking maids, grand enough to throw the hostess into a flutter, had, after an hour's earnest effort, succeeded in making their mistress comparatively comfortable, and even her grim visage relaxed at the sight of the dainty viands and alluring dishes which Mrs. Ferris, famed for her cookery, had prepared to tempt them. The husband and wife faced each other at the table—some faint dawn of enjoyment mellowed both their faces, a good dinner had evidently become the one item of life's happiness to them, all zest or appetite for innocent pleasure seemed gone, this one sympathetic taste stayed with, and united them.

"This is very fair wine, my friend," said the gentleman to the landlord, growing momentarily more genial under its influence—"Very fair wine! my dear," turning to his wife "this is my native town." He spoke in a sort of aside or undertone to the lady, but not so low but that Ferris and his wife, who waited, would hear every word: "I have not been here for twenty years—twenty years! a long time ago, that—and yet it seems but little changed. "My friend, Old Ferris used to keep this house; he is dead I suppose."

"Yes, your honor, I am his son."

"I would not know you. I knew you once," he said quickly, "do you remember a girl called Ellen Burns?"

The landlord waved his hand to his wife, "she was Ellen Burns" he said, looking at her with a fond smile.

He started at her face, it was so white and fixed. Her large blue eyes that lately wore but one expression, that of contented comfort, were now filled with surprise, and it may be, a little pain.

"John Williams," she said in a low voice, "John Williams——!"

So you see Nellie did not die for him, why should she? but lived to make a worthier man happy, aye, and to be happy herself, since contentment is the true source of all enjoyment.

DANGER OF FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.—It is a of course, that no mother will allow any ignorant person to have access to her child who will frighten it with goblin stories or threats of an old black man. She might as well throw up her charge at once, and leave off thinking of household education altogether, as permit her child to be exposed to such maddening humanity as this. The instances are not few of idiocy or death from terror so caused.—*Harriett Martineau.*

What a catalogue of social virtues it needs to make a man generally beloved!—sweetness of temper, good-nature, a yielding will, and ready compliance, a toleration of others' infirmities, and forbearance under small slights and hindrances; sympathy with others' modes of feelings, and delicacy of adaption. Many a hero, and we may add many a saint, is without them, and makes his great cause to suffer from their absence.—[Seed Grain of Thought.]

RULING PASSION IN DEATH.

In perusing a copy of *Bancroft's Miscellanies* we were much impressed with numerous incidents which particularly characterize the death-bed scenes of distinguished men, and which go far toward illustrating the phenomena of the "ruling passion strong in death." Not finding space for the reflections of the author, we relate a few of the most striking incidents, in most cases adopting the language of the able writer.

At the battle which determined the fate of Vienna, Marshal Lannes was struck and fatally wounded by a cannon ball. Summoning his surgeon, he ordered his wounds to be dressed, and when aid was declared to be unavailing, the dying officer clamorously demanded that Napoleon should be sent for, as one who had power to stop the effusion of blood, and awe nature itself into submission. Life expired amid maledictions and threats heaped upon the unhappy surgeon.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" said Taylor to Wolcott, known as Peter Pindar, as he lay on his death-bed. "Give me back my youth," were the last words of the satirical buffoon.

"When I am dead," said an Indian Chief, "let the great guns be fired over me."

Saladin, in his last illness, instead of his usual standard, ordered his shroud to be uplifted in the front of his tent; and the herald who hung out this winding sheet as a flag, was commanded to exclaim aloud: "Behold this is all which Saladin, the vanquisher of the East, carries away, of all his conquests."

The Marquis of Montrose, after a series of victories, was taken at Philiphaugh. His head and his limbs were ordered to be severed from his body, and to be banged on the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and other towns in the kingdom. He listened to the sentence with the pride of loyalty and the fierce anger of a generous defiance. "I wish," he exclaimed, "I had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony for the cause for which I suffer."

We have ever admired the gallant death of Sir Richard Greenvile, who in a single ship encountered a numerous fleet, and when mortally wounded, husbanded his strength till he would summon his visitors to bear testimony to his courage and his patriotism. "Here did I, Richard Greenvile, with a joyous and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion and honor."

Saint Louis died among the ruins of Carthage; a Christian king, laboring in vain to expel the religion of Mahomet from the spot where Dido had planted the gods of Syria. "My friends," said he, "I have finished my course. Do not mourn for me; it is natural that I, your chief and leader, should go before you. You must follow me; keep yourselves in readiness for the journey."

The curate of Saint Surplice asked the confessor who had shrived Monteseque on his death-bed, if the penitent had given satisfaction. "Yes," replied Father Roust, "like a man of genius." The curate was displeased. Unwilling to leave the dying man a moment of tranquillity, he addressed him: "Sir, are you truly

conscious of the greatness of God?" "Yes," said the departing philosopher, "and of the littleness of men."

The tranquillity of the death of Haller well becomes a man of science and a scholar. When his last hour approached, he watched the ebbing of life, and continued to observe the beating of his pulse until sensation was gone.

"Is there anything," said the attendant to Herder, as he watched his uneasiness in dying, "which you desire?" "Yes," said he, "give me a great thought."

When friends surrounded the death bed of Pericles, they manifested a generous pride in recounting his great actions. They spoke as they so well might of his victories and his orations, of the temples, and statues, and fortifications, and public edifices with which he had adorned Athens. "You forget," said the dying statesman, "to add one thing: say that I have never caused an Athenian to wear mourning."

FASHION.

It is a shapeless agent, stalking abroad and assuming all conceivable forms and figures. It alway wears a mask, and often conceals beneath it the basest of human motives. It is the deadly enemy of reason, and its mission is to render mankind as miserable as may be. It moves with stealthy tread through the halls of domestic peace, and promotes discomfort in every household. It presents itself upon all public occasions, to the exclusion of every worthy purpose. Its wants are insatiable; it is not content to dwell in the humble cot, but with its ceaseless suggestions, it tortures every heart with discontent. Whimsical as a bachelor, it poises the lady's hat high in the air, or suspends in the rear of her head, at the absolute defiance of all laws of gravitation. It reduces or expands, lengthens or shortens the skirt at pleasure. It pales the cheek, pinches the foot, or tortures the waist. It substitutes the smile and simper for the solicited song, and possesses the happy faculty to conceal ignorance under a profusion of monosyllables. It thrusts the neglected infant into the nursery, and burdens the library with an unknown jargon. It suggests the whalebone and the cotton, the rouge and the perfumery, as indispensable appendages to the gentleman's toilet. It delights in street smoking, profane language and brandy toddies. It gilds conversation with unmeaning words, and rarely finds sufficient incentive for action in an intellectual pursuit. It is altogether, a heartless tyrant, and has never yet been discovered to be the presiding genius of a prosperous people.

IT CAME OUT IN SPRING.—Lady Cubles had a great passion for the garden and hot-house, and when she got hold of a celebrity like the Rev. Dr. Sidney, was sure to dilate on her favorite subject. Her geraniums, her catuses, her dahlias, her rhododendrons, pruniulums, mossy bombones and rose pubescens where discussed with all the flow of hot-house rhetoric.

"My lady," said the reverend wit, "did you have the Peorias Septonis?" [This is the medical name for the itch.

"Oh, yes! a most b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l once, I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, dear man! and it came out in the spring!"

BRAVE actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

ANNE BOLEYN.—Henry the Eighth was married to Anne Boleyn on the 25th of January, 1533, in a garret at the western end of the palace at Whitehall. She is described as a fair young creature, so exquisitely moulded in form and feature, that she enslaved the eyes and understandings of all she encountered; and such is the interest with which her memory is still invested, that numbers daily visit her chamber at Hever Castle, near Edenbridge, in Kent, and eagerly listen to the romantic traditions which point out the hill where Henry used to sound his bugle when he came to visit her, in their happy days of courtship, from his palace to Eltham—and the exact spot in the garden, where, at the turn of a walk, she suddenly came upon the king, who was so struck with her wondrous beauty, that from that moment he was inspired with the fatal passion which raised its unfortunate object to the throne, but to transfer her to the block. The axe with which the little neck of the cruelly sacrificed queen was severed, is still preserved in the Tower, and shares, with her grave in the chapel, the melancholy interest associated with her name. It is said, that during the night which followed her execution, her body was secretly removed from its grave before the altar of the Tower chapel, and buried in the church of Salle, in Norfolk, where a black marble slab is shown as the covering of her remains.—[Christian Freeman.

POVERTY AND GENIUS.—The history of those who, by their genius and untiring energy, have taken the sting from poverty and won for themselves a place in the catalogue of the illustrious, must ever be interesting to the sons of toil. The greatness of real worth belongs to such characters; apart from high birth and proudly swelling titles, from the splendor of wealth and station, and frequently without the advantages of early education, the children of penury have marched on to honor, patiently triumphing over the object which impeded their progress. The working man may well glory in the new and noble aristocracy which his gifted companions at the loom, the plow, and the anvil have helped to establish, and be stimulated by their example to show himself worthy of the fraternity to which he belongs.

MRS. S. M. CLARKE.—It gives us great pleasure to note the improved health of this estimable lady. We really hope she will get up again very soon now, as she appears to be gaining rapidly. Of all the lady writers in the literary field of California, none have ever so richly merited the title of excellence as Mrs. Clarke, and no other probably, is possessed of so great an amount of general and useful information, coupled, too, with highly intellectual attainments and superior natural abilities. Her large circle of personal friends as well as the public, would hail with delight the hour that her health would permit her to resume the pen.—[Alameda Gazette, 8th.

MAN.—Professor Agassiz, in a lecture delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston, some time since, said the human race existed on the globe one hundred and fifty thousand years ago! This he proved by such facts and reason as it may be difficult to reject. He pointed out differences in the physical structures of the different races of men, greater than those existing between the orang-outang and the chimpanzee—animals which naturalists regard as different species. He concluded, therefore, that men sprang from different stocks.

An artist should be fit for the best society, and "should keep out of it." Society always has a destructive influence upon an artist—first, by its sympathy with his meanest powers; secondly, by its chilling want of understanding of his greatest; and, thirdly, by its vain occupation of his time and thoughts.—[Ruskin.

"I'll handle your witness without gloves," said one lawyer to another. "That you may do with safety, but it is more than I would venture to do with yours," was the reply.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. A. M. SHULTZ.....EDITRESS
MRS. F. H. DAY.....ASSOCIATE EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

A CARD.

Being particularly desirous of avoiding personalities, we regret the necessity which compels us thus publicly to disclaim any or all connection with those parties who may have been so unfortunately associated with the recent ephemeral periodical, the defunct *Athenæum*. We, therefore, declare ourselves sole proprietors of this journal, acknowledging no sympathy or identity of interest whatever with the late adventurous affair, and relying entirely upon the merits of our paper for the success we confidently hope to secure.

Mrs. A. M. SHULTZ,
Mrs. F. H. DAY.

Acknowledgments.

Our cotemporaries will please accept our most cordial thanks, for the kindly feelings they evince, not less than for the compliments so generously tendered, together with an assurance, that it shall not be among our feeblest efforts to render our journal worthy of an honored place among them, in the archives of our national literature.

Fifteen years ago, we remember one bright morning, to have been startled with the announcement, that we were chosen "Queen of the May walk." The childish heart beat high with expectation, and when we heard that "to-morrow" our names were to appear in actual "print," our delight was not unmixed with a thrill of anxiety almost amounting to pain—a sensation more exquisite than absolute pleasure. That night strange visions haunted our chamber, and more than once did we press the nervous finger above the eyelid, to be convinced we were not dreaming, and that the huge black letters, which marched with stately dignity before our eyes, was not some fictitious creation of the imagination.

Just fifteen years later, for the first time since, we lived over those infantile emotions—only we knew we were not dreaming, when one after another of our cotemporaries was presented, each greeting us from among their well filled columns, with a smile of approbation. We are not so familiar with our past, as in those childish days, and when we called out "what cheer?"—to our fellow travelers, and the response came—"all right—straight ahead," then we knew it was not a solitary wild, and though they might well be in advance—since both nature and the laws give them the pre-eminence, yet would they not refuse to serve us with their beacon light, over the uneven way.

And now we renew our labors with redoubled zeal, strong in the faith, that we shall receive but little of unmerited censure, while for the errors of inexperience we ask the indulgence of both the press and the people.

SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE.

The late excitement with regard to the new discoveries of gold mines, on the north-west coast, leads us to reflect upon the spirit of adventure, which is a leading trait in the American character, and which is productive of results of a mixed, and often an unhappy nature.

We know nothing, and apprehend others know but little, as yet, of the real facts as to the late discoveries. Neither the distance, nor the mode of travel, nor the locality, nor the richness of the mines, appear to be accurately known; these, however, are things we are not supposed to understand, and the suggestions which we offer, may be considered as belonging not so much to any peculiar enterprise, but rather to the general spirit by which adventure is prompted and carried out.

The desire for action is the great source of improvement in human affairs; it eminently distinguishes the nations which take the lead in civilization, from those which are stationary, or retrograde; it prompts intellectual inquiry, as well as physical effort, and invokes science the aid of art. Like most of the dictates of the human heart, however, it requires restraint, and guidance, and when deprived of these, is fraught with disaster and ruin. The history of great statesmen has shown how largely the control of the bounding impulses of a free people has entered into the labors and the deeds of nations—has shown how fearfully a disregard of the lesson of a restraining wisdom has been avenged. We do not pretend to an intimate acquaintance with the causes which have led to the downfall of free states of antiquity, nor is it our purpose to enter into a critical disquisition on such subjects; we cannot forget however, that history is full of warning, and the life of a free people, is full of melancholy example.

The history of the effects of an unrestrained love of adventure, may be studied with profit by every citizen. Neither is it a subject which should be studied by the wiser and stronger sex only since the interests and affections of wives and mothers are so inseparably united with the welfare of husbands and brothers.

Have we ever considered, as we review the leading adventures of this, or of past ages, in what they have added to the individual welfare of the actors?

In the first place, we must recollect that we are liable to be misled by the splendor of the achievement, and to mistake glory for happiness. It is impossible to look upon a knightly array, upon gleaming lance, and waving banners, without a strange delight. Take Columbus as an instance. He left a fame as wide as the world, and yet he died of a broken heart. What became of the lesser adventurers of his age? Cortez himself, the greatest of them all, the highest in rank, the noblest in renown, died in disgrace at court, or at least found his later moments embittered by espionage and discontent. And what became of Alvarado, Cortez's companion? He shared a worse fate.

Balboa, one of the most enterprising and successful of adventures—the discoverer of the ocean which lashes our own shores, was

shamefully put to death upon a false charge of disloyalty. The Pizaros conquered Peru; the story is more brilliant than romance; they were brave as men could be, and yet their fate affords a striking illustration of the individual consequences, following even the most successful and renowned adventure. They conquered and entirely subdued a powerful people; they dethroned, and put their monarchs to death; they plundered their cities, and despoiled their temples; they gathered a spoil which even yet excites wonder, but all gave them neither security nor prosperity. Francisco was murdered in his palace at Lima. Hernando passed twenty years in a prison in Spain. Juan perished in an assault, and Gonzalo, the most chivalric of them all, was deserted by his army, in the very face of his enemies, and died upon the scaffold. The brave men who followed them, and were their companions in glory, and too often in crime, shared a fate, in many respects similar, and of the countless multitude who wandered from Spain, and sought a field of adventure, in the new world, scarcely one in a hundred achieved success. Whoever reads Prescott or Robertson will be struck with these facts, unless, as we have said, they are dazzled by "the hues of glory which play around the helm of the warrior," and forget the misery and desolation which follows in its train.

We have mentioned these incidents, but the world is full of others, scarcely less striking. We do not forget, that in these cases, there was often a lofty fervor stimulating the toil, which does much toward redeeming their crimes.

Of the host of lesser or more modern adventurers we need not speak. From adventure to piracy there is sometimes but one step, and that step many have taken. Every river rolls its dark stream above the dreamless form of some Mungo Park, and every ocean engulfs many a Sir John Franklin. Sonora's desert, tho' unknown to fame, is strewn with the bones of some of our own people, and Nicaragua's shores tell forth a sickening tale.

It appears then to us, that so far as we have read or observed the history of adventure, that it is at all times filled with hazzard, not only to the fortunes and the lives, but also to the morals and manners of those who leave the beaten track of life, to wander into distant regions, and prosecute doubtful enterprises. They learn to weave attractions from the wilderness or the battle field, which they seek in vain within the pales of civilization. We do not mean to say that men are always to stay at home we admire, with all the spirit of our sex, the manly qualities exhibited by those who defy toil and danger, for good and honest reasons, whether on the battle field, the desert or the seas, but we do think there is a vast difference in the motives by which men are prompted to adventure, and we distinguish between enterprises undertaken for high and just purposes, whether individual or national and those ill-considered, rash, and often unjust outpourings of the idle and unrestrained, of which there have been many, even of late, melancholy examples.

We recognize, in the case of the settlement

of California, many good and praiseworthy motives. It was most natural that hundreds and thousands should come here to improve their condition in life, and we are glad that in so many instances, they have succeeded, but who can close their eyes to the fact, that too often migration is conceived by a restless disposition by a desire to escape restraints by a distaste to common modes of life, and by a contempt for the usages and maxims of a more civilized life—and even here the good is very much shaded by the bad. Who can estimate the loss of life—the separations—the broken domestic peace—the shattered hopes, the broken vows—caused by this most successful of all ventures.

Need we then, point out the moral. We do not wish to condemn manly enterprise, or honest and honorable venture, but we would have all look well to the dangers which attend the way, and the shadows which gather round the end. Providence seems to have decreed that in most cases, industry and economy will provide a competency, certainly in our own fertile land, the bread earned by the sweat of the brow is always sweetest. The home adorned by the virtues of daily and common life, is always brightest, and while we are proud to belong to a nation and a name whose manliness and courage will be equal to all emergencies, we confess we should infinitely prefer to see the energies of our people, directed to the development of our own resources—to improvement in art, to progress in science, to elevation of taste, to the cultivation of the good and the beautiful than to witnessing them seeking new fields for adventure, which may be sown in blood and gathered in tears.

THE DEDICATION.

Whoever witnessed the dedicatory exercise of last evening, must have been impressed with the grandeur of the scene. It was the consecration of a Christian temple—the First Presbyterian Church, Stockton street, and was characterized by the usual customs which belong to such occasions. The introductory sentence—"The Lord is in His Holy Temple," found echo in many a breast, and the unbroken invocation floating out upon the silence which pervaded the house, though crowded to overflowing, gave evidence of the unanimous and ready response in the hearts of the throng.

The history of the struggle of this people for the accomplishment of their undertaking it worthy of record in the annals of our State. They seem to have encountered every phase of discouragement incident to achievement, and yet with praiseworthy steadfastness and with the zeal which stamps a motive with the features of christianity, they have at length triumphed over those adverse circumstances, and stand up to verify the words—"They shall prosper that love Thee."

Independent of the particular nature of the exercises, the dedication of a house of public worship derives a profound impressiveness from the occasion itself. It is not because of the grandeur of the structure, nor the splendor of the procession, nor the "dim religious light,"

nor the pealing anthem, nor the vastness of the assembly; it is not because of these, not things kindred to these that the human mind feels so deeply the solemnity of the scene, it is for other and higher reasons. It is the most solemn and visible acknowledgement of the divine government. It is the declaration of the fact, that he who inhabits eternity will indeed condescend to dwell with sinful men. It is the renewal of the vows of a people. In this point of view only, it is impossible to witness such an event without emotion, but to those by whom the church is reared, there must be a multitude of reflections suggested by the occasion.

Within these walls for generations to come, they and those who succeed them will come with every burden of sorrow, and every event of joy. Here the marriage vow will be pronounced and registered. Here the babe will be pledged at the baptismal font; here when the journey of life is ended, the weary pilgrim will come to find rest from his labors; here the burden of sin will be thrown off, and the armor of righteousness he put on; here wickedness in high places will be rebuked, and the sweetest consolation of the christian faith be poured in the ear of the humblest believer. How often will these walls echo the notes of praise and thanksgiving for blessings national and individual. How often will congregations mingle in the humble confession, or in the triumph of religious hope.

We know that God is everywhere—that he may be worshipped in all lands and in all places—on the "Alpine mountain cold," or in the remotest desert, but as of old the Jews congregated at Jerusalem, and worshipped the God of Jacob in his chosen dwelling place, with a more lively hope and a faith which was strengthened by a view of the courts of the tabernacle, so the christian learns to feel that the house set apart for the divine worship, is the place of his especial abode, consecrated by a promise that he will be in their "midst" and guarded by the angels, whom he has appointed to camp about the righteous.

MAY FESTIVAL.

Seldom has it been our lot to witness a more joyful scene, than that of the festival of Denman's Grammar School, which took place at Musical Hall, on Monday evening, May 3d. It was one of those pleasing reunions which seem to blend in such delightful harmony the interests of both old and young.

The festivities of the evening were commenced by the "Flower Dance," in which all the young ladies of the school took part; and also, those young gentlemen belonging to the Queen's suite. The dance itself was very beautiful, but the principal feature in it, was the crowning of the youthful Queen, Miss Emilie Wright, by the Bishop, Master William Denny.

The words "A rosy, rosy Crown," set to music, composed and dedicated to the school by Mr. Planel, were very well sung by the scholars. The music is very pretty, and

the thanks of all are due to Mr. Planel, for the interests he manifests in our public schools.

The dance around the May Pole, was one of exquisite beauty, and executed in a manner which reflected great credit upon the young artists engaged therein. We are glad to see this dance encouraged in our schools. It is one which carried us in memory back to the time when we too were young. It reaches through long ages past and stops not till it nears the classic shores of the olden time.

The exercises of the evening were continued by music and dancing, in which all took part, their bright, happy faces betraying how much they enjoyed the scene. Where all did so well, it would be invidious to particularize, though we cannot refrain from mentioning the young gentlemen composing the Floor Committee, Masters Williams, Sutherland and Harris—whose careful attention, and quiet, gentlemanly bearing, might do credit to more mature years.

Not the least pleasing feature of that gay party, was the benevolent cheerful face of Mr. Denman, the original founder of the school. What a contrast must the scene now before him present, to the "Happy Valley School" of olden memory. Long may he bless and encourage by his presence, those social re-unions.

The music was excellent, the room well lighted—the little ones performed their parts admirably; and altogether, it was one of the most pleasant and interesting gatherings that we have participated in for many a day.

Mr. Tate, the gentlemanly Principal of the school, as well as his corps of able and efficient teachers, are too well known to need a tribute from our feeble pen. Long may they continue to labor in the field for which they seem so eminently qualified.

Our attention was attracted to the excellent physical development of the boys of this school. They are, for the most part, straight and step with an ease and grace which betrays confidence in their physical strength. We wish we could say as much for the girls, but alas! we cannot. Upon inquiry, we ascertain that the boys are good gymnasts, enjoying the advantages of gymnastic exercises daily, while the girls have no such advantages. We presume no one will dispute the fact, that woman needs as good a physical development as man, and in youth alone can she receive that physical training which must fit her for the duties of after life. Is there not in our community some woman capable of giving our daughters instruction in gymnastic exercise? if so, let her come boldly forward, assured that here is one more field where the labor of woman is imperatively demanded. Our assistance and co-operation will be most cheerfully given, for well we know it is useless to try to cultivate the mental, while the physical is yet undeveloped.

California Literature.

There is a certain class of articles which have appeared in some of the journals of California literature, worthy of being re-published for all coming generations, and which will unfold new gems at every reading. They are not to be excelled, either upon our own, nor upon the Atlantic coast. Though not of a highly classical order, they yet touch the well spring of the soul, and stir the silent depths of feeling, appealing in tones of touching eloquence, to the nobler emotions of the human mind. Is there a nobler mission than that of enlisting those sympathies which bring with them a thousand inexpressible delights? Then why should they silently shrink away into the oblivious past? Rather let us see them published, and re-published, until every child shall have been made familiar with the story, and every sentiment shall become a household word.

They appeared as rich specimens of the first talent developed upon this coast, they gleamed forth like a bright star "when only one was shining in the sky," when genius was a stranger upon these shores, and when every word fell like manna upon the famished mind. And when the heart that gave them birth quivers, and grows still; when the fingers which tell that another great thought is flung upon the world, no longer nervously grasp the potent pen, when the eye no longer brightens at the low soft murmur of the muse, then will these jewels be gathered up, and set in that bright crown which proudly represents our empire of letters.

MR. POLLOCK'S POEM.

Upon another page will be found a poem, re-published from the *Daily Globe*. It is from the pen of Edward Pollock, and unquestionably reflects great credit upon the writer. Though the "theme" be "as old as the human race," the response it finds in the heart, clothes it with a freshness ever new. Physical changes may come: art may reach its acme, science may advance, and catching the impulse, genius become exalted; social tastes and habits may fall in and pulsate to the onward march—but beyond, the spirit of change dare not invade. The same emotions which dwell in the first human heart which God created, peoples the realm of passion to-day.

The soul of every true poet, has found an echo in song to some loved and lost. The knell of Dante tolled out the name of Beatrice—the more modern dirge of Poe, sank deep in the soul with its burden of woe for the loss of his Annabel Lee, and still the knell finds a new note with every stroke.

Whatever Mr. Pollock's poem lacks in gloomy grandeur of imagery, so peculiar to this conception, he more than makes up in pathos. There is an absence of all false sentiment—there is neither affectation nor display; it is characterized by a melancholy wail, so full of touching and tender entreaty as almost to "madden the mystic midnight wave." He is evidently intoxicated with his soul absorbing subject, as the line will prove.

"Olivia, lost Olivia"—what else can the sad song be?"

He evinces none of the vindictive spirit of unavenged anguish; every passion is centered in an earnest, pathetic appeal—to the earth, the air, and ocean, offence forgiven, and defence forgotten. There is not a word of "passionless echo," lingering among the shadows of the gloomy scene, but every tone sounds out, like the last note of the night bird, as it sings its requiem over its fallen mate.

Artistically, this poem does not excel. The author evidently does not choose to sacrifice the statue to elegance of drapery, and the unique beauty of the composition is thus preserved.

We have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Pollock, nor have we read many of the productions of his gifted pen, but if Olivia be a sample, none will be required to predict his future success. Indeed, there is much truth in the assertion, that no age acknowledges its own great poets, philosophers, or statesmen; that as in landscape, inferior objects in foreground obstruct our view of the mountains, upon whose tops, the sun is always shining; that Shakespeare and Chaucer were in their day, second to their song-gifted predecessors; that the inevitable destiny of genius, is to move in the shadow of some illustrious men and that ambition may only find consummation in the hope, that in their turn their own light may shine with equal radiance.

OLIVIA.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

I

What are the long waves singing, so mournfully, evermore?

What are they singing so mournfully, as they weep on the sandy shore?

"Olivia, oh, Olivia!"—what else can it seem to be?

"Olivia, lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"

"Olivia, lost Olivia"—what else can the sad song be?

—"Weep and mourn, she will not return, she cannot return to thee!"

II

And strange it is, when the low wind sighs, and strange, when the loud winds blow,
In the rustle of trees, in the roar of the storm, in the sleepest streamlet's flow,

Forever, from ocean or river; ariseth the same sad moan—
—"She sleeps, let her sleep, wake her not—it were best she should rest—and alone.

Forever the same sad requiem comes up from the sorrowful sea.

For the lovely, the lost Olivia, who cannot return to me!

III

Alas! I fear 'tis not in the air, or the sea or the earth, that strain;

I fear 'tis a wrung heart-aching, and the throb of a tortured brain,

And the shivering whisper of startled leaves, and the sob of the waves as they roll,

I fear they are only the echo of the song of a suffering soul—

Are only the passionless echo, of the voice that is ever with me,

—"The lovely, the lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"

IV

I stand, in the dim grey morning, where once I stood, to mark,
Gliding away along the bay like a bird, her white wing'd bark

And when, through the Golden Gate, the sunset radiance rolled,

And the tall masts melted to thinest threads in the glowing haze of gold,

I said, "to thine arms I give her, oh kind and shining sea,

And in one long moon from this June eve, you shall let her return to me."

V

But the wind from the far spice islands came back and it sang with a sigh—

"The ocean is rich with the treasure it has hidden from you and the sky.

And where, amid rocks and green sea-weed, the storm and the tide were at war,

The nightly-sought waste was still vacant, when I looked to the cloud and the star;

And soon the sad wind, and dark ocean, unceasingly sang unto me,

—"The lovely, the lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"

VI

Dim and still the landscape lies, but shadowless as heaven;
For the growing morn, and the low-west moon, on everything shine even:

The ghosts of the lost have departed, that nothing can ever redeem;

And Nature, in light, sweet slumber, is dreaming her morning dream.

'Tis morn, and our Lord has awakened, and the souls of the blessed are free.

Oh come from the caves of the ocean—Olivia return unto me.

VII

What thrills me?—what comes near me? Do I stand on the sward alone?

Was that a light wind or a whisper?—a touch, or the pulse of a tone?

Olivia! whose spells from thy slumber, my broken heart sways and control,

At length bringst thou death to me, dearest—or rest to my suffering soul?

No sound but the psalm of the ocean—"Bow down to the solemn decree—

"The lovely, the lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"

VIII

And still are the long waves singing, so mournfully evermore;

Still are they singing so mournfully, as they weep on the sandy shore—

"Olivia—lost Olivia!"—so ever 'tis doomed to be—

"Olivia—lost Olivia—will never return to thee."

"Olivia, lost Olivia"—what else could the sad song be?—

"Weep and mourn, she will not return—she cannot return to thee."

Not at Home.

Mother, pause ere you send your little one to the door with the message "Not at home," because your hair is yet in papers, or your dress is not such as you are willing to appear in before visitors. Do you realize that you are the architect of that child's moral character, and truthfulness is the very keystone of the arch upon which you must rear that moral temple? If the keystone is imperfect, the arch is insecure, the foundation unsafe; and no matter how costly the material with which you build, nor how much care you bestow upon it, the whole structure is valueless. What builder of a mere material house will proceed in his work, until the arch is made perfect by that all important piece, the keystone. And shall the builder of a house which to-day is and to-morrow is not, be more faithful in the discharge of duty than she in laying the foundation of a moral structure which is to last not only through time, but through the vast ages of eternity, bearing with it to the very throne of the Eternal a record of that mother's faithfulness or unfaithfulness upon earth.

She's dead! and the stars shine just as brightly, and the daisy blooms in tranquil sweetness above her head, and the night wind whispers through the evergreen which casts its shadow above her sleeping place, and in the harmony of night mingles no dirge of woe, though there be hearts struggling with the surge of affliction, and though she laid her down in her youth and beauty, to sleep the "dreamless sleep which knows no waking."

We asked the doctor, "how is Mary?"

"Alas!" he said, while we thought a shadow crossed his brow, "she will soon be the denizen of a brighter sphere."

And then we thought how she would roam through those bright vallies, and beside the "still waters," and how dazzling would be the hues of her raiment, and how she would enjoy a resting place after the journey, where there is no more pain, and where the hectic spot grows dim in the refulgence of light, from the eternal throne. A few days later we read the simple words: "Died, at her father's residence, at Santa Clara, Sunday evening, May 2nd, Mary Jones, aged 18 years."

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS ABOLISHED.—Among the acts passed by the last Legislature is one entitled "An act to abolish public executions." The act provides that the execution of criminals from and after the first day of July, 1858, must take place within the prison walls or jail-yard, and that it shall be the duty of the Sheriff to be present at the execution; that he shall invite a physician, the District Attorney and twelve or more citizens, and such ministers of the gospel not exceeding two, as the condemned may name; also such friends and relatives as he may desire not exceeding five. These, together with the prison officers, sheriff's deputies, etc., shall witness the execution. It also provides that no person under lawful age shall on any account be present.

If there is one thing above another at which the heart most revolts, it is the barbarous practice of public execution. Although attendance upon such occasions neither includes nor is equivalent to any obligation, yet there is a morbid taste in every community, how civilized so ever, vastly stimulated through the exercise of this most opprobrious law. Its effect upon the public mind is always deplorable, and no good can possibly result from such a practice. The cultivated or sensitive nature, though he may chance to witness it, involuntarily shrinks from the horrors of so ghastly and memory-haunting a scene, while the vulgar curiosity is fed to satiety upon the torture of both soul and body of some poor wretch for whom the halter loses half its dread, in the prospect of mercifully rendering him oblivious to the loathsome odium heaped upon his doom by the reproachful or malignant gaze of the throng. Shall those few, strong in sympathy but impotent to aid, stand silently by and watch the last quiver of the lip or the spasmodic tremor of the suffering frame? Shall the leaden glare, the distended nostril, the out-thrust tongue or the blackened face, be called upon to bear witness before the great tribunal? Is not the execution of that law—most fearful at best in every rational point of view—sufficient retribution? Shall another dart pierce the lacerated breast of the heart-broken mother? Shall the youth of our land grow every day more familiar with those soul-sickening scenes, until humanity is known but as an unmeaning name? Shall the moments sacred to all Eternity be violated by irreverent contempt? Shall the world witness the last draught of the bitter cup of crime, repentance and forgiveness? Rather let the next act be one entitled, "An act to abolish capital punishment," thereby relieving man of that incalculable weight of responsibility which he assumes in prejudging and disposing of the life of a fellow-creature, forestalling the Infinite Mind and depriving the Divine hand of retributive power.

A clergyman in Connecticut was reading to his congregation the beautiful and poetic Psalm of David where he says:

"Mercy and Truth are met together. Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

At this point, a little girl in the assembly manifested great interest, and whispered to her mother:

"That's as true as you live. I saw Righteous Hill kiss Grace Peabody behind the smoke-house, but how did the Minister know it?"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE CHILDS WISH.

Oh! I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With the calm blue sky above my head,
And the shadowy clouds that pass!
And I want the bright bright sunshine
All round about my bed.
I'll close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel,
To take me up to him,
He'll bear me slow, and steadily
Up through the ether dim,
He will gently—gently lay me,
Close by my Savior's side—
And when I'm sure that I'm in heaven
My eyes I'll open wide.

Then I'll search among the angels,
Who sit around the throne,
'Till I find my sister Mary
—For I know she must be one—
And when I've found her, mother,
We will go away alone,
I'll tell her how we mourned for her,
The while that she's been gone.

Oh! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again,
Tho. I know she'll not return to us,
To ask her would be vain,
So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you,
He will bear me slow, and steadily
Down through the ether blue,
And you'll only think, dear mother,
That I've been out to play,
And I've gone to sleep beneath the tree
On a sultry summer day.

[Original.]

LIZZIE LEE, OR THE SILVER GOBLET.

Oh Mother! I do not want to go to the party at Mr. Lane's. May I not stay at home with you? All the girls are going to have new tarlton dresses, white or blue sashes, and white kid gaiters, and I heard some of the girls say, poor-Lizzie Lee, I suppose she will wear that same old muslin that's been washed as many times as I have fingers and toes. Her mother is nothing but a *poor sewing woman*. If I were her I would stay at home all the days of my life before I would wear that old dress any more. Oh dear, said another, what business has *she* at our party any way—she is nothing but a poor working woman's daughter, and she ought to know better than to put herself where she 'aint wanted—what if she does belong to our school? Her mother has to sew sometimes all night to earn enough to pay her schooling. My mother says she wonders at Mr. Lane having her in school—she likes poor folks in their place, but if they don't know enough to keep it, they ought to be taught—and many more things they said, mother, which I cannot tell you now," said the poor girl, bursting into tears and throwing herself upon a stool at her mother's feet.

For a few moments Mrs. Lee sat looking at her daughter; then her eyes were turned upwards, her lips moved as if in prayer, the expression of intense pain upon her pale face gave way to one of resignation and submission, and in her usually sweet, mild voice she said,

"Lizzie, my child, dry up your tears and tell me *all* that has hurt your feelings. Surely you do not care so much for dress as to let those remarks wound you so very deeply?"

"Oh, no! that is not all mother," said the poor girl. "They said you were working yourself to death to keep me in school. That

you thought to make a fine lady of me by placing me among the daughters of my betters, and that I had no more feeling than to let you expend the last cent for me, not caring whether you had anything or not. 'Tis this which pains me so. Oh my mother, I cannot go to school another day, and as for this party, do not, oh do not say that I *must* go."

"Control your feelings, my child," said the mother, "and listen to what I have to say. If I rightly understand it, you do not wish to go to the party because I cannot afford to get you a dress exactly like that of those worn by your companions. I have ever tried to impress upon your mind that character is of more importance than dress, and the wealth of the mind of far more value than the wealth of the world."

"I know all that, mother; but in a large party I feel out of place. I know I am looked down upon because we have not wealth, and those gay surroundings contrast painfully with my own humble home where I know you sit sewing *alone*."

"I shall feel that my teachings have been in vain," said Mrs. Lee, "if you do not now possess sufficient moral courage to carry you through this trial. By hard labor I earn the money that pays for your schooling, 'tis true, but labor is no disgrace, and I look forward to the time when your education shall be complete. You will then be able to do for yourself, and perhaps for me. I can say you may stay away from the party, but would that be doing justice to Mr. Lane, who particularly requested *every* scholar to be present, and, who has labored so faithfully to instruct you?"

"Do not say another word, mother, I see it would not be right, said Lizzie, as she rose and busied herself preparing the table for her mother's tea."

The evening for the party arrived, and Lizzie, dressed in her snow-white muslin, (which had been washed and prepared by her own mother's hands) and a wreath of natural flowers upon her head, looked like some fairy queen as she reached up to her mother for a parting kiss.

"Be a good girl, daughter; remember that actions are more than dress, and honest labor nothing to be ashamed of, were the mothers parting words, as Lizzie took the arm of a young friend who had called to wait upon her to the party."

From every window in the elegant mansion of Mr. Lane, showered forth a flood of light. Lizzie was met at the door by one of the servants, who conducted her to the dressing room. Here she met her school companions, and for a moment instinctively shrank from their gaze, but they were too much engaged in listening to a young lady, who was telling them that Mr. Lane had a great surprise in store for them that evening, to pay any attention to Lizzie or her dress.

"Dear me, how I wish I knew what it was, said Emma Hart, the young lady who had so wounded Lizzie's feelings by her remarks about poor people. Perhaps it is a present for some of us. Mamma said this morning she thought Mr. Lane ought to give some token of approval to his scholars. She said I never in my

life improved so rapidly as I have done in Mr. Lane's school. Oh dear, how I do hope it is a gold watch and chain."

But now the young ladies left the dressing room, and sought the parlor below, where Mr. Lane and his excellent lady waited to give them a cordial greeting, a heartfelt welcome. They were surprised to find, that instead of a simple party for school girls, the spacious parlors were crowded with both ladies and gentlemen of all ages. Mirth and hilarity, music and dancing, ruled the hour, and Lizzie Lee forgot, in her happiness, that she was only the daughter of a *poor* woman; forgot that her dress was less costly than that of those by whom she was surrounded.

The evening wore on, and many a young heart beat high in expectation of the promised surprise. At length the venerable Pastor of the parish arrived, and the warm greeting he received from both old and young, showed how much he was beloved. A short time spent in social converse, and he then advanced to the centre of the room, while Mr. Lane kindly requested silence for a few moments that they might hear what the good pastor had to say. For a moment he stood gazing upon that scene, and then, taking from a table near by, a small package, he said, I have been requested by Mr. Lane to present to the young lady of his school who has exhibited during the past year the most praise-worthy character, this silver goblet. Mr. Lane, who had sought Lizzie Lee from among that group of anxious palpitating hearts, now advanced with her to the Pastor. The stillness of death prevailed and the voice of the good old man trembled as he said, "Receive this, my daughter, as a reward for the practice of the womanly virtues, industry, patience, perseverance, meekness and forbearance, and may the motto which is inscribed upon it: 'In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not,' be made good to you." Lizzie tried to express her thanks, but feelings of mingled joy, thankfulness, and humility overcame her, and in a flood of tears she sank at the Pastor's feet.

What a beautiful tableau was that; the aged Pastor with his snow-white locks, furrowed brow and trembling hand extended, presenting the silver goblet, while that fair young girl, the very personification of youth and innocence, knelt at his feet.

Now, friends gathered round to congratulate Lizzie, and admire the exquisite workmanship of the gift, it had been her good fortune to receive.

The old clock chimed out the hour for retiring, and amid congratulations for the present, and well wishes for the future, Lizzie left that elegant mansion, and in company with her young friend, sought her humble home, and there, close pressed to her mother's heart she related the events of the evening, and showed to her mother's wondering eyes the rich goblet of silver.

"Never again call me poor, said the mother as she kissed her child; a sewing woman indeed, I am, but not poor while possessed of such a daughter."

Lizzie retired to her chamber, and that

night bright visions flitted about her pillow, in which, were strangely mingled, silver goblets, the form of her young friend, and that of the good old Pastor.

"Mamma, exclaimed Emma Hart as she entered her mother's door," whom do you suppose Mr. Lane bestowed a silver goblet upon to-night? No less a personage than Lizzie Lee, that poor sewing woman's daughter. That comes from letting that class of people into our schools, which are supposed to be select."

"Can it be possible," rejoined the mother—absurd—ridiculous."

My young friends, would you like to know more of Lizzie Lee? Perhaps at some future time I may give you the rest of her history.

[From Chamber's Journal.]

WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

HAPPY AND UNHAPPY WOMEN.

I GIVE fair warning that this is likely to be a "sentimental" chapter. Those who object to the same, and complain that these papers are "not practical," had better pass it over at once; since it treats of things essentially unpractical, impossible to be weighed and measured, handled and analyzed, yet as real in themselves as the air we breathe and the sunshine we delight in—things wholly intangible, yet the very essence and necessity of our lives.

Happiness! Can any human being undertake to define it for another? Various last-century poets have indulged in "Odes" to it, and good Mrs. Barbauld wrote a "Search" after it—a most correct, elegantly phrased, and genteel little drama, which, the *dramatis personæ* being all females, and not a bit of love in the whole, is I believe, still acted in old-fashioned boarding-schools, with great *clat*. The plot, if I remember right, consists of an elderly lady's leading four or five younger ones on the immemorial search, through a good many very long speeches; but whether they ever found happiness, or what it was like when found, I really have not the least recollection.

Let us hope that excellent Mrs. Barbauld is one of the very few who dare venture even the primary question. What is happiness? Perhaps, honest woman! she is better able to answer it now.

I fear, the inevitable conclusion we must all come to is, that in this world, happiness is quite undefinable. We can no more grasp it than we can grasp the sun in the sky or the moon in the water. We can feel it interpenetrating our whole being with warmth and strength; we can see it in a pale reflection shining elsewhere; or in its total absence, we, walking in darkness, learn to appreciate what it is by what it is not. But I doubt whether any woman ever craved for it, philosophized over it, or—pardon, shade of Barbauld!—commenced the systematic search after it, and ever attained her end. For happiness is not an end—it is only a means, an adjunct, a consequence. The Omnipotent Himself could never be supposed by any, save those who out of their own human selfishness construct the attributes of Divinity, to be absorbed throughout eternity in the contemplation of His own ineffable bliss, were it not identical with His ineffable goodness and love.

Therefore, whosoever starts with "to be happy" as the *summum bonum* of existence, will assuredly find out she has made as great a mistake as when in her babyhood she cried, as most of us do, for the moon, which we can not get for all our crying. And yet it is a very good moon notwithstanding: a real moon too, who will help us to many a poetical dream, light us in many a lover's walk, till she shine

over the grass of our graves upon a new generation ready to follow upon the immemorial quest, which, like the quest of the Sangrael, is only possible to pure hearts, and which the very purest can never fully attain, except through the gates of the Holy City—the New Jerusalem.

Happy and unhappy women—the adjectives being applied less with reference to position than to character, which is the only mode of judgment possible—to judge them and discourse of them is a very difficult matter at best. Yet I am afraid it can not be doubted that there is a great average of unhappiness existent among women: not merely unhappiness of circumstances, but unhappiness of soul—a state of being often as unaccountable as it is irrational, finding vent in those innumerable faults of temper and of character which arise from no inherent vice, but merely because the individual is not happy.

Possibly, women more than men are liable to this dreary mental eclipse—neither daylight nor darkness. A man will go poetically wretched or morbidly misanthropic, or any great misfortune will overthrow him entirely, drive him to insanity, lure him to slip out of life through the terrible by-road of suicide; but he rarely drags on existence from year to year with "nerves," "low spirits" and the various maladies of mind and temper that make many women a torment to themselves, and a burden to all connected with them.

Why is this? and is it inevitable? Any one who could in the smallest degree answer this question, would be doing something to the lessening of a great evil—greater than many other evils which, being social and practical, show more largely on the aggregate census of female woe.

Most assuredly, however unpoetical may be such a view of the matter, the origin of a great deal of unhappiness is physical disease; or rather, the loss of that healthily condition of body, which in the present state of civilization, so far removed from a state of nature, can only be kept up in any individual by the knowledge and practice of the ordinary laws of hygiene—generally the very last knowledge that women seem to have. The daily necessities of water, fresh air, proper clothing, food, and sleep, with the due regulation of each of these, without which no human being can expect to live healthy or happily, are matters in which the only excuse for lamentable neglect is still more lamentable ignorance.

An ignorance the worse, because it is generally acknowledged. If you tell a young girl that water, the colder the better, is essential to every pore of her delicate skin every morning; that daily out-door exercise, short of extreme fatigue, regular meals, employment, and amusement, are to her a vital necessity; that she should make it a part of her education to acquire a certain amount of current information on sanitary science, and especially on the laws of her own being, physical and mental: tell her this, and the chances are she will stare at you uncomprehendingly, or be shocked, as if you were saying to her something "improper," or answer flippantly: "Oh! yes; I know all that."

But what good does it do her?—when she lies in bed till ten o'clock, and sits up till any hour the next morning; eats all manner of food at all manner of irregular intervals; is horrified at leaving her bed-room window two inches open, or at being caught in a slight shower; yet will cower all day over the fire in a high woollen dress; and put on a low muslin one in the evening. When she wears all winter thin boots, gossamer stockings, a gown open at the chest and arms, and a loose mantle that every wind blows under, yet wonders that she always has a cold!—and weighs herself down in summer-time with four petticoats beaped one over the other, yet is quite astonished that she gets hot and tired so soon! Truly, any sensible, old-fashioned body,

who knows how much the health, happiness, and general well-being of this generation—and, alas! not this generation alone—depend upon these charming, lovable, fascinating young fools, can not fail to be “aggravated” by them every day.

However humiliating the fact may be to those poetical theorists who, in spite of all the laws of nature, wish to make the soul entirely independent of the body—forgetting that if so, its temporary probation in the body at all would have been quite unnecessary—I repeat there can be no really sanitary state of mind without a sane condition of body; and that one of the first requisites of happiness is good health. But as this is not meant to be an essay on domestic hygiene, I had better here leave the subject.

Its corresponding phase opens a gate of misery so wide that one almost shrinks from entering it. Infinite, past human counting or judging, are the causes of mental unhappiness. Many of them spring from a real foundation, of sorrows varied beyond all measuring or reasoning upon: of these, I do not attempt to speak, for words would be idle and presumptuous; I only speak of that frame of mind—sometimes left behind by a great trouble, sometimes arising from troubles purely imaginary—which is called “an unhappy disposition.”

Its root of pain is manifold; but, with women, undoubtedly can be oftener traced to something connected with the affections: not merely the passion called *par excellence* love, but the entire range of personal sympathies and attachments, out of which we draw the sweetness and bitterness of the best part of our lives. If otherwise—if, as the phrase goes, an individual happens to have “more head than heart,” she may be a clever, agreeable personage, but she is not properly a *woman*—not the creature who, with all her imperfections, is nearer to heaven than man, in one particular...she “loves much.” And loving is so frequently identical with suffering, either with or for or from the object beloved, that we need not go further to find the cause of the many anxious, soured faces, and irritable tempers, that we meet with among women.

Charity can not too deeply or too frequently call to mind how very difficult it is to be good, or amiable, or even commonly agreeable, when one is unhappy. I do not think this fact is enough recognized by those very worthy people who take such a world of pains to make other people virtuous, and so very little to make them happy. They sow good seed, are everlastingly weeding and watering, give it every care and advantage under the sun...except sunshine...and then they wonder that it does not flower!

One may see many a young woman who has, outwardly speaking, “every thing she can possibly want,” absolutely withering in the atmosphere of a loveless home, exposed to those small ill-humors by which people mean no harm...only *do* it; chilled by reserve, wounded by neglect, or worried by anxiety over some thoughtless one who might so easily have spared her it all; safe from either misfortune or ill-treatment, yet harassed daily by petty pains and unconscious cruelties, which a stranger might laugh at; and she laughs herself when she counts them up, they are so very small...yet they are there.

“I can bear any thing,” said a woman, a no longer very young or very fascinating, or particularly clever, who had gone through seas of sorrow, yet whose blue eyes still kept the dewiness and cheerfulness of their youth; “I can bear any thing, except unkindness.”

She was right. There are numberless cases where gentle creatures, who would have endured bravely any amount of real trouble, have their lives frozen up by those small unkindnesses which copy-books avouch to be

“a great offense,” where an avalanche of worldly benefits, an act of undoubted generosity, or the most conscientious administering of a friendly rebuke, has had its good effects wholly neutralized by the manner in which it was done. It is vain to preach to people unless you also love them...christianly love them; it is not the smallest use to try to make people good, unless you try at the same time...and they feel that you try...to make them happy. And you rarely can make another happy, unless you are happy yourself.

Naming the affections as the chief source of unhappiness among our sex, it would be wrong to pass over one phase of them, which must nevertheless be touched tenderly and delicately, as one that women instinctively hide out of sight and comment...I mean what is usually termed “a disappointment.” Alas! as if there were no disappointments but those of love! and yet, until men and women are made different from what God made them, it must always be, from its very secretness, and inwardness, the sharpest of all pangs, save that of conscience.

A lost love. Deny it who will, ridicule it, treat it as mere imagination and sentiment, the thing is and will be; and women do suffer therefrom, in all its infinite varieties; loss by death, by faithlessness or unworthiness, and by mistaken or unrequited affection. Of these, the second is beyond all question the worst: since there is in death a consecration which lulls the sharpest personal anguish into comparative calm; and an attachment which has always been on one side only, has a certain incompleteness which prevents its ever knowing the full agony of having and losing, while at the same time it preserves to the last a dreamy sanctity which sweetens half its pain. But to have loved and lost, either by that total disenchantment which leaves compassion as the sole substitute for love which can exist no more, or by that slow torment which is obliged to let go day by day all that constitutes the diviner part of love...namely, reverence, belief, and trust yet clings desperately to the only thing left it, a long-suffering apologetic tenderness—this lot is the hardest for any woman to have to bear.

“What is good for a bootless bene?
—And she made answer, Endless sorrow.”

No. There is no sorrow under heaven which is, or ought to be, endless. To believe or to make it so, is an insult to Heaven itself. Each of us must have known more than one instance when a saintly or heroic life has been developed from what at first seemed a stroke like death itself: a life full of the calmest and truest happiness—because it has bent itself to the Divine will; and learned the best of all lessons, to endure. But how that lesson is learned, through what bitter teaching hard to be understood or obeyed, till the hand of the Great Teacher is recognized clearly through it all, is a subject too sacred to be entered upon here.

It is a hard thing to say—and yet a truth forced upon us by daily observation—that it is *not* the women who have suffered most who are the unhappy women. A state of permanent unhappiness—not the morbid, half-cherished melancholy of youth, which generally wears off with wiser years, but that settled, incurable discontent and dissatisfaction with all things and all people, which we see in some women, is, with very rare exceptions, at once the index and the exponent of a thoroughly selfish character. Nor can it be too early impressed upon every girl that this condition of mental *malaise*, whatever be its origin, is neither a poetical nor beautiful thing, but a mere disease, and as such ought to be combated and medicined with all remedies in her power, practical, corporeal, and spiritual. For though it is folly to suppose that happiness is a matter of volition, and that we can make ourselves content and cheerful whenever we choose—a theory that many poor hypo-

chondriacs are taunted with till they are nigh driven mad—yet, on the other hand, no sane mind is ever left without the power of self-discipline and self-control, in a measure, which measure increases in proportion as it is exercised.

Let any sufferer be once convinced that she has this power—that it is possible, by careful watch, or, better, by substitution of subjects and occupations, to abstract her mind from dwelling on some predominant idea, which otherwise runs in and out of the chambers of the brain like a haunting devil, at last growing into the monomania which, philosophy says, every human being is affected with, on some one particular point—only happily he does not know it; only let her try if she has not, with regard to her mental constitution, the same faculty which would prevent her from dancing with a sprained ankle, or imagining that there is an earthquake because her own head is spinning with fever, and she will have at least taken the first steps towards cure. As many a man sits wearying his soul out by trying to remedy some grand flaw in the plan of society, or the problem of the universe, when perhaps the chief thing wrong is his own liver, or over-taxed brain; so many a woman will pine away to the brink of the grave with an imaginary broken heart, or sour to the very essence of vinegar, on account of every body's supposed ill-usage of her, when it is her own restless, dissatisfied, selfish heart which makes her at war with every body.

Would that women—and men too, but that their busier and more active lives save most of them from it—could be taught from their childhood to recognize as an evil spirit this spirit of causeless unhappiness—this demon which dwells among the tombs, and yet, which first shows itself in such a charming and picturesque form, that we hug it to our innocent breasts, and never suspect that it may enter in and dwell there till we are actually “possessed.” Cease almost to be accountable beings, and are fitter for a lunatic asylum than for the home-circle, which, be it ever so bright and happy, has always, from the inevitable misfortunes of life, only too much need of sunshine rather than shadow, or permanent gloom.

Oh! if such women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! how the heart leaps up to meet a sunshiny face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart which either naturally, or, what is better, from conscientious principle, has learned to take all things on their bright side, believing that the Giver of life being all-perfect Love, the best offering we can make to Him is to enjoy to the full what he sends of good, and bear what he allows of evil—like a child who, when once it thoroughly believes in its father, believes in all his dealings with it, whether it understands them or not.

And here, if the subject were not too solemn to be more than touched upon, yet no one dare avoid it who believes that there are so such distinctions as “secular” and “religious,” but that the whole earth, with all therein, is, not only on Sundays, but all days, continually “the Lord's”—I will put it to most people's experience, which is better than a hundred homilies, whether, though they may have known sincere Christians who from various causes, were not altogether happy, they ever knew one *happy* person, man or woman, who, whatever his or her form of creed might be, was not in heart, and speech, and daily life emphatically a follower of Christ—a Christian?

Among the many secondary influences which can be employed either by or upon a naturally anxious or morbid temperament, there is none so ready to hand, or so wholesome, as one often referred to in the course of these pages...constant employment. A very large number of women, particularly young women, are by nature constituted so exceed-

ingly restless of mind, or with such a strong tendency to nervous depression, that they can by no possibility keep themselves in a state of even tolerable cheerfulness, except by being continually occupied. At what, matters little; even apparently useless work is far better than no work at all. To such I can not too strongly recommend the case of

"Honest John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher, Who, though he was poor, didn't want to be richer."

but always managed to keep in a state of sublime content and superabundant gayety; and how?

"He always had something or other to do, If not for himself, for his neighbor."

And that work for our neighbor is perhaps the most useful and satisfactory of the two, because it takes us out of ourselves; which, to a person who has not a happy self to rest in, is one good thing achieved; this, quite apart from the abstract question of benevolence, or the notion of keeping a balance-sheet with heaven for work done to our fellow-creatures...certainly a very fruitless recipe for happiness.

The sufferer, on waking in the morning... that cruel moment when any incurable pain wakes up too sharply, so sharply! and the burden of a monotonous life falls down upon us, or rises like a dead blank wall before us, making us turn round on the pillow longing for another night instead of an insupportable day—should rouse herself with the thought: "Now what have I got to do to-day?" (Mark, not to enjoy or to suffer, only to do.) She should never lie down at night without counting up, with a resolute, uncompromising, unexcusing veracity: "How much have I done to-day?" "I can't be happy," she may ponder wearily; "'tis useless trying...so we'll not think about it; but how much have I done... how much can I do to-morrow?" And if she has strength steadily to fulfill this manner of life, it will be strange if some day, the faint, involuntary thrill that we call "feeling happy"—something like that with which we stop to see a daisy at our feet in January—does not come and startle into hope the poor wandering heart.

Another element of happiness, incalculable in its influence over those of sensitive and delicate physical organization, is Order. Any one who has just quitted a disorderly household, where the rooms are untidy and "littery," where meals take place at any hour and in any fashion, where there is a general atmosphere of noise, confusion and irregularity of doing things at all times and seasons, or not doing anything in particular all day over; who, emerging from this, drops into a quiet, busy, regular family, where each has an appointed work, and does it; where the day moves on smoothly, subdivided by proper seasons of labor, leisure, food and sleep—oh! what a paradise it seems! How the restless or anxious spirit nestles down in it, and almost without volition, falls into its cheerful round, recovering tone and calm and strength.

"Order is Heaven's first law."

and a mind without order can by no possibility be either a healthy or a happy mind. Therefore, beyond all sentimental sympathy, or contemptuous blame, should be impressed upon all women inclined to melancholy, or weighed down with any irremediable grief, this simple advice—to make their daily round of life as harmoniously methodical as they possibly can; leaving no odd hours, scarcely an odd ten minutes, to be idle and dreary in; and by means of orderly arranged, light, airy rooms, neat dress, and every pleasant external influence that is attainable, to leave untired none of these secondary means which are in the power of every one of us, for our own benefit or that of others, and the importance of which we never know until we have proved them.

There is another maxim—easy to give and hard to practice—Accustom yourself always

to look at the bright side of things, and never make a fuss about trifles. It is pitiful to see what mere nothings some women will worry and fret over—lamenting as much over an ill-made gown as others do over a lost fortune; how some people we can always depend upon for making the best instead of the worst, of whatever happens, thus lessening our anxieties for themselves in their troubles; and oh! how infinitely comforting when we bring to them any of our own, assured that if any one can help us, they can and will; while others we never think of burdening with our cares at all, any more than we would think of putting a butterfly in harness.

The disposition which can bear trouble; which, while passing over the lesser annoyances of life as unworthy to be measured in life's whole sum, can yet meet real affliction steadily, struggle with it while resistance is possible; conquered, sit down patiently and let the storms sweep over; and on their passing, if they pass, rise up and go on its way, looking up to that region of blue calm which is never long visible to the pure of heart—this is the blessed possession that any woman can have. Better than a house full of silver and gold, better than beauty or high fortunes, or prosperous and satisfied love.

While, on the other hand, of all characters not radically bad, there is none more useless to herself and everybody else, who inflicts more pain, anxiety and pain on those around her, than the one who is deprecatingly described as being "of an unhappy temperament." You may know her at once by her dull or vinegar aspect, her fidgetty ways, her proneness to take the hard or ill-natured view of things and people. Possibly she is unmarried, and her mocking acquaintance insult womanhood by setting down that as the cause of her disagreeableness. Most wicked libel! There never was an unhappy old maid yet who would not have been equally unhappy as a wife—and more guilty, for she would have made two people miserable instead of one. It needs only to count up all the unhappy women one knows—women whom one would not change lots with for the riches of the Queen of Sheba—to see that the most of them are those whom fate has apparently loaded with benefits, love, home, ease, luxury, leisure, and denied only the vague fine something, as indiscribable as it is unattainable, the capacity to enjoy them all.

Unfortunate ones! You see by their countenances that they never know what it is to enjoy. That thrill of thankful gladness, oftenest caused by little things—a lovely bit of nature, a holiday after long toil, a sudden piece of good news, an unexpected face, or a letter that warms one's inmost heart—to them is altogether incomprehensible. To hear one of them in her rampant phase, you would suppose the whole machinery of the universe, down even to the weather, was in league against her small individuality; that every thing every body did, or said, or thought, was with one sole purpose—her personal injury. And when she sinks to the melancholy mood, though your heart may bleed for her, aware how horribly real are her self-created sufferings, still your tenderness sits uneasily, more as a duty than a pleasure, and you often feel, and are shocked at feeling, that her presence acts upon you like the proverbial wet blanket, and her absence gives you an involuntary sense of relief.

For let us pity the unhappy ever so lovingly and sincerely, and strive with all our power to lift them out of their grief, when they hug it, and refuse to be lifted out of it, patience sometimes fails. Human life is full of pain, that once past the youthful delusion that a sad countenance is interesting, and an incurable woe the most delightful thing possible, the mind instinctively turns where it can get rest, and cheer and sunshine. And the friend who can bring to it the largest portion of

these, is, of a natural necessity, the most useful, the most welcome and the most dear.

The "happy woman"—in this our world, which is apparently meant to be the road to perfection, never its goal—you will find too few specimens to be ever likely to mistake her. But you will recognize her presence the moment she crosses your path. Not by her extreme liveliness—lively people are rarely either happy or able to diffuse happiness; but by a sense of brightness and cheerfulness that enters with her—as an evening sunbeam across your parlor wall. Like the fairy Order in the nursery-tale, she takes up the tangled threads of your mind, and reduces them to regularity, till you distinguish a clear pattern through the ugly maze. She may be neither handsome, nor clever, nor entertaining, yet somehow she makes you feel "comfortable," because she is so comfortable herself. She shames you out of your complainings, for she makes none. Yet mayhap, since it is the divine law that we should all like our Master, be "made perfect through suffering," you are fully aware that she has had far more sorrow than ever you had; that her daily path, had you trodden it, would be to you as gloomy and full of pitfalls as to her it is safe and bright. She may have even less than the medium lot of earthly blessings, yet all she has she enjoys to the full, and it is so pleasant to see any one enjoy! Her sorrows she neither denies nor escapes; they come to her naturally and wholesomely, and passing over leave her full of compassion for all who may have to endure the same.

Thus, whatever her fate may be—married or single, rich or poor, in health or sickness—though a cheerful spirit has twice as much chance of health as a melancholy one—she will be all her days a living justification of the ways of Providence, who makes the light as well as the darkness, nay, makes the light out of the darkness—a help and a peacemaker to her fellow-creatures, because she is at peace in herself; undoubtedly, as is plain to all, a Happy Woman.

Since we are about establishing agencies for our journal in the country, we take occasion to copy a few notices from our city and country cotemporaries for the benefit of those who may not be in possession of facts relative to the permanency of our new enterprise.

"THE HESPERIAN.—This is the title of a new literary journal, the first number of which was issued on Saturday last. It is to be 'principally devoted to the interest of literature on the Pacific Coast,' and its conductors are Mrs. A. M. Shultz and Mrs. F. H. Bay. We cordially and heartily welcome these ladies to the career of usefulness they have chosen. They are no adventurers, no impudent foreigners transplanted from fields of hypocrisy and crime; they are true women, whose homes and hearts are among ourselves; who have grown with our growth, who, to quote their own language in reference to others, 'have stood by California through her many vicissitudes, and who are willing to give all their time, and bring their energies to bear in establishing a literary paper which will be a credit to the State.' The undertaking so grounded and promising to accomplish so much of good, should prove successful, and it will prove so if public appreciation is not sunken to a lower depth than we imagine it to be.

If the initial number of the *HESPERIAN* is a fair criterion of what its future course will be, it will not come in direct competition with any of its weekly cotemporaries. It will occupy a position peculiarly its own; it will fill a void which has hitherto existed in California to an alarming extent. The sentiments expressed in the salutatory, while exhibiting the true spirit of modesty, are significant of a merit which is not factitious, and which deserves the assistance of every woman in California. The *HESPERIAN* is devoted to the interests of women; it will afford a medium for the interchange of woman's thoughts—for the concentration of the scattered ideas of those who, from the delicacy and sensibility of their nature, have the closest affinity with the good, the beautiful, and the true. Hence its social influence must be powerful, and no more powerful than desirable. Hence we shall be rejoiced to be enabled to chronicle its complete success. We cannot better close this notice than by expressing our entire concurrence in the hope indulged in, in the following passage from the salutatory: 'In the great harvest of letters, we know we shall not reap with the vigorous toil of manly art; we shall thrust in our sickle with but a feeble hand, and we may faint and weary beneath the scorching sun. Perhaps, however, we may find some bright sheaves, lost in the uneven fields and ripened by the sweet still waters. Perhaps, like Ruth, we shall find gleanings enriched by the kindly gifts of fellow laborers, so often generous, and scarcely less seldom just; and it may be that a liberal public, for whom the fruits of the field are to be gathered, will smile approval upon our labors, and bestow upon us something of its praise, and more of its forbearance.'—[Herald, 5th.

Freedom! twin-sister of Virtue, thou brightest of all the spirits descended in the train of Religion from the throne of God; thou that leadest us up again to the early glories of his being; angel from the circle of whose presence happiness spreads like the sunlight over the darkness of the land! at the waving of whose sceptre, knowledge, and peace, and fortitude, and wisdom, stoop upon the wing; at the voice of whose trumpet the more than grave is broken, and slavery gives up her dead; when shall I see thy coming? When shall I hear thy summons upon the mountains of my country, and rejoice in the regeneration and glory of the sons of Judah?

I have traversed nations; and as I have set my foot upon their boundary, I have said Freedom is not here! I saw the naked hill, the morass streaming with death, the field covered with weedy fallow, the sickly thicket encumbering the land; I saw the still more infallible sign, the downcast visage, the form degraded at once by loathsome indolence and desperate poverty; the peasant cheerless and feeble in his field, the wolfish robber, the population of the cities crowded into huts

and cells, with pestilence for their fellow; I saw the contumely of man to man, the furious vindictiveness of popular rage, and I pronounced at the moment, This people is not free.

In the Italian republics of after ages, I saw the vigor that, living in the native soil of empire, has always sprung up on the first call. The time was changed since Italy poured its legions over the world. The volcano was now sleeping; yet the fire still burned within its womb, and threw out in its inviolable strength the luxuriant qualities of the land of power. The innate Roman passion for sovereignty was no longer to find its triumphs in the field; it rushed up the paths of a loftier and more solid glory with a speed and strength that left mankind wondering below. The arts, adventure, legislation, literature in all its shapes, of the subtle, the rich and the sublime, were the peaceful triumphs, whose laurels will entwine the Italian brow, when the wreath of the Cæsars is remembered but as a badge of national folly and crime.

But those republics knew freedom only by the name. All, within a few years from their birth, abandoned its living principles—justice, temperance, and truth. I saw the soldiery of neighbor cities marching to mutual devastation, and I said, Freedom is not here! I saw abject privation mingled with boundless luxury; in the midst of the noblest works of architecture, the hovel; in the pomps of citizens covered with cloth of gold, gazing groups of faces haggard with beggary and sin; I saw the sold tribunal, the inexorable state prison, the established spy, the protected assassin, the secret torture, and I said, Freedom is not here! The pageant filled the streets with more than kingly blazonry, the trumpets flourished, the multitude shouted, the painter covered the walls with immortal emblems in honor of freedom; I pointed to the dungeon, the rack, and the dagger; Bitterer and deeper sign than all, I pointed to the exile of exiles, the broken man, whom even the broken trample, of all the undone the most undone, my outcast brother in the blood of Abraham!

I am not about to be his defender; I am not regardless of his tremendous crime; I cannot stand up alone against the voice of universal man, which has cried out that thus it shall be; but I say it from the depths of my soul, and as I hope for rest to my miseries, that I never saw freedom survive in that land which loved to smite the Jew!—[Salathiel.

LIVING.—It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he, who in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

A Yankee editor says that he liked to die a larlin' to see a drinkin' chap tryin' to pocket the shadow of a swingin' sign for a pocket handkerchief.

BAPTIZED BY AN OLD WOMAN'S TEARS.—We opened a book the other night, and found a flower which was given us nearly two years ago, by our aged friend at Downieville, Mrs. Catharine Langton, who, beyond the ties of near relationship, holds the most exalted place in the inner temple of gratitude and love where we have put away the names of a few. As she stooped to take up the flower, a tear fell on it, and glistened and trembled in her hand, which had begun to be tremulous from deep affliction. Her daughter, young, beautiful and full of the warm affections of youth, had walked through the walks of her garden a little while before, but then she had gone—the white lily, the only lily that grew in the mother's heart, had leaned its fading face on her bosom and died. Our friend has forgotten much of the wide desolateness of that hour, and, perhaps, remembers nothing of the withered flower that now lies before us. We, too, had forgotten it, till, opening the book, we found it ensepulchred, and on the leaf margin the words, 'Baptized by an old woman's tears.'

We shall keep the simple gift which a rough touch would destroy. We shall keep it as a sorrowful relic, consecrated by the tears of a friend who stands on the portals too near the Christian's rest, to weep again without one coming out from among the angels and stooping gently from the parapet to whisper, softly, 'Mother, what aileth thee? Thou standest without the territory of tears!'—[Trinity Journal.

A CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.—The daughter, Hafiza, was a lively, pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen, looking rather demure, as is necessary on a first interview, but by no means ill-natured. Indeed, she had no cause to be so, aware, as she must have been, that no girl in the neighborhood could abide a closer scrutiny, or command a better price than herself; in short though far from realizing the beau ideal we should form of the sublime and beautiful, yet, as things go in that country, every way entitled to rank as a Circassian beauty. She had regular and pretty features, blue eyes and fair complexion; her hair was of a light auburn color, and hung in a profusion of braided tresses over her shoulders, from a bonnet of scarlet cloth, trimmed and crossed with broad silver lace, not unlike the Albanian skull cap. Her costume being that of the Circassian maidens, consisted of a bonnet of scarlet cloth, a bodice of blue silk, with a row of silver studs in front, a girdle fastened very low by large silver clasps in the shape of shells, and beneath her antari of stiped silk, the loose Turkish trowsers, or shalvar; from these there peeped a pair of white and delicate feet, which in the house, it is the fashion to leave uncovered, but to go out of doors, they put on ornamented pattens or morocco slippers. —[Longworth's Year among the Circassians.

He doubles his gift who gives in time.

THE HESPERIAN.

Arrival of the John L. Stephens.

Just as we are going to press, the arrival of the steamer is announced. She brings the news of the death of another of our statesmen, Col. Benton. He died in the full possession of his reason, though reduced to the last degree of physical prostration. Kansas matters, *statu-quo*, much talk and but little accomplished. The New York *Herald* announces the close of the present session of Congress, as fixed for the 7th of June, although there is at present, a heavy calendar of unfinished business.

There is news from Honduras of a late massacre by the Indians, in which one hundred and four were killed, and forty taken prisoners, whom the Indians offered for a ransom of four thousand dollars. The amount was raised and placed in the hands of a Chief, but after consulting their oracle, the Cross, they resolved that that amount must be paid for the female prisoners alone, and three thousand more for the males, or be led forth to execution. Their fate was at the last date, (March 20th,) undecided. The messenger from Capt. Anderson, supplicating mercy, was treated with contempt.

The President is still extremely desirous of acquiring the Island of Cuba. "Among the latest, is the report that a double-headed Cuba mission is to be appointed, to consist of Mr. Sli-dell, from Paris, and Mr. Belmont, from Madrid, who are to work together for the purchase of the "ever fruitful island" without regard to cost."

DEATH OF COL. BENTON.—Col. Benton's spirit took its flight gently and tranquilly this morning, April 10th, at Washington, at about thirty minutes past seven o'clock. He was conscious and calm. He was 76 years and twenty-seven days old when he died. The supposed time of Mr. Benton's death was 7:35, though he glided off so gently that it may have been a few minutes earlier. The evening before, when Mr. Appleton called, he was too exhausted to converse, and merely signified "to-morrow." At times through the night he was seized with spasmodic pains of great violence, otherwise he rested gently. His last words were about 2 this morning, when Jacob, his son-in-law, who was sitting up, asked how he felt, to which he faintly whispered, "Comfortable and content." About four o'clock, this morning, Jones, another son-in-law, relieved Jacob, and in an hour afterwards his children and family were at the bedside till the final summons. A few minutes before his death the nurse applied ice to his lips, which were consciously moved for the acceptable refreshment. The funeral service will be performed on Monday, probably, when the body will be conveyed to St. Louis for interment, with his mother, wife and kindred. His sustenance for three weeks past was hardly sufficient for an infant, and it may be that his life was prolonged by the effort of the will only. His constitution was sound in every respect, and the disease which precipitated his death was strictly local, being cancer of the rectum.—*New York Herald*, April 20th.

Few things are impossible to skill and industry.

AMUSEMENTS.

MACRE'S OPERA HOUSE.—"Winters Tale," one of Shakespeare's most admirable plays was produced at this theatre on Thursday night last—Mr. J. W. Wallack as Leontes, and Mrs. Wallack as Hermione, and well did they sustain their parts. Mr. Wallack's delineation of that overmastering passion, jealousy, was true to the very life, and not less faithfully did he depict the terrible pangs of remorse. Mrs. Wallack, in that most trying character of Hermione, was faultless—the statue scene sublimely grand. Mrs. Wallack's voice is good, her enunciation clear and distinct, while her fine person and easy graceful manner peculiarly adapt her to the character of the Sicilian queen. We doubt very much whether these really fine artists have received that appreciation from our public to which their merits so justly entitle them. Mrs. Judah—our own Mrs. Judah—appeared in the character of Paulina, and performed her part as she always does, admirably. It does one good to see Mrs. Judah's familiar face upon the stage. She has long been an attractive feature to the theatre-going public. But not alone is she attractive in her assumed characters; to her praise be it spoken, she is equally so in her private character of the TRUE WOMAN. Her hand is ever extended to help the needy, and the tear of sympathy falls unbidden at the recital of the tale of woe. Long may we greet her cheerful face as well in the private walks of life as amid the fanciful creations of the artist. The whole play was admirably cast, and every character well sustained. The entertainment of the evening was rendered still more attractive by the excellent music of the orchestra. To listen to the strains of the exquisite overture alone, would well repay the price of admission. Had Shakespeare written "Winter's Tale" with particular reference to California, and the state of her society at the present day, he could not better have depicted it. The contemplation of such a play elevates the mind and purifies the heart; and when our managers lay such attractions before the public, they should meet with prompt encouragement and generous support from those who can appreciate something above burlesque or low comedy.

MUSICAL SOIREE.—On the evening of May 12th a private musical entertainment was given by Mons. Planel, at his residence on Stockton street, on which occasion were creditably performed many gems of the masters. Particularly good was that lust chorus—"Land of the trumpet and the spear"—in which the class did much credit to their instructor. The solos were well sung, and we were glad to see former pupils come forward and assist, who are not at present under Mons. Planel's instruction. It was generous in them. Mons. Planel, the musical pioneer upon this coast, has found his way to achievement through adversity. As a teacher, he is not excelled on the continent, the only fault being the low estimate he places upon those abilities, which deserve far better compensation and support.

"CALIFORNIA WIDOWS."—We are told in the States the phrase, "California widows" has become an epithet of reproach and taunt. "Oh she's a California widow! her husband has been gone seven years!" says the sneering harlot who ridicules the faithful wife sitting in her broken household. The infidelity of a few is visited on the innocent, until she who with heart unpoluted numbers each twilight gathering, is lacerated with the cruel fangs of slander, while her tears of desertion distil on the pillow which she has smoothed a thousand times for one who comes not. And who's to blame for her exposure to the taunting sarcasm of undetected guilt? Not always he who with unshaven face and downcast eye sits alone at his wooden fire-place preparing a scanty meal. Seven years deserted and outlived by the marital statutes, divorced by the multiplied invertings of times hour-glass, he is still faithful to the companion of his youth. The mouth that would speak lightly of her chastity and truth would feel the crushing weight of his boot-heel. There are persons in the mines, who during seven years of labor and frugality have never had five hundred dollars at a time. It would require all their store to pay the ocean transit tax; they cannot and will not go home, from the

land of gold, "dead broke," to be ridiculed for failure, and so work on, hoping, despairing, trusting to the miner's golden-hued to-morrow—and their wives are "California widows," who in spite of time and desertion and despair itself, still look for them, hopefully, in innocence, purity and truth.—*Trinity Journal*.

It is said that Alexander Dumas receives twenty cents a line for his romances. One of his constant readers estimates that he has received twenty-five thousand francs for the single line—"A cold perspiration stood on the brow of the Countess."

Ten paintings valued at £10,000, which were stolen from the gallery of the Earl of Suffolk in 1856, have been recently discovered. They were stolen by the former valet of the Earl.

How trifling and insignificant seems the opinion of that fashionable neighbor compared to the future happiness and welfare of your child! How important that by example as well as precept you impress upon the young mind the love of truth.

Work, while it is called to-day,
Work, though clouds obscure thy way,
Let thy heart be firm and strong,
Do the right, and fear no wrong.

THE HESPERIAN,

A Journal of Literature and Art.

A Semi-monthly paper, conducted by Mrs. A. M. SHULTZ and Mrs. F. H. DAY.

This Journal is designed for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and for the cultivation of a literary taste. It will present to the public original productions from among our own citizens, upon subjects most nearly connected with our times and manners, as a people. It will carefully select information from abroad, with a special view to our necessities as a community. It will address itself to Woman, since the conductors rely much upon their own sex for aid, and will scrupulously avoid anything demoralizing in its influence. It will attempt just and fair criticism, and will expect the same. Every effort will be put forth to render it worthy of the patronage which it respectfully solicits.

Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

All communications to be addressed to Mrs. A. M. SHULTZ, Editress "Hesperian," 111 Washington street, San Francisco.

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A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART.

"WE WILL STAND BY THE RUDDER THAT GOVERNS THE BARK—NOR ASK HOW WE LOOK FROM THE SHORE."

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[Original.]

THE LOST SAIL.

I stood one day on a sunny hill—
A hill that looks on the azure sea;
The winds were hushed and the waves were still,
And very fair was the scene to me.
Landward the air was pure and mild—
Seaward the mist dissolved in rain,
And calm as the face of a sleeping child
Which dreams of heaven, was the shining main.
Beneath, but near, was a single sail—
A sail that gleamed in the morning light;
I could almost hear the seaman's hail,
As he neared the shore with a wild delight.
I caught the glimpse of a snowy sail,
Fluttering free, on a sunny deck;
Why should that rosy cheek grow pale?
How could they dream of storm or wreck?
There came a rush from the mountain side—
A sudden rush from the treacherous shore;
Mariner! ill does that blast betide,
For the spreading sail shall gleam no more.
The wave is black, and the foam is white,
And a sudden fury arms the sea;
Vainly I strain my aching sight—
Oh, mariner! vain is my search for thee.
Ours is a bark with a single sail,
And its shadows fall on life's billowy tide;
Sometimes rent by the winter gale,
Sometimes wafted in summer pride.
But whether we sink in the treacherous deep,
Or land in joy on the stormless shore,
They will watch in vain from the distant steep,
For the sail that is lost and will gleam no more.

PORTIA.

[Original.]

SONG.

The Night her dark mantle is spreading
All silently over the earth;
The flowers sweet odors are shedding,
While the starlight shines down on their birth:
But Night's jewels, flashing with splendor,
Shine dim by the light of thine eyes,
And the flowers their fragrance surrender
To that of thy love-laden sighs.
I list, and the minor tones blending,
Of Nature fall sweet on my ear;
I list!—Nature's music is ending—
'Tis the voice of a seraph I hear.
Buds, Night and the stars seem to listen—
My being is filled with delight;
The dew-drops all tremulous glisten,
While my love pours her song on the night.
I gaze on the glories of heaven—
Bright angels and seraphs are there;
My eyes wander back to my Eden
Of love, where an angel more fair,
Is sitting the Psyche of beauty:
Her form is enfolded to mine—
The star of my joy and my duty—
Oh, Love! thou art ever divine.

Placerville, May, 1858.

W. H. D.

[Original.]

LOVE AND IMPULSE.

[CONTINUED.]

My fire was extinguished, and with a fearful shriek I leaped through the thick darkness to the month of my cave. And there, too, I met the dreaded foe, but with superhuman strength I forced my way through the torrent, and again stood beneath the frowning canopy; but the atmosphere was thick and hot, and sickened and despairing of life, I sunk upon the saturated soil.

But what was my delight when, upon again lifting my eyes—terribly apprehensive it was for the last time—I discovered crevices between the lately matted clouds and gleams of light issuing therefrom. An hour more served to diffuse the feeble light, and then what a scene opened itself before my astonished gaze! Where late the landscape had presented a slight undulation, rose now yonder mountains, small, indeed, but having had added to their altitude several hundred feet.

But to contribute to my surprise, the earth, still in a state of agitation, was strown for several paces about me with shining particles, mixed with a lava-like substance, which had evidently been thrown from the summit of this newly-born child of nature. So intense had been my feelings that reaction quite overcame me, and while my eyes still greeted the giant stranger, a mist gathered before me, and again was consciousness dissipated in a helpless swoon.

When my senses began to return, a gentle shower was falling, and my first effort was to grasp the hand which was bathing my brow and fanning my cheek; but I soon found that nature was my only restorative, and while I slowly gathered strength the clouds dispersed, the sun smiled once more, and the tone and harmony of nature seemed again fully restored. To seek another abode was but the work of an hour, for fortunately the same shock which had innudated my former hut, had discovered another retreat—our present shelter—and thither I repaired. But consternation took possession of me when I bethought myself that my resources for food were, if not quite destroyed, at least much diminished, since vegetation, my principal means of sustenance, was laid a barren waste. However, the faculty for adaptation, when properly called forth, is wonderful, and with as much facility and system as the farmer harvests his grain, I traversed the strand in search of such of the funny tribe as should have been lashed ashore by the tempest. My search was successful beyond my anticipations, and when at length all available

means were applied for the good of the inner man, I began to look about me. I had heretofore given but little thought to the strange phenomenon which had so recently devastated my already desolate abode, but after an hour spent in reflection, I resolved to visit the stranger which had evidently risen and established itself within a single night.

I had procured the shining substance which had been miraculously strewn within a few feet of my rude door, and with that same feeling of reluctance or foreboding which always accompanies not less any act of importance than of hazzard, I set out upon my novel expedition. As you know, the island is volcanic in appearance, and for the first few miles my way lay along a line of ascent, but suddenly, after clambering over rocks and rugged places, I came to a halt overlooking a space of level ground. I could from this point gain a distinct view of the mountain, with its heterogeneous mass of debris at the base. The sun was approaching its zenith, and as the luminous substance there discernible gleamed in the sunlight, I was convinced of what I had before dared to guess, that it was nothing less than—gold!

And then I felt my bosom give way to alternate and conflicting emotions. First, sat awe enthroned upon my soul, while I gazed as it were upon the hand which—laid upon its gilded brow—bade it come forth from a land of silence and shadow to a world of light and loveliness. There is something awfully solemn, not to say startling, in the thought, that while alone and aloof from every representative of our race, the God of Nature is still steadily pursuing his work, planning and executing, around, above, beneath—defying, not the power of a single feeble creature, but of Creation!

And then came Hope, shimmering her radiant beams athwart my heart, weaving her delusive visions and mingling her syren voice; and then came Despair, with its dark and ominous suggestions—that if it were *gold*, as I had dared hope, *what could it benefit me?* And again, was every element of passion precipitated into chaos, and I stood *alone!*

My next impulse was to approach yet nearer and extend my researches, for, thought I, it may give me employment at least, besides I still clung, as I do yet at times, to a vague hope of rescue. But what was my surprise and horror when, upon placing my foot on what appeared to me a sandy soil, the earth gave way and I sank to my arm-pits before I could recover myself. Then grasping a fragment of rock which protruded its rugged edges beyond the line which divided it from it

treacherous neighbor, I thus regained my place upon terra firma. I did not, however, urge my investigations further, but becoming satisfied that there existed no practicable means of reaching the mountain from either side, I abandoned my novel experiment, and have never since renewed it. And now, (said the hermit, in conclusion,) you are young and vigorous, with the prospect before you of a long life. Several times since my exile I have seen upon the sea what I believe to have been vessels, but none ever approached the island; but perhaps through some special act of Providence you may yet be delivered, and if these facts should prove important to you, I can still but say, God bless you.

And the words, while they came cold and unimpassioned from the lips of the old man, fell like fire on the senses of the impetuous Walter, and his eye brightened with a strange light, and his face glowed with a fiercer flame. Too long his restive spirit had sought for something to feed upon, and like the benighted and half famished traveler, while he saw the mist and shadows begin to clear away, the appetite of avarice sharpened with every step. He insensibly began to plan, to plot, to devise means by which to overcome that harassing obstacle, the plain of quicksand. Castles were raised, demolished, and rebuilt; but when, as an ultimatum, he thought of his home and the prospect of reaching those sunny shores, he heard the ominous bird of despair, perched far above his highest hope, croak his dirge-like "Nevermore!"

"Bring more coal, and put on the gas," said Augusta Cleveland, as a servant answered the bell. "Oh, how the wind whistles down the street," she murmured in an undertone, as crossing the room she threw back the rose-satin damask, and appropriating a place in the recess which half concealed her faultless form, she stood motionless as a statue. For some moments she stood thus, looking out upon the trees as they were swayed by the wind, while the avenue grew dim with the misty veil of a November twilight, till at length, arranging the curtains, she folded her hands beneath her richly draped arms and turned away.

"She should have been here half an hour ago," she said, as glancing at her watch, she again lifted the blind, then with an impatient air, she wheeled a chair to the grate and sat down.

A faultless picture it was, as with one arm resting upon the chair, a fair hand supported a delicately tinted cheek, while a profusion of dark brown curls shaded a brow, if not of "marble whiteness," yet as soft and shadowy as the summer sky at evening. The coal sparkled in the grate, the lamps burned cheerily, the wind moaned around the corner, driving the sleet against the blinds, and yet the fair creature—the beautiful brunette, with her cheek thrown in glowing contrast with the crimson velvet, dreamed on.

"Oh, the silly pride," she murmured, bowing her fair brow above her clasped fingers, "that led me thus to disguise the first genu-

ine passion that ever took possession of my soul; and yet I cannot believe he loved another."

A slight shudder shook her person, while a delicate flush tinted her cheek for a moment, and then gave way to a death-like pallor. Presently the street door opened and a footstep was heard ascending the stairs. With the agility of an antelope when he shakes the dew from his antlers and breaks away over the hills, the fair dreamer thrust aside her reverie and sprang to the door.

"I am glad you are come," she said, holding the door ajar, while the woman passed in and appropriated a seat near the fire.

"A rough night, this," said the woman, as throwing aside her mantle, she unceremoniously thrust both feet nearer the grate.

"Yes," replied the fair watcher, abstractedly, "the wind is high."

"Just such a night, for all the world—" the woman began.

"Mrs. Gray," said the girl, interrupting her, "did you accomplish the object upon which you set out?"

"I have done as you directed me, ma'am," returned the woman; "but I doubt whether she will come—certainly not at present."

"Did you give her my letter?" anxiously inquired Augusta.

"Yes; and she seemed much surprised at its contents."

"And she sent no word of reply?" said Augusta, while the tone seemed to savor both of sarcasm and disappointment.

At this suggestion the woman thrust her hand into a fathomless pocket, muttering at the same time, "Why, bless you, yes! how forgetful I am—" and the remainder of the sentence was lost in the diligent search. At length the tiny, delicately enveloped missive was brought to light, and Augusta Cleveland held it up, half hesitatingly, between her jeweled fingers, and examined the superscription, then hastily breaking the seal, she read:

TO MISS CLEVELAND:—Miss Mandeville presents her compliments, together with the assurance of her high appreciation of the solicitude expressed in the favor of this morning: but domestic afflictions rendering an acceptance impracticable, she begs to decline the kind offer.

With great respect, ADA MANDEVILLE.

"If her mother is ill," mused Augusta—then again raising her dark eyes which bespoke strange emotions, she asked eagerly:

"Did she betray agitation?"

"She seemed quite indifferent," replied the woman, "until, glancing at the signature, her eyes became riveted, and the letter trembled beneath her fingers like an aspen-leaf."

"I am told she and her mother are in reduced circumstances, and that her fine musical education is all upon which they may rely for support," soliloquized the girl, and she continued, in an under tone—"If I could but induce her to accept a situation in the family, in six months' time she will learn to despise Walter Clark and become the bride of another, and I can yet hope."

"Mrs. Gray," said Miss Cleveland, after a pause, "I apprehend you are aware of the necessity for the strictest integrity in this matter. You have told me of having undesignedly overheard an interview between Walter

Clark and Miss Mandeville, which resulted in an unequivocal matrimonial engagement. Do you repeat it?"

"I do!" said the woman, with frankness and composure.

"That is all—you can go," she said, as rising and tossing the letter upon the table, she placed a coin in the woman's hand, and stood ready to bid her a good night.

"No!" she said, as finding herself alone, she turned with an air of proud defiance—"he shall never claim her for his bride; long ere he returns she shall be a wife!" and with a firm step she walked to a window and looked out upon the night.

"Ada, my child, come closer; take my hand in yours—so." And the dying woman clasped her daughter's delicate fingers convulsively.

"Now, Ada," said Mrs. Mandeville, after a moment's pause, broken only by the stifled sobs of the daughter, "I am dying! See, it grows dark and misty! But, my dear bereaved one, while I yet hear your voice—before my faltering steps approach the shoreless river—promise me that you will go and tell her all—all. It may cost you a struggle, but it must be. Do not shrink from what you conceive to be your duty. Will you go, Ada?" But the trembling girl replied only by sighs and tears.

"If Walter has erred, may heaven forgive," continued the dying woman; "I will plead for him, only promise me."

"Yes, my poor mother, though my life shall pay the forfeit. They say she loves him," she said, while her slight form quivered, "and yet I will go."

"Bring the light—gather close about me—see, see!"—and the sufferer was dead.

The true element of woman's life is love. It is the solar system of her existence—the nucleus round which gather all her hopes; it softens and chastens her spirit and elevates her nature. Without it, her soul is like an empire without a ruler—every passion becomes a monarch.

From the hour since Augusta Cleveland made her debut into society she had been the acknowledged belle of her circle; and while the train of her admirers came "trooping down the aisles" of fashion, not one among them but pronounced her soulless. But the crisis came, and her heart was made a captive. And Walter Clark, though not absolved from the charge of dishonor in the perpetration of a base and cowardly act, in pledging the heart he did not possess, still regarded his matrimonial contract with the haughty Miss Cleveland more lightly than if she had not sported at random with so many honest and sincere hearts.

But for once Augusta Cleveland was in earnest, though she struggled bravely and effectually to conceal it from the lord of her soul; and when at the last parting, after kissing his hand in adieu, he gayly bade her a good morning, the newly-born emotions came welling up from the deep fountains of her soul, and the pent up passions burst forth, almost overwhelming her woman's nature—and

she knew she loved. And weeks grew into months as they glided on, silently taking their places in the shadowy recesses of the past, and yet no tidings came from the wanderer.

One evening as Augusta sat at the piano, running her fingers along the keys abstractedly, at the same time humming an air which she remembered to have been a favorite of Walter's, a servant announced a lady visitor.

"Anything to relieve this monotony," she murmured half audibly, rising and making a visible effort to banish the ennui which had mantled her spirits, then addressing the servant, she said, suggestively—

"The lady sent her card?"

"No, ma'am, I did not even see her face."

Miss Cleveland, with her characteristic grace and self-possession, entered the parlor; but what was her surprise, instead of greeting the familiar face of a guest, to encounter a female closely veiled, and from the unfamiliar tone of her voice, though it was singularly musical, a stranger. Though she was draped in black and thickly veiled, with a native ease of manner which no disguise could conceal, she turned toward Augusta while she spoke:

"Have I the honor to address Miss Cleveland?"

Augusta replied in the affirmative, while she showed her a seat.

"My errand, not less painful than strange," began the visitor, "does not require to be prefaced by an apology. It is in fulfillment of a solemn promise made my mother in her last hour that I am here; and while I would have spared you the pangs you may endure, but do not merit, duty, not less to you than to myself, urges me on. I am come, then, to say *I am the lawful wife of Walter Clark!*"

The face of the beautiful brunette paled to an ashen hue, but beyond she evinced not the slightest agitation.

"Well?" at length she spoke, hoarsely, as the stranger gazed in horror upon the statue-like form before her, and the sound seemed issuing rather from the depths of some sepulchral cavern than from the lips of the proud and beautiful Augusta Cleveland.

"Why did you not tell me before?" she whispered between the pale lips and closed teeth.

"At his request I have kept the secret. We were married but one short hour previous to his setting sail," said the pale stranger.

"Tell me!—where is he?" said Augusta, the blood again mounting to her blanched cheek.

"Heaven help me!" answered the veiled woman, "but I hear you all the tidings I have ever received." And she drew forth a letter and held it before the heart-stricken Augusta. With a nervous movement she snatched it from the hand which tremblingly held it, pressed it spasmodically to her lips, and then, as pride came to her rescue, tossed it to the floor. Then taking it from the carpet, she said quietly:

"No! I will read it though it cost me my own heart's blood;" and with these words she left the room.

The pale stranger listened to the retreating footsteps as they flew up the stairs, along the corridor, and then died away into silence. A

moment she listened, then slowly rising, she rung for a servant, ordered her carriage, and—was gone.

Arrived in her own room, Augusta Cleveland sunk exhausted upon a sofa, still holding the voiceless witness convulsively.

For some minutes the combat continued, Pride all the while struggling for the ascendancy, till at length she rose, approached a mirror and gazed upon her haggard features, so fearfully changed within an hour. "And is this," she murmured, "the spirit of Augusta Cleveland, thus crushed and broken? Where is that tyrant, Will, which has swayed its numbers, I was wont to call mine?" Alas, alas! the broad billows which had overwhelmed her hopes had borne it away in its conquering tread, and the wreck floated like some tempest-tossed hulk, above the waves of passion. With her fingers clasped as in intense agony, the proud and peerless creature paced the floor, her dark hair thrown far back from her pale and clammy brow, her fine expressive eye changed to a vacant and leaden stare, her graceful and imposing attitude relaxed—a sad and startling spectacle.

"Yes, I think I am calm now," she whispered, as she seated herself and began smoothing the crumpled sheet; then placing her hand over her heart, which at intervals fluttered or quite ceased for the moment, and pressing her bloodless fingers upon her temples, she continued:—"Yes, I have quite recovered; it was but a momentary agitation. I will read this letter;" and her form quivered like an aspen-leaf—"I shall be quite well to-morrow." And with eyes half starting from their sockets, she unfolded the fatal missive and read:

MY SWEET BRIDE:—While the last kiss and the farewell are still warm upon my lips, I hasten to combine with the greatest pleasure I can know, a most solemn duty. It is a secret which while I do not seek to exculpate myself from a charge of weakness and folly rather than baseness, and while it may appear to involve a principle of honor, yet taken in connection with the circumstances—bears with it its own palliation.

I should have told you all ere we parted, but I could not bear to mar the last hours we might pass together by adding one pang to your already wounded breast, while it was beyond my power to alleviate. But upon reflection, I have determined to trust your loving and forgiving nature for the result. And now to my story:

Some months since, while reveling in the fashionable circle at M., I chanced to meet its gay and distinguished belle, the admired of all—the beautiful but heartless Augusta Cleveland. Although conscious that you, my own Ida, possessed my whole soul on that hour, as you do to-day, I was yet intoxicated with her beauty and fascinated by her wealth. I soon discovered that she toyed with the hearts of her victims as idly as the wind with a feather. Prompted, then, by a spirit of vanity rather than aught else, I in a luckless moment offered her my hand, which she accepted. I, however, gave the matter no serious thought, calculating alone upon what I supposed to be the inevitable result. While trusting I may be in error, I yet confess to have imagined her more thoughtful as time wore on; yet she evinced no particular partiality for me, over scores of others who courted and flattered. I have really no reason to believe I could claim a single pulsation of her heart. She was brilliant as a star, and I sought her companionship. We rode, promenade, talked and sang, and still more particularly, as I thought, she seemed to avoid any allusion to the matter in question: none was ever made. We separated as friends, and I earnestly desire that we may meet as such. I would not even inflict a wound upon her pride, much less upon her heart. But no, dearest, it is idle to talk: she will never think of me again—and so I have committed my wayward heart to your keeping. Guard it well, and we will meet again at no very distant day. Until then, in haste, adieu.

Your devoted husband,

WALTER CLARK.

P. S.—We set sail to-morrow at eight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEMORY is the fountain head of every hope. All real enjoyment bears its part with the past, since it is but by comparison that we estimate pleasure; and even that incomparable life-buoy, Anticipation, is but the gilded bubble floating upon Memory's fathomless sea.

[Original.]

SUNSHINE.

In a late number of the *Art Journal* is to be found an engraving of "Sunshine," made from the statue, by Durham, which the sculptor proposes sending to the "Art Treasure Exhibition" in Manchester. It is singularly beautiful both in conception and execution. With no pretensions to a cultivated taste in design, we could not fail to be struck by the elegance and faithfulness of the figure, and yet more by the inimitable beauty of the conception. The copy has evidently been exposed to a strong sunlight, and the drawing made therefrom. It represents a female figure—which is of itself perfection personified—looking out upon a broad landscape, while with one hand she screens her eyes from the dazzling light which pours its liquid rays full upon her form, and which seems eager to haunt the very shadows of her drapery.

In contemplating this work and abandoning ourselves to the train of thought which follows in its wake, we are led to express our astonishment at the indifference manifested in the presence of all the wonders and splendors of nature; nor is it unfit to ponder for a short time upon the sights and scenes which surround us, if thereby we cultivate that sense of the beautiful which ever in good and wise men has filled their souls with sweet serenity, and armed them against so many of the cares and troubles of life.

The ancients deified whatever to them seemed the most wonderful but natural phenomena. Thus an inundation rescued "Nephtune" from his ocean bed, and in their faith as many mythical gods were moulded from the sun's rays as there be stars in the firmament. What astonishment, then, must have followed the discovery that light was not the sunbeam alone; that the sunbeam possessed distinct qualities, just as the cloud gives water tinted with ammonia; and what a search after the great truth, when philosophers first recognized a principle which to them was a most profound and hidden mystery! There are, however, extremes to all questions of importance; and one of the best proofs that there was some truth in the new principle was, that they elevated their ideas beyond all limits, inasmuch as they believed the light to affect all the changes between metals, and it was not until repeated exertions were made that it was reduced to so modified a state as to rank among the sciences. Alchemists assert that the sunbeam is a combination of three principles—light, heat and chemical energy, or actinism—and that each separate ray of light embraces the three distinct elements. If a sunbeam be decomposed by use of a prism—which disturbs its subtle constituents—one division is said to form itself round, like the finger, while another will take upon itself the form of a knife-blade or a wand. Neither will each color reflect the equal degrees of heat, while in an undeveloped solar ray of the same dimensions, no difference will be found in the relative proportion of heat in its parts. That there is a third principle in the sunbeam is proven by the fact that neither light nor heat alone will

quicken life in plants, the direct solar ray being indispensable to thrifty vegetation. An elaborate and comprehensive view of this interesting subject may be found in a copy of "Chambers' Papers for the People." "If we plunge into the recesses of the forest, where only a few scattered rays come glancing down among the dense foliage overhead, and from thence pluck any common plant, and contrast it with one of the same species growing by the wayside and luxuriating in a copious flood of sunlight, we shall find a remarkable difference between them. The wood-born plant, contrasted with its lusty fellow nurtured by the wayside, is a pale, blanched and delicate thing; and the leaf of the palm-tree of the tropics, contrasted with those plucked from an English orchard, has a depth of tone to which the latter is a stranger." Thus we see the sunlight paints while it infuses life. Its intimate connection with color may be observed in the cellar plant. After having been deprived of the light of the sun for a length of time, it will thrust forth its pale and tender shoots in search of the genial ray, and if placed out of doors, will soon acquire a vigor and tenacity which would quite astonish the slender and disproportionate inmate of the cell. Hence the difference in the vegetation between the gorgeous hues of the South and the more softened and subdued tints of the North. Botanists assert that the green color of a plant is due to its peculiar formation, which admits of a deposit in its cells, highly compounded with carbon. Of course the composition is dependent on the sun's rays.

How noble the design of the Great Dispenser in disposing His work! There is no color so grateful to the eye as green, nor any so profuse; still the arrangement is of no particular use, since the geologist in recovering specimens from the strata within the confines of the earth, depends upon the formation alone for classification, and not upon the consequent results of that arrangement, which is color.

In the report of a dredging experiment undertaken by Professor Forbes, in the *Ægean* seas, the following remarks occur:—"It is calculated that light may penetrate to the depth of seven hundred feet. The majority of the shells of the lowest zone are white or transparent, and as they gradually increase in height, the colors deepen to a darker hue." The marine experiment is a beautiful demonstration certainly, and whatever the primitive causes of the wonderful phenomena, it faithfully preserves the principle of light so beautifully presented to us through so many mediums.

The learned Professor, before quoted, asserts that "those zones of marine life present us with just such pictures of the relations of organization as we find represented by a great mountain in a tropical country, at whose base the palm flourishes, while ascending the steep sides, the vegetation assumes a more northern character."

The principle of actinism in the sun's rays is also beautifully demonstrated in the irritableness of the vegetable kingdom in the southern climes. Any species of sensitive plants indi-

cate approach incalculably sooner than the same specimen in the north; while many are indigent to a warm climate alone, such as the "Venus' Fly-trap," the "Good Morning Flower." Indeed, by the banks of the Ganges exists a vegetable form so quick of life as to resemble some of the lower animals in its motions.

These suggestions are not new, yet they lead to a further investigation of that interesting science which promises a wide field for the thinker. When the sunbeam first issues from that deluge of light, it possesses properties which are absorbed before it reaches us. This same property, thrown off, forms a beautiful and harmonious drapery to enshroud the earth, and thus are we protected from the too vital power of the sun's rays.

Thus we see that the light in which all things are bathed, and which is called "sunshine," is of itself a perpetual wonder, and to nothing can the words of Keats be so appropriately applied—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Sunrise is a new creation every day; the contrast of light and shade, which is the very source of beauty, whether it may be said to exist in outward objects or in the mind of the beholder, exists but by its beams. If it were possible to gaze for a little while, as Milton has described the Arch Angel doing, from a region above the earth upon the rolling orb below, how changeable, how wonderful, how glorious the sight! All the regions of the earth are breaking at once from chaos and night into the raptures of dawn and day.

"The light and mists around the mountain curl'd,
Melt into light, and morn awakes the world."

See how the broad procession marches on into the realms of splendor! The surface of the earth is touched by the sunbeam over a breadth of more than a thousand miles in each successive hour—and this, forever. Behold how mountain and river are giving back the glance—how the mists and shadows are settling and scattering—how the clouds reflect purple and gold—how the valleys light up with joy—how the city, with its lofty spires, glistens in the ray! The desert sands return its gilded smile, and the peasant's cot laughs with the shimmering beam; and twilight, that blissful hour when lovers whisper vows, and the young mother breathes the evening song above her sleeping babe, and the landscape twitters with the low, suppressed voices of evening—is, too, woven of the sun's beams. They fall athwart the frowning brow of earth, and move away, leaving but their tinted shadows. And then with the speed and the succession of the uprising sun, night replaces the day. If again we look down from the regions of the air, our eyes would greet but the dusky form of night, surrounded by troops of attendant shadows, or faintly relieved by wings of starry gloom. Again, round the setting sun the purple and the golden clouds wait like worshippers. The mountains cast their lengthening shadows far toward the east—the mists creep up the slopes—light and shade mingle—the gleam vanishes from the eastern hill—the wave rolls darker and stormier than before—you hear the ripple of the stream, but you do

not see the flashing of the spray—the tired husbandman seeks his home—the bird and the flower droop into repose—the great city sparkles with artificial beams along the lines of its crowded streets—crime ventures from its haunts, and beauty blushes in halls of delight. But at last, when the wings of night is spread over all, and good men bend in prayer—then comes rest—rest to the weary mind, rest to the burdened heart, rest to the aching brow, rest to the way-worn feet. Let us rejoice, then, in the sunbeam; it is the pledge of the Creator; it bestows health—it should excite gratitude. But we will also rejoice in the night; there is wonderful fitness in its hours of contemplation and repose, and there is great goodness and mercy in the words—"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Talleyrand.

"Talleyrand was born lame, and his limbs are fastened to his trunk by an iron apparatus, on which he strikes ever and anon his gigantic cane, to the great dismay of those who see him for the first time—an awe not diminished by the look of his piercing gray eyes, peering through his shaggy eyebrows, his unearthly face, marked with deep stains, covered partly by his shock of extraordinary hair, partly by his enormous muslin cravat, which supports a large protruding lip drawn over his upper lip, with a cynical expression no painting could render; add to this apparatus of terror, his dead silence, broken occasionally by the most sepulchral, guttural monosyllable. Talleyrand's pulse, which rolls a stream of enormous volume, intermits and pauses at every sixth beat. This he constantly points out triumphantly as a *rest* of nature, giving him at once a superiority over other men. Thus he says, all the missing pulsations are added to the sum total of those of his whole life, and his longevity and strength appear to support this extraordinary theory. He likewise asserts that it is this which enables him to do without sleep. Nature, says he, sleeps and recruits herself at every intermission of my pulse. And indeed you see him time after time rise at three o'clock in the morning from the whist table, then return home and often wake up one of his secretaries to keep him company or to talk of business.

"At four he will go to bed, sitting nearly bolt upright in the bed, with innumerable nightcaps on his head to keep it warm, as he said, and feed his intellect with blood, but in fact to prevent his injuring the seat of knowledge if he tumbles on the ground; and he sits upright from his tendency to apoplexy, which would no doubt seize him if permanently recumbent."—*Raikes Journal*.

A TRUE COMPLIMENT.—"Longfellow," says a popular writer, "is the healthiest, the heartiest, and the most harmonious of all the American poets. True to nature, he is truest to himself. The most barren legend is made fruitful by the warmth and fervor of his intellect; but when, as in his song of *Hiawatha*, he adopts a tradition intrinsically charged with the elements of social progress, his genius, bearing its broad pinions to the sky, shows us only the more unmistakably how yearningly it leans to man and to man's happiness."

A Yankee, boasting of a visit which he had paid the Queen, clenched his remarks by declaring, "I should have been invited to stay to dinner, but it was washing day."

Autographs.

The art of judging of the character of persons by their hand-writing can only have any reality, when the pen, acting without restraint becomes an instrument guided by, and indicative of the natural dispositions. But regulated as the pen is now too often by a mechanical process, which the present race of writing masters seem to have contrived for their own convenience, a whole school exhibits a similar hand writing; the pupils are forced in their automatic motions, as if acted on by the pressure of a steam engine; a bevy of beauties will now write such fac-similes of each other, that in a heap of letters presented to the most sharp sighted lover, to select that of his mistress—though like Bassanio among the caskets, his happiness should be risked on the choice—he would despair of fixing on the right one, all appearing to have come from the same rolling-press. Even brothers of different tempers have been taught by the same master to give the same form to their letters, the same regularity to their line, and have made their hand-writings as monotonous as are our characters in the present habits of society. The true physiognomy of writing will be lost among our rising generation; it is no longer a face that we are looking on, but a beautiful mask of a single pattern; and the fashionable hand-writing of our young ladies is like the former tight-lacing of their mothers' youthful days, when every one alike had what was supposed to be a fine shape.

Assuredly Nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a peculiar countenance, a voice and a manner. The flexibility of the muscles differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions and habits of the writers. The phlegmatic will portray his words, while the playful haste of the volatile will scarcely sketch them; the slovenly will blot, and efface and scrawl, while the neat and orderly minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. The merchant's clerk will not write like the lawyer or poet. Even nations are distinguished by their writing; the vivacity and variability of the Frenchman, the delicacy and suppleness of the Italian, are perceptibly distinct from the slowness and strength of pen discoverable in the phlegmatic German, Dane and Swede. When we are in grief we do not write as we should in joy. The elegant and correct mind which has acquired the fortunate habit of a fixedness of attention, will write with scarcely an erasure on the page, as Fenelon and Gray and Gibbon; while we find in Pope's manuscripts the perpetual struggles of correction, and the eager and rapid interlineations struck off in heat. Lavater's notion of hand-writing is by no means chimerical; nor was General Paoli fanciful when he told Mr. Nothecote that he had decided on the character and disposition of a man from his letters and the hand-writing.

Long before the days of Lavater, Shenstone in one of his letters said, "I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand-writing, that I may judge of her temper." One great truth must however be conceded to the opponents of the physiognomy of writing—general rules only can be laid down. Yet the vital principle must be true, that the hand-writing bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes operate to counteract or obstruct this result. I am intimately acquainted with the hand-writings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a hand-writing which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a school boy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early

commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness which polishes his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration; so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure. The hand-writing of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs.

Oldys, in one of his notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writings of several of our kings. He observed nothing further than the mere fact, and did not extend his idea to the art of judging of the natural character by the writing. Oldys has described these hand-writings with the utmost correctness, as I have often verified. I shall add a few comments.

"Henry the Eighth wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen." The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty and commanding, I have no doubt the assertor of the Pope's supremacy and its triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill.

"Edward the Sixth wrote a fair legible hand." We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand; in all respects he was an assiduous pupil, and he had scarcely learned to write and reign when we lost him.

"Queen Elizabeth writ an upright hand, like the bastard Italian." She was indeed a most excellent calligrapher, whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegancies of the pen. The French editor of the little autographical work I have noticed, has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very large tall character, and painfully elaborate. He accompanies it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; when in haste and distress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much to the contrary. The French editor makes this observation: "Who could believe that these writings of the same epoch? The first denotes asperity and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, queen of England; the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two hand-writings answers most evidently to that of their characters."

"James the First writ a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line." James certainly wrote a slovenly scrawl, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who had made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil's ugly scribble, which sprawls about his careless and inelegant letters.

"Charles the First wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly perhaps than any prince we ever had." Charles was the first of our monarchs who intended to have domiciliated taste in the kingdom, and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their hand-writings, that he would not have been insensible to the delicacies of the pen.

"Charles the Second wrote a little fair running hand, as if he wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done." Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his natural restlessness and vivacity.

"James the Second writ a large fair hand." It is characterized by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter-of-business genius of the writer.

"Queen Anne wrote a fair round hand;" that is, the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself; the copying hand of a common character.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

Woman and Her Work.

LECTURE BY THE REV. DR. CHAPIN.

Dr. Chapin lectured to a large audience, at Mozart Hall on the above subject. Nearly all the Aldermen, Common Council and Ten Governors, with Postmaster Fowler, were present. He said that the originality of any thought is secondary to its truth. If it is old, it should be welcomed on account of respect due to age. His subject led him to consider whether woman is potentially what she ought to be. The relation between man and woman is the most beautiful expression of the great law of nature. Woman is simply the equal of man—nothing more, nothing less. We have no right to determine what is woman's sphere by any arbitrary prejudices. I cannot recognize any such fact as man's right or woman's rights; I only recognize *human* rights. Woman's orbit is the orbit of her humanity, and hence she ought to be man's equal—equal before the world, before the law, as she is before God. And let no one be disturbed by visions of strong-minded women, with spectacles lecturing on Kansas. The question is, what is truth, and not what are the imaginable consequences. Man may run against God's will, but cannot alter it. I urge that woman should actually be something more than she has been held to be. She has been placed above the scale and cast below it; she has been man's slave and his empress. In one place you may see her the poor drudge of the wash-tub or the needle, working to support a drunken husband; in another place we see her in some parlor, listening to the confectionery small talk of some dandy. Society around us is but little more than a modification of these two pictures. What we want in some way of deliverance from woman from being a mere slave, and something more substantial than those accomplishments which make her a mere gew-gaw. The legal argument has already been presented, so I shall pass on to the subject of woman's education. Woman ought to be rendered less dependent upon man. Our present state of society too often so trains her as to make marriage an absolute necessity. I am glad if women and clergymen are regarded as something else than respectable paupers. Woman can become what she should be, and do what she should do, only by a genuine education. I cannot see why there should be very sharp discrimination between the education of boys and girls. If a certain kind of learning will develop the intellect of the boy, why not of the girl? You may say woman cannot be a Newton or a Shakespeare. Well, if she can't she won't; and so where's the harm? [Laughter.] Why should a woman with a liberal education be less fitted for the duties of a wife or mother? If in the cultivated mind there is a reserved force for emergencies, why should woman be debarred from that blessed skill that unlocks the treasures of truth and opens communion with the distant and the dead? In many cases woman is brought up not to a self-reliance, but simply to make a settlement for life. We all have a horror of female gamblers; but how many women are really gamblers for a lucky match? Do we wonder there is often the gambler's loss as well as his hazard? In the world's version, it is not charity but money that covers a multitude of sins. The rich profligate receives the hand of virtue and beauty. But there would not be so many serpents in the parterres of fashion if there were not Eves in the garden to listen. In rude society,

woman was bought and sold as a slave, and some of our manners are not much better. Christianity teaches us that woman has a soul; but many men act as though they had not accepted, and many women as though they had none to give. Women have a right to a proper culture, not as woman's rights, but as human rights; as man's equal and companion, she requires a training which will develop every human faculty. The true way to find the sphere of anything is to educate it to its highest capacity. A genuine culture will produce nothing that will overrun its divinely-appointed limits. Woman's work will follow spontaneously from woman's nature, and will accord with the qualities of her being. It will not therefore be strong physical work, but where clean, delicate work is needed, where emotion mingles with thought, it will be her work in the future, and still more as the future opens its civilization. Woman's truest work is of home and its sanctities. Let us not fear these offices will be abandoned; there will be still the heart of the wife and mother. There are many women for whom this sphere of home is enough. But if woman is enslaved and degraded at home, where shall she have honor? In this sphere I claim for her a large and liberal culture. Is it of no consequence who is to discharge these offices—who is to teach and train the life, the heart of the future man? Among women there are two classes, whom the home duties do not absorb, and they claim something to do. They comprise those who are not forced to work for a living and those who are. In behalf of those, I say a large field is needed for woman's work. Consider what ought to be done for that class of women who must work or perish. What are they to do? That is the question. I might specify many forms of labor, such as some parts of watch-making, of telegraphing, of the work of newspaper offices, and countless others, all of which are adapted to woman's nature and her capacity. The claim of this class of women is simply the claim of their humanity. They must have this work or perish—perish in one of two ways—physically, either from lack of work or scantiness of it. Think of the poor widow who makes shirts at five cents apiece—and I suppose the man who pays it covers the New Testament with that five cent piece. She can, perhaps, make one a day. Is not that reducing humanity nearly to starvation? Think of those noble women who virtually say, "Let Death have us, so he takes to God our womanly purity untainted." Thank God for the women who die honorably and only perish physically! I think what saints they make in Heaven, with their sweet faces from which all the trouble is glorified away. What did those men, whom the world call heroes, more than these noble women, who, clinging to their conscience, died at their posts? [Applause.] This ought not to be so. Then should she work for all, and least of all should work be denied her because she is a woman; and yet this is really the fact. We reverse the divine law which tells us not to oppress them simply because they are weak. To some men, the shirts they have made, might be the shirt of Nessus. I wish these old scourgers who pay five cents for making shirts, might be haunted with women's ghosts, who should bear the inscription, "More work and better pay." But there is another class who perish morally. We must not shrink from all the facts, and it is a fact that want of work has a great deal to do with driving to shame the 20,000 women in our city who walk our streets, whose smile is only seen by the gaslight. But the

shame is not all with them. Shame upon him who offers the price of dishonor; shame upon those honorable women who smile upon the victorious debauchee; shame upon ourselves if we nourish any prejudice which depreciates the value of woman. Let all these shames blend with the shame of the poor lost girl, and lighten a little the course that bears too exclusively upon her. Here are these two classes who must have work or else honorably or dishonorably, perish.

But there is another class of women, who are not compelled to work, concerning whom one of the noblest women of our day (Mrs. Jameson) asks if a more enlarged social sphere cannot be allowed woman? I can merely say, that this field is indicated in the philanthropic institutions of our age. It is exemplified in women like Elizabeth Fry, and Florence Nightingale. [Applause.] One of those poor soldiers of the Crimea said, that her shadow seemed to do him good as it passed over his bed. What a compliment to her was that of another poor sick man, who said to her, "I believe you are not a woman, but an angel." How much better is it than the homage of the drawing-room, or triumph of a flirtation. [Applause.] How many a woman might be an angel to the poor hollow eyes that followed her from a sick bed. Let us remember that this is not an attempt to draw woman from her sphere. But let us consider how many claims there are out of this sphere. Let us not fear any ridicule which may be cast upon us. Ridicule is the feeblest weapon that can be used; it proves the lack of heavier artillery; it fires scattering shot, and does not hit the mark. [Applause.] It is rather a fearful picture to be sure, of a masculine woman, scheming in Wall street, or shouting in Tammany Hall. But when called to step forward to the line, who shows more manliness, more courage, than woman? Look at the maid of Saragossa, look at Grace Darling, and at that noble woman who but a year ago brought home the ship of her poor disabled husband; she may have been out of her sphere, but she circumnavigated the globe. [Applause.] I am inclined to believe that a woman starving in the streets, is fully as incongruous as a woman in the Senate or the Forum.

The true idea of civilization will never be unfolded till woman has been placed upon an equality with man. In the cabin of the Mayflower: in the war of the Revolution, when the wires loaded the muskets, there were such men, because there were such women. The grandest transaction of history are unfolded, when she stands nearest to man as an equal: and when Christianity shall have reached its highest point, her heart will be near his hand. Let women stand upon the ground of her human nature, then there will be mutual honor and mutual help: then there will be no discordant music in the march from the paradise which they left together—to that paradise which they hope to attain. [Great applause.]

Becoming Attire.

"There are two styles of costume which ladies past their *premiere jeunesse* are most prone to fall into. One hardly knows which is the worst. Perhaps, though, it is the ultra-juvenile, such as the insane juxtaposition of a yellow skin and white tarlatan, or the anomalous adorning of gray hair with artificial flowers.

"It may be questioned, whether at any age beyond twenty, a ball costume is really becoming; but, after thirty, it is the very

last sort of attire that a lady can assume with impunity. It is said that you can only make yourself look younger by dressing a little older than you really are; and truly I have seen many a woman look withered and old in the customary evening-dress, which, being unmarried, she thinks necessary to shiver in, who would have appeared fair as a sunshiny October day, if she would have only done nature the justice to assume, in her autumn-time, an autumnal livery. If she would only have the sense to believe that gray hair was meant to soften wrinkles and heighten faded cheeks, giving the same effect for which our youthful grandmothers wore powder; that flimsy, light-colored gowns, fripperied over with trimmings, only suit airy figures and active motions; that a sober-tinted, substantial gown and a pretty cap will any day take away ten years from a lady's appearance; above all, if she should observe this one grand rule of the toilet, always advisable, but after youth indispensable, that though good personal 'points' are by no means a warrant for undue exhibition thereof, no point that is positively unbecomingly ought ever, by any pretence of fashion or custom, to be shown.

"The other sort of dress, which, it must be owned, is less frequent, is the dowdy style. People say, though not very soon—'Oh, I am not a young woman now! It does not signify what I wear.' Whether they quite believe it is another question; but they say it, and act upon it, when laziness or indifference prompts. Foolish women! They forget that, if we have reason at any time more than another to mind our 'looks,' it is when our 'looks' are departing from us. Youth can do almost anything in the toilet; middle age cannot; yet it is none the less bound to present to her friends and society the most pleasing exterior she can. Easy it is to do this when we have those about us who love us, and take notice of what we wear, and in whose eyes we would like to appear gracious and lovely to the last, so far as nature allows; not easy when things are otherwise. This perhaps is the reason why we see so many unmarried women grow careless and old-fashioned in their dress. 'What does it signify? Nobody cares.'

"I think a woman ought to care for herself—a very little. Without preaching up vanity, or undue waste of time over that most thankless duty of adorning one's self for nobody's pleasure in particular, is it not still a right and becoming feeling to have some respect for that personality, which, as well as our soul, Heaven gave us to make the best of? And is it not our duty—considering the great number of uncomely people there is in the world—to lessen it by each of us making herself as little uncomely as she can?

"Because a lady ceases to dress youthfully, she has no excuse for dressing untidily; and though, having found out that one general style suits both her person, her taste, and her convenience, she keeps to it, and generally prefers moulding the fashion to herself, rather than herself to the fashion. Still, that is no reason why she should shock the risible nerves of one generation by showing up to it the out-of-date custom of another. Neatness invariable; hues carefully harmonized, and, as time advances, subsiding into a general unity of tone, softening and darkening in color until black, white, and gray alone remain, as the suitable garb for old age; these things are every woman's bounden duty to observe as long as she lives.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Dress.

"Dress! Dress!" this has been her besetting sin for the past six years; the subject upon which many an otherwise well balanced woman's mind has seemed to grow ravid, until the matter had really amounted to a social disease for which perhaps this fearful remedy of "hard times" was the only one.

Now, no woman ought to be indifferent to this subject of dress. She has a right to adorn herself in becoming and graceful attire, for *God made her to look pretty*, and that woman who is utterly indifferent to her personal appearance, no matter how good, or noble, or learned she may be, proves at once there is a serious deficiency in her own nature.

It is always the fault of Reformers that they "go to extremes," and here John Wesley, great and good a man as he was, probably erred when he ordained that women should neither wear "rings or curls, or ruffles."

God is a lover and Creator of the beautiful. Does not every year wear at her christening the white robes He has woven? has He not given to every Spring her veil of golden mists, and her purple embroidery of violets? Has he not belted the Summer with dancing streams, and sandalled her with daisies, and starred her with lillies? has He not mounted the Autumn with glorious jewelry, and crowned her with sunsets of topaz and ruby?

Let him who says that God is a bare Utilitarian, who has no delight in beauty, go and stand in any door throughout the land, and every tree, and stream, and flower in sight shall refute the lie. But as the earth and the seasons thereof have other missions beside those of adorning themselves, so has woman, and she has no right to make this the paramount aim of her life; moreover, no woman has a right to dress herself annually on two thousand dollars, or one-half, or a quarter of that sum. Different pecuniary circumstances, and social positions, must, of course, control this thing; but we can be safe in asserting that any woman ought to dress *elegantly* on two hundred dollars a year, and many do on less than half this sum: we doubt whether any woman—no matter what be her fortune—ought to expend more. Miss Flora McFlimsy, who promenades Broadway or Chestnut street, in five hundred dollar shawls, and fifty dollar bonnets, may laugh at our primitive notions: but just look at it, my dear Madam! That Honiton lace which adorns your sleeves, at twenty-five dollars a yard, or that gauzy handkerchief that cost fifty more, might, if judiciously employed, have rescued some little child from ignorance and wretchedness, and a future life of infamy, and placed it in a position to be a blessing to itself and the world. It might have saved that poor girl in Brooklyn, you read of with a shudder, who on learning her employment was suspended, went to her room and cut her throat. Probably she had no home, no friends, and mayhap was a stranger in a strange land; no matter what was her nation, or her circumstances, she was your sister and mine, born of one father, and one mother, and to be judged by one God!—*Arthurs' Mag.*

One cannot help thinking well of the people who train a vine beside the door, even if it be nothing but hope; and if he can find that one to whom he never accredited the possession of the faintest pulsation of a heart, cherishes a little flower in some corner of his mangled garden, even if it be nothing but a poor old-fashioned poppy, that man rises in his estimation, and he believes there is yet some good, some love of beauty alive in him.

Mountain Clouds.

Nothing is more gorgeous and beautiful than the cloud scenery which circles around the summit of the Sierra Nevadas at this season of the year. Daily, and with the utmost punctuality, the white, transparent mists begin their journey from the green, slumbering valleys below, towards the rugged landscapes of eternal snow. Slowly they march upward, one fold of brightness carelessly and lazily rolling over the upper edges of another, until a huge mountain of many-hued clouds is presented to the eye along the entire line of the Sierras, from the farthest north to the extremest southern horizon. They seldom produce rain, or assume those hues of darkness that distinguish the rain-cloud. On the eastern slope of the mountains, however, during July and August, the clouds which from the evaporations of the melting snow collect in storms, emit thunder and lightning and discharge copious showers of rain. Viewed from a high point of land, the contrast between these gay, fantastic air castles, and the dark glens and sombre forests beneath is wonderful and striking—Proserpine in the rugged arms of Pluto—an army of crystal palaces in Limbo. They are in Limbo, sure enough: for they cannot pass over the cold light of snow that opposes them, nor return in the face of the west wind of the valley; so, like a troop of pensive and chastened souls, wandering listlessly through the melancholy realms of Purgatory, they purify themselves by penance for a brighter and higher Heaven: when night has spread its drapery over the earth, and the eastern breeze comes down over the mountain's brow, they sink again into the green valleys that gave them birth. —*San Andreas Independent.*

Fanny Fern on Husbands.

A lady having remarked that "awe is the most delicious feeling that a wife can have towards a husband," Fanny Fern thus comments:

"Awe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravat you have tied, whose shirts you have put 'in the wash,' whose boots and shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing-gown you have worn while combing your hair; who has been down in the kitchen with you at eleven o'clock at night to hunt for a chicken bone; who has hooked your dresses, unlaced your boots, fastened your bracelets, and tied on your bonnet; who has stood before your looking glass with thumb and finger on proboscis, scratching his chin: whom you have buttered, and sugared, and teased; whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open! Ridiculous!"

A Dog at the Theatre.

The following pleasant incident is related in an English paper: As the play of Jesse Vere was being performed at the Woolwich Theatre, and when a scene in the third act had been reached, in which a "terrific struggle" for the possession of a child takes place between the fond mother and two "hired ruffians," a large Newfoundland dog, which had by some means gained admittance with his owner, into the pit, leaped over the heads of the musicians in the orchestra, and flew to the rescue, seizing one of the assassins and almost dragging him to the ground. He was with difficulty removed and dragged off the stage. The dog, which is the property of the chief engineer of H. M. ship Buffalo, has been accustomed to the society of children, for whom he has on many occasions evinced strong proofs of affection.

A Pittable Lot.

Some years ago, there was an account in the newspapers of a young girl, in the city of New York, who had never seen a flower. There was something very pathetic in the story. It was expressive of the hardness, the barrenness, the unnatural confinement of city life. What idea could this young creature have had of the beauty and glory of the world, who had never beheld so common an emblem of sweetness and grace as a flower? Flowers and young girls are so much alike that it is a pity they should be separated. This poor thing should herself have been a human flower, redolent of the freshness and charm of youth, and would have been, but for her imprisonment among brick walls, where all is barren, and harsh, and dissonant; and no sight of beauty or sound of melody lets in upon the soul the divine light of nature, and calls forth the sentiments of admiration, and joy, and tenderness natural to the young heart. It is probable that hers is no uncommon case. She belonged to a very numerous class of our city population, one, too, which is increasing very rapidly, though not much thought of, except by politicians on the eve of an election. She was the inhabitant of an alley. There are no flower-beds in alleys, any more than there are fields or woods; and, as New York is a large city, and the distance from alleys to avenues are great, it is possible that this little girl had never wandered so far as the Battery, or Union Square, or what, in occidental, which is bolder than oriental hyperbole, is called the Park; so that perhaps she had never seen a tree or a piece of greensward in her life. Her alley, therefore, with its dirt and misery, its alley manners and morals, and the narrow strip of blue sky to be seen above it, were her world. Of the wonders, and beauties, and delights that lie beyond the wide wilderness of streets, she had no conception. She had never walked in bowery lanes, or gathered butter-cups in a meadow, or nuts among the rustling brown leaves of the autumn woods, or dark fresh water from a spring, or milk at a dairy, or fed chickens, or had a pet bird or lamb. Alley-born and alley-bred, the relations which connect man with the outside world were in her case sundered, except with things hateful and disgusting. All inlets of healthful and ennobling knowledge were closed to her; and the fountains of thought and sentiment, of love and reverence, which would have gushed forth at the touch of nature and beauty, remained sealed up in her stunted and withered soul.—*Godey.*

Vanity of Human Fame.

An old woman in a village of the west of England, was told one day that the King of Prussia was dead, such a report having arrived when the great Frederick was in the noonday of his glory. Old Mary lifted up her great slow eyes at the news, and fixing them in the fullness of vacancy upon her informant, replied, "Is a! is a! the Lord ha' mercy! Well, well! the King of Prussia! and who's he?" The "who's he?" of this old woman might serve as a text for a notable sermon upon ambition. "Who's he?" may now be asked of men greater as soldiers in their day than Frederick and Wellington: greater as discoverers than Sir Humphrey. Who built the pyramids? Who ate the first oyster? *Vanitas vanitatum! Omnia vanitas!*

It was a saying of Aristotle's that virtue is necessary to the young, to the aged comfortable, to the poor serviceable, to the rich an ornament.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. A. M. SHULTZ.....EDITRESS
MRS. F. H. DAY.....ASSOCIATE EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

A CARD.

MRS. A. M. SHULTZ begs leave to say to the patrons of the HESPERIAN, that she has disposed of her interest and will retire from the editorial department with the present issue. She deems it proper to say, however, that she is gratefully conscious of the kind notices bestowed on her by the press generally, and she hopes at some period, perhaps not distant, to renew her relations with a profession from whom she has met nothing but politeness and regard. For the present, her state of health will not admit of the responsibilities, and with many regrets for the necessity, she bids the readers of the HESPERIAN a respectful farewell.

MRS. A. M. SHULTZ.

The following thoughts were suggested by the announcement of our editress, Mrs. A. M. Shultz. We deeply deplore the circumstances which have deprived us of her valuable aid, and shall indulge the hope that her health may soon be so far restored as to enable us to secure her services for the HESPERIAN. In the mean time, we can only say that such as the paper has been, it will continue to be. No effort will be spared on our part to render it worthy of the support and patronage of a generous public.

So recently has this change taken place, so suddenly have our new duties devolved upon us, that we are almost wholly unprepared to discharge them, and in consideration of our circumstances we crave of friends and patrons their kind indulgence.

HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY.

Among all the varied lessons of life there is no one of more importance than that of human responsibility; and it is only as we learn the lesson well that our individual characters become fully developed; only as we realize and assume our responsibilities do we come up to the full stature of men and women. It is this which makes the difference between the strong and the weak, the active and inert, the timorous and the self-reliant. In proportion as our characters are brought out and developed by the force of circumstances, are we fitted to fill positions of usefulness and honor in society. Great is the difference in the intellect of man. Yet he of superior intellect, if he has not learned to receive and apply this great lesson of life, sinks into insignificance compared with him who, though possessing inferior intellectual ability, has yet had his internal nature strengthened and developed by personal responsibility. The child clings helplessly to the parent or guardian, and shrinks from the first trivial act of responsibility, until little by little he learns that he can set one foot before the other and sustain himself in so doing. We of mature years, in the indolence of human nature, depend upon those who are near us, on whom we have been accustomed or permitted to rely, until one by one those props

are removed, and little by little we are called upon to assume our own share of responsibility. Well, is it for us, that not all at once are those responsibilities laid upon us, else we should sink beneath the weight to rise no more forever. But here, as in all things else, is plainly perceptible that Divine Providence, which leadeth us by "ways we know not of."

Could we, as we set out on the journey of life, realize the positions of trial and responsibility in which we should be placed ere that journey be closed, which one of us would have the courage to proceed?

Had that heroic woman, Mrs. Patten, realized before she left the port of New York, that ere she reached the port of San Francisco, the helplessness of infancy would be upon her husband, the mate suspended from duty, and in irons below—that upon her individual effort alone would depend the safety of that ship and all on board, well might her woman heart have failed her, and she shrank from such overwhelming responsibility. Then had we been deprived of her glorious example, and her name would not now be a beacon light, luring us on to emulate her patient, persevering, untiring effort.

Our little bark is afloat upon a new and an untried sea. Heaven send us fair weather and prosperous gales. May wisdom direct our course until at last we reach that haven whence we shall go out no more forever." There may we render a joyful account of the goods entrusted to our care, and as we review the trials and dangers of the past, be thankful for every lesson that has helped to develop the immortal nature within us, even that of personal responsibility.

Gymnastic Exercise.

We have as yet received no answer to our inquiry—Is there not in our community some woman capable of giving our daughters instruction in gymnastic exercise? We ask the question in good faith; realizing as we do the importance of a good physical development, we cannot forbear to call the attention of all interested in the welfare of our youth to this great want. Surely there must be some one in our community capable of instructing our daughters, and we shall not cease to plead until we see them in the enjoyment of such a course of daily exercise as shall serve to make them strong and healthy.

The rapid growth of children in this climate seems to demand that immediate attention be given to their welfare in this particular, if we would see them mentally, morally, or physically developed to the full stature of men and women, fitted for the positions of high trust and usefulness which undoubtedly awaits them in the future.

San Francisco boasts several fine gymnasia for men and boys. Why cannot we have one for women?

The last number of the second volume of Hutchings' California Magazine is before us, bearing pleasing evidence that California appreciates and supports her own literature. The number before us is one of more than ordinary interest, and we sincerely congratulate Messrs. Hutchings & Rosenfield on their good fortune in securing the services of so talented a gentleman as Mr. Mantz.

[Original.]

GONE TO THE COUNTRY.

Our window overlooked a little vine-embowered cottage, and every morning, while the air was fragrant with its breath and the dew yet hung upon the leaf, we could hear a sweet, musical voice carolling in the garden below, and half unconsciously we would steal from our bed to catch a glimpse of the lovely creature who had excited our interest and admiration from the moment we first saw her. Not to exceed seventeen years of age, she had a sweet pensive face that looked the soul of tenderness and love. Her figure had scarcely lost its childish roundness in that of woman; her eyes were dark and expressive, while her hair of a light brown, hung gracefully about her neck and shoulders. She frequently led a little child through the walks; and as it lifted its bright rosy lips for a kiss, the sunny face was always pressed between two hands of dazzling whiteness, and the heart's devotion beamed from its soul-lit eyes.

For months the picture lay like a bright landscape before us, and often, when weary with the cares of the day, and half distrusting humanity in pondering the fallacy of human affairs; just as we were about sighing "there's nothing true but Heaven," we have felt reproach while gazing upon those happy faces which reflected the light of other days, when the same sun, which now casts its beams athwart the shadows which gather round our track and scarcely lights the gloom, was wont to gild the brow, or send a thrill of joy into the childish heart—when we, too, were young and joyous and hopeful. And what wonder that we should sigh? But suddenly this glee was silenced; we missed the pair, and the little one walked forth alone, and bending above the flowers the sister had fostered, left her tears upon their petals. What could it mean? At length we beckoned the little one closer, and asked "where is the sister?" "She's gone to the country," replied the child, with artless simplicity, and she slowly bowed her fair head upon her bosom, and we could see the little breast throb with emotion.

Time passed, and the flowers drooped and the lattice grew dilapidated, and strangers took the place of the happy family; and we remembered the sisters, as we were wont to think of some moonlit passage in the mystic avenues of a dream.

One day, while passing down the street, we observed a delicate young creature, closely veiled, but from her uncertain step, evidently exhausted from the weight of a child which she carried in her arms; and jostled about by the tide of humanity, she swayed to and fro, like a wind swept bough, vainly endeavoring to escape contact with those who rudely thrust her aside as they passed. At length she turned away, and sat down. Attracted by her bearing, which was full of grace and self-possession, we looked into her face as we passed and thought we recognized something we had seen before, when she spoke. "Madam," said she, "I beg your pardon, but can you tell me where I can find employment?" It was the fair young creature, of pleasing

memory, whom the little sister said had gone to the country—wasted with consumption, care-worn and deserted, another victim to the faithlessness of man—and so in a few weeks she filled a pauper's grave, and by her side lies the little sister who died many months before her—both gone to the "country whence no traveler returns."

[Original.]

A FEW MONTHS.

From stones to crystals, from crystals to metals, from these to plants, from plants to brutes, from brutes to man, we have seen the form of organization ascend, says an eminent writer; but with all his far-sightedness and series of forms, he has neglected to add the last and most important link of the whole chain—from man to woman.

Woman is, or should be considered the highest point of humanity. Is not her life here upon earth a mission of love, charity and forbearance? Does she not lead man by the higher law of his nature? Is not her influence ennobling in cultivating man's morality? With her innate exquisite sense of right and wrong, she infallibly points to the truth, and persists in it, and if even sometimes erring 'tis not by following out the law of her own nature.

Allow woman the same privileges. Educate her sensibly, and not confine or cramp her mind by the conventionalities of the day, and mark the result; her intellect from its keenness, her understanding enlarged by such a training, and the natural love of the beautiful and true that all women possess, will throw a charm and enhance the already high influence that woman wields.

In this, our great Republic, woman approaches nearer her true standard than in any other country.

The broad principles of freedom that we endeavor to sustain, acts with justice towards her who is the pioneer of the human race in their struggles for liberty of thought, and searchings after truth and light. Woman's natural acuteness of understanding lead her to feel these truths and exemplify them by her daily life—whilst man on the contrary arrives at his conclusions from external causes and the secret, though not the less potent influence of woman. So long as feats of physical strength were the highest ambition of man in dark ages, women were the sufferers from their inability to cope with man in war-like deeds.

But when the ennobling truths of Christianity unsealed the eyes, and opened the heart of man, and he began to perceive the faint glimmerings of the light of Love and Peace to all men; then did woman's higher nature bud and blossom, and led man to acknowledge the beauty and sublimity of the doctrines imparted by Christ—she was the first to perceive the harmony of truth from her affinity to it. The just and nice perceptions of her mind, created so much finer than that of man, lead her insensibly to bow before its teachings.

The combination of her being, lead her to assimilate, and, in fact embody Truth for Truth's sake. Man encountering for the sake

of gain, the deadening influence of daily traffick and conflict with other minds, pursuing with ardor the same gilded phantom—turns to her for aid and sympathy, in what few and higher pursuits he is capable of cultivating.

Many lectures and essays are written upon the down-trodden women of the day. Moral reformers in all directions cry loudly about poor, much abused woman—and declare their rights from pulpit and from journal. They may be sincere in the conception of the degraded state of womankind—but is the course of all such associations the best method for remedying their fancied evils? Do they improve public sentiment by appearing before their audience in an outre costume calculated at once to awaken disgust? At their first announcement, offending the taste of all ladies present by an ungraceful manner, and with arguments, no matter how concise and speciously digested to prove the slavery of women, rendering themselves and all their friends ridiculous, and injuring their cause by their injudiciousness.

Woman is working her way into clearer and clearer freedom, but not by aid of *strong-minded* incorporations. She has been, and ever will be the leader; constructed physically in a finer mould, her enjoyments are of a higher order and purer nature.

Man was created first to make way, by physical strength, for the more highly wrought and subtle minded woman; but her heroism can be tested when stretched upon a sick-bed, enduring, hour after hour—day after day, pain in all its agonies, yet never shrinking; always bearing with equal patience and stoic-like endurance from the martyr spirit within. 'Tis not from stronger physical powers, but from the firm, never-dying faith, that her spirit drawn out and wafted here and there by the cold wind of trial, like the fine silken thread of the Æolian, gives to each cadence fuller and more tuneful melodies.

Man's coarser organization breaks, but never yields with the changes of physical and spiritual life; his balance gone from without, he has no recreative power within, no firm and ever faithful monitor, but encouraged and allayed by the presence of woman, he is led to wonder, admire and imitate her superiority as she beams upon the world in all her purity and glory, encircling home with her prayerful nature—guarding all around her by the love she bears—she accomplishes her mission on earth by following out the law that is within her. She is in harmony with the one great principle of life, and when by her influence man is imbued with its spirit sees through the medium of her finer perceptions the one great truth of nature—feels the awe-enkindling rapture of comprehending Truth in all its beauty and harmony; then, and not till then will her mission upon earth be fulfilled. Knowing her holy task, may she never be discouraged at little obstacles, but constantly remember her sacred trust in charge.

ZETA.

Love labor: if you do not want it for food, you may for physic. He is indolent, who might be better employed. There are few who know how to be idle and innocent.

[Original.]

EXTRAVAGANCE.

WOMAN'S extravagance, woman's dress, woman's whims, and fashions and follies, and all the etceteras pertaining thereto, have been the theme of reproof and ridicule, and any amount of lecturing for the past few years—and the poor "lords of creation" to take their own account of the matter are defrauded, and wheedled, and made wretched wholly and solely because the feminine portion of creation can't appreciate the self sacrificing and martyr-like spirit of husbands, fathers, and brothers. Now this is all very fine, and carries out the Adamite principle of blaming the sins of the human race on the weaker vessel with a vengeance. "The woman tempted me and I did eat," has been the cry ever since our first parent thought to make a scape goat of his wife, and at last men begin to think themselves the embodiment of all the cardinal virtues, done up into a compact bundle and labeled *homo*.

Nonsense; the creatures have just as many, nay a few more faults than we poor mortals, tempted into extravagance by the bewitching gracefulness of a "love of a bonnet," or a becoming basque. Extravagance! oh, if you could only behold the mountain of faded vests, soiled gloves, half worn slippers, out-of-date neck ties, to say nothing of coats and pants innumerable, which lie in a certain bureau belonging to an eminent lecturer on "Woman's Mission" you'd be astonished. Just as if woman's mission was to do nothing on earth but sew on buttons, scold servants, and tend babies. We don't approve of Mrs. Jellalys, or Boorahoola Gha's, any more than Caddy Jellalys's pa did; but we don't choose to be abused and called extravagant, and have commercial crisis' charged on us without defending ourselves.

Let us suppose a case—a reality indeed, which needs no supposition to make it a case in point. Mr. Tom Blair comes home in the evening, and flinging off, as he ought naturally to, the business cares and business vexations of the day, proposes going to the theatre, or concert, or any other place of amusement happening to strike his fancy. Mrs. Blair acquiesces not so much from a desire to go, as from a desire to please her husband. He eyes her critically when she declares herself ready, and ten chances to one asks her if that is the best bonnet she has? or if she means to wear that shabby dress? which dress and bonnet have, in the innocence of her heart been donned for economy's sake, conscious that she has her "best" laid by for broad daylight and glaring sunshine, and trusting to gas light and a crowded house to conceal whatever deficiencies may possibly be in her present very neat, and very suitable attire. But Mr. Tom is not satisfied—and so with a smothered little sigh, his loving spouse gets on her "best bib and tucker" and has the fairy fabric of lace, flowers, and ribbons, yept bonnet, damped into shabbiness by the evening mist—and the elegant moire antique soiled by contact with unscrubbed floors, and benches unconscious of a duster.

Next week, or month, it may be, the Blairs

are invited to a party, or have to make a call upon distinguished (that is, dressy acquaintances.) Mrs. Tom timidly suggests she has "nothing to wear," not actually meaning that she is in a state of nudity, poor little thing, but that—in fact—all her "things" are out of order—for since then she has been four or five times to evening entertainments "drest up" to please Tom—and the consequence is, she'd like a new dress. Tom opens his eyes, blusters a little, tells her to be saving, and ends with sending her to Austin's to order what she wants. This happens perhaps a dozen times in the course of a year, and so it comes to pass that an immense bill for sundry items of dry goods is run up, and then when the day of settlement comes Mrs. Blair is tenderly remonstrated with for her extravagance! Oh! Tom, don't hint that a commercial crisis is at hand—and ruin is staring you in the face, because there are jewelry bills, and milliner's bills, and sundry other bills looking as if they were going to absorb the profits of your business—for your dear little wife is up stairs crying over her finery, and lamenting that *your* love of seeing her elegantly dressed, should have been the cause of this first quarrel between you. Pecuniary quarrels, as I heard a young lady call them, are despicable things, and women would never make martyrs of themselves to dress and fashion, if the lords of creation did not urge them on.

BELLE METAL.

THE SERPENT AND THE BIRD.

I saw a beautiful bird sitting upon the branch of a tree, and heard it pour forth a song, so full of gushing melody I thought its little throat would burst. Suddenly its song ceased, and its little head, no longer lifted heaven-ward, was bent towards the earth. As I looked to see what could be the cause of all this change, I beheld a deadly serpent beneath the tree, and as the sunlight fell upon its scaly proportions, it seemed to be clothed in all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow. Its neck swayed to and fro with a graceful, undulating motion, its eyes flashing and gleaming in the sunlight, were fixed upon the bird, whose little head now seemed to sway to and fro, with the motion of the serpent. Gradually it relinquishes its hold upon the tree, and now instead of its joyous song, it utters a sharp, plaintive chirp as it flies round and round and round, describing a circle, and each time drawing nearer to the earth, and nearer to the fatal enemy, until at last, the treacherous jaws are opened and the poor bird is lost within them.

I saw a fair young girl, the hope and pride of her aged parent—the pet and favorite of all who knew her; and no wonder, for she was quiet and winning in her ways, and her gentle spirit seemed to draw all hearts unto herself. It seems but yesterday since I saw her, fair and beautiful to look upon, and heard her merry laugh peal forth, like the joyous song of a bird. I knew her, mid all the hallowed associations of home. Alas! in an evil hour, one of fine features and manly form, found access there, and with soft, honied words of flattery, he lured that young girl to himself. Gradu-

ally, her affections relinquished their hold upon her aged father and loving mother—upon all the sacred ties of home. Day by day she yielded more and more to the fascinations of the serpent in human form before her; until at last she yielded to his entreaties, and deserted the home of her childhood. Like the poor bird, charmed to the jaws of the serpent, was she lured on to destruction. The heart-broken parents used every means in their power to rescue her from her fate; but alas too late; and from their crushed hearts went up the agonizing cry of lost! lost! The winds took up the mournful requiem, and echoed, as they shook the casement of the old homestead, lost!!

COL. BAKER'S LECTURE.

We have been furnished by Col. Baker with the following extracts from his Lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of Sacramento.

The closing scenes of the trial of Socrates before the Dikastery, or assemblage of the people as judges, present not only the most interesting, but the most sublime spectacle, which the history of judicial proceedings has ever afforded. The Platonic apology contains what no doubt was the substance of his defence; but we should view it in the light of the attendant circumstances, before we can entirely apprehend the moral grandeur of his position. He was nearly seventy years old; although he had served the Republic as a soldier, and displayed singular valor at Potidia and Delium, yet he refrained from public station, and with a single exception, had never held political office. He was not connected by blood or lineage with the great families of Athens, and had passed his life in contented poverty. But it was not only the absence of wealth or influence with which he was obliged to contend. The mission in which he had occupied himself had created many enemies, who filled the station of judges, and listened with ill-concealed approval to the invective of his accusers. As we have seen, it was his purpose by rigid cross-examination of men of all pursuits and all classes, to convict them of the "conceit of knowledge without the reality," and to expose their ignorance of the duties of their various professions, as actors in social and political life. Whoever reads the dialogue with the younger Pericles, a general who afterwards commanded at Argunissæ, will not wonder that the very method of his teaching exposed him to bitter enmities. Unfortunately, too, for him, the Delphic oracle had declared, in response to a question of his friend Chereophon, that "there was no man wiser than Socrates." We can imagine the envy and malice such a declaration would cause, especially in the ranks of the Sophists, who were his rivals, and the politicians, whom he convicted of ignorance. It appears that on the trial Socrates avowed his belief that the oracle was truthful, and while he claimed to be wiser than other men only because he was more conscious of his ignorance, the sting of the comparison remained. He had asserted, too, during all his teaching, that he was warned by a "divine

voice," restraining him from particular lines of conduct, although he never claimed that it prompted him to action, being always restrictive, never suggestive.

At the final judgment, all these things weighed heavily upon him; but amid such discouragement he refused to prepare his defense, and declared that the divine voice had warned him to take no care of the manner in which it should be conducted. It is the opinion of the historian Grote, that he was probably desirous to be judged guilty, since his doctrines would receive a more impressive sanction from his death than from his acquittal. Notwithstanding all this, however, he was convicted by a majority of but six voices in the six hundred who sat at his trial. After the vote had been taken, which resulted in his conviction, the question of the extent of the punishment remained, and even then he continued steadfast in his purpose, and avoided the only means by which the penalty could have been ameliorated.

But in was in his closing remarks as he was about to be led from the Assembly to a prison, that his sublime self-consciousness was best exhibited. He felt that he had fallen a martyr to his mission; but even then he avowed it to be impossible that he could falter in its performance. He esteemed himself in this respect the messenger of the gods, and he had long determined to obey the divine will with implicit faith.

Not only then did he deem it impossible for him to waver from the truth, but as it appears he was far from thinking that the punishment to be inflicted on him was to be dreaded or avoided. He reminded his judges in simple and affecting language that it was by no means certain that death was an evil. It was true it was a removal from the present state; but it had no where appeared that, at least for a good man, the gods would provide a condition less endurable than the world he was about to leave. He reminded the tribunal that although they punished him for the habit of cross-examination, it was beyond their power to prevent its continuance. So far as death itself was concerned, if it were indeed a "dreamless sleep," who could say that it was to be dreaded? And if, as he believed, it was but the entrance to another condition of being, he could not doubt that upon the passage into Hades, he should be introduced into the society of the great and good men who had gone before—the chiefs and heroes of the Trojan war—Agamemnon, the "king of men"—the venerable Nestor—the wise Ulysses. He should hold high converse with them about the wonders and glories of past ages, and resume, with divine approbation, the habit of cross-examination in the blissful fields of Elysium, where he might "wander with Homer amid all the gorgeousness of fiction, or learn from the lips of philosophers the unadulterated calculations of truth."

* * * * *

The closing hours of the life of Socrates after the trial and condemnation, have been the subject of reverent praise, from the hour of

his death until now, and will be the theme of affectionate eulogy as long as truth and goodness appeal to the human heart. The story has been beautifully told by Xenophon and has filled the eyes of its readers with sympathetic and ennobling tears. "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God."

The mode of teaching of the great Athenian, evinces a remarkable correspondence with the Divine teaching, which has, as I believe, no parallel. Grote describes the manner of Socrates as apostolic dialectics: he taught by word of mouth in the streets and market-places, addressing himself alike to all classes, rebuking the pride of knowledge in philosophers and statesmen, and encouraging the humility which leads to wisdom in the artisan and the peasant; he abandoned the specious theorizing of mere speculative philosophy for the discussion of the topics of every day concern, which come home to the "business and bosoms of men," and taught them to become better and wiser; he enabled them by self-examination to "purify the intellectual vision," and encouraged them to pursue truth, in the love of truth. The Savior was surrounded by the poor whom he loved, and addressed himself to their conditions and their wants, in simple earnest teaching. In the synagogue or on the mountain, by the sea of Tiberias or before Pilate, the lessons of Divine wisdom appealed alike to the heart and the understanding, and purified the one by elevating the other. Socrates, also taught that the great end of human life was goodness—an end as attainable to poverty and obscurity as to riches and renown, and well justified in his theory as well as his practice, the beautiful description, "Philosophy which leaned on Heaven before."

The admiration of the good and wise of all ages has been especially challenged by those acts of self-devotion and fidelity to conscientious conviction, which, while they may lead to the dungeon and the scaffold, leave behind them a long train of light and glory. The human mind is so constituted, that it loves to dwell on such examples, and when a man, truly great in heroic devotion to principle, departs from the world, the light of his deeds remains to cheer and exalt thousands of imitators. As the great luminary of day leaves at his setting an arch of purple and of gold, spreading in cloudy majesty all over the western sky, although his visible form is lost behind the distant hills, so the hero who fights his last battle for freedom, the statesman who dies in harness for popular rights, the reformer who braves the wrath of kings or the fury of the people, leaves behind a broad and luminous track, at once an inspiration and a joy, long after he has sunk below the horizon of mutual existence, forever.

The contemplative mind delights to imagine the condition of the good in those realms of joy, where the martyr finds an eternal reward in the presence of the Almighty Judge, and in the society of the "the spirit of the just made perfect."

Although we are taught that there are many

mausoleums in that heavenly home, inspiration has not permitted us to know the relation which the great multitude of saints and martyrs, may attain in the ranks of the celestial army. But if we dare to lift our imaginations to the upper world, and conceive the state of the great benefactors of their race, who have waded through blood and tears, to the scaffold or the tomb, we may delight to dwell upon the thought, that they are permitted to look down from the fields of light, and trace in the career of human progression, the influence of their example, and the fruit of their labors.

But while we confess such thoughts to be fond and sweet imaginings, and perhaps without express warrant in revelations, of one thing we may be assured, that glorious companionship is not confined to sex, or age, or lineage, or country. All the true benefactors of their race are there—Paul and Socrates, Xavier and Zuinglius. There will be found the princes of the people—David, the warrior monarch—John, the beloved apostle—Luther, the fiery reformer—Feuclon, the mild and gentle teacher. Socrates, as we have seen, believed that he was about to join the chiefs and heroes of the Trojan war. It was not given to him to know that these were but the creatures of poetic genius. We can point with a more assured faith to the long array of prophets, and apostles, and saints, and martyrs—of Christian heroes and philosophic sages, who form the society of that upper world, and find "an ample heaven and a diviner air."

In the ranks of that great hierarchy, as we firmly believe Socrates will be found, it is impossible that the purity of his life and the constancy of his death can be without its "exceeding great reward." Nor is that belief without its influence upon all human life and conduct. It teaches men to love the truth; it encourages them to abide by their convictions, as the first and greatest of human duties; it offers consolation to all those who are "afflicted for the truth;" it stimulates resistance to the wrong and endurance for the right; and above all it teaches the great lesson that the proprieties of human conduct are not to be determined by the immediate result either for sorrow or for joy; the ultimate reward of great and good actions is not to be found in this world only, and often not at all. Yet, though it may be delayed, it is not lost. Even in this world, the martyr of one generation finds appreciation in the generations that succeed him, and enjoys at last an immortal renown here, and immortal life hereafter.

Vanity, like laudanum and other poisonous medicines, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities. No man who is not pleased with himself can please others, for it is the belief of his own grace that makes him graceful and gracious.

DEAR MIKE: If you don't get this letter at all, write and lift no it, and I'll raise the devil with the postmaster. An' mind, now, you don't pay a cent of the postage in advance till you see the litter safe in the office.

REPLY TO BRUTUS.

Mrs. EDITRESS:—Knowing that you have enlisted in a cause of humanity, I feel confident you will not refuse me a place in your columns for the vindication of our cause as women—a cause which has been so shamefully dealt with by that—that *Brute-us*.

[By no manner of means, Madame.—Ed.]

MR. BRUTUS:—It is in no very amiable mood of mind that I attempt at once the duty to address and redress; but as the ladies of our circle, who have read your communication which appeared in the last issue of this paper, have met together for the purpose of defending those rights which you so ungallantly stigmatize as "Female Hobbies,"—(for shame!)—they have seen proper, in the spirit of their injured cause, to propose a committee to report, and have honored me with the appointment.

Now deeply as I feel the wrongs inflicted upon us as a body by a member of that loathsome sex, (I never have married—never shall; have endeavored to keep aloof from those of your kind, and have succeeded, in that I never yet, thank fortune! had even a proposition to that effect,) I yet feel that my first duty is to myself, and that their indignation, as a society, cannot be better represented than through the medium of my own personal grievances.

Now, about the "church hobbies" I have nothing to say, as I withdrew from the church many years ago, on account of a most singular deformity connected with it, which phenomenon was, too many heads to one body. I hold that when one has a particular ambition for any one thing, or evinces a marked zeal for any cause, he's should be the exclusive right to dictate in matters concerning the good of the cause; therefore, when I discovered that there was no bond of sympathy between myself and the members of that church, which I confidently believe my name adorned, there was nothing left but to reduce my theory to a practical demonstration. Neither of the school hobbies am I scarcely expected to speak. My own education suffices my purpose. I have a little niece who kindly volunteers to correct my grammar and orthography, (because I am so nervous as frequently to mispell my words,) and so, having no children (of course I haven't!) to instruct, I shall not appropriate any of those charming traits of character which you have seen fit to apply to our injured sex.

But of the "pen hobbies." Do you mean me when you say that "she will indicate by her manner that she is alone in the world?" What if I am? I always should be if I depended upon such unmerciful creatures as you evidently are. What if I do write romance? Haven't I a right to inhabit a creation of my own? Where else should I live? Didn't "Linda" tell you a month ago that women couldn't always occupy desolate nurseries, rocking imaginary cradles and trotting mythical babies? You, talking about female hobbies with as much familiarity as though you were accustomed to ride them yourself! Have a care, sir, that you do not, like your illustrious predecessor, fall upon your own

sword. Mr. Bru-tus, do you know what we all think of you? We believe you to be a disappointed old bachelor, with very red hair (I confess my partiality for it,) and crossed eyes, (we are sure you can't see straight,) who has been made the helpless victim of some school ma'am, and are now giving vent to your long pent up rage by abusing the whole sex. Now, if your ambition is to make a hero of yourself, you can do so by declining further contest and placing yourself in the ranks of our reformation party, to establish the rights and avenge the wrongs of woman. If not, we give you good warning, that your present triumph over us may meet with a disastrous end. Yours, in

INDIGNATION AND WRATH.

[Original.]

A LEAF FROM MY MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

BY ANNIE.

I REMEMBER my father as a selfish man of the world; reserved, dignified and repulsive in his manners. He was, much of his time, absent from home, and I regarded his periodical revolutions (for they were little less) as the visitation of some scourge, for my amendment. When quite young, I remember, in rare instances, to have climbed upon his knee, on his return home, ascribing, in my childish innocence, any previous unpleasant occurrences to a transgression on my own part, and each time hoping it had been forgotten by my august parent. But I soon learned what, even when a very child, I dreaded most to know—that he entertained little or no affection for his daughter! My childish rehearsals were invariably silenced in his presence. He never addressed me save in the form of a command; and as a penalty for any outburst of juvenile glee, I was confined in my room for the day. This singular and most unnatural state of affairs had the unfortunate effect to estrange me from my parent to such a degree that whenever summoned into the presence of my father I shuddered with a mingled feeling of terror and disgust. But it was not for myself alone that the lip quivered as though incited by some fiendish power, over which I had no control; not for myself that the tear trembled in my eye like the last dew-drop upon the thirsty plant in fearful apprehension of the searching noonday sun. No! it was for my gentle, sorrowing heart-broken mother.

Ours was a secluded life; I knew not wherefore—I saw little of the world, and knew nothing of my mother's history. I never heard her tale of woe from her own lips, but my own innate sense told me how deeply she was wronged. Patient, sorrowing and silent, she lived over each day as though it were her last. They said that her mind was no longer in her own keeping! that at times, airy visions and intangible shapes peopled the world of her imagination, but if I comprehended this dreadful truth, I studied her moods the more diligently, and antici-

pated and moulded, so far as lay in my power, everything to her fancies. In those moments of abstraction, how calm she appeared! how like a snow-flake issuing from stormy skies! so pure, so helpless, and yet so entirely overwhelmed with grief.

For one blessing I can never cease to feel grateful—that of being permitted always to be near her, and yet I feel indebted rather to some intervention of Providence than a disposition on the part of my father to please. He had always entertained and expressed an abhorrence for boarding-schools, (a fact, by the way, which scarce need be remarked among his idiosyncracies) basing his arguments upon most philosophical principles, and concluding with an avowal of his determination to educate his child under his own roof, and subject her to his own influences, thereby avoiding a fashionable error—that of rearing a vain, weak, frivolous woman, possessing a few superficial accomplishments. Thus far, there was consonance of opinion between my sire and my mother, and through these means was I privileged to linger near her, though passive as an infant, yet a very Vesta in our household.

It was a sultry afternoon in August. All day the sun had poured his scorching beams in unmerciful refulgence upon the scorched and arid earth. As motionless as its trunk, hung the leaves from the elm tree at the door. That day the invalid seemed to have thrown off the langor which, from a long series of years of imbecility, had become her very counterpart, and again taken upon herself the form of that being who was so brightly blended and mingled through every fibre of memory of my childhood. Her eyes glowed with an unnatural fire, and the sound of her voice was as a sweet stream of music, borne upon the breath of the moaning winds. Presently a white scroll was visible in the distance, and following close in its wake a dark cloud rose, as if from out the deep. Calmly she sat—that angel mother—gazing upon the coming storm, listening to the increasing blast, and watching the angry cloud, as it hastened to darken and blacken the sky. The winds rose high. The very elements seemed weaving themselves into a shroud for their hapless victims. In terror I drew close by the side of my mother.

"Nettie, my daughter," at length she murmured, in tones long a stranger to my hear, "the voice of memory speaks to my heart to-night; aye! and even through these raging elements, the whole history of my life (and sad it is indeed) seems thrust into this one hour. I can this moment recall events which have been mercifully swept away into the chaos of the past, and which, but for this reaction, might have been forever buried in oblivion. Nettie, do you remember an escritoir given me by my brother, and which has been thrust away into the attic?"

With not a little surprise, I replied in the affirmative.

"Go, then," said she, "to a drawer, press a secret spring which you will find in the apartment upon your left, designated by a bit of silver plate; draw from thence a journal concealed there, and bring it to me."

I went, and returned, but to find the face of my mother overspread with an ashy paleness. She, however, took the document from my hand, slowly turned the leaves—leaves not alone tinged by the breath of time but containing lines half obliterated with her tears—tears shed long years ago, to relieve a breaking heart—pointed to the last few lines she had ever traced and whispered—

"Nettie, my darling child, read! and may God forgive your erring mother!"

Sacred to me as these lines are, I yet submit a portion of them to the reader:—

"Night! night alike o'er lonely tower and sleeping cemetery; night over all nature, but oh, how much more fearful this midnight of the soul! One o'clock peals forth, trembles and dies upon the breeze, and yet no sleep for these weary eyes! no potion for this suffocating, stifling agony of the heart. The pale moon looks coldly in at my window, quietly mocking the storm which rages in my breast. Yonder gleams my evening star; but methinks its bright eye, too, seems dimmed with a tear. The streets are deserted, and repose has been her nightly rounds, lightly placing a finger upon each drooping lid, but at my threshold she falters. Her low soothing voice would be unheeded and lost 'mid the tumult and commotion of these furious elements, and with a sigh for my woes, she drops a tear and is gone. Adieu, sweet dreamer; heaven alone knows when we may meet again!"

"Nettie, my first born, how sweetly you breathe away those fragments of your existence! Are your baby visions tarnished by contact with the wailings of a wretched mother? Must you, too, wear this galling chain? Did Fate, when preparing my bitter draught, dip his pen in the cup and write the destiny of my child? God forbid!"

"Oh! what to me has the marriage vow proven to be? But passive obedience to a tyrannical will! helpless submission to the dictates of a forbidding and uncongenial nature. How exacting is the human heart! how like the night-plant it longs and sighs for the kindly dew of sympathy! And wherefore is it withheld from my thirsting, panting soul!"

"But joy is not an entire stranger to my bosom. There are moments when the light struggles through the darkness and breaks in a flood over my soul, deluging it in a sea of rapture; moments when Peace, with her burning taper, glides in and lights up the dark recesses of my benighted heart; moments when a sublime picture in nature, a twilight cloud, or a stray moonbeam, awakes a thrill in my soul, which I would not exchange for aught less than a heavenly vision. And this is the rod that smites me. By this I have learned that I possess a heart as

acutely susceptible to pleasure as to pain. But these moments, laden as they are with imaginary happiness, are of but short duration; for again reality marches along, and I turn, but to see Despair, in sable robes, seated like a sentinel upon the dark walls of my future. But hark! a footstep! Is it he who the world calls my husband, my protector—he who would wantonly trample my last earthly joy beneath his feet—he who has—shall I write it?—driven me to the stage for the furtherance of his own mercenary motives! God help me! And I am now an actress! Aye, an actress indeed! To-day I have been pointed to a dim star in my future horizon, which they say is Fame! What care I, when the heart is all desolate? They call me unrivalled in tragedy; and why not? My career thus far has been marked by tragedy, and, my life will be the sacrifice; yet, the truth falls lightly upon *his* senses as a snow-flake upon the ocean. But it is well! Somewhere the heart must find vent, else the pent-up emotions would stifle me. They little think I am clothing my own heart's sorrows in the garb of borrowed eloquence, and laying them before the critical gaze of an envious world. But so it is. I must so counterfeit and assimilate the genuine happy heart that even the eye of the connoisseur shall fail to detect it.

"But see! the stars are growing pale, and the daughters of light, clad in their tinted robes, hasten to loop back the curtains of night and usher in another day, while I shall sit and eagerly listen for the voice of the announcing angel, summoning me to that land where 'He leadeth them beside the still waters and maketh them to lie down in green pastures.'"

I dropped the journal upon my lap and looked abroad. The storm had subsided, and all was still. Leaf and shrub was alike laden with silvery tears. The sun had sunk to rest, and a bright star looked from the sky, but a fleecy cloud quickly passed over its face. I turned for the first time to gaze upon my mother, but saw only a deserted structure. Once only the pale lip quivered, and then grew still in death. I shrieked for help, but "too late," came up from the portals of despair. Her pure spirit was silently winging its way to the regions of eternal light. The night-bird passed by, breathing his evening song, but the ever-listening ear was drinking yet sweeter melody. The cloud passed from the little star, leaving it to shed its feeble light upon a sleeping form, for she had received her passport from earth to that bright sphere where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

MOTHER in tears, bending o'er the lifeless form of thy little one, composing the tiny limbs for that sleep, which knows no waking—Look up! behold thy babe in the arms of Him, who said "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[Original.]

WILLIE'S JOURNEY TO THE LAND WHERE THERE WERE NO BOOKS.

Now, my little folks, I am going to tell you a story. It is to be a fairy tale, and perhaps you do not quite understand what that is, so I will tell you. It is a story made up of imaginary people and things so as to seem like real ones. Although you are not to believe that these things are true, still, we try to make them appear natural in order that you may judge of the consequences if they were. They are not falsehoods, because a falsehood is told with an *intent to deceive*. These, on the contrary, are told with the design to point out the moral, which always accompanies a good fairy tale. Such stories as these are as old as the world; and many grown up people have taken great interest in them, and have written much—in the same style—that will be read when they, and you, and I, have done living on the earth. And now sit down and be quiet, while I tell my story.

Once upon a time—that is the way people always begin stories that are not supposed to be true—there lived a little boy whose name was Willie.

Now, Willie had a kind, good mother, and two little blue-eyed sisters, and his father was very indulgent, and allowed him to hold the reins in the carriage, and to trundle his hoop on the green sward—and to make a swing on the back piazza for his little sisters, and to frolic with his dog Jack through the lawn—and still Willie was not quite happy—and what do you think was the reason? Oh! I don't like to tell—but it was because he had to go to school.

Well, one day Willie came home with his face all awry—that means cross—saying that Little Charley Lee had "gone above" him, to the head of the class; and said Willie, dashing down his sachel,—"I wish there was never such a thing as a book in the world."

After his mother had finished threading her needle at the window, she looked up quietly at her little son, who stood watching her from a distant part of the room. Willie saw an expression of reproach, though she did not speak, and feeling ashamed of his conduct, watched the first opportunity when he should be unobserved to leave the parlor.

It was a warm afternoon, and he sauntered to an arbor in the garden and sat down. Pretty soon a little old man, with a hump on his back, and a staff in his hand, came hobbling up to Willie, who was really trying to stretch his eyes wider open, just as you do, when you wish to convince yourself you are not asleep, when you are dreaming all the while. At length Willie summoned sufficient courage to ask if he desired any thing of him. The old man replied: "Not long since, I heard a little boy express a wish that there was never a book in the world."

"That was I, replied Willie, frankly." "Very well," said the man, "now if you will come with me, I will conduct you to a place where there are no books." "That would be delightful," thought Willie, so he told the old man that if he would promise to bring him back in case he did not like it—though he was sure he should—or bring his parents and sisters in case he requested it, he would go. The old man promised and they set out upon their journey.

They had travelled a long way, and when dark was coming on, they came to a boggy marsh over which they were obliged to pass, before they should be able to find a place to rest for the night. The old man gathered a few stones and attempted to make them into a bridge, while Willie suggested pieces of plank, which would support themselves above water. The old man smiled and told him that the people in that country had no means of sawing trees into timber, as he would soon learn. And then Willie wondered what sawmills had to do with books.

Arrived on the other side, Willie began to look about him. The sky was just as bright, and the grass just as green—and the birds sang as sweetly—and that was all. Every thing else was changed. No handsome little cottage, nor stately mansion, rose to welcome him,—but instead, miserable huts, formed of straw and mud, and in place of the beautiful lawn and vine covered arbors, were to be seen filthy little by places—and desolate streets. Not a single church spire looked up to heaven—there was no noise of machinery—no rolling of carts—no low busy hum of happy voices—nothing but the savage yell of the mob. Little pitiful children were scattered every where, naked and unfed. Every human face was disfigured and made hideous by bad thoughts and motives. Every thing was confusion, and Willie had to hold fast to the old man's hand, or he would have lost sight of him, and have been trampled under foot, and probably killed. I forgot to say I suppose they were very much astonished to see a nice little boy like Willie, with a bright intelligent face, among them—I guess they hardly knew what to think of a *dressed* boy, as they had no means of making cloth to dress their children in. Presently a quarrel arose among them, and several of the men and women, and some of the children were killed. But having none of our feeling for our kindred, the dead bodies were dragged away, while the blood stained the ground all about them, and none seemed to care for it—not so much as Willie would to have seen the coachman crush Jack's foot with his big boot—as he did one day. It was growing quite dark, and Willie asked for something to eat—just a little piece of bread and butter—he said, but the old man told him there was none to be had. Then Willie began to think about *his* home and

his nice warm supper and his cozy little bed—and when he thought about his prayers, he remembered that although he had heard most fearful language in that dreadful land, he had never heard the name of his Maker, not even one word which bespoke the slightest knowledge of “Our Heavenly Father.” Oh! oh! thought Willie, they have no bible here, and what can they know about God?

And then Willie began to cry, and asked the old man to take him home. The man asked him if he was satisfied with what he had seen, and Willie replied that he was, only he could not understand why they should not wear clothes, and cook their food, and go to church, and work, just as our people do. And then the old man told him, that ever since the world was made, people have been learning, that when one man found out anything of importance, he put it in a book, that those who lived after him might not only know of that, but by adding a little more to it, which he had learned himself, he might be able to arrive at some truth, which would be of great value to the world; that in this way, all our geographies were made, which gives us a knowledge of other countries; that in this way our ships were built which enables us to communicate with them; that in this way we learned the process of making our own flour, and raising our own food. He told him that our inventions were not made by one man, or in one generation; that men were learning every day from books. He told him too, that much of the wickedness was the fruit of ignorance; that a land without a Bible, could have no religion, and could not prosper; and that the reason the people of that land cared so little for the death of one of their fellow men, was, they had no laws, to control them, they kept no record, and knew no relationship; that those fine feelings which makes sympathy in a cultivated community were the results of cultivation, that they had no motive for perpetuating their name on earth, nor preparing for another world, because they knew of no future. And the old man told Willie much more, which you shall hear at another time; but Willie was convinced that books made the world a great deal wiser and better, and happier, and the child heaved a deep sigh that he should have made so wicked a wish, and he awoke, for he had been asleep all this time, don't you think, and the sun was just creeping behind the hills, and he looked around upon the quiet happy earth, and felt that it was his own little discontented heart that had made him unhappy, and not the books; and that this is a beautiful world, if people will only be good; and then Willie caught his cap, and ran and told his mother all about that dreadful country, where there were no books.

We owe our virtues and our vices more to education than to nature.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY JANIS L. FLEET.

“Oh spirit-land! the land of thought,” thou art without limit and without boundary. Thought will wing its way back to the beautiful home of childhood, the loved friends of youth, and all endearing associations that cluster around one's early days. The heart may be cold to outward seeming, it may be ruled by ambition, hardened by the love of gold, or led on by the desire for fame; but however isolated man may be, however unloving he may seem, there will still be one vital spark in the affections that will kindle when, in some lonely hour, the thought of his youthful days, like the music of a half-forgotten dream, sheds its radiance around him; and though the sensation may be evanescent, it will be so sweet that he will desire, were it possible, to break the bonds that bind him to earthly objects, and to grasp the visions of his youth, and revel in their pure light for ever; but he sighs to think that his happiest days are passed, and must ever be to him like a star that has fallen, a happy dream that has passed away, or a romance that has died in the dark shadow of reality.

The poet, when seeking a theme for his loftiest verse, will turn with affection and pride to his early home, where first he felt the divine inspiration of poetic fire; where first he roamed the wild wood, or listened to the warbler's note, gleaming something round which he might weave, with God-giving power, his glowing fancies; and as he traces their pure imaginings, he feels that life is full of poetry and thought. Every breeze that trembles, every flower that lifts its chalice to the sun, and every bird that warbles its glad some lay, wafts a cup of incense to the shrine of poetry; yet all the brilliant tissues that a loving heart could weave would still bow to early associations as the source from which the inspiring power had flown.

It matters not if the home be lowly, love and poetry will find sweet music in the babbling rivalet; affection within the cottage walls; rest on the green earth, and sublime beauty in the frowning precipice. It will find a calm delight in the hour of sunset, when the king of day is slowly sinking behind the western hills, pouring an unclouded blaze of light on all surrounding objects; and as it beams rest upon the hushed deep, gilding the green billows, and again reflecting back to earth with increased radiance, forming the paradise described in the glowing language of the poet, it will crown with laurels his anxious brow, and send a soothing whisper to his fainting heart.

The sunset hour is a fitting moment for reflection. Even like the sun must all mankind sink into their last resting-place, perhaps when in the same meridian of glory as this brilliant orb. It would seem as though the evening hour should be a peaceful one; such lovely harmony and quiet pervade all nature. That mankind should then bid adieu to the turmoils of the day; but it is not thus. The sun moves onward, still onward in its appointed course, through the beautiful, unfathomable depths of blue, yet seldom leaves the hearts of men at peace. Let us for a moment look into their various pursuits. The first scene presented to view is one of felicity: no cankering care intrudes; and should the glance into life rest here, the echo would be happiness; but our thoughts cannot always linger where are woven the most beautiful threads in the “web of life.” We pass on to those who entered the gay world with a loving heart: no sorrow darkened the beautiful brow; no care saddened the joyous spirit; yet contact with the world and its hypocrisy has bowed low the beautiful brow once crowned with the halo of merriment, and has crushed the joyous spirit from which no sound but sweetest music once whistled; or perhaps

those who are blessed with a spirit to brook the falsehoods of the world, have lost that which they most prized, have been silent watchers at the death-bed of those they devotedly loved, and have seen the pure spirit wend its way to the Author of its being, and have said in the sorrow of the heart, “The life-stream is loosened, the golden bowl broken and I am alone.”

Then, too, the ambitious wealth-seeker, who has closed the door of his heart against every kindly feeling; has checked every heartfelt impulse, to bend his whole soul to the one purpose of attaining wealth; has seen his hoard of glittering gold increased day by day; his coffers swell with their added contents; gems of costly dye, and pearls that well might deck a throne, flash before his eye; in his possession servitors in jewelled armor as in the olden days of chivalry; yet he wakes as from a dream, and says, I am not happy. His guiding star has fallen; no longer does the fascination exist to lure him on to the acquisition of wealth which he has bartered his soul to obtain. The waters of life close over him; his gold has not conferred happiness upon him in life, still less in death; his gold cannot procure his ransom from his God.

Death enters all homes, of the rich and of the poor, of the high and of the low. It has paralyzed the efforts of age, and frustrated the schemes of manhood; it has dispelled the happy visions of youth by taking the fairest and brightest from the social group; it has clouded the bright dreams, and placed its signet on the laughing brow of childhood; and as the requiem of departed hopes is still sounding in mournful murmurs of the fading joy of earthly pursuits, we are led to exclaim:

“Oh! if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a heaven
Where all we love shall live again?”

SALE OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.—In a late eastern paper, we saw an advertisement offering at public sale; by virtue of a decree of court, an old homestead where we have often been. In reading the advertisement we experienced those sad feelings which come when we are told that a friend is dead; we were perusing, indeed, the funeral notice of a home wherein kindred had origin for more than an hundred years; wherein youth dreamed and age in meditation sat; wherein great grand-fathers, and grand fathers, and fathers passed from infancy down the stairway of life; a home wherein the honored matron grew from girlhood and proudly smiled on sons and daughters. In and out of the door generations walked; in and out of the door went joy and grief; in and out of the door coffins were borne. The garden, the fields, the lane, the orchard, the gate, the shade trees and the grass are there still; and the buildings are there, and the hearth, sacred communion table of happy families, is there; and the furniture—old style, yet better than the new, and the shadows which have fallen on it make it holy as altars touched by saints—that is there. The old man's chair and the infant's cradle, they are there; and these are some books, and papers, and trinkets. But the men and women have gone; the insidious present dissolved an association of the past dismembered an aged domestic republic, and sent the divisions away. They have wandered from their centering spot, their birth place, their old homestead.—[Sierra Citizen.]

The Blue Stocking.

What meaneth the gloom which rests on that house? What the silence which reigns within? Can it be that the grim monster, Death, has visited this dwelling, and with terrific power sought and seized a victim? Has the great Reaper cut down a fair and tender flower, snatching it from the bosom of loved ones? Has a soul escaped from a land of mortals to seek an eternal abode in the land of the immortal, there to enjoy the everlasting pleasure to earth unknown?

'Tis indeed a house of mourning; but their sorrow is not for the dead—'tis for the living; they mourn for a soul that they deem estranged, alienated from themselves. And they believe it a greater misfortune—a more dread calamity than death, which has befallen them.

What a solemn group assembled within! There is but one joyous being among them, and she seems to be the author of all their sorrow. The father gazes moodily into a fire, which struggles in vain to light up the darkness of his care-worn brow—a brow traced by deep lines of sorrow, many of which are shown to be of recent date. The mother is industriously plying her knitting needles, and their occasional clicking is the only thing which breaks the solemn silence. Frequently do her busy fingers cease their rapid motion, and she darts towards the lost one a look of unutterable sorrow, as though all hope had forever fled. A brother and sister, whose half-frightened looks bespeak a nameless dread, complete the solemnity of the scene.

What can have produced so great a sorrow? What hast thou done, fair one, to cause such deep grief? Thy broad, open brow speaketh not of guilt, and those bright eyes of thine sparkle with wit and genius. Ah! but this merry, light-hearted being dared to rise above an humble sphere of being and acting—dared to write her name in the golden temple of Fame.

The unpardonable crime with which she stands accused is writing for a paper. She has bidden farewell to the hroom, spinning-wheel, and loom, so skillfully wielded by her ancestors, to weave the more golden threads of fancy into a glittering web of romance. The mother, whose highest dream of ambition was to have stockings enough knit for the "winter's wear and tear," and the father who had built no greater castle in the air than that his harvest might prove successful, now beheld in their rosy-cheeked daughter the dull spectre of a *blue stocking*.

The terrific power which has enrolled the name of another victim among its well filled pages is the press—the great reaper, an editor. The father wishing to obtain his Bible, that he may read a portion of Scripture for consolation, searches in vain for his spectacles, which he forgets in his abstraction are on the top of his head. He reaches the book, but being deprived of his usual helps of vision, he carelessly stumbles, and the large Family Bible falls heavily upon the foot of the proprietor of the knitting needles. Then the poor woman, being grievously afflicted with that dire nuisance, "corns," utters a loud cry, and the fearful stillness is at last broken.

Oh, weak mortal! how quickly do thy bodily pains cause thee to forget those of the mind. And methinks a pair of bright eyes peep forth from that dark corner, twinkling merrily at thy misfortune.

The father regains his book, the mother is absorbed in her new affliction. Both brother and sister resume their employment which the late scene had interrupted, and occasionally glance around, as if fearful lest the spirit of their dreaming sister should hover near. Thou, whom they deem fanatic, visionary, dost laugh at their misfortune. Thou dost look with merry eye upon a solemn scene. O, blighted house! O, the horror of a "*blue stocking*!"—*Waverly Magazine*.

Personal Anecdotes of the late Thomas H. Benton.

THE ROUND TABLE.—Calling one day at the house of Colonel Benton upon a matter of business, the writer found him and his family seated at dinner around a round table.

"Walk in, sir. The round table, you perceive, and the knights thereof, including the children. This is Democratic equality, sir, in the family circle. Will you join us? The guest does not break the chain. As with the Arabs, he that eats of our salt is our friend. He that refuses is our enemy. Take your choice, and take a glass of wine."

THE NEW-YEAR'S CALL.—On New-Year's Day, 1854, Colonel Benton was left "solitary and alone" at his residence in Washington, the other members of his family—wife, children, and grandchildren—being, some in Europe, some in St. Louis, and some in California. But he opened his house to the customary New-Year calls of his friends. The absence of his family, however, being known, his visitors, with here and there an exception, were exclusively of the male gender. Through a crowd of politicians a gentleman advanced with his wife on his arm. After the usual salutations, he observed, "Contrary to the order of the day, this lady has insisted on visiting you, because you are left alone." "Thanks, thanks, madam; a graceful act of woman's sympathy. She is right, sir. Her presence brings me nearer to my absentees. Sit here, madam, by my side; and you, sir, help those gentlemen to a glass of punch." On coming away the lady remarked that he was "a dear, good old man, simple-hearted and confiding as a child; and he is so lonely here, with wife, daughters, and grandchildren all gone. I am glad we came." The gentleman had a large bundle of cake and sugar-plums under his arm, which the veteran Senator insisted should be taken to their children and judiciously distributed. "In our children sir, we live over again, and they are the richest legacy we can leave to our country. Honored be the man who has a house full! Thrice honored be the woman who is their mother!"

Steady.

There is a valuable lesson to be learned from the use of this popular word—especially by the young.

"Steady, boys!" shouts the boatswain, as the vessel tosses and creaks among the breakers. The gallant Jack-tars catch the word and obey. To have disregarded it, would have been wreck and ruin.

"Steady, men" commands the colonel at the head of his regiment, as it marches to the attack, or prepares for the deadly charge of the enemy,—and "steady," is caught up and passed from major to captain along the line of battle. An obedience turned the victory which perched upon their banners.

"Steady," says the corner-man, at the "raising," as he receives the end of the log to fit it into its notch. The slightest un-"steady" motion might have brought the log tumbling, and crashing, and crushing upon the heads of the neighbors, who come so kindly to give their gratuitous assistance.

Let this be your watchword in all the doings of life—in your words and your deeds—amidst your triumphs and your defeats—your success and your reverses. Every where, and at all times, *study* to be "steady." Thus the value of this little word will be learned in the best of all schools—"the school of experience."

"That's a *steady* young man," says one, smilingly. Isn't that a high compliment, youthful reader? Would you desire to have it said, in turn, of you? Well, it's in your power to secure like praise by being "steady."

If you want "steady employment" at "steady wages," see to it that you yourself are "steady." Nay, you must take care of your earnings, too.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

What is a Lady?

I will tell you negatively. She never overdresses. She attires herself with regard to the weather and the occasion, and at no hour of the day, whatever may be her occupation, is untidy. She is civil and obliging to all persons in public, whom chance throws in her way, without distinction of garb or class, and is reasonable and humane with her servants. She never, under shelter of her sex, is conversationally overbearing towards the other, to whom the rules of courtesy forbid a reply in kind. She never omits by a smile or word, gracefully to acknowledge the favors they render her. She never solicits gifts from them, by going into extacies in their presence about the "loves of rings," or bracelets, which she saw at Show & Co's. She never encourages matrimonial offers, which she has no idea of accepting. (N. B. male flirts excepted!) She makes no distinction in her reception of gentlemen, between those who at heart respect our sex, and those who only make a pretence of doing so. She never betrays, from a mean vanity, the honorable love which she cannot reciprocate. She never talks or laughs loudly in public, or has the bad taste and bad manners, to disturb her neighbors in this way, at a concert, or opera. She is reverential at church, or, at least, respects the feelings of those around her, who desire to be so. She knows when to be silent—when to speak—and how; in a word she has *tact*—I repeat it, *Tact*, my hearers, without which the most beautiful woman is but a tasteless fruit, a songless bird, a scentless flower, or, in other words, a blundering numskull! FANNY FERN.

Paternal Duty.

The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved of the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest that a father can leave to his children? Surely well cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection, the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property; simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Wayland*.

THINGS USELESS.—A woman without a tongue, a coach without horses, a fire-place without a chimney, a good dinner without an appetite, a man without honor, a great desire to spend money without possessing a farthing. The latter is annoying—exceedingly.

THE man who stoutly objected to his wife's learning to *skate*, has at length come to the conclusion that he is perfectly willing to let her *slide*.

GAMING.—It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamster should be a wise and good man.—*Lavater*.

THE HESPERIAN.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

SISTER.—You are right. We need the aid and co-operation of every woman in our State. Thanks for your sympathy and sisterly kindness. We gratefully appreciate every favor extended to us.

CHARLIE.—Fie, Charlie! to ask such a question. Not woman's rights, but human rights.

EFFIE.—We shall be glad to hear from you often.

H. B.—Your articles are received. Many thanks for the same.

MINER.—We refer you to Hutchings' California Magazine for the information you desire.

JUVENILE.—We are not here to criticize and condemn, but to encourage and approve. Do not fear—we will aid you by every means in our power.

To Our Friends in the Interior.

We had hoped before now to have paid a visit to our friends in the interior, but unavoidable circumstances have detained us here. However, we hope in a very few days to be able to pay the long-promised visit, and to meet face to face those who have so cheered us by words of kindly greeting and encouragement. Oh, to what part of California does not our heart go forth with joy and gladness, for from every hill and valley—from every pine-clad mount—from every part of our beloved State, we have received words of recognition and kindly greeting. We have been made stronger and our hearts lighter by those words, and we long to greet the eye and clasp the hand of those to whom we feel bound by so many ties of grateful appreciation.

When we return we shall publish a list of our agents throughout the State. We have received many orders which shall be promptly attended to.

How to Finish a Daughter.

For the attainment of this end, Punch gives the following directions:

1. Be always telling her how pretty she is.
2. Instill into her mind a proper love of dress.
3. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home.
4. Allow her to read nothing but novels.
5. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life.
6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of house-keeping.
7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself.
8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a lady's maid.
9. And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a clerk in the Treasury, upon £75-a-year, or to an ensign that is going to India.

If with the above careful training, your daughter is not finished, you may be sure it is no fault of yours, and you must look upon her escape as nothing short of a miracle.

Mr. P. P. HULL died at Marysville May 23d, in the 37th year of his age. He was well known, having been connected with the press of California since 1850, and leaves a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn his loss.

The Eccentricities of Geniuses.

We protest against the growing policy and covert slander contained in this little sentence, "The Eccentricities of Genius." For the received meaning of this expression, embraces so much, that it amounts almost to a covert sneer. Now genius—absolute, positive genius—has no eccentricities, because it is perfectly natural. A mind capable of comprehending beauty, whether material or ideal, in its most symmetrical form, will never outrage itself by incongruity of thought or action. The affectations of mediocrity are not exactly to be dignified as the failings of real greatness, which is always simple, earnest and unostentatious. It is to degrade, when we attempt to make its possession an excuse for bad manners or bad morals; and so far as these things exist in the man of talent, he is more reprehensible than the common-place person who has the dignity of no great gift to preserve.

Neither sin, rudeness, nor affectation belongs, by right, to the highly gifted; and when men or women claim immunities for these things, on the ground of great talent, in nine cases out of ten they are really deficient in the talent itself, or mistake insanity for genius, no unusual thing in these very rapid times.

We sometimes hear the grossest domestic vices, and even irreligion itself, swept aside with this careless exclamation, "Oh, it is only the eccentricity of genius." But can genius be perfect, on approach perfection thus coupled?

Sin is not an eccentricity, the unwholesome offshoot of great gifts, but an evil thing in itself, which, like mildew or poison, may creep over the finest natures and destroy them, but never was an original portion of those natures.

No bad man or woman ever was, or ever will be truly great. The moment genius ceases to be pure in itself, and lofty in its aims, it is no longer the God-like endowment which men should hold in reverence. The miserable excuse, half uttered in charity, half in sneers, which men are too ready in applying to grave faults in those who claim to be gifted, is an insult to real greatness. That insulting apology, "the eccentricities of genius," has been too long and too coarsely applied to sinful, ill-bred, and ill-dressed men and women, who claim immunities for unruly passions, and low tastes, on the ground of superior ability. When they take advantage of this loose charity, such persons attempt to degrade that which they never possessed, and if it were otherwise, the bright intellect which seeks thus to excuse its degradation is far more repulsive than the self-indulgence of a dull nature. Falsehood, faithlessness and deception, would only become more unforgivable when connected with an intellect capable of understanding the beauties of truth, without the wish to apply them.

No, no; genius is too holy and should never be made an excuse for bad morals or coarse tastes. When these things exist together, it is not genius, but a moral and intellectual enormity, from which the dullest, honest man on earth may recoil with self-gratulation. Men may as well talk of the eccentricities of religion, as of geniuses; for neither is compatible with low tastes or base actions. These things may murder genius as they have distorted religion, but they belong to neither.

Let us have done, then, with finding excuses for bad men in their fancied greatness, which, after all, would in nine cases out of ten, prove mere pretension. Why attempt to degrade God's highest gift with earth's coarsest habiliments? If men or women are eccentric, it is never because they have too much genius, but because they have too little, or what is far more likely, nothing but absurd pretension; if they are wicked, don't attempt to smother the hideous fact under the prestige of a great intellect. It takes a great heart, and a great intellect nobly combined, to form a real genius, and that alone will be heard of and revered in after ages.

"The Hesperian," is the title of a paper just started in this city—"A Journal of Literature and Art," under the proprietorship of Messrs. J. H. Kerr & Co., and edited Messdames A. M. Shultz and F. H. Day. In typographical appearance of it looks almost nice enough to eat without sance, while its editorials are elegant, spirited and entertaining. We take pleasure in assuring our readers that the ladies connected with the "Hesperian" are not of the "Cora Anna" kind. They are eminently worthy the respect and patronage of the public. Their paper is published semi-monthly at 111 Washington street.—[Golden Era.

FLATTERY.—Flattery is more prejudicial than rudeness or anger. We ought neither to flatter others, nor suffer them to flatter us. Almost all the applause bestowed on us in our presence, is flattery. We should suspect those who flatter us.—*De Genlis.*

THE HESPERIAN,
A Journal of Literature and Art.

A Semi-monthly paper, conducted by Mrs. A. M. Shultz and Mrs. F. H. Day.

This Journal is designed for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and for the cultivation of a literary taste. It will present to the public original productions from among our own citizens, upon subjects most nearly connected with our comes and manners, as a people. It will carefully select information from abroad, with a special view to our necessities as a community. It will address itself to Woman, since the conductors rely much upon their own sex for aid, and will scrupulously avoid anything demoralizing in its influence. It will attempt just and fair criticism, and will expect the same. Every effort will be put forth to render it worthy of the patronage which it respectfully solicits.

Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

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A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART.

"WE WILL STAND BY THE RUDDER THAT GOVERNS THE BARK—NOR ASK HOW WE LOOK FROM THE SHORE."

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[For the Hesperian.]

THE SILENT CITY.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Grass is growing in the streets—

Echoes not a single tread;

Day is up, yet all is still—

Where have the dwellers fled?

Knock!—lo! every door is shut—

Every window dark as night;

Strange dwellers there, who love to dwell

In mansions without light!

Enter in—no sound is heard;

None to rise and greet you there;

Paleness sits on every face—

White are the robes they wear.

Speak!—they answer not a word;

Pale their lips and closely pressed;

Folded their hands, so cold and white,

Each on a moveless breast.

Narrow their chambers—damp and dark;

No sweet God's breath enters there;

No sound of children in the hall—

No voice of song or prayer.

They will sleep till the Angel strong

Rocks the world and bids them rise;

Another city then they'll seek—

Another—in the skies.

San Francisco, June 1, 1858.

OLD FRIENDS.

How are they waned and faded from our hearts,

The old companions of our early days!

Of all the many loved, which came imparts

Regret when blamed, or rapture at its praise?

What are their several fates, by Heaven decreed,

They of the joyful heart, and careless brow?

Alas! we scarcely know and scarcely heed,

Where, in this world of sighs, they wander now.

See, how with cold faint smile, and courtly nod,

They pass, whom wealth and revelry divide—

Who walked together to the house of God,

Read from one book, and rested side by side;

No look of recognition lights the eye

Which laughingly hath met that fellow face;

With careless hands they greet and wander by,

Who parted once with tears and long embrace.

Oh, childhood! blessed time of hope and love,

When all we knew was Nature's simple law,

How may we yearn again that time to prove,

When we looked round, and loved what'er we saw.

Now dark suspicion wakes, and love departs,

And cold distrust its well-feigned smile displays;

And they are waned and faded from our hearts,

The old companions of our early days!

FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis not when the fairy breeze fans the green ocean,

That the value and strength of a bark can be shown;

'Tis not in prosperity's hour the devotion

And truth of a friend can be known.

No! the bark must be proved when the tempest is

howling—

When dangers and mountain waves close round her

press;

The friend, when the storm of adversity is scowling—

The touchstone of friendship's the hour of distress.

[Original.]

LOVE AND IMPULSE.

[CONTINUED.]

Two hours after, consternation strode through the halls of the mansion; physicians came hurrying up the stairs, and attendants might have been seen gathered in groups whispering along the passages.

A stern looking man, of some fifty winters, clad in a purple velvet dressing gown and richly embroidered slippers, was hending over the lifeless form of the fair and idolized daughter. A moment he stood thus, murmuring a few incoherent words; then turning to the doctor, who stood pouring a restorative from a vial, he said—"Oh, save her! My fortune—everything—is at your command—but, oh, save my daughter!" And again the agonized father pressed the colorless lips of the beautiful heirless.

"Ada Mandeville?" mused the portly doctor, as he crossed the room, and with arms folded in a musing attitude, stood looking down into the street, some hours after the scene just described—"Ada Mandeville?—who is she? She murmurs her name incessantly. There may be something connected with her which may solve the mystery. Her nervous system has evidently received a dreadful shock, and it is very necessary we should more fully understand the nature of the case."

"Ada Mande-v-i-l-l-e!" screamed the wretched girl, as tossing her beautifully moulded arms aloft, she gazed vacantly about her, then letting them fall feebly upon the bed clothes, she closed her eyes and slept again.

"Please, sir," said an attendant, who had listened to the doctor's soliloquy, at the same moment producing something from a pocket, "here is a pocket handkerchief a lady let fall in the parlor, which bears the same name I have heard you speak."

The physician took the bit of delicate cambric from the girl's hand, and holding a corner between his fingers, he half closed his other hand over the cambric, and passing it mechanically through, proceeded to examine it.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, as he drew near the light, "here it is. Ada Mandeville, Green street. Aye! I remember her now; she is the daughter of the lady whom I attended for a series of months, and who has recently died. A very angel she is, too, that Ada Mandeville. But we shall see."

Mr. Cleaveland approached the bedside, and stooping beneath the blue satin canopy with its massive hangings, he again pressed

his lips to the feverish brow. The invalid unclosed her eyes. "Father," she spoke, while reason seemed momentarily to have resumed its throne—"Father, I have been raving—I have been mad; but I am calm now, and my dear father, will you send for Ada Mandeville?—Ada Clark!" she shrieked, as her eyes gleamed with a wild and uncertain light—"No, no!" she murmured, "Ada Mandeville!" and again she pressed her pale fingers above her eyelids and grew silent.

"It is the best we can do," said the physician, in a low, grave tone; "I would advise that you send your carriage and bring her to the house immediately. I will return within the hour," he continued, laying his fingers lightly upon the pale wrist, "meanwhile allow her to remain perfectly quiet." And the kind doctor left the room.

And Ada Clark sat alone in her solitary chamber. The night wind moaned hoarsely, and the dim lamp flickered, leaving an uncertain shadow upon the wall. The landlady who had occupied the villa since the late bereavement, had tucked her little ones snugly in bed, and all was quiet below. Presently Ada rose with a deep sigh, approached an escritoire, and unlocking it, drew forth a journal. She resumed her seat, and turning the leaves, murmured, "Oh, how every line pulsates with my own heart's history! This was written but an hour after the farewell—and this, while the tones of my poor mother were yet fresh in my soul—and here is my vow! Yes, my dear mother, honored and revered be thy memory! I have fulfilled my promise, though it cost me the greatest effort of my life. I sought her and told her all—all! God forgive me, for I have drunk of her heart's blood. But what was left? They told me of her ill-grounded hopes, and to pursue the delusive dream was fraught with ruin, perchance death. But now she may turn and again pursue the phantom pleasure, and be happy. God grant it may be so."

But a vague shadow fell athwart the soul of Ada as she remembered the letter!—the private and hasty marriage—and although she resolutely forbade that the spirit of censure should assume the form of an idea, yet the thought fell like molten iron upon her heart. She dare not analyze her own feelings relative to Walter, lest when called upon to render her verdict it should be guilty. But love is mercifully blind, and Walter Clark was her husband, and so-and-so.

But hark!—a carriage at the door, and at so late an hour!

"I wish this note delivered to Miss Mande-

ville," said the man in livery to the servant at the door.

A few moments more found Ada closely cloaked in fur, and being driven at a rapid rate toward "Cleaveland Square." All unheeded the lights from the street lamps streamed through the carriage windows on the pale face of Ada Clark, for emotions deep and fearful were at work in her breast. But she had bravely resolved to perform any duty connected with the wronged woman which might lie within the limits of her power, and at how great a sacrifice soever.

But her heart sank as she encountered the commanding form of Mr. Cleaveland upon the piazza, and when after replying with a trembling voice to his address, he asked for a few moments conversation in the parlor, she but answered mechanically, "Certainly, sir."

It was a trying moment for the young wife. He, the father of the injured, the accuser—her husband the offender—and she, the innocent cause, the mediator.

They met—the two—the loving and the loved. "Come, take my hand, and let me press your lips as Walter did," said the half-conscious sufferer, while a bitter smile played over her face;—"there! so," she continued, as with a convulsive shudder Ada stooped in compliance. "And so, Walter loved you, aye?—and I, for *his* sake. What, a tear?" said the raving girl, as she wiped the dew which had fallen from Ada's overflowing eyes from her cheek. "Oh, joy! how I have ransacked my burning brain for that tear. Why was it withheld so long? Ah, it had sunk away, down, down there," she said, taking Ada's hand and laying it above her heart.

And for weeks she raved thus, while Ada, though hitherto a total stranger, became her constant companion. Her eyes never grew dim with watching, her hand never wearied smoothing the fevered pillow; and when the night stars paled and the rose-tipped smile of morn stole in between the curtains which Ada had looped back with so much care, it met a gentle welcome from the pale but cheerful face of the watcher.

Strange, isn't it? that when Hope mingles its delusive draught in the cup of Love, we aim the shaft of vengeance at the foe; but when Despair comes marching along, his sable robes trailing in the ashes of our idols, we kiss the hand which smote them from their throne. And so the late proud heiress clung with deathless tenacity to Ada Clark, only because she was beloved by him who had wrecked her hopes, shattered her intellect and broken her heart. But daily prayers and midnight vigils proved all too powerless, for the torrent had worn the channel to a fearful extent, and the main land began to yield. And while the physical gradually recovered its tone, the idle tongue and the vacant smile told the fearful tale plainer than words can convey that the beautiful and accomplished Augusta Cleaveland was a—*maniac*!

A cold mist had gathered through the night, and at dawn was yet found lingering in

gloomy silence above the eventful little island which had already rescued two human beings from the "sepulchre of proud ships," where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep.

A ship which had been disabled in a storm lay groaning at a distance, and a few leagues more would bring it to anchor upon the stranger strand. Clark, as a natural consequence of a life destitute of those excitements as necessary to the human mind as the storm to the ocean, had become moody and dreamy, and after a restless night and a silent breakfast, he sauntered forth to take a morning stroll.

"A ship! a ship!" shouted the frantic man, as he rushed back to the door of his cave. "A ship! and she heads this way!" and he closed his eyes, placing his hands above them; "Great God! it is all a dream!—Yes, it is a ship!" And Walter clasped the old man's neck with very joy.

But the hermit, silent, thoughtful, ever gloomy, manifesting no emotion, stood watching the advancing vessel with no change of countenance. Unmoved he gazed vacantly out upon the sea, evidently lost in a profound reverie, from which even the frantic gestures of Walter failed to rouse him. There is an element about solitude which fastens itself more firmly and tenaciously about the heart than any personality is able to do; and whoever invades unbidden that realm, profanes the most sacred province allotted to humanity.

It is needless to dwell upon the scenes of that hour—the unfeigned surprise of the ship's crew—the almost speechless joy of Walter Clark, or the expression of mute curiosity or ill-disguised chagrin which anon sat upon the face of the hermit. Suffice it to say, it was an eventful day to both exile and adventurer. Repairs were immediately set about being made. Meanwhile Walter Clark began to view in a practical light the plans he had so long and earnestly pondered, which were destined to direct the immediate future of this daring crew.

Of course, the food employed through necessity since their exile had been of a different character from that adapted to nature through cultivation, and Clark found himself as incompetent to withstand the temptations of excess as to bear with resignation the result, for as a consequence of his over-indulgence both in food and beverage, some days of severe indisposition ensued. But what with renewed caution and close and anxious care of the hermit, he was soon restored.

And then followed questions and rehearsals of startling events and political results, and chances and changes incident to life, but no direct word from his home.

One day, not long after the occurrence above referred to, Walter solicited a private interview with the commander of the vessel, which was readily granted, and the two strolled away.

"Captain," said Walter, after looking about to assure himself that they were attracting no unusual observation, "I am about to place you in possession of a secret which will insure your fortune, in case you may see fit to ac-

cept my proposition, and I desire your counsel in the furtherance of my plans."

The captain started, but made no reply. "First let me say," continued Walter, "I wish the facts revealed to no individual until there shall be a mutual agreement to that effect."

"I swear by Oreas," said the Captain, whose imagination, when excited, invariably assumed a classical form.

"And you will adhere tenaciously to your oath?"

"Like a Spartan!" replied the captain.

"Well, then," replied Walter, "this island, so remote, so inaccessible, contains a—a—"

"A what?" shouted the excited captain.

"A *mountain of gold*!" said Clark, in a slow measured tone, gathering force from the enthusiasm manifested by the excited captain.

"By Jupiter! I guess you're lying," said the eccentric man, peering into the face of Walter with a quizzical gesture, as if half doubting, half trusting his sanity.

"I shall positively decline accepting your compliment," responded Clark, ironically, "upon the ground of demerit, and insist upon proving to you the truth of my statement."

"Where is it to be found?" interrupted the captain.

"To-morrow we will go and see it," replied Clark, seating himself under a tree, and removing his skin cap, he motioned the captain to a seat. "Meanwhile let us discuss and mature our plans."

"The spot," resumed Clark, after a momentary pause, "is some few miles distant. There is, however, as in the attainment of all desirable objects, a very serious obstacle. The whole mountain is surrounded by a bed of quicksand, rendering access totally impossible, until within the few days previous to the fortunate arrival of your vessel, when, through indefatigable effort, I conquered the seemingly invincible obstacle, and found to my boundless delight, a passage to the mountain."

"And what is the process you propose," said the delighted captain.

"That we shall see to hereafter," replied the more practical Clark; "for the present let us arrange matters of graver import. We shall, as you know, grow short of provisions, and must expedite matters. Suppose after having formed an equal partnership, we employ your men at a specified rate, leaving, in order to promote satisfaction, each man to place the estimate upon his own services, retaining the power of entire control for a certain number of hours each day."

"But," said the captain, with more gravity than was his wont to evince, "rebellion more serious than that of Monmouth and Argyle would be the result."

"Well," replied Walter, after a moment passed in thought, "what if it be the condition that every man is to be blindfolded and handcuffed upon leaving the ship? None could find their way across that treacherous plain, and to remain there would be attended with certain death, for the soil is as barren of fruit or vegetation as it is destitute of animal food."

It was the captain's turn to smile at the ex-

travagance of an idea, while he replied with an air of satisfaction—"Aye, aye, you are an ingenious fellow certainly. I will entrust you with the head-work."

A few more immediate plans being canvassed and settled upon, the two, each feeling their respective weight of responsibility, loitered back to the beach,

Some few days were occupied in preliminaries, which being at length arranged, a meeting was called, and all propositions, how extravagant soever, being accepted with equal readiness, (since rebellion on the part of one man would thwart their plans,) the contract was duly drawn up, submitted and unanimously signed, not a man entertaining the most remote idea of the purpose he was to serve. They at length adjourned, and a bacchanalian feast followed, which, interspersed with familiar and even jocose conversation, was occasionally relieved by songs, till at length curiosity being on tiptoe, not a man but was ready to greet the light as it trembled along the water's edge, or lit the shadowy sky with its rose-tinted torch.

Walter was entrusted with the command of the company. The bandages were not to be removed until the last man should have reached the terminus; and shouts of laughter echoed through those wild regions at the novelty of the expedition. Having been marched across the mysterious bridge, which yielded with every step, and only reassured by the commanding tones of Walter, they were at length one after another seated upon the ground, waiting the result with eager curiosity. Presently the signal was given, the bandages were removed, and what a flood of splendor met their astonished gaze! The whole brow of the mountain gave unmistakable evidence of the incalculable wealth of its gorgeous treasury, and in mute surprise they stood gazing first at one another, and then at the singular phenomenon before them.

"Ha, ha!" shouted the captain, "you little thought that like modern Jason's you were pursuing, and what is better, destined to overtake the golden fleece."

"And take care that your bread, Midas-like turn not to gold," muttered a voice close beside Walter. It was the Hermit.

But after an hour spent in speculations and ejaculations of surprise, the spectre began to assume a real form, and all set to work as if the interest of each individual depended upon the combined efforts of the whole.

"Gold is the touchstone of the mind," and the effect of the late discoveries, operating upon some tempers naturally imperious, began to evince itself in overbearing and arrogant manners, which, stimulated and aggravated by the helplessness of their positions, assumed much the form of rudeness or insult, which the spirit of no party of confederates will patiently endure. And a storm gathered.

It was the night of the third day, when the provision becoming exhausted, Clark seized the first opportunity when he could make his way unobserved, to leave the mountain. The captain accompanied him to the ship, when Walter, with his breast filled with that anxiety

made up of hope and apprehension, preferred to wander away alone along the sea-beaten strand, under the rays of the pale moon. Anon he stooped to lave his fevered brow, for the events of the three days which were past sat heavily upon his mind, and the future seemed overshadowed with dark and chilling fears. He did not attempt to trace them to their source, for he feared to become familiar with the dark deity who presided at the fountain of so much discontent; but while he gloried in the prospect of unbounded wealth, he could not forbear to contrast the few hours just passed with those he had spent with his solitary companion in quiet thought, or in tracing the visions woven upon the web of the past. Along the water's edge, and in the immediate vicinity of Walter's strolling ground, rose a ledge of abrupt and rugged rocks, which were constantly washed by the waves. For some moments he sauntered along the beach or stood looking out upon the sea, when in the act of turning to retrace his steps, a voice low and sweet as an air-lute, arrested him, and in surprise he paused to learn who should seek companionship in his lonely ramble, when he was startled and horrified at the sight of a female figure approaching him. As may readily be conceived, a host of superstitious terrors overwhelmed him as the thought of "enchanted islands" rushed across his mind; but it was only for a moment that his courage wavered, for regaining his self-possession, he folded his arms in silence and calmly confronted her.

Like a statue she stood in the pale light of the moon, clad in a black robe which fell quite to the ground. A dark shawl was drawn closely about her form, and a hood which, while it fitted closely to the face, concealed every outline of feature,

"Do not be alarmed," she spoke gently, as receding a step she still kept her eye steadily fixed upon Walter, who, gathering courage with every breath, was assuming quite an air of defiance. "I am your friend, come to warn you of danger. You would not go with me if I desired it. All I can say is, secure your gold, and beware!—they anticipate revolt—they seek your life! Do not attempt to find me out; in due time you shall know all. Meanwhile, arm yourself well. To foresee and prevent danger is the province of the wise—to direct them when they come, of the brave." And with these words upon her lips, the unknown disappeared—Walter scarcely knew whether among the rocks or the waves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MODERN SATIRISTS.—In this age of personality—this age of literary and political gossiping, the meanest insects are worshipped with a sort of Egyptian superstition, if only the brainless head be atoned for by the sting of personal malignity in the tail. The most virulent satires have become the objects of a keen public interest, purely from the number of contemporary characters named in the patchwork notes, (which possess, however, the comparative merit of being more poetical than the text,) and because, to increase the stimulus, the author has sagaciously left his own name for whisper and conjecture.—Coleridge.

WHITHER?

"Whither. O brooklet, say?
Thou hast with thy soft murmur
Murmured my senses away."
[LONGFELLOW.]

I stood on the banks of a little brook—a little, brawling, babbling brook—whose banks were moss, studded with violets and tender lilies.

And my heart said to the streamlet, "Whither? whither?"

Then the streamlet prattled to the pebbles in its bed, and murmured, "Onward—onward—ever onward to the sea—the great, wide, glorious sea, from whose bosom rises the golden sun—to the happy sea, whose waves are emerald and gold;" and the brook hurried on.

As I walked up the stream, behold, there came one with golden curls, and he was young. His eyes were eager—no look to right or left did they cast—ever onward—onward flew his earnest glances as though they would outstrip him and reach the wished-for goal before him.

And my heart said, "Whither? whither?"

And the youth answered hurriedly, "Onward—onward—ever onward to life, to fame, to happiness!" and he passed on his way; but behind him came a fair, fair girl. Her eyes were looking onward towards the youth, and she trode upon the violets and lillies, but she plucked not one.

And my heart said, "Whither? whither?"

And with her sweet low voice she answered, "Onward—onward—ever onward to love and happiness—whither he goeth, thither I follow, to be his bride, and dwell in joy forever." And her light step was no more on the flowers, but she followed him she loved.

Anon came an old grey-headed man. His step was slow and his eyes dull, yet he walked onward without cease, and in his arms he bore a chest of riches, and he cursed the violets that they stayed his path, yet he bore the coffer uncomplaining.

And my heart said, "Whither? whither?"

And he replied, "Onward—onward—ever onward to wealth, and ease, and quiet—to the enjoyment of years of calm, rich old age." Yet he was old and grey already, but still he hurried onward—ever onward.

And lo! I beheld the sage—and my heart said, "Whither? whither?"

He turned his eyes upon the far horizon, and spoke, "Onward—onward—ever onward to knowledge, god-like knowledge." Then he closed his thin lips and passed on.

Then I said within myself, "Lo, mine Heart, thither turn all eyes, thither fly all thoughts, thither tend all steps. Let us turn, let us go onward—ever onward!" So spake I, and turning back, I went down by the side of the stream, and the stream grew wider, and deeper and more silent—and behold! by the side of the bank, beneath a willow, was moored a little boat, and it was shaped like a shell, "with a swan-wing for a sail;" and the name of that boat was "Thought." Then I stepped in and loosed it, and it bore me down the current. At length I came to the last bend of the river, and I heard the voice of the sea, and an eddy bore my boat into a little creek amid wild weeds and rustling rushes, and tall flags; and the boat stood still. Then I leaped to land, and the reeds murmured, "Onward—onward—ever onward,"—and at my feet was a grave. There was naught save a green mound, and by the side of it lay that iron coffer that I so well knew. Its lid had burst open, and the gold and gems lay scattered among the tall grass, and the buttercups shamed the gold!

Then the cypress leant over me and said, "See, he was pressing onward—ever onward; he looked for a longer journey, but it was not granted; and his riches, whom do they prosper?"

Then I wept for him, and said, "Farewell my brother."

But the reeds murmured, "Onward!" and I obeyed; and behold from the brow of the hill I saw the sea; but it was dark and restless, and its waves were not as emerald and gold, but like black palls, with white foam borderings.

And the river was lost in the ocean.

On the wide, wide, sandy, desolate shore I saw a wretched hut, and by the mouth of the river, but apart from one another, I saw two figures.

Then I entered the hut; and no fair, fair girl was there, but a pale woman, and a child lay in her arms.

Then I took the babe and kissed it, but it was cold, and a violet and lily were in its hand. I gave the child back to the mother, and my heart said to her "Whither?"

She pointed upward to the sky, and said, "Thither! My husband liveth and toileth, but my child has gone thither."

And I saw those other twain figures were the youth and the sage. And the sage beat upon his breast, and he stood far out with the water of the ocean at his knee. Then I asked him "Whither?" and he groaned, and said "Thus far and no farther! but knowledge is not of Here, but of There!" and he pointed to the Heavens. He spake again, and said, "Lo, I have come thus far, and know nothing, and I am but as a child; would that I might go thither and learn all."

Then I turned to the youth, that was a youth no longer, but a man, with the number of his years marked on his brow. His hair was dark; it grew long, and lank, and unkempt, and it was touched with silver, and I said to him, "Whither?" and he moaned back an answer like the sad sea-waves at night, "Thither! Fame is naught, and happiness is not to be won. Life is miserable—but thither—thither, up to the silent Heaven, thither go I!" and he toiled on.

Then I spake to the silent river, "Whither? whither?" And the waves tossed up their spray towards Heaven, and said "Thither, to the bright, blue sky."

Then the sun broke forth, and I could see the water-mist rising, and the drops of the river mounted up his golden beams like the angels on the golden ladder of the old patriarch's dream. And anon there floated a bright purple cloud in the calm serenity of Heaven. Then saw I that the sun gleamed on the sails of a vessel that came steadily across the dark sea to that lone, desolate shore; and the name of that vessel was "Death."

And as the winds breathed in the sails and whispered amid the cordage, they murmured—"Onward—onward—ever onward beyond this dark sea—onward to peace and rest in Heaven." Then those watchers on the shore cried "Welcome!" So the sage cast his books into the sea, and the weary man laid by his labor, and the mother came forth from the hut and folded her child to her heart, and amid them stood the shadow of the old man, and his iron-bound chest was not with him.

And they cried "Welcome!" And the winds murmured from that stately ship, "Onward—onward—ever onward!"

And my dream faded.

HOMES OF THE POETS.—The house in which Moore was born in is now a whiskey shop; Burns' native cottage is a public-house; Shelley's house, at Great Marlow, a beer-shop; the spot where Scott was born is occupied by a building used for a similar purpose; and even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, where he composed his sweet "Ode to the Nightingale," is now an ordinary beer-house.

GREATNESS.—Frederick the Great, in the early part of his career, lost a battle. He communicated the intelligence to the Senate in these words: "I have lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault." Truly, as his biographer remarks, this confession displayed more greatness than all his victories.

THE SPIRIT'S RETURN.

I leave the land of spirits pure, and come to earth again.
With healing on my viewless wings, with a palm for every pain;
I meet the home where late they smiled so tenderly on me,
And find them weeping o'er the day where I have ceased to be.

They call me by the tender names familiar to my ear,
Then turn with sickening hearts away, unthinking I am near;
From Heaven's cloudless realm I've come, a mission to fulfill,
To shed the peace which God can give o'er those who mourn me still.

O, could you see the holy throng that round this altar stands,
With golden harps to tune God's praise, with palms within their hands.
Could you but see our white array, so free from spot or stain,
You would not call your loved one back to earth to weep again.

Could you but know whose arms enfold your little darling now—
Could you but see the crown of light which sparkles on her brow—
Could you but feel the rapture pure that wakes her angel strain,
You would not—could not—call me back to sin and death again.

Joy! joy! the precious tear-drops flow—I've touched their willing strings,
And God has set the holy balm of healing on my wings;
Peace to the spirits reconciled to His reviving will—
Peace to the heart's that did not break; that weep, yet trust Him still.

Ah! mid the flight of years, I oft to earth will come,
To shed the rays of heavenly hope around my former home;
I'll watch my loved ones always—I'll be with them in prayer,
I'll hear their wishes up to Heaven and plead their wishes there.

And when the chords of life are cut which separates us now,
When death's signet seal has set upon each dear one's brow,
My harp shall be the first to hymn their welcome to the skies—
My form shall be the first to greet their rapture-beaming eyes.

Farewell! farewell! my mission's done—I've not come now in vain;
Ye would not, if ye could, recall my soul to earth again.
Live on for those who yet remain to need your living care;
Live on, your heart will not be dark, for God's own light is there.

Don't be a Bachelor.

Young man, don't live a crusty old bachelor; it will not improve your morals, health nor your beauty. Marry as soon as you can make it convenient, and then shape your affairs to support a wife. But when you marry don't fall in love with a face instead of a woman. Remember that common sense is a rare virtue, much better than silver, gold and fashion. Don't court and marry crinoline and money bags, simply because it is crinoline or gold is plenty; but look for sound practical sense in a woman first—this is a touchstone to try her qualities by.

When you have that all else comes. Your wife, that is to be, if she's full of common sense, will grow to your way of thinking and make you grow to hers. A woman who has womanly love in her heart will find ways to make your love towards her grow as the years grow over you both. And another thing needs to be heeded, and that is—a common sense woman is not to be found where fashion insists upon dragging young females into a whirl, where there is simply idle gossip and little brain.

Young man! don't stand gazing after that young woman who has the distinguished air, the reputation of a flirt and a belle, whose father has heaps of cash; for it is not impossible that while you are straining your eyes, you may be turning your back upon some unobtrusive little damsel whom nature has cut as your other half, and who may be just that pleasant faced, placid tempered, loving little creature who will

think enough of you to go with you to the end of the world, and stay by and comfort you when you get gray-haired and fidgety.

Marry, young gentleman, and keep yourselves out of scrapes. Have something to live for. A man alone in the world isn't more than half a man, and the world wants entire men. And you shall have reason to say it was a good thing you resolved to marry, and refused to be a solitary, beer-drinking, pipe-smoking bachelor, if you succeed as well in your efforts as he who, once a young man like you, is now simply old, contented and happy.

What's in a Kiss.

"Mother, mother, kiss!" pleaded a little cherub boy, with blue eyes, anxiously searching his mother's unusually serious face, as she tenderly laid him upon his soft, warm bed, and lovingly folded the snowy drapery about him. "Do kiss me, mother!" and the rosy lips begin to tremble, the tear-drops to gather in the pleading, upturned eyes, and the little bosom heaves with struggling emotion.

"My little son has been naughty to-day," replies the mother, sadly; how can I kiss those lips that have spoken such angry words?"

Too much—too much Dutiful mother, relent! The little heart is swelling, breaking with grief; tumultuous sobs break from the agitated bosom; the snow-white pillow is drenched with penitent tears, and the little dimpled hand is extended so imploringly—relent!

'Tis enough! Once more the little head is pillowed upon the maternal bosom; once more the little cherub form is fondly pressed to that mother's aching heart, and the good night kiss of forgiveness and love is given two-fold tender. A few moments and the sobbings cease, the golden head droops, the weary eyelids close, and the little erring one is laid back upon his couch penitent and humbled by one kiss from mother.

"O! how can I wait till Harry comes!" plaintively sighed a young wife, as she gazed sadly down the long street; then, turning impatiently to the little time-piece still merrily clicking its monotonous tune upon the mantle, she exclaimed, "O! Harry—Harry! if you had only kissed me! but you did not, and I know you were offended!" and, throwing herself down despairingly upon the sofa, she buried herself in the soft cushions and gave vent to her feelings in bitter sobs.

Those three long hours dragged wearily on to the unhappy wife; but, at length, the distant town-clock peals forth the dinner-hour. She starts from her forlorn attitude, as the hall door opens and shuts. A quick, bounding step, so dear to her, resounds upon the stairs—a moment more and the little willful, but sorrowing wife is weeping in her husband's arms.

"Harry, forgive! I know I was wrong!"

Tenderly and fondly as an infant was she folded to his manly heart; forgiveness granted before it was asked and sealed with a loving kiss. Perfect confidence is again restored, and the little quarrel of the morning is forgotten in the present enjoyment.

But again the business hour has arrived. The fair wife clings fondly to her husband's arms, and, as a thought of the missing kiss of the morning flits across the mind, the truant tears will force their way to the half-laughing, half-sad eyes. But the fond goodbye kiss is given, the lingering, loving look, and again she is left alone; but she is happy now, Merrily she sings the hours away,

till again the well-known step is heard ; again those most loved tones fall upon her ear.

What's in a kiss—a simple kiss? Much, very much! More potent than the rod—dearer to affection than countless wealth. Who has not felt its magic influence? 'Tis the lover's tender pledge of undying constancy; 'tis a bond of friendship and fidelity: and ardent, but also to old age, to the withered heart and bloomless cheek.—*Waverly Magazine*.

A DREAM OF LIFE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

It was one of those beautiful, calm, holy Sundays, when we wish to be alone to dream or worship as our mood may be. The air was fragrant with summer flowers, and the woods waved a bewitching invitation to their cool shades, while the birds warbled forth their entreaty for us to come and enjoy with them the beauties of nature.

Tempted by so many enchantments, I took a book—not with any idea of reading, but for an excuse—and following a narrow, shady path, soon reached a natural couch thickly cushioned with rich, green moss. Weary with my short walk—for I was not strong—I threw myself down upon the soft bed to rest. Heavy boughs of the pine and hemlock waved above and around me, subduing the bright, warm rays of the sun, and making a cool, soft twilight.

My thoughts went back to the time when I was a little child, and came to this place to weep my childish sorrows unseen and unquestioned. Then no sunlight was too bright for me. I remembered how I loved the sun with my whole heart, and used to wish it would never set; how I rose early in the morning to be out to welcome my kind friend.

When it rained I believed the sun was weeping, and on cloudy days, when my mother said its "face was hid," I thought it was from sorrow, and with a child's sympathy would go about the house very quietly, feeling a heavy weight at my heart.

I recalled distinctly the sound of the wind as it whirled around the corner of the house in which my little room was situated, the entreating whine it made to be let in, until my tender heart was touched, and I would creep out of my warm bed, open the window a little way, and close it hastily again, half frightened, half offended at the rude rush of air which chilled my young blood. I would hurry back to bed, and hide my head under the clothes to shut out all remembrance of my offended dignity. Then the muffled sound of the blast would lull me to sleep, and to dream of the beautiful angels who nightly visited me.

As these things returned to my memory the low murmurings of the soft breeze which just stirred the heavy boughs above, soothed me into a deep slumber. In my dreams occasional scenes of my childhood seemed to mingle with flights of fancy.

I went back to the time when I was a careless child, the happy possessor of a pretty straw hat of which I was very proud. But what gave it the greatest charm to my youthful fancy was a lining of the crown. I often took off my hat to admire its beauty, and wonder where such flowers grew.

One morning as I was walking around my garden admiring the blossoms dressed in their pearls, I looked into my hat to see which was the prettiest, my silver flower or my garden ones. While I was yet undecided I turned it so that a sunbeam struck the silver, which threw back bright rays. I

clapped my hat to my bosom, as a boy does who has caught a butterfly, and ran to show to my mother my treasure, the beautiful sunbeam I had caught. Imagine my disappointment upon looking into my hat to find nothing there.

My mother stooped down, and smiling kissed me tenderly, and told me to run out and catch another sunbeam. Cheered and comforted I did so, only to be again disappointed; and this time so sure had I been of my prize, that when I found nothing but my silver flower, I burst into tears. My mother took me on her lap, and folding me closely to her bosom, said,

"Hush, my darling! Forget your lost sunbeam. I have so much to say to my dear child that she will never think of it again. You have a long journey to go, and must begin to prepare for it. You have to climb with much sorrow and pain, and my little girl must take her share of trouble with the rest. The beginning is the hardest part, but we will start early on the difficult road that I may be with you in your first trials."

As she spoke, I seemed to be aroused to the full knowledge of life. I was no longer the thoughtless child I had been that very morning. Filled with the thought that I was born to many trials which I must meet and conquer, I seemed to have grown old in an hour. My mother told me what a difficult path lay before me, but that if I persevered and reached the top of the mountain, happiness awaited me, angels would come to meet me, and she herself would be there to receive and bless her child.

At the foot of our garden arose a high, steep mountain. I had never been allowed to pass the garden boundaries, but now my mother took me by the hand and we commenced the difficult ascent. When we had advanced a short distance, we stopped to rest and look back at the beautiful home we were leaving. My mother drew me close to her, and while tears stood in her eyes, said,

"My poor child, the heavy cares of life come to you early, but better so, while I am with you. But we must not 'put our hands to the plow and look back,' we must keep our eyes fixed, not upon our old home, but upon the brightness at our journey's end, and upon the holy star which will guide and guard us on our way."

As she finished speaking, she pointed first to the top of the mountain, which was crowned with a glorious light, then to a bright star which was just above us. Its rays seemed to fall upon my mother, making her look more beautiful than ever. I could have worshipped her, she looked so like an angel.

We continued our journey many days, sometimes resting awhile at the pretty villages through which we passed, the beautiful star being always our guide and light.

In my dream months and years flew by, and still we were toiling on, meeting many other travelers, one of whom journeyed with us. We met her at one of those pretty green villages where we had stayed some time. She was an orphan, almost as beautiful as my mother, and good and holy as beautiful.

My mother became daily weaker, her health declined rapidly, until one day the light of the star, as it fell upon her, seemed like a halo or mist around her, beautifying her, but hiding her from us. She bade us a tender farewell; and as she faded from us, the brightness at the summit of the mountain seemed to intensify, and we saw shadowy, spiritual forms floating around,

one of whom came to meet and aid my mother.

New troubles thickened around me and my friend. It was only with much toil and pain that we were unable to proceed; but the consciousness of my mother's spiritual presence, and the hope of soon joining her in that beautiful land we were approaching, gave us strength to persevere. That holy star was our greatest blessing. Its light fell upon our path, making our way clear until angel's came to cheer us.

When I saw the glorious land opening to my view, and heard the heavenly strains of music breaking upon my ear, I felt again my mother's close embrace.

Beautiful visions of lovely children and holy angels leading poor, frail mortals to heaven were passing before me, as I was gently awakened from my dream by my own dear mother, who was wrapping a shawl around my shivering form. The sun was sinking in the west, crowning the tree-tops with soft, rosy light, while the birds sang their good night song.

I felt unspeakably happy, and wondered if this had been a dream, or a vision, or if an angel, visiting my beautiful, shady nook, had stopped to whisper in my ear.—*Waverly Magazine*.

Health and Love of Nature.

If, as we are informed by Miss Beecher and others, whose investigations have qualified them to speak with authority upon this subject, the health and vigor of our population, and more especially the female portion of it, are becoming deteriorated at a rapid and fearful rate, then is it not plainly the duty of all right-minded citizens to inform themselves as to the causes of this lamentable condition of things, and to do something towards alleviating or removing it? The evils and discomforts incident to impaired health, to say nothing of actual, positive disease, are so manifold and so destructive of happiness, that it can only be by shutting them out of sight and thought, that any can be indifferent about this alleged and well-proven deterioration of the health and vigor of the women of our country. When the sad consequences connected with this lack of health and vigor in the tenement provided by the Creator for the soul to live and work in are duly conceived of and considered, the vital importance of a Health Department in a Ladies' Magazine, and of all inquiries and efforts directed to the abatement of the evil and its many mournful consequences, will be readily perceptible.

Feeling deeply the importance of everything which may contribute to prevent or lessen any of the ill health which is becoming more and more prevalent, we offer at present a few thoughts, suggested by the season of the year upon the health-promoting influences of a love of Nature, and of the out-door activities, excursions and employments thence resulting.

We take it for granted that all are well aware and ready to acknowledge that much of the debility and delicate health of women is owing to their want of exercise in the open air. The bulk of the occupations of women must be pursued in-doors, and as they are not absolutely compelled to go out, as men are, they are apt to remain too much in the house, and to acquire thus a growing disinclination to out-door exercises and exposures. This disinclination it seems to be difficult to overcome. How often has the kind and considerate family physician or other friend, who has been counseling some delicate young girl to take more exercise in the open air, been answered somewhat as follows: "Oh, I suppose I should be stronger and better if I went out more, but I do dislike so much to fuss in the garden, or to take walks without any object except one's health." As the health becomes more and more impaired, this disinclination

to out-door exercise and employment grows upon the invalid; headache, nervousness, lowness of spirits, and general *malaise* become more frequent and severe, and a foundation is being made for the attack of consumption, or some other disease incident to a prostration of the vital powers. Now all the miseries of many long years of such debility and ill-health might have been prevented, if the parents had instilled a love of Nature, encouraged out-door sports, and formed the child to take an interest in the culture of flowers, fruits, shrubs, &c., or in some other employment which would have increased the love of Nature in some of her various aspects or departments, and have at the same time invigorated and toughened the constitution. The miseries of such a condition might also, to a certain extent, be prevented or alleviated, if the person threatened with growing debility, delicacy and impairment of health and vigor, were to consult some judicious work on hygiene, or some well-informed friend, and rouse herself up to overcome her listlessness and sedentary habits—her fondness for idle dreaming and foolish romance—and enter with energy upon gardening, or some other pursuit which would afford abundant occasions for exercise or activity in the open air.

Perhaps some parent of a delicate child, or some semi-invalid, may lay these hints to heart, and contrive some mode of healthful employment in conformity therewith. As the love of the beautiful in Nature's works grows by being exercised, not the body alone shall be benefited, but the mind and heart also. Luther, the Reformer, found solace and relief from cares and controversies in his garden, and saw the goodness and wisdom of the Creator therein displayed.—*Arthur's Home Mag.*

Beautiful Sentiments.

A man without religion is, at best, a poor reprobate—the foot ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity, and the wondrous eternity that is within him. But a woman that is without it is even worse—a flame without heat—a flower without perfume.

A man may, in some sort, tie his frail hopes and honors to the shifting ground tackle of the business of the world; but a woman without that anchor which they call faith, is a drift and a wreck. A man may clumsily continue a kind of responsibility or motive, but can find no basis on any other system of right action than that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain with trust in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him;—a woman, where can she put her hopes while passing through trials, storms and tribulation, if not in Heaven?

That sweet truthfulness—that abiding love—that enduring hope—mellowing every scene in life, lightening them with the pleasant radiance—when the world's cold storms break like an army with banners, who can bestow it all, but a holy soul tied to what is stronger than an army with banners? Who that has enjoyed the love of a good mother, but will echo the thought with energy and hallow it with a tear!

The worldly being has no points where Divine grace can reach him. Take away the object of his affection and he is soured; add to it and he becomes intoxicated. Send him sickness, and he only writhes like a human snake. But the unsealing of the human heart by cutting off its earthly objects of love, turns the foundations of that love direct towards Heaven. The bereaved soul looks its Heavenly father in the face because of its chastisement. Sacred, indeed, then, is that heavenly fire whose presence gives happiness on earth, and even whose extinguishment serves to open the vision of eternal glory and reward in Heaven.

So long as you are ignorant be not ashamed to learn.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

It is a rather strange coincidence, that at the very time when we have to grapple with rebellion in our Eastern Empire, we should have cast upon us the scarcely less urgent task of setting our house in order in the West. Few of us know—or rather, we all know, but few of us care to remember,—that beyond and outside our flourishing colonies in North America, there is an immense region belonging to the British crown—nearly as large as all Europe, and more than twenty-five times the area of the British Islands—the whole of which, by one title or another, is under the rule or management of nine directors of a trading company, who meet from time to time in Fenchurch street. Until a few years ago, when the public were somewhat surprised to hear that the Colonial Minister had made a free grant to the Hudson's Bay Company of the finest island in the Pacific, “the Britain of the North-West,” there were not twenty people in this country who had any idea how that singular association came to be the rulers of half a continent—how they had acquired their vast powers—or how they discharged the duties that were attached to them. Nor was it easy to obtain much information on the subject. We were simply told that the Hudson's Bay Company were absolute owners of the soil of about one half of the great region which they rule—that within those limits they had the exclusive privilege of trade, and the sole right to use or work the mines and fisheries—while over the equally extensive region west and north from the Rocky Mountains they claimed no more than the exclusive right of trade with the native tribes. For this last privilege they were able to show a license from the Crown, issued in conformity with an Act of Parliament, and reserving a right to resume any part of the territory required for colonization. But the extraordinary fact remained, that, to the larger part of the powers which they have exercised during nearly two centuries, the Company have never had any clear title whatever. It is true that for seven years at the close of the seventeenth century, Parliament did give a sanction to the Charter of Charles II., and to the privileges which it confessed to convey; but the renewal of the Act was not obtained by the Company, though sought in 1697, and from that day to this they have been content to carry on their great trade, and to rule the white population, and the subject Indian nations, on no better warrant than a Royal Grant, of which one-half is most obscure and vague, and the other certainly contrary to law and to all constitutional precedent.

Those who are curious to know all that can be said for and against the pretensions of the company, will find full materials, now for the first time brought to light, in the Appendix to the Blue-book containing the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, which inquired last session into “the State of the British Possessions under the Administration of the Hudson's Bay Company.” But most people will not trouble themselves with so laborious an inquiry. They will agree with the Attorney-General, that it would be unjust and unreasonable to try the validity of a charter nearly two centuries old, and which has been acted upon for that time, by the strict letter of the law as understood in our days. If Ministers and Parliaments have so long given something more than a tacit sanction to their claims, the Company cannot fairly be blamed for having enjoyed the estate, though it has come to them by no clear title; and all that reasonable men will now insist

upon is, that privileges resting on an invalid or doubtful charter of the 17th century, shall not be suffered to stand in the way of the requirements of the present generation.

A few lines will explain what those requirements are. The Hudson's Bay Company, though starting under princely and noble auspices, and designed, according to its Charter, to further geographical discovery, has been from the first simply a company for carrying on the fur trade with the northern regions of America. As traders, they seem to have done their business remarkably well, and those moralists who define virtue to be self-interest well understood, might enrol many of the Governors and Directors of this Corporation in their calendar of saints. Except that the one is conducted for sport, and the other for gain, there is no real difference between deer-stalking and fur-hunting; the same principle of management apply to both; and so, having given some three millions of square miles of British territory to a Fur Company, we must not be surprised that half a continent has been turned into one vast game-preserve.

It has been the obvious interest of the Hudson's Bay Company to keep civilized man far from the haunts of the valuable wild animals. Their policy required that agriculture, if tolerated at all, should be limited to small or distant establishments—that the natives should be peaceful and well-disposed to the Company, but dependent on the chase for their chief support, kept entirely within the power of the Company's officers, and far removed from a competing market. It can be no libel on the Company to say that they have been successful in achieving the ends which they doubtless have had constantly in view. They have been accused of cruelty and oppression towards the Indian tribes—of unjust, if not fraudulent, dealings in the system of barter by which their traffic is conducted—of corrupting the natives with ardent spirits, and discouraging missionary efforts for their improvement—and lastly, of violence and persecution against those who have attempted to trade in the natural productions of the country. On the other hand, most of those who speak in the name of the Company credit that body with profuse generosity towards the red man, with a readiness to make all sorts of sacrifices to promote his advance towards a civilized and settled life, to remove the dangerous temptation of ardent spirits, and to favor the teaching of Christianity. The same witnesses even endeavor to show that the Company are ready to encourage settlers in their territory, and to facilitate the extension of trade in every article except furs and spirits.

After reading all the evidence on each side, though it is not very easy to pick one's way through a great deal of it, we are disposed to question the assertion of both parties. Setting aside the occasional acts of men using large powers at a distance from all control, we do not believe that the administration of the Company has been marked by unnecessary harshness. The natives seem usually to have found at their hands humane and fair treatment—internal quarrels have been discountenanced and suppressed—ardent spirits have been withheld, whenever this could be done *without interference with the profits of trade*—and some slight encouragement has been given to missionary efforts. Lastly, in dealing with troublesome settlers who threatened to interfere with their absolute control over their territory, the Company have prudently refrained from extreme courses. They

have abstained from using the powers supposed to be granted by their charter, and have resorted to safer and less direct means for getting rid of opposition. On the other hand, we cannot ascribe to them the unprofitable virtues laid to their charge. If they freely make advances of food and necessities to the Indians, which are sometimes not paid for by the furs of the following season, they take care to maintain such a scale of prices as amply to cover any loss on this head; and, in the meantime, they retain the native tribes in that state of dependence which they find it their interest to perpetuate. As for making sacrifices to promote the advance of civilization and the teaching of Christianity, the less that is said on that subject the better for the Company. If we were to take an account of their annual profits, which we believe have never fallen short of ten per cent. on the nominal capital—to say nothing of the large portion which has been carried to stock, making up more than half of the capital of £500,000 which stands against the names of the shareholders—and were we to compare the entire amount of all that has ever been expended by them to promote education, to maintain Christian missionaries, or to teach these subjects any of civilized life, the result would certainly show the prudence of avoiding any further reference to so delicate a topic.

With these drawbacks, however, there is much that may be fairly commended in their management. They seem to have used much care in the selection and promotion of their officers*—men placed in positions of almost unchecked authority, which has rarely been abused. Their rules for dealing with the Indian tribes are, if not over liberal, at least humane and prudent; and their great authority has been successfully used to maintain peace—except, indeed, in the south of their territory, where they have found it less troublesome and expensive to leave the Sioux and Blackfeet to carry on incessant and bloody contentions amongst themselves, than to make any serious effort to quell the savage propensities of those still powerful tribes. Our general conclusion, then, is that the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company is, on the whole, more favorable to the aborigines than any other that is likely to be substituted for it.

The question then arises—why disturb a state of things that is working tolerably well? The answer is, that if the Hudson's Bay territory has stood still, the rest of the world is not standing still—that, above all other people, the British race and their descendants in the United States are rapidly advancing over the continent of North America, subduing to the use of man every region fit for his habitation, and appropriating whatever natural productions can conduce to convenience or profit. In advance of the regular army of settlers who attach themselves to the soil, there are found restless and adventurous spirits—"pioneers of civilization," as our American consins like to call them—who push on with axe and rifle into districts entirely new, and everywhere find the means of existence. The appearance of these men is the first ripple which shows that the great wave of colonization is approaching a new region. At the present time everything seems to show that the tide is flowing towards the south part of the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company. Both from the east and the south—from Canada and the United States—adven-

turers are approaching, or have already found their way; and we may be certain that more are behind. The Canadian Legislature have taken the matter up, and the Executive Government of that colony have formally tested the title of the Company, and put forward a claim to its territory as legally appertaining to Canada. On the other hand, the Americans, though they have no color of claim to territorial possession, are fast pressing onward; and three months ago an American engineer was actually laying out the sight of a town on the very frontier, fifty miles from the Red River Settlement. It is clear, then, that the time has come when the game preservers must retire. The claims of Canada are plainly founded in reason, if not in law, and they are sustained by every motive of national policy; for if these great Western regions are not to cease to be British, they must become Canadian, and that speedily.

We suppose that the Government must have had this conclusion before them when they proposed, early in the present year, the appointment of the Committee of the House of Commons, whose labors have produced the Blue-book of which we have spoken. The result was, on the whole, satisfactory. Mr. Edward Ellice, who appeared before the Committee to represent the Company, in which he is said to be a large shareholder, is a man of long political experience and undoubted sagacity. Instead of attempting a fruitless resistance, he at once admitted that whatever districts are required for purposes of settlement must be given up to Canada by the Company, and prudently contented himself by throwing cold water upon the prospects of all who may be induced to try their fortune in these new regions of the West. The Committee seem to have caught at this prospect of accommodation; and the substance of their Report, so far as regards the territory at this side of the Rocky Mountains, is that the Government of Canada should be permitted to annex the country fit for settlement, on condition of undertaking the administration of the settled districts, while the exclusive privileges of the Company should be maintained in the districts which seem permanently unfit for the habitation of civilized man.

The whole efforts of the Company appear now to be turned to underrate the resources, the climate, and the capabilities of the country from which they are about to retire. As this is a matter of national interest, we shall on another occasion endeavor to ascertain what conclusion should be drawn from the contradictory statements of opposing witnesses; and in doing so we shall have the benefit of some valuable information lately received in this country. We shall also have something to say respecting Vancouver's Island and the adjoining territory, the importance of which is at last beginning to be recognized by the British public.—*Saturday Review*.

A WIFE.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and dance. It is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect, feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing-room, and excite the admiration of the company, but is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to train up a child in the way he should go.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Nothing, (says a writer,) could exceed the vanity of this Queen. Her poets and painters vied with each other in their flattery of her personal charms. In Hampton Court is a picture of her in which Venus is represented as hiding her eyes from the dazzle of her beauty, and Juno retiring from the vain competition. And yet she was notoriously plain, with large masculine features and red hair.

As a set-off to the above, we find the following going the round s:

"QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HAIR.—The color of this celebrated potentate's hair has been ascertained to a demonstration not to be of that hideous red which her detractors have fastened upon her devoted head, but of a fair auburn or golden brown, very soft and silky in texture, and glossy as though the soft lines were flecked with light or powdered with gold dust. The savage manner in which she treated Mary, Queen of Scots, had much to do in affixing upon her hair the fiery color ascribed to it, but this, together with many of her positive virtues and rare gifts of mind, has been at last rescued from the partial mazes of history by impartial searchers after truth. Among the relics preserved at Wilton, the seat of the Pembroke, the present residence of Hon. Sidney Herbert, is an old folio copy of the 'Arcadia,' in which lies folded a long, rich, shining lock cut from the head of Queen Bess by her own fair hands, and originally presented by her to her devout admirer, Sir Philip Sidney. Accompanying the hair is the very copy of the lines written by the young poet upon the occasion of receiving the golden tress, which was sent to his royal mistress in the fullness of his love and devotion. The interchange of gifts took place in 1573, when the youthful hero was twenty-nine and Queen Bess was forty.

The lines read as follows:

'Her inward worth all outward show transcends,
Evy her merits with regret commends;
Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the light,
And in her conduct she was always bright.
When she imparts her thoughts her words have force,
And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse.'

But Sir Philip was far surpassed in his praise by Eughues Lyly, who wrote as follows of the Virgin Queen:

"Touching the beantie of this Prince, her countenance, her manjestic, her personage, I cannot thinke it may be sufficiently commended, when it cannot be too much marvelled at. So that I am constrained to saie as Praxiteles did, when he began to paint Venus and her son; who doubted whether the worlde could afford colours good enough for two such faire faces, and I whether my tongue can yield wordes to blazon that beantie, the perfection whereof none can imagine, which seeing it is so, I must do like those who want a clear sight; who, being not able to discern the sunne in the skye, are told to beholde it in the water. Zenxis having before him fiftie faire virgins of Sparta whereby to drave one amiable Venus, sayd that those could not mynister sufficient beantie to shewe the Godesse—therefore, being in despaire, either by arte to shadow her, or by imagination to comprehend her, he drew in a table a fair Temple, the gates open, and Venus going in, so as nothing could be perceived but her back; wherein he used such cunning, that Appelles himself seeing this work, wished that Venus would turn her face, saying if it were in all parties agreeable to the back, he would become apprentice to Zenxis, and slave to Venus. So I, with Elizabeth, must paint her back toward you, for I cannot by any art pourtray the beauty of her front."

The present evil is often the husk in which Providence has enclosed the germ of future prosperity.

* It seems probable that one source of success in the management of the Company has been the system of paying their chief officers by shares in the annual profits, in place of fixed salaries.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

SHALL THE LOVE OF GOLD LURE US FROM OUR HOME?

The people of California have heard a rumor of gold from a distant shore, and many of them, with characteristic haste, are preparing to leave our State, for the new El Dorado. Indeed, some have already gone to seek their fortunes on Frazer river. 'Tis but a few years, since the cry of gold was borne from the Pacific to the Atlantic shores, and there was received with acclamations of joy; and forthwith commenced a general stampede for California. Interests were sacrificed, homelies ruthlessly sundered—in too many cases never again to be united upon earth. The early history of California proves what man is without the presence and influence of women and home. Not that we would be understood to say, that there were no women in California, at that time; far from it. There were women here years before that—NOBLE TRUE WOMEN—whose names will yet brighten the pages of history and shine with resplendent lustre upon generations yet to come; but, they were few and confined to certain localities; and, in many parts of California, women, with all the hallowed associations of home, lived only in the memory of those who (for the present at least) had sacrificed those ties for the love of gain.

How many, as they lay tossing restlessly upon their feverish beds, exclaimed mournfully—home, home. How many, as they breathed faster and shorter and knew that the sands of life were fast running out, whose faltering lips pronounced lovingly the sacred names of mother, wife, and sister.

And now, by all the early history of California; by all the sad remembrances of the past: we call upon our people to keep inviolate the sacred ties of home. No gold can repay the desolation of the heart and the hearth. Let not the homes, which are now the pride and hope of California, be made desolate by this lure of gold. Clustering around your homes are those influences which tend to develop and strengthen your internal and spiritual natures, and fit you for an entrance into that city, "whose streets are of gold and whose gates brass." See to it, then, that you sacrifice not to the god of Mammon your eternal interests.

True, there are many here who have not the ties of home around them; they are alike wanderers on this or any other shore. To such, we say go; carry out the spirit of enterprise; go, but remember, that you are the founders of a new empire, and let not the record of your deeds blacken the pages of history; go, bearing with you as a talisman

the memory of a mother's prayers and a mother's teachings—realizing the high trust which is in you vested, and be you faithful to that trust.

WHAT ARE THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF A STEAMSHIP COMPANY?

The world may say that we are out of our element now, and that the gentler sex has no right to take a battle stand and come out in armor, with drawn swords, to fight even against a wrong. But in the right cause, *we are invulnerable*, and no conventional error will keep us from speaking our mind and using our feeble efforts to strike down a shameful, daring wrong.

We are wives, and we love our husbands—we are mothers, and we love our sons. Their lives are dear to us—they are our life and hope. And now, when thousands of them, actuated by a laudable spirit of adventure inherent in the Anglo Saxon race, are seeking the new Dorado, we ask, what are the responsibilities of a Steamship Company? Are they not answerable at the bar of God and man for the life of every one of those gallant pioneers who are sailing on their ships?—and we ask of them, are their ships seaworthy?

But a little time ago, when the Central America was lost and her gallant band of immortal brothers went down with her, Oh, what a wail went forth from one end of the land to another, and none louder than the press of this country. Where are our cotemporaries now?—we hear not their voices; and the ships they condemned as unsafe and unseaworthy are freighted now with our dear friends, and we hear not a word of warning. Let this be seen to, or the exodus to this new Dorado will be ere long heralded to the world as linked with another fearful catastrophe of death and ruin:

Since writing the above the *Bulletin* has warned the public as to one of the steamers; but there is no decided action of the press on this momentous question, lying perdu till the cry of death again rings in our ear, and the widow and the orphan will have a right to ask the press, *are you not also responsible for this?*

Let us hear from you, my friends, with your burning words of power—shiver a lance at this giant trader in our lives. Ours is but a feeble hand, still we would do our best and place our protest on the record.

IS IT TIME TO THINK?

The world rolls on, revolving ever; night cometh, and then the day—*ever, ever*: moments pass, hours pass, days pass, months pass, years pass away, and at last we are summoned to the night of death; and during all that time we never give ourselves time to think upon our mission here, until at last in the parting hour we know, alas! it is too late.

'Tis moru! and the golden, glowing sun looks out in glory; and o'er hill, dale and valley, o'er lake and river, firth and ocean, he pours the life of light!

All nature is happy, and we sport in the scene, and the joyous laugh peals forth from vine-clustered groves, and beauteous maidens,

whose smile is the very light of love, look out upon us, and our very path is joy. Think we, then? Ah, no; we bask in the present and forget the future. But it cometh. Youth passeth away—the clustering, glowing raven locks become whitened by the hand of Time, the light step a laggard on the road, and in the darkening evening we think not of the future, but ever of the past.

And thus do we peril our everlasting life for the fleeting and transitory pleasures of a scene that is vanishing away from us every moment that we live. And so the night is with us, and there is no time to think, for the darkening shadows fill our soul with dread, and we learn the truth, *that now is the time to think!*

LIFE'S BATTLE.

Rest, ye weary one, from the strife, covered with the dust of the battle, riven and torn, wounded and dismayed. Rest and be thankful, but murmur not, for thy lot hath a thousand parallels, and away in that seething, boiling battle ground thousands are wounded, never to rise again, cast down, trampled on, hacked and maimed, who with dying and despairing eye would look upon thy resting place as paradise.

Rest weary one and gather strength, for you must fight on the morrow again, for there are vantage spots to win, and your flag must wave on the highest of you frowning towers.

Alas! I have no heart, my arm hath lost its power to strike home again—I will give up and lie down here to die.

Coward! base, despairing, wretched coward! Will the words of insult not warm thy chilled blood? Hark! hear ye not the old battle-cry of *forward! forward* to the front? Ah, your eye is brightening my dear, brave friend, and your hand is tightening with nervous grasp around the hilt of your well-tried sword. To-morrow we will conquer.

And the morrow came.

We were beleaguered, and a savage, howling foe was like a cloud of fire around us. They were closing in upon us, and there seemed no hope.

But aloft waved our flag, and our comrades stood in the ranks cool and undismayed—eye glancing back to eye the light of stern resolve. Then came a clear voice ringing in our ear—*charge!* and our gallant band seemed like a thunderbolt dashed upon the foe, for their dark masses were broken, wavered and went down before that fearful charge, and then pealed forth the shout of victory.

Our night was past, and the morning was with us now.

And so it is ever, oh! soldier, in the battle of Life. Blanch not in the dark hour, but be ever ready, ever pressing forward for the front, with stern resolve to do thy duty. The night will pass away, and the glorious sun will bring the morn again, radiant with *light and joy and hope!*

Owing to a press of other matter, our editorial correspondence is laid over until the next number.

The Effect of the Northern Gold Discovery on California.

We are amused and interested in hearing and witnessing the various discussions which take place in private conversations, as well as in the public prints, relative to the late discoveries of gold, and the effects which are to be produced upon our State, particularly. Never acknowledging the slightest ambition to invade the arena of business affairs—a province long conceded to the *wiser sex*—we are not without our share of speculations as to the probabilities of the case, which we do not think improper to offer to our readers.

In a former issue we attempted to present the results of an unrestrained spirit of adventure upon the individual. We now propose to glance at the probable effect of these late discoveries upon us as a community and a people.

The first result, which is already apparent on the surface, is the increase of productive labor. Up to this time more (we are informed,) than five thousand persons have left the State to engage in the glittering fields, where they expect to reap a golden harvest. It is true, some of them are men who leave steady and often profitable employment to seek the advantage which experience will afford in new and undeveloped regions; and this may appear at the first glance to be a serious loss. But it is to be remembered that a large proportion of the migrating population is composed of persons out of employ, who have hitherto failed, or at least find themselves, after many fluctuations, at the bottom of the wheel of fortune. We think it was Goldsmith who said that persons in that position had at least this consolation, that when they had reached the bottom, every turn must bring them nearer the top; and this consideration is no doubt directing many steps and faces toward the northern discoveries. Besides many have been thoroughly disheartened; some have felt the usual effect of despondence and idleness upon their conduct and habits. Such will find in new hopes and associations a remedy for many evils. The way may be long and the route devious, but Hope beckons onward, softening the pillow and sweetening the fare. It is evident, then, that this class will soon become producers, adding a fair and large proportion to the sum of industrial pursuits on the Pacific Coast. And we cannot refrain from the thought, that it may take from the annual number upon the list of unknown graves—that men may again feel startled as the reporter announces “Another suicide this morning.”

It is supposed by some that the transition of population will effect our welfare in a business point of view, by lessening our numbers, and thereby diminishing our demand for the labor which supplies their wants. This, for the present, is undoubtedly true so far as particular localities are in question, and perhaps it may be true as regards particular professions or pursuits. There may be less need for lawyers, and doctors, and editors, and—we had almost said—for clergymen; but we must yet remember, so far as the ultimate results are to

be considered, that the advantage will be on the other side. It is, at least, but extending the field of labor; the same food and clothing, and indeed more, will be required, and with it an increase of wants, both of necessity and luxury. New demands will spring up, requiring manufacture, commerce and navigation to supply them, and here will they concentrate. The withdrawal of labor from particular branches of pursuit, either mining or agriculture, may, and no doubt will, create a greater demand and of course, a higher price; but to those classes who depend on labor for their immediate support, this will be a benefit. It is true, too, so far as property in the interior is concerned, that the increase in the price of labor may, for the time being, have a tendency to diminish its value, wherever labor enters into its process of production. This would be the case, however, wherever new mining regions might be found, whether at Shasta or Carson Valley, or Sonora, or elsewhere. Yet no one doubts that every development of wealth at these points would add to the sum total of our prosperity. It will be just so in the present instance. Whatever diminution of value may seem to take place in the interior, will find its compensation in increased activity in many branches of employment. The lines of travel, by sea and by land, feel the impulse at once; hotels and provision dealers evince renewed activity, and while we write, the shipments of necessities to the north begin to crowd our wharves, presenting a spectacle of bustle and business to which they have long been a stranger.

It is said the northern mines are chiefly in the British Possessions, but happily “trade acknowledges no political boundaries;” its channels force their way across boundary lines and through foreign States, and the stream of gold, following the courses of rivers, will reach the sea and the seaboard cities.

Far, then, from believing that we are to derive disadvantages from these discoveries, let us be quick to discern the benefits which are to flow from them. From the summit of the mountain ridge to the sea all production as well as supply will go and come from here; every pick or spade which strikes the rock or penetrates the earth, startles and stimulates corresponding blows among us; and whether labor compels its reward on the black hills of Frazer River, or beneath the scorching suns of Sonora, it is still felt and the result acknowledged here.

We have long boasted that we are the great emporium of the West. Do not let us distrust our own claim. There can be no doubt that all new fields of adventure must acknowledge one commercial supremacy, and the boundaries of our empire will be as wide as those of western civilization.

But there is still another point of view in which the new discoveries, if permanent, will be of unquestionable advantage. All among us have looked with intense anxiety to the proposed action of the General Government in building a road across the continent, and we have based many hopes of our future prosperity on the abundant wave of population

which would roll upon our shores. The hope is fled—the promise is vain; we are neglected as if, indeed, some deserted step-child. But nature is doing what Government refuses. The news of the late discoveries will stimulate emigration, and we shall soon see a new element of prosperity thronging our streets and crowding our marts. The faces of the new-comers may be turned northward, but the result will be the same. We may say, in the language of a great statesman, “We know no North.” There is no boundary line for commerce, and the new-comers will be our own people. While they reclaim the wilderness, the returning wave will enlarge, and adorn, and beautify our cities; and in the spread of such a population, carrying with it our arts, our learning, our manners, our language, our industry, with our love of free government, we may indulge in the proudest of all boasts—“The whole unbounded continent is ours.” S.

THE LOUNGING LORDS OF CREATION.

Every city, either ancient or modern, has some object of nature or art to which she points with more than common pride. Egypt has her pyramids, Italy her colosseum, England her grand old castles, New York her parks and fountains; but San Francisco boasts her living statuary—her lounging lords. Almost every corner of Montgomery street is adorned with one or more of these, dressed in the very height of fashion, with curling moustache and luxuriant whiskers, between their lips a fragrant Havana sending up clouds of wreathing smoke while they recline gracefully upon gold-head canes, the repose of their classical figures unbroken, save when the hand is lifted to give the moustache the last exquisite touch of art, or pat and smooth complacently the whiskers which are evidently objects of the most affectionate solicitude.

No matter how great the crowd upon the thoroughfares where they are established, they move not to the right hand or the left to accommodate a passer-by, or make room for those plebians who hurry to and fro intent on missions of usefulness or business. But if a woman appears, their gaze is immediately bent upon her, and they even condescend to turn and look after her till she is lost amid the crowd, or till some other appears, whom they honor with like kind and respectful attention.

Day after day these self-sacrificing individuals may be seen adorning the corners of our public streets. No matter what subject of interest thrills the heart or quickens the public pulse; no matter what calls to labor or duty fall upon their ears, they ever retain the dignity and grandeur of repose, undisturbed alike by the passing events of life, or the wants of humanity.

It has been a matter of much research to discover how individuals of this genus live, for, although they always look sleek and fat, they have never been known to pay a board bill, and I have heard that if a receipted tailor's bill should be found upon one he would be deprived of all the honors and privileges of the order, and reduced at once to the level of hon-

est industry—a degradation which will immediately deprive him of all hope of ever again aspiring to his present proud position.

'Tis said that Frazer River stands in need of some of our lounging lords—our living statuary—and that an effort will be made to export some of them to that country. We know that we shall miss their presence. The corners which they have been wont to adorn will be shorn of their glory—look desolate and sad.

It may be the folds of our vails will be drawn less closely, and our step be less hurried, as we pass meekly up and down the great mart—Montgomery street. It may be that we shall stop and heave a sigh for those who so long have honored us with such constant and unremitting attention. We shall miss them, collectively and individually, (for we know them *every one*;) but, in consideration of the great service they have rendered the city and State, and emulating a glorious spirit of self-denial and patriotism, we say—Go to FRAZER RIVER.

[For the Hesperian.]

THE ANALOGIES OF BEAUTY.

The natural world by which we are surrounded is replete with objects of grace and beauty, to regale and gratify our senses, and thus exalt our imaginations through Nature up to Nature's God, refining the grosser elements of our nature, and by the successive contemplation of forms of loveliness, assimilating us to those types of beauty which all, whether Christian or Mohammedan, attribute to the inhabitants of Paradise. It is thus that pure and elevated minds can contemplate symmetry of form and sweetness of expression without those gross associations which vulgar minds are apt to indulge in. When the poet, in eulogizing the highest form of animated terrestrial beauty which we are privileged to behold, says of woman, "Angels were painted fair to look like you," he only conveys the inseparable idea of purity and true beauty, which in expression is, in fact, purity refracted through a form of symmetry. And as in the physical, so in the intellectual world; the purely intelligent will perceive a thousand graces in the emanations of kindred minds, which the mere utilitarian or the sensualist will fail to discover. But this analogy exists not only in the essence of the qualities themselves, but in the diversified variety of their forms and characteristics.

The mind, whether acted upon through external objects, or moved by the brilliancy or elegance of ideas transmitted from other minds, requires variety. The highly cultivated or naturally sensitive imagination seeks for those almost imperceptible shades of difference of ideas, just as the admirer of horticulture notes the mingling tints of the most delicate flower, and it is in such minute gradations that the harmony and beauty of the whole in either case subsists.

The "language of flowers" is not confined to that voluptuous, poet land where imagery and figures are used to convey the commonest ideas of ordinary human intercourse, but it speaks unconsciously by means of the

garden or conservatory, through the ruder senses of the more matter-of-fact congenitors of our robust clime.

We have introduced the similarity between natural and intellectual objects for two purposes—first, to show the harmony which exists among all acknowledged refining influences upon the human mind, and by the contrast to evidence the superiority of the ideal beauty—the creations of brilliant imaginations and the developments of heaven-born genius.

The beauties of literature exceed all the beauties of natural objects in permanence, extent, variety and elegance, just as the spiritual excels the sensual or terrestrial. The one briefly blooms and perishes; the other lives eternally. Thoughts of beauty never die, but like the immortal minds that give them birth, they are ever fresh, ever new—contributing to the pleasures and enjoyments of successive generations—refining and etherializing our nature;—germinating and fructifying through a thousand intelligences, they will continue to accumulate and expand in their purifying influences till their aggregated benefits shall return to bless the source from which they sprung, in that celestial sphere where all that is pure will be eventually congregated in harmonious intercourse forever. The perennial flowers which spring from the tomb of genius, redolent with the fragrance of sweet and holy thoughts, shall ever blossom to delight and gratify the pure in heart, and the lofty inspirations of the great and good shall ever excite to high and noble deeds while literature shall last and minds exist.

Thus through ten thousand channels are transmitted to us the elaborated beauties of great and elevated minds—their lofty conceptions—their pictures of the graceful and the elegant—their high aspirations of piety and most impassioned expressions of human feeling. We hear Moses, as he sings his song of triumph and extols the attributes of Jehovah; David, as he strikes his lyre and gives utterance to the deep devotion of his soul, and Solomon as he luxuriates in his songs of love. The deeds of early Greece come down to us through the blind man's epic, and the heroic age we see immortalized in the dramas and poems of the bards of antiquity. So the immortal Shakspeare shall convey to future ages true conceptions, in figures of the highest poetic beauty, of the characteristics of his times—Byron his satires upon humanity, and Moore his graceful tributes to feminine loveliness—all shall contribute to raise still higher that standard of moral and intellectual perfection, till the assimilation shall be complete and the analogy expires by the amalgamation of terrestrial and spiritual beauty in the celestial Paradise.

COURAGEOUS WOMAN.—Courage, in woman, is thought by many of the fair sex to be so unfeminine that some fine ladies even affect cowardice, and pretend to be alarmed at the presence of a mouse in the corner, or a cow in a ten acre lot. But nothing can be more absurd. Fear is often pardoned in woman, but is never admired. It has no connection with gentleness, or even gentility, and is the source of a vast deal of misery and discomfort. Let woman cultivate courage.

[For the Hesperian.]

BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

[This article was intended for our last issue, but unfortunately was received too late. We knew darling Annie in days when there was less of sunshine on our path than now—when her innocent, happy face seemed like a sunbeam, sent to penetrate and dispel the darkness which then o'er shadowed us. May thy pathway, dear Annie, ever be among the flowers, and may many returns of thy natal day find thee joyous and happy as now.—Ed.]

Bourbon, May 28th, 1858.

Yesterday I went to little Annie Folger's birth-day party. The spot where her parents reside is a lovely one by nature, but much adorned and beautified by the artistic skill and good taste displayed by its owners, Mr. and Mrs. H., who reside on the grounds. Flowers everywhere meet the eye, as you pass along the smooth walks which meander over the gentle declivity, extending from the brow of the hill, where stand several beautiful white cottages, enshrouded with flowers and evergreen shrubs, and pass to the precipice at the shore of the bay. This lovely spot has recently received the beautiful and poetic name of *Balwarte*, from the circumstance of its once having been a secret fort, in years long since passed, quite a number of cannon balls having been found by some workmen while preparing promenade paths through the grove. From this place—I will now call it *Balwarte*—one can enjoy a most beautiful prospect. Contra Costa, with her beautiful green fields, dotted here and there with plain, yet neat white cottages, with their back ground of Italian hills, is plain in view. The islands of the Bay—Goat, Alcatraz and Angel—with the hundred sail of various size, from the fisherman's boat, which can be seen engaged in taking small fish at the shore of this lovely place, to the beautiful merchant clipper, and huge ship-of-war, dot its lovely bosom, adding beauty to the picture.

Turn your eyes to the Golden Gate, and far beyond, "O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea"—vision is lost where air and ocean meet. The soul becomes entranced! Six years have completed their rounds—six summers have lent their tints to beautify and adorn the beautiful complexion of Annie. Six years have moulded, with skill and art alone known to nature, the lovely form of our little friend; and yesterday, with a joyous heart, she invited her little friends to join her to celebrate her sixth natal festivity. The scene was truly a beautiful one. There were congregated upon this beautiful spot—*Balwarte*—made brilliant by the presence of ten thousand flowers of various hues, "children of inanimate nature," some dozen beautiful little girls, from three to ten years of age, all happy and joyous, with hearts of innocence and purity radiating their cheerful faces. I thought to myself, these are the joys of heaven—and why not? Our Saviour said, in speaking of little children, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Hour after hour passed in happy glee. Here a little group, viewing with intense interest

two little humming birds, scarcely fledged, still confined to their nest, not yet old enough to fly; and there another, admiring some beautiful flower. And then on the sea-beach, watching with great anxiety some Italian fishermen engaged in catching with a seine those little fish so common in our market. All was joy and happiness. At last the hour came when we were to partake of the good things prepared for this natal festivity. Passing from the house along a smooth meandering path, bordered with flowers of various kinds and overshadowed by evergreen shrubs and trees, we spied a short distance in advance, a beautiful white arbor, adorned with flowers, shrubs and trees, in which were spread with much taste, interspersed with beautiful bouquets, the cakes, candies, strawberries and cream, oranges, etc., prepared for the occasion.

The arbor is some forty feet in length and some six in breadth, overarched with an opening at each end like a door, the whole composed of lattice work. At either end and in the middle were suspended wreaths about two feet in diameter, composed of beautiful flowers of various hues, tastefully arranged. As we approached the arbor, led on by our little hostess, who was alone distinguished from her companions by a wreath encircling her brow, composed of buds and half open red and white roses, the scene was truly beautiful. Each strove with each to impart to all their joy and happiness which each possessed. It created an atmosphere of affection and joy; for even the babe, who was present upon its mother's bosom, when spoken to would manifest its joy by uplifted hands and heaven-lit countenance. The table was presided over with much dignity by our little friends.

After spending some time with those happy ones, I took my leave, feeling that I was a better and a happier man for my visit to Balwete.

AK INVITED GUEST.

LITTLE GRAVES.—Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations, are the little graves in the churchyard. They are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joys—half unfolded buds of innocence, humanity nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a canker-worm of pollution had nestled among its embryo petals. Callous indeed must be the heart of him who can stand by a little graveside and not have the holiest emotions of his soul awakened to thoughts of purity and joy which belong alone to God and heaven: for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life begun and life ended without a stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojournment among us? How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy while standing by the earth-bed of lost little ones? Mournful because a sweet treasure is taken away—joyful because that jewel glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

As prisoners in castles look out of their grated windows at the smiling landscape, where the sun goes, so we from this life, as from dungeon bars, look forth to the heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

THE MOTHER'S PATHWAY.

I looked upon a fair young mother with her babe upon her breast, and as she discharged the offices of maternal love, I thought of the awful responsibility which rested upon her in developing and training an immortal spirit for eternity; and as I saw how weak and frail she was, how unconsciously she seemed to hold the great mission to which she was appointed, I trembled for her charge. As I looked anxiously upon her, I beheld floating in the atmosphere numberless forms of exquisite beauty, each one of whom seemed to be endowed with some peculiar office. On either side the mother, were those whose mission it was to strengthen. I saw them pour from small transparent flasks the oil of hope and gladness upon her heart; and others there were who carefully guided her steps, and helped her over portions of the way which were rough and dangerous. As she advanced, the way became more difficult. She had turned her back upon the light which, at first, had shed its feeble rays upon her path, and now thick darkness gathered about her, while fearful precipices yawned from either side. Trembling and weak she grasped the reeds and weeds upon her path; but they, weak and frail as herself, bent, and broke, beneath her touch and left her more helpless and hopeless than before, till almost despairing, she sank 'mid the darkness and gloom which surrounded her. At this moment issued from the darkness, two angel-forms dressed in flowing robes of white, with crowns upon their heads, upon one of which I read the word Faith, upon the other Prayer. Gently they led her to a rock, which as she reached, she sank upon her knees, and in her hands which were extended to heaven, I beheld her babe. And now burst upon the air a song of joy and triumph, as of myriads of voices singing—"We praise thee, oh God!" and the air was full of angel-forms who, bending over the mother, gathered her prayers and tears in silver censers, and bore them upward till they were lost to sight.

Now light gleamed on the mother's path, and she went on her way, singing—"Not in mine own strength, but in thine, oh God!"

A gentle hand was pressed upon my brow, and I awoke to ponder over a dream.

A Beautiful Smile.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual—insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile all on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the line of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character; some announce goodness and sweetness; others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness; others brighten it by their brilliant vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and illuminated and beautified by sweet thoughts.

"HESPERUS."

Our kind friend of the *Trinity Journal*, to whom we are indebted for many words of encouragement, makes our paper the subject of a very interesting article in his last week's issue. He revives a scrap of mythological history, which, in this matter-of-fact age, may appear entirely new to many. It is presented in an exceedingly entertaining style, and will, we dare say, be read with pleasure by our readers.

Our lady cotemporaries of the *Hesperian* have chosen a beautiful and appropriate name. In mythological story, Hesperus was the brother of Atlas, who holds up the heavens. He was a wonderfully good looking fellow, and at one time contested the palm of beauty with Venus; hence the star of evening is sometimes called by his name. Having ascended Mount Atlas to make astronomical observations, he was blown away by the winds.

Hesperus had three daughters, called the "Western Maidens," who, Hesiod says, "dwelt beyond the bright ocean." At the wedding of Jupiter and Juno, all deities appeared with gifts; Earth bringing branches bearing golden apples. The bride planted them in her garden, and set the "Hesperides," or three "Maidens of the West," to watch them; but the girls eat and destroyed the fruit, so that Juno sent a big serpent to guard her precious trees. The King of Argos heard of it, and sent Hercules for some of the apples, and the Hesperides directed him to another, whom Hercules choked and beat till he told where the apples grew. He then went on, crossing the great sea in a cup, and on the way found Prometheus chained to a rock, with a big bird tearing out his liver. Hercules killed the bird, and the liberated Prometheus advised him not to go further, but to send Atlas for the apples. Atlas went leaving Hercules to hold up the heavens in his stead, and returning, wanted to carry the apples on to the King of Argos. Prometheus agreed to the proposition, speaking for his friend Hercules, but desired Atlas to take hold of the heavens while he put a pad on Hercules' head. The unwary Atlas did so, and Hercules, liberated from the burthen, took the apples to the king, who returned them to him. He subsequently gave them to Minerva, by whom they were carried back to the garden of the Hesperides.

Thus derived, we may regard the *Hesperian* as a "Star of the West," with Hesperus for its patron; or, more figuratively, a branch transplanted, bearing golden apples of thought in the garden of western literature, watched over by two Hesperides.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—I saw a mourner stand at eventide near the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past, came crowding on his soul. "And is this," said he, "all that remains of one so loved and so lovely? I call but no voice answers. Oh! my loved one will not hear! O death! inexorable death! what hast thou done? Let me bow down and forget my sorrows in the slumber of the grave!"

While he thought thus in agony, the gentle form of Christianity came by. She bade him look upward, and to the eye of faith the heavens were disclosed. He heard the song and transports of the great multitude which no man can number around the throne. There were the spirits of the just made perfect—there the spirit of her he mourned! There happiness was pure, permanent, perfect. The mourner then wiped the tears from his eyes, took courage and thanked God: "All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait till my change come;" and he returned to the duties of life no longer sorrowing as one who have no hope.

CHILDRENS' DEPARTMENT.

THE LITTLE ONES IN BED.

A row of little faces by the bed—
A row of little hands upon the spread—
A row of little roguish eyes all closed—
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little errors of the day to chide.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their tiny heads,
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafled to the skies in dreams of night;
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

[Little's Living Age.]

ARIA--THE GOOD FAIRY.

Away, far away among the enchanted Isles of Inistore, resided the good Odin, and he reigned with gentle rule over the inhabitants of these enchanted isles, and over the kingdom of the fairies—sending the pearly dewdrops down at night to keep their circles green, holding the winds in his hands when they danced, permitting them to ride on the moonbeams at their own sweet will; in fine, giving them the air, water and earth to enjoy as only fairies can. I say he held over them gentle sway except when they presumed in any way on his authority; then I'll assure you, there was disturbance among the elements, the water would turn green and turbid, the lily-leaf boats would twist and writhe, and threatened to be wrecked every fibre of them; the air would be filled with whirlpools of dust, hawks and birds of prey would fly out from the branches of old decayed trees, snakes and toads, and crawling, slimy reptiles would stir and creep, and twine among the ferns and lichens in dank places; indeed, I can't tell you how fearful the commotion, when mischief got possession of some careless fairy who forgot to keep watch over herself, for they, like human beings, go astray if they don't pray not to be led into temptation. I have heard from good authority of one fairy whose misdemeanor was such that she was condemned to take the form of a toad, and to carry the burthen of her companions on her back, until sincere repentance brought her from this horrible exile back to the beautiful form she first inhabited. But in this kingdom, among the enchanted Isles of Inistore, one there dwelt, the favorite of god and fairy, beast and fowl; the loved of spirits in human form, or in any form. So beautiful was she, one could only say, how beautiful! and look to see her vanish among the stars. Her hair was golden as the sun, her eyes were like two little lakes reflecting the heavens, her mouth pink and delicate as a seashell with edges of pearl inside, her arms were ivory sceptres ruling by the force of their beauty, her figure was so lithe and elastic, she was called Aria throughout the kingdom, and throughout the enchanted Isles. Aria was the acknowledged queen, by the love and reverence voluntarily rewarded her everywhere, by every creature. No place was too difficult or dark for the light footsteps of Aria, so we will follow her in a lone midnight to the lone place of the dead. Here tombs and marble slabs, ages old, rear their moss-covered heads in the sombre night; crumbled and mouldering, they are fast sinking into the earth. Voices are in the air, a wail of the departed—"how long shall we lie forgotten? We and our great good deeds are all lost to the memory of the living, not a leaf is kept

green for our sakes, not a tree to tell our earth-history in its ever renewing life." From the folds of her mantle Aria lifts the shining garlands of white and crimson amaranths, hangs them among the broken niches and crevices of the fading monuments, and whispers, "Peace to your ashes, some there be on the earth still, who revere the dead." Aria closes her mantle, clasps her silver sandals closer, and hies away to the bleak and barren spot where lies the "stranger in a strange land," unmarked by slab of wood or stone. She perforates the sod here and there, and drops in the seed native to the clime of the stranger: "these seeds will spring up and blossom," whispers she, "and so will faith spring up in the hearts of those who behold the blossoms." The night wanes, fly home, Aria, thy errand here is finished; haste, before the revel and dance are ended, else the whole troupe of fairy-folk will rebel against thee for keeping late hours; haste, or the good god Odin will track the with wind and hailstones. Many and very lowly are the cabins and thatched cottages among the enchanted Isles of Inistore. The goodly people are often surprised by the good deeds done among them by some unseen visitant. The widow kneels at her bedside and asks for food. Her cruise of oil is empty, her harrel of meal is gone. While the sun yet winks in his bed, Aria has found her way to the empty cabin, and filled it full of sunshine; the crnise, and the barrel, and the widow's heart overflow with solid sunshine. Anon, she is hovering by the pillow of the sick, making the pale young girl oblivious of her pain, by the fragrant bloom of the lily of the valley, which she deposits there, in a blanket of moss! But Aria has come a weary way, around by a place of fens and dank weeds, a dismal, swampy spot, where no fairy circle is kept green, or lily-boats spread their sails to the wind, which even the good god himself seems to have deserted. Aria is not afraid of snake or lizard, so she weaves a net of bulrushes, stands firmly upon it, and scatters the bulbs of aquatic plants all around which she has brought, singing in the meantime, "may the wild bird rest his weary wings on your brave stalk, sweet calamms, and you, my loved pitcher-plant, may you broaden your cup to the falling rain, so when the worn traveler cometh near, he may quench his thirst from your pure depths." Home again, Aria, the noon waxeth hot, the bees have been busy at the flowers, and the juice of the cherry hangs in amber beads from the tree, food and repose await thy coming.

The widow was not long in spreading the news of her cruise and barrel. She told her neighbors how the wand of some enchantress had touched them when she was dreaming, and filled them full to the brim; how the good god Odin had counted her tears, and sent some fairy to dry them! All the widows on all the Isles of Inistore, began now to repeat their incantations, joining their hands in circles, calling upon fairy, demon, or spirits to come and fill their homes with cheer; the children made up the ring and the chorons, and they looked for all the world like full blown fox-gloves, and blue-belles, with their pink and blue kirtles inflated with wind, their yellow hair streaming down their bodices, their white shoeless feet tripping to the wild chorus,

Demon, elf, or fairy,
Be not of thy gifts so chary
We'll welcome thee in any form,
So hither, hither come.

When for her young, calls the ewe,
And the tree-toad singeth too,
When the adder turns his coat,
And green grows the hazel-nut.

Then hither, hither come,
Whether dwarf, beast or gnome,
Thrice, thrice we'll welcome thee—
Ever green our circles be.

A soft mist fell over the ecstatic women, they grew pale and motionless, and drew in deep inspirations of air, and reclined languidly on the grass; the children continued in a monotonous hum.

Whether dwarf, beast or gnome,
Thrice, thrice we'll welcome thee.

Asphodel, one of the children, drops her arms suddenly, and in a hushed voice says to Vinca, "don't you hear the flapping of wings?" and in circles small, high up in air, a hawk is seen sinking, swimming, down, down, down; at length the circles widen, the mist thickens, silence pervades the group, larger, and larger grows the bird till it looks almost like a human being with wings and a beak, it settles slowly down in the centre of the group, and with the voice of a parrot says, "I've come to answer your prayers, what will you have? poppy juice for your old men, and grape-juice for your young men, a canl for your babies, and a horned moon?" Rose and Viola slunk away into the laps of their mothers.

"Speak," said the bird. "Give me never to want for food or clothes or a feather bed," said dame Vache. "Be it so! moon or stars shall shine for thee never more, flowers shall be like the stones, the birds like bats; the kine would have prayed as well." "Go on," said the image. "Give me old age, a sound stomach, and never sickness or pain," said mother Voad. "Thus let it be; no dreams shall brighten thy sleep; no day visions of paradise shall glow in thy soul; hope and faith shall shed their blossoms to the wind, sooner than in such soil grow; the ostrich might thus have prayed," answered the bird. Next said neighbor Lichens, "Give me silver bells, and a tambourine, supple legs, and eyes to see and admire me." "Thy prayer is answered; earth, sky and water shall withhold their melodies from thy ear, and their books of wisdom thou shalt never read; the peacock would have so prayed," replied the bird. "If thou canst, give me a meek and thankful spirit," said the young mother Viola. "It shall be. Thy cabin shall be as a palace; the hailstones shall be a melody to thy ear; thy bread shall be sweeter than honeycomb. A dove would have asked me thus. Speak, mother Sagus," said the image, "my wings are growing weary for the winds." "Give me eyes to see the good and beautiful abroad, in this good land of Odin, and ears to hear his voice, when he speaks in wind or in stream, in the birds or in my heart. Lastly, give me the will and power to do good." "Be it thus; the queen fairy shall have charge of thee; the serpent and lizard shall be charmed from all harm by thy presence. Aria would have prayed such a prayer." While each was looking at herself in the mirror the bird had placed before them, some blushed to see the resemblance there really was between themselves and the animals and birds, and felt indeed ashamed that their thoughts, their desires, their ambitions were only for present comfort and for the body alone. But their choice was made, their heart's desire was granted. "Each go your way," said the image, "but teach your little ones when they spin, to also carry bliss to the sick, and apple and coriander seeds to scatter by the wayside, to hang the miseltoe over forgotten graves, to divide the yule-cake with the stranger; but above all, teach them while they toil and pray for the comfort of the body, not to forget the beautiful occupant within—the spirit—which must have

its food and clothing, too. They must lie heart to heart with nature, so they may hear her smallest whisper; and then invisible hands will turn the leaves of the books now hidden to some of you!"

Still enveloped in a sort of violet haze, and still reposing in langor, they began to feel cool currents of air, and the children began to shiver, and to ask one another if they didn't hear the rush of wind. But what do they see? Transfixed they gaze on the uplifted, wide-spread wings of the bird, for a second only, and lo! a golden head, with eyes like too calm lakes, mouth like a pink sea-shell with edges of pearl, arms like ivory seeples, a figure lithe as the willow, and silver sandalled feet, are all before their eyes! It is Aria! For one ecstatic moment they look again, and behold only the enchanted Isles of Inistore.—*Golden Prize.*

American Women.

It is not to be questioned that, so far as appearances go, American Women are better off, and much better treated, than those of any other country upon the face of the earth.

You never saw a woman trundling a wheelbarrow in America, or bearing heavy burdens upon her back, or head; or dragging a plough, or laboring in the fields with the men, bare-footed and swarthy, as you may in England, or France, or Germany, and almost everywhere else on earth, any day in the year, and every hour in the day; doing the work of a man, while she is denied the privileges of a man, and the pay of a man.

You never see her living and dying here under lock and key; nor crippled and shut out from all companionship with man; covered with veils from head to foot, or forbidden to breathe the fresh air, to look up into the blue sky until she is ready to be burnt alive, or to acknowledge her preferences—or even to feel a preference for the man who is appointed to be her husband—a slave and a plaything—an over-dressed baby, garlanded for the sacrifice—and anxious only to please her master—as in Turkey, India, China, Persia, France, Italy or Portugal.

As *women*, therefore, and for no other reason, the females of this country, take them together, young and old, black and white, handsome and ugly, and whether rich or poor, enjoy a consideration, which is never allowed them anywhere else; and which they are so familiar with from their very birth, that they never dream of acknowledging it, much less of being flattered by it. Go into a public assembly—into the crowded streets—churches—theatres—anywhere; and that which if said or done to a man, would pass for a joke, or be laughed at, as no more than people who wear hats, are bound to put up with, if said or done to a woman—whatever else she might be—would provoke a general burst of indignation from the wildest and vilest mob that ever raged in our country.

But do they deserve it? Do our women deserve to be better treated than their sisters are throughout the world? We answer no—no. Loving and lovable, trustworthily, good-tempered, constant, long-suffering, and to say all in a word, *womanly* as they are, under all the changes and trials of life, they are indolent beyond the women of any other nation on earth. They read more and study less; think exercise vulgar, and usefulness a proof of low breeding. In short, they are much too easily satisfied with themselves, and with their position in the scale of social life. We talk a great deal more about Woman's rights than about Woman's duties—and while wrangling about the privilege of voting, forget to bring up our sons that they may protect us by using their prerogatives judiciously. We do not so much want new rights as a just understanding of those we already possess—a solemn sense of duty. The mighty presence of that

which makes woman a guardian angel towards her offspring—a wise and watchful tenderness, looking ever to the future.

We do not mean to say that all have these faults; or that all have these virtues, and are alike worthy of love. For, on every side, there are magnificent exceptions—women remarkable for diligence, foresight, and a wise thriftiness—women who would not only die for their children (for that every American mother will do), but who are willing to *live* for them; women who would not only toil and wrestle for them, day and night, all their lives long, through hardship and shame, and sickness, and want, and sorrow—for all these are the familiar household virtues of an American mother—but who would qualify themselves for training their children to a loftier growth of manhood—and of womanhood; who would labor with them, as well as for them; and play with them, too, whenever playing were better than toil.

Such women exist among us, even with the beauty and fashion of a great city, as many a beautiful instance of trial has proved: for male greatness as often belongs to the upper tondom as to a lower rank of life. To be rich and distinguished, is not always to be useless and unfeeling. The fault we speak of belongs to all classes.

But is there a natural deficiency of understanding with our women? Are they created for nothing better? Are they to be only what they now are—and that for ever and ever? We say no—no; and yet it must depend upon themselves. If they are not made sensible of their faults; if they are wholly satisfied with the childish deference men pay to them everywhere as *women*—and for no other reason—there will not be one in a thousand of them, after a few years, worthy to become a mother of statesmen, or of those honest men who give statesmen their strength. The homage which men extend to us so lavishly has more of compliment to the sex by far than of homage to the individual. This is why women receive it so thanklessly. It is a duty which every gentleman owes to himself, rather than to the individual, and she knows it.

So far as appearances go, we have said; so far as the outward, empty manifestations of a feeling which, however they may regard it, is at the best earthy, and but homage to the sex after all, instead of homage to the soul, or mind, or heart, or principles, our women are better off and better treated—more kindly and reverentially than is—than are the women of any other people upon the face of the earth.

But when you look for something beyond appearances—for something holier, loftier, and deeper—worthier and more lasting—how is it, then?

Look at the employments vouchsafed to our women. How few they are, how scanty, and how worthless? That which no man of spirit will touch is always good enough for a woman. Look at their pay, when they labor diligently and faithfully all their lives long, poor creatures, in the hope of saving a little for the day of sorrow—that they may not be obliged to marry, while the bloom is upon their lip, and the sunshine is not wholly extinguished from their eyes. And these employments are vouchsafed; and these prices are paid by men, and among men—men who would have the women of their country believe that they have a hearty desire to promote the welfare, the comfort and the goodness of Woman! God forgive them!

Some day, when the men of America find out how much of *womanly* excellence lies smothered under the dead rose leaves they shower upon us, they will be ashamed of feeding us with foam, and vouchsafe that true homage which makes us wise and good.

"Let the toast be, dear woman!" as the husband said to his wife, who was in a hurry to clear off the breakfast-table.

Gratitude.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

The heart that feels no gratitude
Is treason's lurking place;
'Tis filled with passions wild and rude,
And void of every grace.
'Tis like a gem locked up in gloom—
An ebon, starless night;
A withered rose without perfume—
A palace without light.

My dog, did fatal danger press,
Would perish at my side;
The horse, who feels my kind caress,
Would bear me till he died.
In this they rank, though brutes by birth,
Above the haughty one
Of human mould, who walks the earth
Forgetting favors done.

Then let us on the stage of life
Act well our several parts,
Remembering still, 'mid all the strife,
To cherish grateful hearts.
So shall we, as we pass along
Love and assist each other—
The weak depending on the strong,
As brother upon brother.

Death Warrant of Jesus Christ.

Of the many interesting relics and fragments of antiquity which have been brought to light by the persevering researches of modern philosophy, none could have more interest to the philanthropist and the believer, than the one which we copy below:

"Chance," says the *Courier des Etats Unis*, "has put into our hands the most interesting judicial document to all Christians, that has been recorded in human annals; that is, the identical death warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ." The document was faithfully transcribed by the editor, and is in *hæc verba*:

"Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Galilee, stating that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross."

"In the year seventeen of the Emperor Tiberius Caesar, and on the 25th day of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem, Anna and Caiphas, being priests, sacrificators of the people of God, Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting on the presidential chair of the Praetory, condemned Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great and notorious evidence of the people saying: 1. Jesus is a seducer. 2. He is seditious. 3. He is an enemy to the law. 4. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 5. He calls himself falsely the son of God. 6. He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands, ordered the first centurion, Quilus Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution. Forbid any person whomsoever, either poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus."

The witnesses who signed the condemnation of Jesus, are, viz: Daniel Robani, a Pharisee, Joannus Rorabable, Raphdel Robani, and Capet, a citizen. Jesus shall go out of the city of Jerusalem by the gate of Struenus.

The above sentence is engraved on a copper plate; on one side are written the words: "A similar plate is sent to each tribe." It was found in an antique vase of white marble, while excavating in the ancient city of Abulla, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1820, and was discovered by the Commissioners of arts attached to the French armies. At the expedition of Naples, it was found closed in a box of ebony, in the sacristy of Chartrem. The vase is in the chapel of Caserta. The French translation was made by the members of the Commissaries of arts. The original is in the Hebrew language. The Chartrem requesting earnestly that the plate should not be taken away from them, the request was granted, as a reward for the sacrifice they

had made for the army. M. Denon, one of the Savans, caused a plate to be made of the same model, on which he had engraved the above sentence. At the sale of his collection of antiquities &c., it was bought by Lord Howatd for 2,880 francs. Its intrinsic value and interest are much greater.

A few years ago there was found at Catskill, in New York, a "sketch of Israel," of the time of our Savior. On the one side was the representation of a palm leaf; on the other, a picture of the temple with the words underneath, "Holy Jerusalem," in the Hebrew tongue. Relics like these, properly authenticated, have about them an inexpressible sacredness and moment. They seem to blend two worlds, and to carry human curiosity from finite to infinite.

Descriptive of our Savior.

The following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome, when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced his ministry, by Publius Lentulus, the Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome—Cæsar, Emperor. It was the custom in those days, for the Governor to write down any event of importance which transpired while he held office.

"Conscript Father:—There appeared in these days, a man named JESUS CHRIST, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a Prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He hath raised the dead, cured all manner of diseases. He is a man statute, somewhat tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as a beholder would both love and fear. His hair is the color of the filbert, when fully ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward, it is more orient of color, curling and waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam or partition of long hair, after the manner of the Mazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is of the color of his hair, and thick—not of any great height, but forked. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well-shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man, for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Such gentlemen as a certain celebrated author describes in the following paragraph are not to be met every day, and should any unmarried lady happen to find one, we advise her to secure him forthwith, as one of the most perfect works from the atelier of the Divine Architect:

"Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold conversation with one whom years have deprived of all charms; show me the man who is willing to help the deformed who stand in need of help, as if the blush of Helen mantled on his cheek; show me the man who would no sooner look rudely at the poor girl in the village than at the well-dressed lady in the saloon; show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would an heiress, surrounded by the powerful protection of rank and family; show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe—who shuns him as the blasphemer and traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns as he would the coward, the ridiculer of a woman's reputation; show me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy and respect that are due to a woman, in any condition or class; and you show me a true gentleman.

Physical Education.

The revival of gymnastics is, in my opinion, the most important step that has been done in that direction. The great merit of the gymnastic art is not the facility with which certain exercises are performed, or the qualification which they may give for certain exertions that require much energy and dexterity; though an attainment of that sort is by no means to be dispised. But the greatest advantage resulting from a practice of those exercises, is the natural progress which is observed in the arrangement of them, beginning with those which, while they are easy in themselves, yet lead as a preparatory practice to others which are more complicated and more difficult.—There is not, perhaps, any art in which it may be so clearly shown, that energies which appeared to be wanting, are to be produced, as it were, or at least are to be developed, by no other means than practice alone. This might afford a most useful hint to all those who are engaged in teaching any object of instruction, and who meet with difficulties in bringing their pupils to that proficiency which they had expected. Let them recommence on a new plan, in which the exercises shall be differently arranged, and the subjects brought forward in a manner that will admit of the natural progress from the easier to the more difficult.—When talent is wanting altogether, I know that it can not be imparted by any system of education. But I have been taught by experience to consider the cases, in which talents of any kind are absolutely wanting, but very few. And in most cases, I have had the satisfaction to find, that a faculty which had been quite given over, instead of being developed, had been obstructed rather in its agency by a variety of exercises which tended to perplex or to deter from further exertion.

And here I would attend to a prejudice, which is common enough, concerning the use of gymnastics; it is frequently said, that they may be very good for those who are strong enough; but that those who are suffering from weakness of constitution would be altogether unequal to, and even endangered by, a practice of gymnastics.

Now, I will venture to say, that this rests merely upon a misunderstanding of the first principles of gymnastics: the exercises not only vary in proportion to the strength of individuals; but exercises may be, and have been devised, for those also who were decidedly suffering. And I have consulted the authority of the best physicians, who declared, that in cases which had come under their personal observation, individuals affected with pulmonary complaints, if these had not already proceeded too far, had been materially relieved and benefited by a constant practice of the few and simple exercises, which the system in such cases proposes.

And for this very reason, that exercises may be devised for every age, and for every degree of bodily strength, however reduced, I consider it to be essential, that mothers should make themselves acquainted with the principles of gymnastics, in order that, among the elementary and preparatory exercises, they may be enabled to select those which, according to circumstances, will be most likely to suit and benefit their children.

If the physical advantage of gymnastics is great and incontrovertible, I would contend, that the moral advantage resulting from them is as valuable. I would again appeal to your own observation. You have seen a number of schools in Germany and Switzerland, of which gymnastics formed a leading feature; and I recollect that in our conversations on the subject, you made the remark, which exactly agrees with my own experience, that gymnastics, well conducted, essentially contribute to render children not only cheerful and healthy, which, for moral education, are two all-important points, but also to promote among them a certain spirit of union, and a brotherly feeling, which is most gratifying to

the observer: habits of industry, openness and frankness of character, personal courage, and a manly conduct in suffering pain, are also among the natural and constant consequences of an early and continued practice of exercises on the gymnastic system.—Pestalozzi.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.—If you teach your children obedience, you are training them up in the way wherein they ought to go. God is our Father, and it is his will that we should obey him; what he forbids, he takes from us; what he commands, he expects us to do; what he wishes us to have, he gives us; and as we are to him, so it is his will that it should be between earthly parent and child. It has been well said, "Let 'No' be as a wall of brass against which your child may try his strength half-a-dozen times, but which he shall soon come to know cannot be shaken." Firmness like this will not produce fear, it will only produce respect, for none see and judge so quickly the inconsistency of parents as children themselves—and it will always be found that the more firmness and truthfulness shown in training, the more love, confidence, and respect will be excited in those who are thus trained. A little girl of five years old was one evening very rude and noisy when visiting with her mother at a neighbor's house. The mother said, "Sarah, you must not do so." The child soon forgot, and went on with her bad behaviour. The mother said, "Sarah, if you do so again, I will punish you." But, not long after, Sarah "did so again." When the time for going home arrived, the child began to think of the punishment which awaited her, with great sorrow. A woman beside her said to quiet her, "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to punish you." Oh, said Sarah, "that will do no good; my mother never tells lies." The writer of the anecdote adds, "I learned a lesson from the reply of that child, which I shall never forget. It is worth everything in the training of a child, to make it feel that its mother never tells lies." We would especially press upon maternal attention this point of firmness, for too often obedience is given to the fathers only, and is produced by fear, not love. It is painful to watch the children of a cottage home—wild and unruly with the poor oppressed mother, whose only refuge is, "I'll tell your father on ye." The moment he comes in, all uproar ceases—an angry look and a raised hand send them silent and shrinking into the corners of the room, longing for the happy moment when he is off to his work again. Thus the father is made a bugbear, and is looked upon by the children as their enemy. A little authority exerted by the mother from the beginning would prevent this great evil, save herself much time, trouble, and distress, and make a far happier home by allowing the father to have some peace and enjoyment with his children, instead of being perpetually at war with them.

To watch with and for your children against what are called "little sins," is one of the most important parts of training. Many a son has died on the gallows or wasted his life in the hulks, many a daughter has fallen into the ways of shame and bitter misery, because in their cottage homes they were not taught to dread the beginnings of evil. Beware of the first sip of the father's dram—the first lie—the first piece of sugar stealthily got from the press, when mother was out or did not see—the first blow given to a brother or sister or companion; for what may be the end of all these things?—drunkenness, deceit, robbery, and murder. Mothers, it is an awful thought, but turn not away from it—let it rather urge you on to watch over these precious little ones, lest they one day become an evil and a terror to themselves and others, like many who were once as fair and loving and merry as they.—*Sunbeams in the Cottage, or What Women may do*, by Margaret Maria Brewster, a work full of useful counsels.

Fashionable Women.

Somebody has said that "not one of our good and great men had a fashionable mother; all were plain, sensible, right-minded women."

We have no doubt of the truth of the above: and that being the case, we fear that in the next generation, America will not be able to boast of as many "great and good men" as in ages past, for in this degenerate age, "plain, sensible, right-minded women" are as rare as *truth* itself.

There are so many fashionable women now-a-days—most of them being nothing else but fashionable women; we say *most* of them, for we have seen one or two exceptions, where a fashionable woman was something else, that is, she had some sense, some learning and some prudence. One of these women was young, handsome and a widow—the other neither young nor handsome, but dignified, amiable and high-minded, (and so called) an old maid.

We may correctly say that it is not the wealthy alone who are fashionable now-a-days, persons of very moderate fortune, and persons with no fortune at all, revel in silks, satins, velvets, flounces, laces and feathers, *et cetera, et cetera*. Even our servant maids—we crave their pardon—we should say, our "help," or, young ladies who condescend to assist us in household affairs for a remuneration, wear expensive habiliments, hoops, plumed hats, and so forth, and think themselves "as good as any body else and better too, be jabbers!" They go to balls and the theatre and have their grand parties, their beaux, their promenades, their rides, their flirtations and the like, just as *fashionably* as possible. We had a notion to exclaim, "*oh, tempora! oh, mores!*" but refrain, for the expression is so old that it is not "*fashionable*."

Everybody and everything follow the fashion now-a-days, or strive to follow it—some never come up with it, others keep pace with it, sneer openly and "grin a ghastly smile" at their competitors in the chase, comforting themselves by muttering, "we are as good as you anyhow." Those, who in their eagerness get ahead of the fashion, make themselves laughing stocks to sensible people, pluming themselves the while with the greatest complacency, fondly imagining that it is their inborn wit and humor which excites the *very wide* smiles on the faces of their chance companions.—*Golden Prize*.

PERSEVERANCE.—Like Nature, we must take time to strengthen ourselves and to develop all our resources. Hence we get the lesson of perseverance. What a mighty power lies latent in the mind of man! Fail once, twice, and again, you will grow stronger with the failure, as great generals are said to know the worth of victory from defeat. Effort rewards itself by innuring strength. This is a singular property of mind. The mechanical powers of the universe are not augmented by action, but by use the intellectual faculties acquire unimaginable force. Let the student rely on this fact and take courage.

A beautiful woman never looks so attractive, as when she is engaged in some useful occupation—when the "slender fingers" are nimbly and deftly occupied in some better way than killing time, merely. Many men have first felt the influence of the tender passion, on surprising some fair damsel in the midst of the duties of the *menage*. In this connection, we will give a "complementary proverb." Men flatter beautiful women, and admire intellectual women, but useful women they love.

The Doors of the Heart.

Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted—with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas! if none is given with it!

If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters o'er its doomed victim: *The Lord have mercy on your soul!* You will probably go mad within a reasonable time; or, if you are a man, run off and die with your head on a curb-stone, in Melbourne or San Francisco; or, if you are a woman, quarrel and break your heart, or turn into a pale, jointed petrification that moves about as if it were alive, or play some real life-tragedy or other.

Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those who even are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semi-tones—touching the naked nerve-pulp as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps of Thalberg in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily, at home, fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.

LITERATURE is a ray of that wisdom which pervades the universe. Like the sun, it enlightens, rejoices, and warms. By the aid of books, we collect around us all things, all places, men, and times. By them we are recalled to the duties of human life. By the sacred example of greatness, our passions are diverted and we are roused to virtue. Literature is the daughter of heaven, who has descended upon earth to soften the evils of life. Have recourse then to books. The sages who have written long before our days are so many travelers in the paths of calamity, who stretch out their friendly hands, inviting us, when abandoned by the world, to join their society.—*Saint Pierre*.

A child lies in his little bed in some high chamber of an old castle, and hears the air growling in the chimney, and the prowling thief winds at the window, and the scream of the spirits of the air. The storm rocks the walls and heats upon the roof, and he shudders, and covers his head, and expects at every burst of thunder that the castle will go crash to the ground. But down in the room below his father sits unmoved, reading by the fire, only now and then, when the tempest swells he raises his spectacles for a moment, and exclaims, "God help the poor wretches on the sea to-night!" or, "I hope no belated traveler is out in such a storm as this," then turns to his book again. In the morning the child hardly dares to look forth, lest the heavens and the earth have passed away; but the father only walks out into his garden to see if some old trees had been blown down or some unpropped vine had fallen from the trellis.

In times of peril and disaster, the Christian, through his faith and hope in God, is like the father by the fire, while he who has no such trust, is tormented with fear and apprehension, like the child in the chamber. Let him who will, swelter in his philosophic anguish; I will rest in the serenity of Christian hope. *Henry Ward Beecher*.

WRITING DOWN THOUGHTS.—It is an excellent thing for young writers, and, indeed, for any one who wishes to cultivate the mind, to carry a note-book and pencil always with them, and to jot down their thoughts in as concise and pointed a manner as they can. This gives ease and freedom of expression, and accustoms the mind to place its ideas in words. In after life, too, these note-books will be found invaluable, as the early mind has a freshness and originality of thought, which wears off as years pass.

EXPRESSION OF CHARACTER.—Man expresses his *real* character in his acts alone, and by them he must be judged. If we judge by his words, we find out what he wishes to be considered. If by his thoughts, we get what he aspires to be. If by what others say of him, we have a thousand conflicting opinions. But if we weigh well and analyze his deeds, considering their motives as well as their effects, we get at what he really is, be it gold or dross, and can estimate him accordingly.

FRUGALITY.—To look no further than the present moment; to live at random, secure and careless of any future exigencies; to concern yourselves about nothing but what is immediately before you; and in the enjoyment of to-day, to take no manner of thought for the morrow, must inevitably be productive of the most fatal consequences, not only to yourselves, but perhaps to posterity; it may entail misery upon children which are yet unborn.

THE "State of Matrimony" is one of the United States. It is bounded by a ring on one side and a cradle on the other. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of black eyes you run against.

A gentleman is the one who combines woman's tenderness with man's courage.

No one can be too old to learn, or so wise as to need no instruction.

THE HESPERIAN.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

We cannot insert contributions unless we are acquainted with the real name of the author. That name we will hold in the strictest confidence if desired.

MANY FRIENDS.—Your letter was duly received. Many thanks for your kind wishes. Your hopes, we think, will be realized, for we meet with good encouragement.

"MOMENTS."—Your very excellent letter, enclosing manuscript, was duly received. We cannot insert this number, for the reason that we already have poetry sufficient. We appreciate your feelings and gladly extend to you our sympathy and encouragement. Will you not favor us with a call at an early period?

W. H. D.—Please let us hear from you often.

SAM.—Your article is not quite suited to our paper.

INQUIRER.—The *Culturist* has not yet made its appearance. The first number will be issued this week. We think it will be exactly adapted to your wants.

M. A. W.—It will afford us pleasure to assist you.

F. R. S.—You can send subscription by post. Have the letter registered—there is no danger.

H. G. K.—Your subscription has been received—many thanks. The order will receive prompt attention.

FASHIONS.

Deep lappets and jackets are no longer fashionable. Instead of these, we have either a series of long, narrow points round the waist, or long points in the front only. These dresses are generally closed up the front by buttons.

The ordinary style of pagoda sleeve has nearly become extinct; the nearest approach to them is the very wide open sleeve. The newest style of sleeve, and that which is the most fashionable, is the very full bishop, either plaited down at the top, or set into a narrow plain piece, and having a *jockey* or epaulette; at the bottom they are either set into a deep cuff fitting the wrist, or are shorter and set into a loose band, over which a cuff is turned back, either pointed or a *la mousquetaire*, a muslin *bouillon* sleeve coming below it.

Skirts will still have side trimmings, in the form of pyramids; double skirts will be also considered fashionable.

Mantilles for Spring will have the small *burnous* hood. The *Burnous-chale* made in black glace or satin, has *revers* in front which terminate in a hood at the back: these hoods have always rich tassels.

Bonnets will be worn a little more forward on the head, and closer to the cheeks. As the season advances *mousquetaire* hats will again be in favor, but the lace round them will not be so deep.

INVITATION.—We find upon our table a very polite note of invitation to attend the semi-annual exhibition of the Collegiate Institute, Mr. C. J. Platt, Principal, which took place at Benicia, June 9th. We regret exceedingly that our absence from home prevented our receiving the invitation in time to be present.

The Newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a blessing to everybody. Lord Brougham calls it the best public instructor.

PRIDE is the most absurd and the weakest of all vices.

It is most silly to be proud of our persons, birth, or the riches of our relations. Worth, not birth, constitutes true greatness.

The same littleness of soul which makes a man despise his inferiors, and trample on them, makes him abjectly obsequious to superiors.

Were not man depraved, he would not be subject to a passion which originates from a corrupt source: were he not ignorant, he would perceive that he inherits nothing to be proud of.

Let not the pomp which surrounds the great mislead your understanding. The prince, so magnificent in the splendor of a court, appears behind the curtain but a common man. Irresolution and care haunt him as well as others, and fear lays hold of him though surrounded by his guards.—*Ld. Kaimes*.

If a proud man keeps me at a distance, my comfort is, he keeps his distance also. The best method of humbling a proud man is to take no notice of him.

The fruits of true wisdom are modesty and humility; for as we advance in knowledge, our deficiencies become more conspicuous; and by learning to set a just estimate on what we possess, we find little gratification for the passion of pride. This is so just an observation, that we may venture to pronounce, without any exception to the rule, that a vain or proud man is, in a positive sense, an ignorant man.—*Mrs. Macaulay*.

NICE IRONING.—Shirt-ironing is nice, delicate work; and ladies' fine linen is best done with slender fingers. To say the truth, I think ironing deserves a place among the fine arts; and if I had my way, young ladies should be expert in it. I do not say it improves the appearance of the hand, but it need not disfigure them if proper precautions are taken. As to that snowy whiteness, or swan's down softness, which proves that the owners of the hands do nothing at all, we are convinced it does not recommend any girl to a prudent, desirable husband.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. M. Robertson's Millinery and Dress-making establishment, in another column. Also to those of Mr. D. Norcross, Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson and H. Luke—whom we hope will receive, in their various branches of business, the share of public patronage so justly due them.

Agents for the Hesperian.

Sacramento.....Geo. J. Lytle, Kirk & Co., E. B. Davidson
Marysville.....G. Amy, A. Randall & Co
Oroville.....Garnham & Lockwood, G. J. Leland
Nevada.....Geo. W. Welch, J. E. Hamlin
Grass Valley.....Wm. K. Spencer
Auburn.....R. C. Hanson, H. Hazel

Agents wanted in all the towns and villages throughout the State.

Letters enclosing remittances and communications for the paper should be addressed to the Editors.

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Hoop-Skirts all kinds, Hosiery,
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A Journal of Literature and Art.

A Semi-monthly paper, conducted by

Mrs. F. H. Day.

This Journal is designed for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and for the cultivation of a literary taste. It will present to the public original productions from among our own citizens, upon subjects most nearly connected with our homes and manners, as a people. It will carefully select information from abroad, with a special view to our necessities as a community. It will address itself to Woman, since the conductors rely much upon their own sex for aid, and will scrupulously avoid anything demoralizing in its influence. It will attempt just and fair criticism, and will expect the same. Every effort will be put forth to render it worthy of the patronage which it respectfully solicits.

Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

All communications to be addressed to Editress "Hesperian," 111 Washington street, San Francisco.

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ml G. W. FRINK, Proprietor.

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THE HESPERIAN.

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART.

"WE WILL STAND BY THE RUDDER THAT GOVERNS THE BARK—NOR ASK HOW WE LOOK FROM THE SHORE"

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THE SONG OF THE FLUME.

BY MRS. A. M. SHULTZ.

Awake awake! for the flaming East
Is red with the coming day;
My struggling breast disdains its rest,
And I haste o'er the hills away,
Up from the valley!—up from the plain!
Up from the river's side!
For I come with a gush, and a torrent's rush,
And there's wealth in my swelling tide.

I am fed by the melting rills that start
Where the sparkling snow-peaks gleam;
My course is free, and with greatest glee
I leap in the sun's broad beam.
Tho' torn from the channels deep and old,
I have worn through the craggy hill,
Yet I flow in pride as my waters glide,
And there's mirth in my music still.

I sought the shore of the sounding sea
From the far Sierra's high,
With a starry breast and a snow-capped crest,
I foamed in a path of light;
But they bore me thence in a winding way—
They fettered me like a slave,
And as serfs of old were sold for gold,
So they bartered my soil-stained wave.

Through the dim tunnel, down the dark shaft—
Search for the shining ore;
Hoist it away to the light of day
Which it never has seen before!
Spade and shovel, mattock and pick—
Ply them with eager haste—
For my golden shower is sold by the hour,
And the drops are too dear to waste.

Lift me aloft to the mountain brow!
Fathom the deep blue vein!
And I'll sift the soil for the shining spoil,
As I sink to the valley again:
The swell of my swarthy breast shall bear
Pebble and rock away, [leagth,
Though they brave my strength, they shall yield at
But the glittering gold shall stay.

Mine is no stern and warrior march,
Nor stormy trump and drum;
No banners gleam in my darkened stream,
As with conquering step I come;
But I touch the tripartite earth
Till it owns a monarch's sway,
And with eager hand, from a conquered land,
I bear its wealth away.

Awake! awake!—there are loving hearts
In the land you left afar;
There are tearful eyes in the homes you prize,
As they gaze on the western star.
Then up from the valley!—up from the hill!—
Up from the river's side!
For I come with a gush and a torrent's rush,
And there's wealth in my swelling tide!

[Original.]

LOVE AND IMPULSE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Walter retraced his steps toward the ship, and after a consultation, in which he related the incidents of the evening, it was decided that only sufficient provision should be conveyed to the mountain for their own personal necessities, and that concealed until they were satisfied with the movements of the party. And they stealthily made their way back to the mountain.

There was a sound of revelry; it woke Walter from his dream, and seemed to dissipate the terrific events of the hour, and he longed to lose himself in the Lethe of excitement. A rock was already heaped with gold, which glistened in the moonlight; and to a man of his impulses these circumstances presented great and irresistible inducements, and he yielded to the temptation. The next morning found him possessor of less than one-half the amount of the night before, yet still an ample fortune.

"I say," said one of the three who formed the party which the unfortunate Walter had completed upon the preceding night—"I say," he spoke with an oath. "let's repudiate."

"Who'll make the break?" asked a sailor.

"If anybody'll give me the 'cue,'" said a little, dried up looking man, whose palmy days had been spent in the capacity of a strolling stock actor, "I'll follow suit;" and he gave his shoulders a shrug, while he brushed the ashes from his pipe.

"If we can only find the way across that bar of quicksand," said the first speaker, while his red hair deepened a shade and his small eyes twinkled from beneath his shaggy brows, "we might soon give them to understand what we mean."

"But what if they should resist, and absolutely refuse to conduct us back," suggested the third speaker.

"Shoot one down, to frighten the other," suggested the man in "red."

"But our honor?" suggested a listener, "Might not other means be adopted to bring them to terms?"

"To the fates with your whining," returned the first speaker, sharply. "What has honor to do when there is a mine of gold in question? I'd relieve a dozen such of their burdensome existences before I would leave the prospect of such a fortune as this mountain promises to yield. Yes—I'll bring them to terms."

From the first day, as may readily be sup-

posed, there had been evident dissatisfaction and the growing moroseness and selfishness evinced by either party, had been more successful in awing than conciliating; consequently though these threats had repeatedly been made, yet it had never taken the form of an open rebellion.

But presently, in pursuance of their resolution, a shout went up which was echoed by full two-thirds of the party—"Every man for himself, and who dares lift his voice in resistance!"

This was not all unlooked for by Clark or the captain, and having been warned, fortunately both were well armed for defence, and as soon as the shout died away so as to be heard, Walter spoke:

"Men, you have signed a contract, drawn at your own proposition, which binds you for twenty days. A revolt involves your honor; so now, perform your contract, or your bones shall bleach upon this mountain, for not a man can cross that quicksand without a guide and starvation must inevitably overtake you."

But thinking to overawe him, the leader shouted, "Seize him!—seize him!" and the ruffians rushed towards him. With calmness Clark leveled his pistols on either side, and bade them approach. There was a pause, when the leader, unsheathing a knife which was concealed upon his person, rushed forward, and while in the act of perpetrating his foul deed, a ball from Clark's revolver laid him dead at his feet. A yell from the infuriated men was the signal for attack, and with one impulse the exasperated crew rushed on and seized both Walter and the captain, the former making no resistance, while the latter plead for mercy.

"Of course," muttered one of the men, to whom allusion has been made as one of the gamblers of the preceding night, "Of course the gold Bill won last night will belong to us. Who has a better right?"

"None, certainly," replied his companion, "only we need make no fuss about it, but just quietly lay it by for a rainy day."

"I understand," returned the first speaker. "All right!" and the two hastened to join the mob for the purpose of avenging the death of their comrade.

And while Walter Clark steadfastly refused, the intimidated captain consented to pilot the men to the ship; and within an hour from the time of their arrival, the sentence had gone forth, without judge or jury—without even the unanimous consent of the crew—that on the next morning at half-past nine o'clock, Walter Clark should be led out and shot!

And the poor Hermit! Stricken dumb with wonder and grief, he could only kneel at the feet of his son and bathe his hands with tears. Rising without a word, he pressed his hands to his throbbing temples, while a deep sigh came quivering from the depths of his soul. Suddenly he departed; an hour—two, three—passed away and yet he did not return. At length it was proposed that search should be made, the hermit brought forward and confined with Clark in the cavern they had formerly occupied.

Twilight came, and brought with it the sorrowing face of the old man, and together they entered the gloomy vault, while without, the shouts of revelry rent the air and the rocks echoed back the sound.

The body of the unfortunate man had been rudely and hastily interred just at the base of the mountain, and the moon looked as calmly down upon the newly-made grave as upon the revels of his comrades. But hark!—a footfall within the dark and cheerless cell! What would they there until the hour—the fatal hour which should crown their sports?

"In God's name, are you here?" whispered a voice which Walter recognized at once as being that of his female counsellor of the preceding night.

"Heaven be praised!" said Clark. "But how did you find access?"

"Wait an hour and I will tell you all—*all*," she said in an exhausted whisper; "when you are safe—not *now*—oh, no!"

As she spoke, the Hermit sprang to his feet, while a spasmodic tremor took possession of his frame; but it quickly passed away, and he sunk back, uttering not a word.

"Now," said she, as the fetters fell to the ground, and she raised the dark lantern she carried in her hand, "quick!—for your life! Follow me; and if we make good our escape, e'er daylight overtake us we shall be far out at sea."

"What can it mean?" mused Walter, as she led the way. And the captives, speechless with joy, followed slowly on, now stumbling over fragments of rocks, now wading through pools of water which issued from the crevices above them, and now forcing their way through passages which no one would attempt to pass except in pursuit of life or liberty which is equally as dear, till at length, oh, joy! an opening!—and they were again permitted to stand erect beneath Heaven's own canopy.

The few miles which yet lay between the adventurers and the opposite extreme of the island, for which they were bound, was quickly traversed, and soon they boarded the vessel, which was lying at anchor, and within an hour her sails were unfurled to the breeze, and the island, for upwards of thirty years the home of the hermit, began to grow dim in the distance. And the hermit wept like a child.

With the curiosity which characterizes some of the sterner sex, Walter Clark, hastily availing himself of one of the many wardrobes placed at his own as well as the old man's disposal, went in search of his benefactress. He surprised her bending over a miniature paint-

ing, executed upon ivory, representing a father carressing a fair-haired boy who sat upon his knee. Hearing a footstep, she hastily closed the case, and while her eyes were still swimming in tears, approached and offered her hand cordially.

"I am come," said Walter, after a delicate apology, "to claim the fulfillment of your promise. I cannot imagine to what circumstance I am so deeply indebted for this wonderful deliverance." As he finished speaking, he looked inquiringly into the face of the matron.

She was, perhaps, forty-eight years of age, though she looked scarcely so old. The light fell upon the waves of her raven hair, reminding one of the ripples in a dark river. Her eyes were large, and being shaded by heavy brows, gave her face an exceedingly melancholy expression. Her figure, although rather above medium in height, was delicate and easy. Her language was chaste and fluent, presenting unmistakable evidence of rare cultivation.

After a few moments, as if to command a rising emotion, she began: "I shall be very brief. The commander of this vessel is my brother. An unfortunate accident rendered it necessary to put into port, and upon reaching this island, which we had no reason to suppose was inhabited, what was our surprise to learn that a man with long, shaggy hair and beard, dressed in skins, and evidently a long resident of this lonely spot, was seen along the shore. In seeking for water our men accosted him. His mind was evidently suffering. He manifested a singular anxiety for a young man, who was no less a person than yourself, describing the circumstances that surrounded you, though he had no faith that you, in the midst of so much excitement, would attach sufficient importance to his judgment to allow yourself to be influenced thereby. He sought the protection of this vessel, being quite out of sight and beyond the range of the strange crew who were then upon the mountain, which request was readily granted. All this and much more, the same in substance, the men communicated, while I listened with only the interest with which the novelty of the scene inspired me. Inadvertently I inquired the names of the two singular personages. Of that of the old man they were ignorant, the hermit himself having withheld it, but yours he gave as Walter Clark. In one moment I shall have done," she said as Walter attempted to speak. "With the mention of that name I sprang as if stung by an adder. I gathered my shawl hastily about me, and set out to trace the beach until I should come in view of the strange ship. I knew I was followed at a distance by some of our crew, which fact gave me courage. Obtaining a sight of the vessel, I concealed myself among a ledge of rocks, and waited the result. I had not seen the hermit, but through him learned of your favorite place of resort. I recognized you as you approached, for, with the twilight sky as a background, I could obtain a full view of your figure. Is it strange I should know your form when, in disguise, I have watched your childish gambols, or looked

with intense anxiety upon the unfolding of your intellect as you merged into manhood? But I digress. The next day, which was yesterday, another interview was held with the hermit, to which fact you are indebted for your rescue. The discovery of the passage which led to your cave was alone miraculous. And now you would ask, wherefore the interest I have manifested in you? Walter Clark!—*I am your mother!*"

No tear moistened her cheek, but with eyes directed upward, she clasped her hands and remained a moment as in prayer. "Nay, forbear!" she murmured, as Walter approached and knelt at her feet; "not until the shadow shall have been chased away which lingered about the memory of —"

"And see! the shadow dissolves into sunshine, though in the twilight of life," interrupted a voice, and a man merged from behind the curtain and extended his arms. A moment she gazed, then, uttering no scream or exclamation, she silently sank upon his breast, murmuring, "*My husband!*"

It was the Hermit.

Reader, did you ever grope your way through some shadowy mansion, and half-conscious you were dreaming, shrink from the chilling gaze of the stranger walls as they looked down silently upon you—threading your way through every aisle and passage which might lead to the reality you sought, when lo! the vision floated by, and the highest hope you had dared to raise was within your very grasp? Such was the vision—such the reality.

As the inevitable result of meeting after a long separation—no matter for external circumstances—the first moments were painfully embarrassing. Neither found themselves competent to marshal the thoughts and emotions which thronged the portals of speech. It is needless to say that Walter made up the trio, and disengaging his arms from the neck of his mother, he took the hand of each and led them forth to the deck. "See!" said he, pointing to the sun which was just rising, "it is a fitting emblem; it puts away its tears, and while shedding lustre upon sea and shore, he beats his march upward to the zenith!" "And where shall he set?" whispered the old man, ominously, in tones inaudible to all save Walter. The son made no reply, nor indeed, seemed to hear the question.

Breakfast hour took its place among other important events, and the jocose old captain joined in the general feast of joy. The day passed pleasantly away. Toward evening, the old man, drawing Walter aside, said to him: "I have frequently promised you a brief sketch of my earlier experience, and much more of it is due you than I shall be able to relate. Late in life I married the accomplished daughter of Col. Vincient. She filled my whole soul; I knew no greater joy than her presence, and I have every reason to believe she loved me well. But our tastes were at variance; she was young and extremely fond of society, I somewhat advanced, and much of a recluse. She loved music passionately, while it rather annoyed than pleased

me. I could find pleasure in the sound of her voice, but desired nothing beyond. Her temper was amiable, mine irascible. Her spirit of forbearance was truly wonderful, and conscious that I was absurdly exacting her patient endurance, irritated me. She invariably yielded her own tastes and fancies to mine; and although in my absence she pursued her own course of habit, yet the moment it interfered with my motives, that moment she abandoned it. She called me a kind, indulgent husband, and I believe she regarded me as such. Love knows no slavery, and she clasped the very fetters she wore. She even discarded all acquaintances, at my suggestion, for whom I expressed the slightest objection. Once the cynosure of society—courted and flattered—the change must have fallen heavily upon her spirits, and she turned to me for companionship, and I, glorying in my power, cruelly withheld the sympathy she sought. Blind—mad—fool that I was, I thought it would always last. At length an incident occurred that was destined to change the tide of affairs." The old man paused.

"A young man of brilliant attainments, and a friend of Col. Vincient's was introduced at my house. I recognized him at once as my old rival, and one whom her father had urged in preference. He was extremely affable in manner, his conversational powers were rare and cultivated, and his talent for music and the arts inimitable. My wife was evidently pleased with him; he at once gratified her tastes, entertained and instructed her. For hours she would linger near the piano or harp while he astonished and delighted her with his wonderful execution. I knew the result of the contrast she must unconsciously fix in her mind, and without the least hesitation, while uttering the most bitter reproaches, demanded of her that she should forbid him the house. It was a fatal blow. She was silent; but never shall I forget the look of proud defiance which sat upon her pale face. It was the first symptom of resistance she had ever manifested, and I resolved in my spirit of tyranny to arrest it at once. You were then one and a-half years of age. She quietly took you by the hand and withdrew from the parlor. I pursued her, never ceasing my abusive reproaches, until I charged her, in the heat of my passion, with *infidelity*. And still she spoke no word, but raising her dark eyes to mine, I saw they were dimmed with tears. My boy raised his dimpled arms towards me, but I rudely put him away, then burying his face in his mother's dress, he wept aloud. Happening to have business away from the city, and thinking more effectually to cure her of all associations of which I did not approve, I falsely indicated to her that I was leaving her for time interminable, and left the house. At the end of two days I returned; but what was my horror and remorse to find my house deserted, my Mary gone, and none knew whither! She had left a letter for her father, to be delivered when she was far away. Our child—you, my son—was left by a stranger at the house of my only brother, who, as you know, had no children.—And that was all.

"Frantic with grief, and haunted to the very portals of despair by remorse of conscience, I took passage on a vessel bound to the West Indies, where I knew her brother had for many years resided. We were wrecked——"

The Hermit paused, and Walter waited to hear him conclude. He looked into his face; his eyes steadily fixed upon the water, seemed dim with the shadows of evening. The sun slowly sank behind the ocean's western edge, while a fleecy cloud passed away from its disc, shedding a flood of gold and purple along the horizon. The old man's chin fell upon his breast, and he murmured "forgiveness!" Walter sprang to his side. A moment the pale lip quivered—one helpless struggle with Nature, and the Hermit was dead!

The next morning, a sudden agitation of the water, and the sea unclosed her cold arms to receive her victim. And a wave which came struggling up from the still depths of the pearl-lit caverns below, sobbed the requiem above the Hermit's grave.

"There!—how think you he will like that?" said Augusta Cleaveland, as idly prating to herself, she wove the mignonette tastefully among the brown braids of Ada Clark's hair.

"Wait a moment," she said, kissing the pale cheek of Ada, "while I run and ask him." And she was about to fly through the open door, when the tones of Ada, which were infallible in effect, arrested her.

"My dear Augusta," she spoke, in a low, sweet voice, "I thought you promised your poor father, if he would but induce me to stay by you, never to mention him again."

"And so I did," replied the poor lunatic, stepping gaily over the carpet to the time of a waltz; "but you'll not tell him?" she suggested, archly.

"Oh, no," returned Ada, indulgently; "only I would prefer not to hear you."

"And why do you not wish to hear it?" she questioned, advancing, while a ray of returning consciousness beamed from her dark eye. "Ada, do you think him——" She paused, and Ada's heart stood still, while she regarded her charge with the most intense interest, fearing to speak lest she should dissipate the dream. But a moment more proved to her how groundless were her hopes, for with a merry burst of laughter she flew to the piano, and with fingers keeping time to the workings of her brain, she improvised a most ludicrous medley, composed of songs both grave and gay, while at every interval she raved as idly as ever.

"Oh, what a pitiable wreck!" mused Ada, as she regarded her faultless form, which had lost no air of grace, and her face of surpassing loveliness, from which her dark eye flashed as brilliantly as when, months before, gems gleamed upon the proud brow, and those ruby lips spoke the treasures of the mind, now, alas! vacant as air.

"A gentleman waits in the parlor below, ma'am," said a servant, addressing Ada.

"Did he send his card?" she inquired, lifting her eyes from the book she held.

"No, ma'am," he replied; "he only asked to see Mrs. Clark."

"Say to him I will wait upon him very soon," replied Ada, with passive indifference.

She arose and approached the mirror, somewhat in doubt as to the style in which Augusta, in her spirit of playfulness, had chosen to arrange her hair, when a superstitious dread took possession of her at the sight of a wreath of cypress woven profusely among the flowers.

"An emblem of woe!" she murmured, while her cheek grew slightly pale.

As she was descending the stairs the clear voice of Augusta echoed through the halls, while she chanted the dirge-like words:

"Many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea——"

As she entered the parlor, the lithe figure of Augusta flitted like a shadow past her, and quicker than thought, with a wild scream, she sprang forward and buried herself in the arms of Walter Clark!

Years had rolled away since the events above recorded, and yet no tidings of the unfortunate Augusta, who had fled from her father's house unobserved upon the same night of Walter's return. It was, indeed, said by those who were wont to solve mysteries of a like nature, that she had sought the quiet shadows of the deep water, and there found rest. But this was at best but speculation, since all search had proved unavailing.

Early dawn overlooked a panic-stricken city, and no din of business ushered in the light. The low moans of the victims of that most terrible of all scourges—the yellow fever—mingled with the hum of voices filled with terror. The air, though at so early an hour, was thick and sultry, and even the vesper bells hung in pulseless silence above the walls of the damp cloister. A female figure, attired in the garb of the "Sisters of Charity," was slowly threading her way through the streets, and pausing at the door of the chapel, stood a moment as if engaged in prayer. Pursuing her course along the aisle, she knelt at the altar and pressed a crucifix between her pale fingers. Presently the dark-fringed lids began to tremble above the blanched cheek, and a tear fell upon the silent emblem. "Only once more," she murmured, rising and placing her hand above her heart, as if to still the conflict between duty and inclination; "only once more! It is impossible that they should recognize me now, so changed;" and she drew the white cap closer about her pale yet still handsome face.—"Besides, it is a duty I owe to Ada—and if he should die—heaven forgive!—and I not there to part the locks from the damp brow!" and an audible groan heaved up from the breast of the pale nun as she retraced her steps down the street. She tapped softly at the door, and without waiting an answer, opened it, when a lithe little creature of scarce five summers sprang from the depths of an easy chair and approached the door.

"Come again so soon, good sister?" said the child, taking the hand of the nun affect-

tionately, while she passed her tiny fingers repeatedly across her sleepy eye-lids.

"You are a sweet little watcher," said the nun, lifting the fair curls from her dimpled shoulders, evidently evading the far-reaching instinct of the child.

"You wanted to come back soon, didn't you?" said the child suggestively.

"Yes, Augusta," replied the nun; "now pour a glass of water and place it to my lips—quick!" she said, sinking into a chair. The child obeyed; the nun sunk upon her knees by the bedside of Walter Clark, pressed the hand of the sleeping sufferer spasmodically, and then, as the "Thy will be done" died upon her ashen lips, the heart ceased to beat, the eye lost its lustre—and Augusta Cleveland was dead!

LOST TO SOCIETY—LOST.

BY JAS. B. MCQUILLAN.

Touch not the fallen one—drive her away,
Guilt, and soulless but beautiful clay;
Though her heart's bleeding, hear not her pleading

At any cost;
Forget what is good of her—speak, if you would, of her
As lost—to society lost.

So sad and dejected, the poor broken-hearted—
Love, honor, and all save life, have departed;
None proff'r relief to heal her heart's grief—

Oh! fearful the cost;
No one befriends her, fashion condemns her
As lost—to society lost.

Heed not her sighs, her entreaties or tears—
Spurn her as one for whom nobody cares;
Lost and degraded, to memory she's faded—

Trifling the cost;
Forget you e'er blessed her, e'er kissed and caressed her,
She's lost—to society lost.

Oh, pity her not—she has fallen from place;
Applaud her betray'r—receive him with grace;
Smile on her deceiver, but do not relieve her

At any cost;
For that is propriety in Christian society,
When lost—to society lost.

Innocent, loving—betrayed and forsaken—
Guilty and fallen—by vice overtaken;
Let society blame her—try not to reclaim her

At any cost;
Forget all her beauty—do society's duty—
She is lost—to society lost.

Oh, merciless Fashion, why do you nurture
Hypocrisy's laws and assassinate virtue?
Bow to the false text, oh, I, maculate sex,

At any cost;
Frown on the fallen one, then your proud duty's done—
She is lost—to society lost.

MODESTY.—Who shall win the prize? There was a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was appointed to award the prize of beauty.

"Who shall win the prize?" asked the rose, proudly rushing forward in blushing beauty, in full assurance of its winning worth.

"Who will win the prize?" asked the rest of the flowers, as they came forward each conscious of its attractions, and each equally sure of receiving the award.

"I will take a peep at the assemblage," thought the violet, not intending to make one of the company, "and see the beauties as they pass."

Just as it was raising its modest head from its humble and retiring corner, and was looking in upon the meeting, the judge rose to render his decree.

"To the Violet," said he, "I award the prize of beauty, for there is no trait more rare—none more enchantingly beautiful than modesty."

As prisoners in castles look out of their grated windows at the smiling landscape, where the sun goes, so we from this life, as from dungeon-bars, look forth to the heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

[From Mrs. Ellis' Morning Call.]

ALICE DUNCAN.

A TALE OF DUTY.

"I am not quite sure," said old David Duncan to his wife, who was knitting at the opposite side of the fire, "that we have done wisely in sending our daughter Alice to a high and expensive school, where she will associate with children whose circumstances are very different from her own, and learn many things that will unfit her for the station she must fill in future."

Now David Duncan's wife was much younger than himself, and besides being born of a family that ranked a little higher in the world, had her head stored with modern notions, and set a very great value upon what is generally called a good education, but which might more properly be called a fashionable one. She was not, therefore, very well pleased to hear their circumstances, and their daughter's station, so often talked of as being poor and low, and she sometimes answered rather sharply to her husband's cautious doubts; though she was upon the whole a kind, good-natured woman, and did so much to make her house comfortable, her family respectable, and her husband happy with his small means, that he could not refuse her earnest request to bestow upon their only child a good education; and, above all, she had willingly acted the part of a mother to the infant daughter of his son by a former marriage, who, on the death of his wife, the second year after their union, had gone to India, and left little Martha to the care of her grandfather and his kind-hearted wife.

Alice Duncan, the little girl whose education was the subject of so much care and cost, was now in her fourteenth year. She was neither a beauty nor a genius, nor anything else extraordinary. In short, she was very much like the generality of young girls, amiable and cheerful when all things went well with her, and kind to those whom she loved. To do her justice, however, we must say she was very agreeable looking, and by her good-humored sincerity, and willingness to oblige, made a great many friends amongst her school-fellows. She had been just twelve months at school when the happy time of liberation for the midsummer holidays arrived, and while handsome carriages and post-chaises took away the other young ladies, Alice was obliged to wait until the three-horse coach from her native town arrived, and David Duncan was announced in the elegant parlor of Miss Campbell's boarding-school. Alice ran to meet him with all the warmth of her naturally ardent and affectionate character, but she could not help feeling a little shocked and disappointed, to see her father looking so very old, and so little like a gentleman. She had told her friends that he was a banker, because she believed that all who were employed in banks might be called bankers, but now she though he looked a great deal more like being only a banker's clerk, and she feared there was a wide difference between his situation and that of the stout comfortable Benjamin Rostock, Esq., banker, who came in his own carriage, with two beautiful prancing horses, to take his daughters away. These thoughts, however, soon gave place to others of a more agreeable nature, when Alice found herself seated in the stage-coach beside her father, and travelling fast towards that home which she had hitherto thought the most delightful spot upon earth. But how was that home changed when she beheld it again! Everything about it seemed to be reduced

in size—old, dingy and grey. The carpet was patched with great nicety to be sure, but Alice thought of the beautiful carpet in Miss Campbell's drawing-room, of the spacious hall, and the wide stairs, and then compared them with the narrow entrance, and dark passage at her father's house. It was not long, however, before the kind welcome of her parents, the caresses of little Martha, her lovely niece, and many dear and familiar recollections won back her heart from such thoughts, and she retired to rest in her own little chamber very thankful that she was once more at home; but still congratulating herself to think that Miss Bulmer, the grand-daughter of Sir George Bulmer, and her most intimate school friend, had not accompanied her home, as once in the fervor of school friendship she had entreated her.

About two years had elapsed from this time, when Alice received an alarming account of her mother's illness, and by the next post a letter requesting her immediate return home. Poor Alice arrived only just in time to receive her mother's dying request, that she would never leave her father again, and that she would take upon herself the sole charge of little Martha, who would now look up to her as a mother. What a change was this sad scene to a young girl just set at liberty from school, and how important were the cares which now devolved upon her, compared with all which had filled her mind in the former part of her life. For many days she resigned herself entirely to the indulgence of her grief, occasionally making a few attempts to comfort her father, whose distress appeared to her still greater than her own; but as the days passed over, her sorrow for her irretrievable loss became less acute, and other thoughts of a different, though scarcely of a less painful nature, began to crowd upon her mind. Little Martha, though at times very engaging, was upon the whole a great source of trouble and perplexity; while her father was so low and melancholy, and all her efforts to cheer him so totally fruitless, that she gave up making any farther attempts, and used not unfrequently to commit Martha to the care of the servant, and go up to her own room to do nothing but weep. There having wept till she was weary, she would take out of her drawers and boxes all her little memorials of school friendship, and looking at them one after another, would sigh heavily to think of the pleasant hours which they brought to her recollection; nor were the dresses she wore when she was said to have looked so well, the shoes she had danced in when her dancing was so much commended, or the music-books she had played from in her hours of triumph, passed over without a tear. "I shall never be happy again," was generally her concluding exclamation; and to tell the truth she did not try to be happy. She did not make the best she could of present circumstances, but continued to mourn over what she had lost, and look back with regret to past pleasures. When David Duncan returned home, weary and dispirited, he would sometimes open his wife's old piano, and ask his daughter to play to him, thinking it might be an amusement to her, while it beguiled him of his own sad thoughts, for he remembered with great fondness the hand which had been accustomed to touch those keys, and thought that no other instrument could produce so sweet a sound. But Alice, who thought very differently, looked with contempt upon the old piano, and played with so much reluctance, making so many complaints about the instrument being out

of tune, that it failed entirely to afford pleasure either to her or to her kind father; nor was the old man less disappointed when he asked for little Martha, and found so often that she had become an inmate of the kitchen, while he had hoped that she would have been regarded with the tenderest interest and affection by his daughter. But his heart was very sad, and he did not like to find fault, for he thought poor Alice must find a great change in coming to her dull home, and if it was possible to help it he would not make that change more painful. His heart was indeed sad, not only from his recent loss, but because he now began to entertain serious suspicions that he was losing his sight, and as neither he nor his wife had ever thought it possible to save money out of his salary as a clerk, he looked forward to the future with the most dreadful apprehensions for the situation of his family.

"Poor Alice!" he would often say to himself; "we ought not to have sent her to that high school." But he should rather have set about making the best of things, by telling Alice the real truth, and endeavoring to make her wiser; instead of which, like many other weak people, he tried foolishly to put off the evil day, and thus doubled the sufferings of that day when it did really come.

Alice was now a mooping, melancholy girl, very unlike what she used to be at school, living almost entirely for herself, and therefore living almost entirely without enjoyment. The only interest she seemed to take in anything was in the letters of her school friends; but this interest was by no means of a cheering nature, for they frequently told her of pleasures from which she felt with pain, and sometimes with a little envy, that she was entirely shut out. Sometimes they described a delightful dance at the Major's and a ride home by moonlight in Pa's carriage, or a musical party at Sir George Bulwer's, at which Eliza played charmingly, and was applauded even by the Colonel. Alice would then think, that had she been there, she might have been applauded too—perhaps more applauded than Eliza; for dearly as we love our friends, we like to be praised more than they are; and odious as envy is generally allowed to be, it is an almost invariable accompaniment of discontent.

In this manner poor Alice, without any one to rouse her from the dangerous state into which she was falling, used to spoil the few pleasures that might have been her own, by perpetually longing for those which were the portion of others. But often when we have no earthly friend to warn us of the perils of life, or call us back into the right path when we have wandered from it, we are the objects of especial care to that friend who never forsakes us: and who, while we are murmuring at our misfortunes and privations, is making use of those very calamities which we bewail, as the messengers of his love, and the means of promoting our future happiness.

David Duncan returned home earlier than usual one day, with the marks of more than common distress upon his countenance. Alice, with that shrinking which selfish people always feel from any kind of bad tidings, looked up in his face with some anxiety, but did not ask the cause of his distress.

"You are looking at my eyes," said her father, with a quickness of manner quite strange to him: "they have long been failing. I have this day resigned my place in the bank, and am pronounced disqualified."

"Then what will you do?" asked Alice.

"Bag!" replied her father, with bitterness.

Alice was, if possible, more shocked by the tone of his voice, his look, and manner, than by the whole of the sad truth which now flashed upon her; and without having attempted anything in the way of consolation, she retired to her own room to think, rather than to sleep. In the course of her meditations her mind was powerfully affected, by reflecting how much her poor father must have been suffering both in mind and body, while she had done nothing to soothe or assist him; and an ardent desire to atone for her past neglect, made her wish for the light of morning. With this desire, in some degree consoling, because it arose from right feeling, she at last fell asleep, and awoke late in the morning with a confused sense of some undefined calamity, which soon, however, assumed its real and distressing form. But the better feelings of Alice still retained their hold upon her thoughts, and as soon as her silent meal was finished, she asked her father kindly if nothing could be done by surgical skill to restore his sight. The old man shook his head, and she asked again if he had ever made the trial.

"My poor child!" said he, affectionately, laying his hand upon her head, "you are not aware of the expense of such a trial. A journey to London, and probably some months being there under the care of one of the first doctors, would cost me nearly all the money I am worth; and then, if it should fail!"

"But if it should succeed," said Alice, who was young, and felt more disposed to hope, "you could take your place in the bank, and we could all be quite comfortable again."

"Have we been quite comfortable, Alice?" said her father; and although he did not all intend to speak reproachfully, there was something in the tone of his voice, which, added to the pain of her own conscience, made her burst into tears.

"No, no!" said Alice, sobbing; "I have been a very selfish and thoughtless creature. But if you will only try me—"

"My child," interrupted her father, "I fear you will have to be tried, whether I will or not. But come; let us think what is best to be done. I am an old man, and cannot in all probability, live many years—scarcely months, with the load of care I have had upon my mind lately. To you it may be of more consequence whether I spend all my little property for nothing. You, therefore, shall decide for me, whether we risk this journey. But stay—do not speak hastily. Your feelings are worked upon now by seeing my distress. You must take a week to consider of it; and, in the meantime I will pay a visit to my sister at the farm, and see what effect a change of air will produce upon my health and spirits."

Alice would have gladly persuaded her father to accept her final decision at that moment, but he refused to take advantage of her excited feelings; and, after an affectionate farewell, he went away for a few days, leaving Alice ample time to meditate upon things past, present, and to come. Strange as it may seem, she did not take this opportunity of dwelling upon the past, but taking little Martha up stairs with her, set about examining her father's wardrobe, and mending his old stockings; after which, having done the same useful service for her little niece, she was surprised to find that the day had passed over without being so insupportably dull as many other days, when she had had much less real trouble. The next day Alice found, still to her astonishment,

that hal passe before she had thought of being weary of it, because she had busied herself, from morning till night, with kind duties towards others, and had scarcely found time to think about herself at all. In this manner her father's absence was made to appear much shorter than she had expected it would; and when she saw the old man, whose sight had grown much worse during his visit, feeling his way along the well-known passage, to his own parlor door, her heart was so melted with a sense of his afflictions, that she thought anything she could suffer to alleviate them, would be light in comparison.

"We will go, father," said she, as soon as she had placed him in his favorite chair beside the fire. "I have made everything ready, and no time should be lost."

"No time indeed, child," he replied, in a mournful voice, "if anything is to be done; but I fear I have looked my last upon this world, and that I shall only live to be a burden to you, and my parish."

Alice, distressed to hear her father talk so desparingly, now tried to turn his attention to other things, and before they retired to rest had so far succeeded in cheering him, that he even smiled for a moment at his own helplessness.

Sad as were the prospects of this family now, it was surprising how much less melancholy Alice felt than formerly. She had great faith in the success of their journey to London, and even pleased herself sometimes with the idea of seeing the great and wonderful city. The difficulties of the journey however were more than she had anticipated. Her father was extremely helpless, and his defective sight rendered him so timid that he scarcely would permit his daughter to go beyond the reach of his hand; while little Martha, too young to understand the necessity for leaving home, was perpetually pining for comforts which she had left behind. Thus with equal claims upon her care and attention from the old and the young, Alice at last found herself in that metropolis, where she had fancied the streets (if not exactly paved with gold) were all equally wide and handsome, and thronged with the elegant, the high-born, and the rich. On making her wishes known to the mistress of the hotel where the travellers stopped, a guide was sent out with her to seek such lodgings as were considered suitable for persons of their character and appearance; and the guide understanding very well that in London, small means can only purchase small comforts, took Alice along a succession of dark and narrow streets, where she felt little inclination to look for a home. At last, however, she was compelled to decide after looking at some tolerable rooms, the cost of which was far beyond what they could afford, and she decided the more readily because she knew that her father could not see the difference between that and his own comfortable home in the north. To her eye alone would the old worn carpet be perceptible, and she had lately discovered how easy it is to bear what would otherwise be unpleasant, when we bear it alone, and for the sake of another.

On the following day an examination by the doctor took place. He gave no hope. Another was consulted, who seemed willing to try a desperate experiment, but Alice shrunk from it, saying that her father was old, and ought to spend his few remaining days in peace. They then tried a third, who was equally discouraging, and a fourth and a fifth turned away without even hinting at the least chance of relief. All hope was now over, and the old man who had for

some time been supported by the hopes of his daughter, though he himself had none, gave himself up to melancholy and despair. There was the more need now for Alice to exert herself, and she endeavored to think of some plan by which her school acquirements might be brought into use. Her father at first seemed determined to return to the north, but when his daughter hinted that it was more likely for her to find employment in London, than in a remote country town, he answered with a look of such hopeless despondency, as for a moment imparted something of its own nature to her heart.

"And what can you do here, in this great city?" said he. "Will you petition the House of Lords, or lead your blind father to the king, and be taken up for a mad woman, or an impostor? No, no; I will go back to my native country, and ask the parish overseers to allow me to break stones by the road side. Oh! I had forgot! poor David Duncan is not able to do even that! But they will make room for me, I dare say, in the workhouse—anywhere to be more quiet. I seem to be all ear since I have lost my sight, and this unceasing din will drive me mad."

Alice had found when her father talked in this manner, the best way to beguile his thoughts was to make a total change in the conversation, and she now placed little Martha on his knee, and cheerfully requested they would take care of each other, while she went out on an errand that must be attended to.

The confidence of very young persons is often much stronger than that of the old, and Alice as she walked along, felt the firmest conviction that her father would not be permitted to endure the greatest extremity of suffering, so long as she was willing cheerfully to undergo privations, and to exert herself to the utmost of her power. Supported by such thoughts she pursued her lonely way, until she reached the outskirts of the city, and found herself upon what the Londoners call a common, though Alice thought it was very unlike the common where her grandmother used to keep her geese. Here she looked about amongst the different rows of small houses, and at last found one with the words "To let," badly written upon a card at the window. Amongst the unusual questions which Alice asked of the mistress of the house, was one which made her smile, for she asked "whether in that situation it was possible to hear the birds sing?"

"Oh! yes, Miss, bless you!" replied the woman. "There is Mrs. Smith's thrush up in the cage yonder, sings all the day long."

"But I mean the wild birds," said Alice.

"Why as to the wild birds," said the woman, a little disappointed, "I cannot say we hear them quite distinct in the house here, but if you walk along side of the wall," and she pointed out a clean smooth footpath, which Alice immediately went to try, and there beyond the wall she did unquestionably hear the chirping of sparrows that seemed as happy as if far away from the abodes of man, and thinking their voices more sweet in that situation than far sweeter notes elsewhere, she hastened back to her father, planning for his comfort all the way, and thinking that the wall, though very ugly to her eye, would be of little consequence to him, or indeed might serve to guide his steps, while the common, though crossed by broad foot-paths in every direction, had here and there a stripe of green grass, upon which she could lead him when he was tired of the sound of his own feet.

Perhaps in her whole life Alice had never felt happier, than when on first walking

out with her father in the bright sunshine, he paused to enjoy the delightful stillness of the place, and a little bird just then, beginning its merry chirp, he pressed the hand of his daughter affectionately, and thanked her with cheerful smiles for having found him so pleasant a home. How to maintain possession of this house was now the great object of anxiety with Alice. She had no friends in London, at least she believed she had none to whom she could apply for advice or assistance in pursuing her plans; but on pondering the matter in her own mind, she recollected that the Bulmer family were in the habit of spending some months of every year in London, and opening out a budget of old letters, not now to weep over them, but for purposes of real use and business, she found the direction to Mr. Bulmer's town residence. Alice now formed a hasty resolution of applying to them, a resolution which cost her more pain to act upon than she had expected; for just as she reached their house, situated in a handsome square, a carriage in which were seated Mrs. Bulmer and her daughter, drove away from the door. It seemed to Alice almost as if they would have driven over her, the wheels of the carriage came so near, and she looked at the splashes upon her frock with the pain that one feels from an act of intentional unkindness, although neither the ladies nor their coachman were at all aware of her being there. The sudden appearance of these ladies, their rich dresses, carriage, servants, and handsome house, caused Alice more disturbance of mind than she would have thought herself capable of feeling from such a cause; and it cost her a much greater effort to set off on her errand the following day, than it had done at first, because she had not then had time to think much of their different style of living; but now when she stood upon the steps to ring the bell, she felt her knees tremble as if she had been about to do a very daring deed. Alice had to wait some time in what appeared to be a very elegant apartment, before her friend Miss Bulmer made her appearance, who not at all expecting to see her old schoolfellow, and not at first seeing who she was, looked and spoke with so much coldness and formality, that Alice felt almost unequal to the task of making herself known. No sooner however had Miss Bulmer heard her voice, than she welcomed her with all her former cordiality, asking a prodigious number of questions about how she had travelled to town, her residence, her connections, and the places of amusement which she had been at. Alice thinking the sooner the whole truth was told, the better they would understand each other, began by saying her object in coming to town was a very sad one; and then she told her mournful story with such touching simplicity, that Miss Bulmer who was a kind-hearted girl, wiped away the tears from her eyes many times before Alice had finished her recital.

Miss Bulmer having always been accustomed to be asked for money by those who came to her in distress, concluded, as a matter of course, that this was her poor friend's object in applying to her; and, with more kindness than delicacy, took out her purse. Alice, at that moment, felt a little of her former pride returning, and while the color rushed into her face, hastened to inform her friend, that all she wished to trouble her for, was a recommendation as a teacher of music or drawing. To this Miss Bulmer readily consented; and the two friends parted, to pursue their different ways—Alice to return to her father with glad tidings of hope, and

Miss Bulmer to tell her mother the sad history of this fallen family, to shed a few more tears when she described the homely appearance of her friend, to wish she had it in her power to assist her, and then to dress for dinner, and forget, for awhile, that there was such a thing as want in the world. To do Miss Bulmer justice, however, we must say, that in time she remembered her promise, though not before David Duncan had ceased to hope anything from it, and even his sanguine daughter had begun to doubt. Had this been the only foundation upon which Alice built her hopes, even she might have been cast down; but while waiting for the fulfilment of this important promise, she formed another plan of relief, and acted upon it with her usual promptness. This was to apply to Messrs. Rostock and Pym, the bankers, by whom her father had been employed so many years: and now she felt thankful, though by no means for the first time, that she had been taught to express her thoughts in such language as would be most likely to convey a true idea of her father's helpless situation, and affect the feelings of those whom she addressed.

David Duncan was acquainted with both the applications which his daughter had made, and although he professed to have little hope in the success of either, he was evidently disappointed when day after day passed over, and no letter came either from Miss Bulmer or from the bankers in the north.

"I served them very faithfully," said the old man. "It seems strange that they should so soon forget me."

"They have not forgotten you," replied Alice. "Wait a few days longer, and you will find I have not trusted to their benevolence in vain."

Not only a few days, but many passed over, and still no letter; and Alice sat beside her father sometimes quite at a loss what to answer to his expressions of despondency, and regret that he had ever made what he called a lady of his daughter, and thus rendered her unfit for her situation.

"Do not call me unfit for my situation," said Alice, "until you see me discontented, and unable to contend with the difficulties that fall to my lot. You often regret having spent so much money upon my education; but let me entreat you, dear father, to believe that that education will not be thrown away. You seem to think that at school I was not merely wasting my time, but acquiring what must necessarily make me miserable now. Let me ask, am I miserable now? Do these acquirements weigh down my spirits, or occupy that time which ought to be given to other things? Let us consider them no longer as a useless encumbrance, but rather as a valuable possession, to be laid aside when they are not wanted, and called into use when they are. I know it is a common idea that knowledge unfits us for the homely drudgery of life; but surely we use the wrong word, and say knowledge, when we ought to say, the pride of knowledge; for it is this pride of knowledge that makes all situations hateful to us, where we cannot display our boasted attainments? While I felt myself exalted above other girls, because I knew more than they did, I was miserable to think that I must be poor, and live in an obscure place, where my great talents could not be seen and known; but since I have seen of how very little value such accomplishments are in the real difficulties of life, I have learned not to wish to show them off to the world, but to lay them by as a treasure, to be called forth whenever there is an opportunity of making them use-

ful. Thus I still value them highly, and never more than when I can make my father forget what he has lost, or persuade him that he has still something left." And so saying, she opened the old piano, which had been sent up to town along with their other furniture, and played the old-fashioned air that she knew her father liked best to hear.

The following day a kind note was put into her hand from Miss Bulmer, requesting her to wait upon a lady whose residence was not very distant, and who wished her daughters to be taught music by a mistress. Nor was Alice slow to attend this summons, or unwilling to accede to the lady's proposals, which, upon the whole, were very reasonable. This introduction was the means of procuring many others; so that, in time, Alice was obliged to rise early, in order to give little Martha (who was now never neglected) that instruction which her aunt had found so valuable. In the meantime, the bankers sat in serious consultation upon the letter of Alice respecting her blind father. It was sent from one to another, examined, and then laid aside for future consideration. At last they decided as became men of sound principles and benevolent feelings. A respectable sum of money was remitted to the old man, with a promise of a small yearly allowance during the remainder of his life.

"Are we not happy now?" exclaimed Alice, snatching up Martha in her arms, and kissing her with all the pure unadulterated joy of a guileless and grateful heart, while even her father smiled and looked well pleased, until he recollected that his life could not be long, and that the two beings he loved best in the world, would then be left unprotected and alone.

At this moment a loud knock was heard at the door, and Alice hastening to open it, beheld the tall figure of a man whose features she thought reminded her of some one she had seen in a dream.

"Don't you know me Alice?" said her brother, for it was the father of little Martha who stood before her; and in a few moments she was made sensible by his manly, dignified, and affectionate manner, that she had found a cordial friend and able protector. Leading him to her father, they then sat down and listened to his recital of shipwrecks, and disasters in the early part of his career, and then of his final success, his intention to remain with them, and his ability to supply them with all the comforts they had lost, little Martha all the time looked strangely upon the new guest, but was not unwilling to cultivate a better acquaintance with him, while Alice had no words to express her delight.

"My children," said the old man, "let us never again despair. All that we have to fear is from ourselves, and we are fallible and weak: while all that we have to hope is from above, and we know that the fountain of mercy will never fail."

A DAILY prayer from the heart of a pure and pious wife for a husband engrossed in the pursuit of wealth or fame, is a chain of golden words that links his name every day with the name of God. He may snap it three hundred and sixty-five times a year for many years, but the chances are that in time he will mark the sundered filaments and seek to reunite them in everlasting bond.

EMINENT medical men attribute the great increase among women of neuralgia, ticdoleureux and loss of sight, to the fashion of excessively small bonnets, which dress the neck instead of the head.

Extracts from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

—Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the overtired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest!—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos?—that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath!—that they take counsel of the grim friend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons, where neither book, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking-vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remembered that,—the kind city fathers,—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself on the very plain and serviceable upholstery. If anybody would only contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery?

* * * * *

But to come back to poets and artists;—if they are really more prone to the abuse of stimulants,—and I fear that this is true,—the reason of it is only too clear. A man abandons himself to a fine frenzy, and the power which flows through him, as I once explained to you, makes him the medium of a great poem or a great picture. The creative action is not voluntary at all, but automatic; we can only put the mind into the proper attitude, and wait for the wind, that blows where it listeth, to breathe over it. Thus the true state of creative genius is allied to *reverie*, or dreaming. If mind and body were both healthy, and had food enough and fair play, I doubt whether any men would be more temperate than the imaginative classes. But body and mind often flag,—perhaps they are ill-made to begin with, underfed with bread or ideas, overworked, or abused in some way. The automatic action, by which genius wrought its wonders, fails. There is only one thing which can rouse the machine; not will,—that cannot reach it; nothing but a ruinous agent, which hurries the wheels awhile and soon eats out the heart of the mechan-

ism. The dreaming faculties are always the dangerous ones, because their mode of action can be imitated by artificial excitement; the reasoning ones are safe, because they imply continued voluntary effort.

I think you will find it true, that, before any vice can fasten on a man, body mind, or moral nature must be debilitated. The mosses and fungi gather on sickly trees, not thriving ones; and the odious parasites which fasten on the human frame choose that which is already enfeebled. Mr. Walker the hygeian humorist, declared that he had such a healthy skin it was impossible for any impurity to stick to it, and maintained that it was an absurdity to wash a face which was of necessity always clean. I don't know how much fancy there was in this; but there is no fancy in saying that the lassitude of tired-out operatives, and the languor of imaginative natures in their periods of collapse, and the vacuity of minds untrained to labor and discipline, fit the soul and body for the germination of the seeds of intemperance.

Whenever the wandering demon of Drunkenness finds a ship adrift,—no steady wind in its sails, no thoughtful pilot directing its course,—he steps on board, takes the helm, and steers straight for the maelstrom.

Death and Life.

When Socrates, about to drink the hemlock, was conversing cheerfully of death and life, his anxious friends inquired how they should bury him.

"Any how you please," said Socrates, "if you can catch me."

Socrates could not be put in a tomb; no one would by any means lay hands upon the man after the transition we call death. It is the certainty of this truth that deprives the death-bed of its terrors. There is an instinct in the soul which assures us that we cannot be packed up in a box and laid away in the earth. The most confirmed sceptic never fully loses this instinct. Who does not feel within himself, "It is impossible for me to die!" All our false reasoning fails to destroy this inherent faith.

By a beautiful provision of nature the perception of immortality grows strong and clear as the hour of mortal change approaches. This is the case more especially when death is the natural result of gradual decay of the body. As the physical frame grows weaker, the spiritual faculties quicken into new life. The parting soul is enabled to view its state, its approaching transition, time and eternity, with a calmness which astonishes beholders. The strong man stands amazed to see the traveler set out so contentedly and so well assured to go to the undiscovered country whence there is no return. The spectator can conceive only anguish and terror in plucking up the deep-struck roots of this earthly life, which hold so strong and firm.

To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life; to think it is not
So much as even the lifting of a latch—
Only a step into the open air,
Or of a tent already luminous
With light which shines through its transparent halls.

As we stand by the death-bed of friends, and behold them float smoothly out upon the unknown sea, we would feel less grief could we know what faith illuminates them, and like them behold with quickened spiritual vision the heavens opening, and beautiful beloved faces of friends gone before, drawing near to receive and accompany the departing soul.

ONE of the finest specimens of laconic speech on record is that of Rochejacquin: "If I advance, follow me; if I fall, revenge me; if I falter, kill me."

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

OUR NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE.

What a vast field for reflection the history of our country affords. In vain we turn over the pages of history, search the lore of antiquity, or read the profound teachings of statesmen and philosophers of Greece and Rome, to find a parallel to her history. The world affords it not.

In the "times that tried men's souls," what privations, what sufferings—even unto death—did our forefathers endure, struggling with unequal numbers, against oppression and despotism, long years before the sun of liberty rose to vivify and warm their drooping hearts. Every schoolboy is familiar with the history of our country. Bunker Hill and Lexington, Trenton and Brandywine, are familiar as household words lisped forth by infant lips, and the name of WASHINGTON is enshrined in the heart of every American.

Our country—the brightest star in the galaxy of nations—the hope of millions, the asylum for the oppressed! Here man may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; here freedom of speech and freedom of conscience are untrammelled, and man stands forth in the full stature of manhood, invigorated, strengthened, and developed, by the sun of liberty. The past history of our country is one of which we may well be proud, but what of our future? Ah! this is a question of more than common import to us who stand upon the Pacific shore planting the germ of future usefulness and glory, or shame and woe. How shall we manifest our appreciation of the noble needs of our Revolutionary heroes, or perpetuate the independence which they purchased for us by their blood?

Not by the useless form of pomp and pageant of tinselled uniform, and martial music, not by gorgeous military display, the braying of trumpets, or the booming of cannon. Away with these hollow emblems of national greatness, and turn you to consider the interests of those entrusted to your care. Let the young become the objects of your anxious solicitude; extend and exercise your authority over them. Gather from the streets and by-ways of your cities the famishing beggar, the penniless orphans. Gather them from the dens of infamy, from the haunts of vice, pollution and crime; place them in asylums, and schools for education, where they may learn the true way of life. Make haste to unlock the nation's coffers, and provide us a house of refuge for our sons who are rushing headlong on to destruction bearing with them the record of your unfaithfulness, and a nation's ruin. Suffer them not longer to wan-

der about our streets, ragged and filthy, friendless and alone; extend to them a friendly hand, speak to them a kindly word; instill into their minds the first great principles of liberty. Train them in the way they should go, if so be that when they come of age, their thoughts and acts shall reflect credit upon you whose beneficent care directed them. So shall the school house supplant the watch house, and the church, the prison. So shall we point with a nation's pride, to a nation's glory, her school houses and colleges of learning, for by intellectual and moral culture alone can we secure the prosperity of our country, and render perpetual its INDEPENDENCE.

TO THE LADIES.

In the premium list of the State Agricultural Society, for 1858, we find the following:

FOR LADIES IN SADDLE.—No competitor will be allowed to enter this list without a card from the Committee to secure ladies from improper associations.

Now, we would simply ask, what does this mean? It seems to us that a premium is offered—an inducement is held out for woman to place herself in a position which, to say the least of it, is unfavorable. It is a gross wrong for the Committee to offer a premium to induce a woman to place herself in a position where she is liable to form improper associations. True, they propose to give her a card to secure her from such association; but the very fact that they propose to give such a card seems to us proof positive that the position is an improper one. We cannot understand what the offer of this card means. Can it be that it is to secure woman from association with the unfortunate of her own sex? If so, what protection is offered her against the base and degraded of the other sex? We confess, in our humble judgment we can see no great difference in an association with an unfortunate and degraded sister, and an association with the vile, miserable, heartless villain who made her what she is.

Women, be on your guard! Do not place yourselves in a position which will do violence to your true womanly character. Do not be lured there by the promise that you will be protected from improper association, unless you are well assured that every man, as well as every woman there, will be able to produce a card testifying to his character as an honest, honorable, moral man. This, and this only, will protect you from contaminating associations.

They offer to you gold medals, and make protestations of protection. Do not heed them. There is not one of that committee who would permit wife, sister or daughter of his to contend for that prize. Believe them not, our sisters; they are untrue to your dearest interests, and would tempt you by a paltry medal of gold to lay aside the dignity and character of the true woman.

We advocate horse-back riding. We love its refreshing, invigorating exercise, and would be glad to have every woman in the land practice it daily. We should like to see good riding schools established, and prizes offered there. But it seems to us that the public race

course is not the place for women to engage in such competition. Contend earnestly—contend for prizes offered to you within the sphere of true womanhood, but do not encourage, even by your presence, much less by taking part in them, such exhibitions. Scorn the offering of gold that would lure woman from her high and holy trust, and place her, with all she holds dear, in jeopardy, exposed to criticism, scoff, sneer and jest, which no woman of true delicacy and refinement of feeling can endure.

DO NOT SWEAR.

Next to the power of thought is the power of speech. By these two faculties is man placed above, and distinguished from the brute creation. But, alas! how often does he, by the abuse of the power of speech, render himself lower than the brute beast.

Do not swear at your horse. It will not lighten his load nor quicken his pace. Shall the mute lips of the poor dumb animal bear silent reproof to his blaspheming, swearing driver?

Do not swear, if you do rap your fingers with the hammer. Never mind, the pain will soon cease, the wound will heal. Do not inflict a greater wound on your moral nature by a cowardly, wicked oath.

Do not swear at your business, your books, your mining claims or your luck.

Do not swear at stocks, stoves, chairs, tables and all inanimate nature.

Do not swear in the street, the place of business, the steamer, on the coach or at home.

Do not swear at your servants, your friends, your wife or little ones.

Do not swear in all places, on all occasions, at all things and everybody.

Do not mar the beauty of social intercourse and common conversation by interweaving the horrid, chilling oath. It degrades your moral character, deadens your self-respect and hurls you from the high estate of MANHOOD to the very depths of degradation and shame.

By the memory of her who taught your infant lips to say "Our Father"—by all the hallowed memories of home and innocent, happy childhood—by the love you bear your wife and the hope you cherish for your children, I pray you "Swear not at all."

A LITTLE LONGER.

Toil on—be not discouraged. Though the way seem dark and rugged before thee, shrink not, yield not, give not back! What though you have lost dollars and cents, never mind—toil on—you will regain them. What though fire and flood have laid waste houses and lands—stop not to grieve o'er the ruins—toil on—toil will restore them. Though friends you have trusted have deceived, and those whom you have loved are sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, and you find yourself alone in the hand-to-hand struggle of the battle of life—shrink not—toil on—gather your faltering energies—nerve yourself for conflict. The darkest hour of night precedes the dawn of day; toil on a little longer.

Ah! you have lost houses and lands, and

time and labor, health and strength. Arouse, then, to action—stop not to grieve o'er the past. Toil on, or to thy other losses shall be added the loss of thy MANHOOD. Arouse thee, toil on—thy patient, persevering toil shall be rewarded. The sun of prosperity will surely dispel the dark clouds of disappointment and sorrow. Toil on a little longer.

What though the midnight oil is burning, and thy weary form would gladly seek the couch of rest—yield not—toil on—go down to the gulfs of the soul—

“Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below,
From many a buried ore:
Bringing from lava veins the fire
That o'er bright words is pour'd;
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre
A spirit in each chord.”

What though thy brain throbs, thy heart quivers, and thy nervous fingers feebly grasp the pen—toil on—claim the brilliant thoughts and fling them upon the world. Toil on a little longer.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The first number of the *California Cultivist*, published by Messrs. Wheeler & Wadsworth, has been laid upon our table. It is, as its name indicates, devoted to the encouragement of labor in the various branches of agriculture, horticulture and mechanism. In typographical appearance it compares favorably with any work heretofore issued from the California press. It is embellished by a magnificent colored lithograph of fruits, which forms the frontispiece of the work, and is interspersed with fine wood engravings of fruit and agricultural and mining implements. The reading matter, both original and selected, give evidence of a thorough acquaintance with the subjects upon which they treat, and justifies us in the assertion that this magazine will rank second to none of its kind. As a work of art, California may justly be proud of it, representing, as it does, the four great pillars of the State—Agriculture, Horticulture, Mechanism and Natural History—with their emblems, grain, fruit, flowers, implements and animals; presiding over all is Ceres, the goddess of grain and harvests. Most gladly do we welcome Messrs. Wheeler & Wadsworth to the field of labor which they have chosen, with the sincere wish that they may meet with that appreciation and reward to which they are so justly entitled. The *Cultivist* is published monthly at five dollars per annum.

The *Golden Resources of California* is the title of a new work we have just received from J. W. Orear, of Downieville. The author is Monroe Thompson. The work is very neatly gotten up, and from the hasty glance (which is all that our numerous duties would permit us to give,) at its pages, we think it will well repay perusal by all, but particularly by those who are suffering from an attack of Frazer River fever. Read it before you leave.

We are under obligations to Messrs. Hutchings and Rosenfield, for full files of the Atlantic papers, Magazines, &c.

Also to Mr. Ulman for like favors.

[For the Hesperian.]

TO —,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTHDAY.

“Oh! never other lip shall press
The blighted one where thine hath been,
Nor ever other bosom bless
The heart whereon thy heart doth lean.”
[Edge Hill, Christmas Eve, 1845,
“And some, we’ve trusted with a fond believing,
Have turned and stung us to the bosom’s core,
And life hath seemed but as a vain deceiving,
From which we turned aside, heart-sick and sore.”
“Tell me, paid’st thou for that ring
“More than the worth of liberty and life? * *
“Look at me.”

Again the index of revolving time
Records the advent of thy natal day;
And long e’er dawn had wak’d its early prime,
My heart instinctive, turned to thee, so far away,
And fondly that all blessings might be thine, did pray,
From love, which sympathizing angels might convey.

—’s birthday! Oh, what fond memories thrill
Through my heart—waking each dormant feeling,
As the dark void within my soul they fill
With her dear image; and the truth revealing,
Which none who’ve truly loved e’er doubted yet;
That faithful hearts may bleed—they ne’er forget.

What mix’d emotions agitate my breast,
From present gloom, as I review the past;
While struggling faith by sadd’ning doubts oppress’d,
Clings to the hope on which my *all* is cast.
But words are weak t’ express, and fancy fails to find
Meet emblems to portray this tumult of my mind.

Yet o’er this whirlpool of my hopes and fears
One steady light resplendent sheds its rays;
And my desponding heart still onward cheers.
All hail to thee, thou Light of other days, [prove
Whose beams, within thy heart reflected, e’er must
That thou alone hast had, and ever wilt, my love.

That light oft on this festival bath shone,
When on thy lips fond greetings I have press’d;
Beneath its glow what thrills of bliss I’ve known,
As in thy arms I bless’d thee and was bless’d.
But now, mysteriously, its rays perversely shaded,
All its bright dowers of love lie withered—faded!

Faded—not dead; still their sweet fragrance lives
In incense gathered from their drooping stems,
And by affection garner’d; while fond memory gives
Its sacred chalice, sparkling with choice gems,
And which e’er on the altar of my heart shall burn,
A constant sacrificial prayer for love’s return.

All that is sweetest, holiest, round thee clings;
From thee my weary heart new strength derives,
As hope, by faith revived, fresh courage brings,
While for its goal my love, still struggling, strives.
Life of my life! what forms of beauty else I see,
Enshrin’d in love, “thy spirit always dwells with me.”

Oh, —, belov’d! how each remembered bliss
With thee enjoyed is in my heart an ecstasy,
And t’customed views, which had no charm but this:
That we had seen them, with joy enraptured me.
Sacred each trifling thing thou had’st e’er called
thine own,
And to my memory dear each spot our love had known.

Such scenes and objects, since last this day I greeted,
With quivering nerves and misty eyes I’ve seen;
Contrasting now, with then, when by thee seated—
Our present lot, with what it might have been;
Regrets, remorse, with memory’s pleasures blended,
Oppressed my heart, and that sad joy was eaded.

And do such thoughts in thee ascendance gain,
As this day old associations bring to mind?—
Of rural walks, when leafy grove and sunny lane
Witness’d our mutual vows, which still doth bind
My constant heart, and spite all gloom will ever,
Till death, or worse, its loving faith shall sever.

Oh, many a thought, in which my memory shares,
This day will bring; and oft thy mind will dwell
Upon his fate, whose *fault*, the world declares,
Was that he “loved not wisely, but too well.”
Oh, yes, thou’lt pity him who for that love could dare
The world’s proud scorn; and ask, what is he now,
and where?

Ah! this recalls the gloom these reveries had banish’d;
I am what ’twould be happiness not to know;
A vital agony, from whom all peace has vanish’d,
Struggling midst conflicting griefs to banish woe.
My lone heart’s sighs, from the wide ocean’s breast,
The air
Shall waft, and in thy soul unerring tell thee where.

“Star of my life!” my course still points to thee;
Whatever influence thou’rt doomed o’er me to shed,
Clouded or brilliant, thou’rt my *destiny*—
Thy rays invigorate, as by thy light I’m led—
To thee my heart spontaneous turns where’er I rove,
For in thy glowing beams I first was taught to love.

If on this day old times thou dost review,
Oh, may their light each salient bliss illumine;
Recall their pleasures, former joys renew,
And with its brilliance gild each thought of gloom—
Its softening influence obdurate thoughts subdue—
Revive thy love, which then was firm and true.

As greeting thee, our children raise their eyes,
And say “Dear Mother,” what deep thoughts will
gather
’Round their loved forms—what tender memories rise
Of him thou’st banish’d, yet is still their father;
And as thou bendest o’er each “image” to caress him,
Thou’lt think of him whom they relect, and say,
“God bless him!”

My orisons were thine—so is my vesper prayer,
That this blessed day may oft return, and to thee bring
Augmented happiness, in which, O may I share.
Thou canst not hear me, dearest—but thou hast
a ring,
Whose simple motto my interpreter shall be,
As my torn heart, with sad fervor says, “God bless
thee!”

Atlantic Ocean, March 2d, 1858.

E.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEVADA, June 9th, 1858.

I left the wharf of San Francisco promptly at 4 P. M., in the fine steamer New World. The weather was delightful; and as I am not one of those unfortunate individuals who are compelled to pay tribute to Neptune every time they trust themselves upon the bosom of the deep, I busied myself studying the people and the scenes around me.

I was much amused by some ladies, who were evidently a “fresh arrival,” and now about making their first visit to the interior. The steamer seemed to be a subject of great interest and astonishment to them. They asked a great many questions about it, and declared that they “never expected to find so fine a steamer floating on the Sacramento river.” My attention was now attracted to a party of some ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen, some of whom were in the very spring-time of life, and others whose steps had already begun to descend the western slope. They were all joyous and gay, and more than once the merry laugh pealed forth and mingled with the music of the waters. Some of the party had small packages along, which the young ladies seemed to regard with much interest and womanly curiosity, and which I strongly suspected to be bridal offerings for some fair friend; and so it proved, for the party left us at Benicia to join the bridal train of Miss Emily A., the talented and only daughter of Capt. John Walsh, whose nuptials with Mr. David Ferguson, of San Francisco, were that night celebrated.

Benicia is a very pleasant little town, though not now characterized by that spirit of rapid improvement which mark some of our

other towns. It has well been called the "Athens of California," for it boasts some of the finest schools in the State. Miss Atkins' Seminary for young ladies is one that will compare favorably with any school of the kind in the older States. The building is large and well ventilated, and Miss Atkins is eminently endowed with those qualifications which tend to insure both the love and obedience of those entrusted to her care. The Collegiate Institute, Mr. C. J. Flatt, Principal, is one of the best schools for boys in the State, and is in a very flourishing condition. A new brick building of fine dimensions is very near completion, and I understand will be occupied by the school the ensuing term. There are other schools here, also worthy of notice, to which I will refer at some future time.

Leaving Benicia we proceeded up the Sacramento river. The scenery is picturesque and beautiful. The banks are in many places sufficiently high to protect them from being overflowed, and I see no reason why they may not, at some future day, be adorned by beautiful residences and cultivated grounds. Here, perhaps, may be planted the "idlewild" of some N. P. Willis of the Pacific.

Now the scenery becomes less and less distinct. Night has thrown her dark mantle over all, and tired and weary I seek my coffin-like berth. Soon life and its cares are forgotten in healthy and refreshing sleep.

We arrived in Sacramento about one o'clock in the morning; but I was at first inclined to doubt my senses, and think that instead of Sacramento we had landed on the banks of some modern Babel, so great was the noise and confusion created by the runners of that city. They came on board the steamer, pounded on the state-room doors, and shrieked in hideous tones, "Ere's your carriage for the Dawson House!"—"Hack for the Orleans Hotel!"—"Here's for the Marysville steamer—I'm your man!"—"Private carriage—carry you to any part of the city." If in self-defence a passenger sought to leave the scene of strife and confusion, he must be wide awake or become a victim to the impudence and imposition of his tormentors—for, to carry a person to a hotel only a few blocks distant, they will ask from three to five dollars—in fact, all they think they can get. Notwithstanding the din and confusion, I waited until seven o'clock, A. M., at which time I made an agreement with a hackman to carry me and my baggage to the Dawson House for one dollar. I mention this for the benefit of those ladies who, like myself, may be traveling unattended, that they may not do as some whom I saw, pay three and even five dollars for being carried a distance of only a few blocks. For my part, I dislike imposition in any form, and much prefer walking to being imposed upon by a hackman.

I like Sacramento. The streets are wide and much cleaner than those of San Francisco. It has been called the "City of the Plains," but I should call it the city of *homes*; it has so many beautiful home-like buildings, surrounded by shade trees of every description. Altogether it presents an air of durability and

refinement which reflects much credit on the inhabitants. At present the all-absorbing topic of interest is Frazer River mines. So great is the excitement on that subject that rents have fallen fifty per cent, and even now fine buildings are standing empty, bearing upon their doors and windows the ominous words "To Let."

Leaving Sacramento, I proceeded on my journey by the steamer to Marysville. The scenery along the river is in many places beautiful. The foliage of the trees is bright and green, as yet unfaded by the summer's sun. The breeze from the shore comes laden with the breath of flowers and the delightful perfume of the new mown hay, while in the distance may be seen teams heavily laden with the rich product of mother earth, and you may even hear the voice of the teamster as he carols forth his joyous song, or speaks a word of encouragement to his horses.

As we passed along I saw one or two cabins, tenantless—deserted; the doors broken from their hinges, the windows gone, and every thing around bearing evidence of hopelessness and decay. I know of no sight more sad, none more calculated to call up mournful thoughts, than that of a deserted cabin. Ah, there are heart histories within its keeping, fraught with human hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, going down with it to the dark abyss of oblivion!

We reached Marysville about three o'clock, P. M., and I soon forgot the heat and tediousness of my journey amid the luxuries and home-like comforts of the Merchant's Hotel. I say home-like, for Mr. Peck, the kind and gentlemanly proprietor, has the rare faculty of making his guests feel at once comfortable and at home, and his house affords all the numberless conveniences and luxuries which go to make up the sum total of creature comforts, and kind and obliging servants promptly minister to the slightest expressed wish. The house is a large, commodious, fire-proof brick building, and the rooms are of good size and well ventilated. Altogether it presents an air of neatness, order and comfort seldom met with in hotel life.

Marysville is a beautiful city. The streets are wide and clean and adorned by many handsome buildings. Altogether it presents an air of permanency and durability not often found in California. The residents are for the most part permanent; those who settled here in '49 and '50 still retaining the homes which their own enterprise have built and beautified, and carrying on a business which does credit to their untiring perseverance. With regard to social advantages, Marysville ranks second to none of her sister cities. Were I to say I like this place, it would but illy express what I mean. I love it. I love the kind, sisterly greeting extended to me here; I love the tones of approval and words of encouragement—the spontaneous gushings from hearts that are warm, whose fountains have been kept pure and unpolluted. Hid way down in the depths of my heart, embalmed in my memory, are those words of encouragement and cheer—those acts of sympathy and kindness, strength-

ening me in the hour of weakness, and prompting me on to fresh efforts and renewed untiring exertions.

Already the busy notes of preparation for the Fair, which is to be held here from the 23d to the 28th of August, may be heard; and I can but congratulate the good people of this State that this time the "lines have fallen to them in pleasant places."

Leaving Marysville by way of stage, after a hot and dusty ride of about six hours, I reached Oroville, which I found to be much more of a thrifty, business-like town than I had imagined. The citizens seem to be characterized by that impulsive, daring energy which peculiarly belongs to California. My stay here was necessarily very short, and the weather so warm as to render it impossible for me to visit the mines, of which there are a great many.

My next stopping place was Nevada, which has so recently fallen a victim to that devouring element, fire. I should think one-third of the city had been laid waste; but with commendable perseverance the citizens have set to work to repair the damage, and upwards of sixty buildings are now in process of erection. I wondered to see so many frame buildings going up. After such sad experience as they have had, one would expect them to make not only their houses, but their town fire-proof. This is one of the largest mining towns in the State, and notwithstanding the discouragement they have met by the late severe fire, they present the appearance of a prosperous business people.

In my next I hope to be able to give you more particular account of the places I visit, but my letter has already exceeded my limits and perhaps your patience; so, for the present, adieu. D.

HE DRINKS.

How ominous that sentence falls! How we pause in conversation and ejaculate—"It is a pity." How his mother hopes he will not when he grows older; and his sister persuades them that it is only a few wild oats! And yet old men shake their head and feel gloomy when they think about it. Young men, just commencing life, buoyant with hope, don't drink. You are freighted with a precious cargo. The hopes of your old parents, of your wives and of your children—all are laid down upon you. In you the aged lived over their young days; through you only can the weary one you love obtain a position in society; and from the level on which you place them, must your children enter into the great struggle of life.—*Exchange Paper.*

Would to heaven that paragraphs like the above might be found in every newspaper from Maine to Texas, and that, being read by young men, the shot might strike home and secure a permanent reformation.

Singular as it may appear, very few men who drink to excess can be found, who do not denounce the habit in the strongest terms—not the least benefit is derived from it, yet each succeeding year beholds many a new made grave, which, but for habits of intoxication, would yet be tenantless. Ask any gray haired resident of Natchez to give you the names of his youthful associates—go with him to the cemetery and let him point out the last sad resting place of the chivalric, brave, honorable kind-hearted youth who now fill a drunkard's grave. The information he can give you will

chill the heart like an icebolt, and then, if capable of appreciating the lesson, be warned in time.—*M. M. Journal.*

He drinks; only a little now and then, yet his eye has lost its brightness, and the bright happy smile has given place to the senseless leer. His step once so elastic and free, is now unsteady and faltering, and rings the knell of blighted hopes upon hearts that love him. The form of his mother is bowed, her heart crushed, and her eyes dim with tears, as she exclaims, "Would to God he had never been born!"

The pale wife sits listlessly; no tear steals down her careworn cheek. Ah! no, her grief is too great for expression, and tears have "fled her eyes to curdle round her heart." The silence of despair is upon her, and soon death will release the drunkard's wife.

Ah! young man, beware, only a little, has ruined many a man. You are offering the sacrifice of human hearts, hearts that throb and quiver with love and affection for you. Upon the altar of intemperance you are burning them, with that fire which can never be quenched. The sacrifice is more than you can afford to make, and you must answer for it at the bar of God.

Stop! pray you; stop and think, ere you consummate this ruin. Gather your weakened energies, and make a firm resolve that you will not look upon the wine "when it is red within the cup;" that you will not taste another drop. Look up, and strength shall be given you to perform your vow, and peace and happiness shall yet be yours.

To those who Write for the Press.

It would be a great favor to editors and printers if those who write for the press would observe the following rules. They are reasonable, and our correspondents will regard them.

1. Write with black ink on white paper, well ruled.
2. Make the pages small; one-fourth that of a foolscap sheet.
3. Leave the second page of each leaf blank.
4. Give to the written page an ample margin all round.
5. Number the pages in the order of their succession.
6. Write in a plain, bold hand, with less respect to beauty.
7. Use no abbreviations which are not to appear in print.
8. Punctuate the manuscript as it should be printed.
9. For *italic* underscore one line; for small capitals, two; capitals, three.
10. Never interline without the caret, to show its place.
11. Take special pains with every letter in proper names.
12. Review every word, to be sure that none are illegible.
13. Never write a private note to the editor on the printer's copy.

"DIED POOR!"—As if anybody could die rich, and in the act of dying did not loose the grasp upon the title-deed and bond, and go away a pauper, out of time. No gold, no lands, no jewels or tenements. And yet men have been buried by charity's hand who did die rich, died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, a thousand hopes restored.

[For the Hesperian.]

MOMENTS.

Each moment in its flight,
As darkly in the future coming on,
Now flashing in the Present—sudden gone—
Lost in eternal night—
Thunders of God to each attentive ear;
And as in endless chain they glide us by,
With dreadful meaning fraught they all appear;
God rides upon the moments as they fly,
To execute His purposes of right!

They seem like little things,
And true, they are; but pile them up in millions,
Then are they nought?—still on to countless billions
They multiply on wings!
Though one seems small—unnoticed though it be—
Their numbers seal the Nation's destiny.
God lives by moments—so do we!
The rolling cycles of Eternity
Certain as years their counting brings.

All things in Time begin—
Some moment is their starting and their end.
Moments reveal results that years have planned
Their little space within.
A moment's action turns the tide of years;
A moment's indecision kills a host;
Or the decision of a moment bears
Eternity upon it—saved or lost!
Some moment choosing or rejecting sin.

Though in itself so brief,
One moment saves or sinks the drowning man—
Defeats the suicide's or murderer's plan—
Captures or frees the thief.
A moment's passion fills a life with tears;
A moment's words, oh, who can bring them back?
"Breakers ahead!"—the cry wakes chilling fears—
One moment lost, the bark will be a wreck,
And fill a thousand hearts with grief!

One moment of stern hate
Will wreak its deadly vengeance on a brother—
Ruin a sister—break the heart of mother!
And then on crime shall wait
Its punishment—it's victim's life to sever,
Who might have risen to honor's proudest state.
His future, too, is sealed, if this sealed ever,
Some moment; when the sinner is too late
God leaves the rebel traitor to his fate.

Who in his living here [them?
Saw aught but moments—knew an 'hour without
Moments have wrought the net of years about him—
Have made him white and sear.
The rolling waves were made some moments since—
Moments the life and death of Christ will tell.
The judgment will awake us moments hence,
And moments hence we'll be in heaven or hell,
Just as we use or lose our moments here.

Who can his life review
But feels he's lost or honor, fortune, fame,
Slighting the moment's offer when it came—
Say, reader, have not you?
Oh, precious, golden, flying moment—gone!
Drop from the ocean!—grain from off the shore—
Mite of Eternity!—still on!—on!—on! [more,
Countless your worth—we'll waste you then so
But learn each winged one to improve anew.

B. LEAVIT.

POETRY.—Poetry is the breath of beauty, flowing around the spiritual world, as the winds that wake the flowers do about the material. The love of moral beauty, and the retention of the spirit of youth, which is implied in the indulgence of a poetic taste, are evidences of a good disposition in any man, and argue well for the largeness of mind in other respects. For this is the boast of poetry above all other arts; that, sympathising with everything, it leaves no corner of wisdom or knowledge unrecognised, which is a universality that cannot be predicated of any science, however great.

Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present.

FASHIONS.

We are indebted to *Le Bon Ton* for June, for the following summary of fashions:

CLOAKS.—These are peculiarly Parisian articles, at once more dashing and elegant than the cashmere, though less rich and more economical. The cashmere never gets out of fashion, but the cloak or mantelet assumes a new character with every change of season. A woman endowed with tact, who knows her own personal advantages, will never take a cloak without carefully weighing the effect it will produce; whereas she might take any handsome shawl, as that will fit all personal peculiarities. A cloak that is admirably becoming on a lady of a certain height and figure, would have just the contrary effect upon another whom nature had favored with with quite a different exterior. An ill chosen cloak will make a lady look too stout or too short, and deprive her of whatever elegance she may possess.

Among the most charming models we notice the following: A long black silk burnous with a deep hood, trimmed with a *ruche a la vieille* round all the edges. An Antoinette mantle, also of black silk, with hood and goffered trimming, having a narrow guipure at the edge.

DRESSES.—There seems to be absolute liberty in the making of bodies and sleeves. In some cases we see the waists made round, with a waistband. In others the body terminates in two diverging points, very much like a gentleman's waistcoat. Others again have a short tail, like that of a postillion's jacket. Then there are double bodies, in the style of the German peasants; bodies with plaited fichus of the same material as the dress; bodies with a square tippet, not unlike a Louis XIII. collar; bodies in the style observed in the portraits of Mary of Medici, Diana of Poitiers, Anne of Austria, Marie Antoinette, and many others taken like them from historical paintings. If a lady's wardrobe contains a dozen dresses, she must have a dozen different bodies and pairs of sleeves. Sleeves are made wide and loose, in broad plaits, with elbows and without, some puffed and others slashed; some wide and open, others gathered in a short wristband. In fact there seems to be an unbounded latitude allowed, and if our fair readers can imagine anything original and striking, either as to cut or trimming, they can have it made up without delay, and may be sure that it will not be out of fashion.

BONNETS.—They are rather larger than of late, less loaded with ornaments, and come further on the head. This is certainly a change in the right direction. But before we enter further on the subject of bonnets, we must inform our readers that the alarming mode of dressing the hair which has obtained the name of *coiffure a emotions*, has been entirely abandoned, to adopt another which some will think quite as absurd. The last name seems to have been suggested by the Skye terrier, which the French call the *griffon Anglais*, and they have applied this last name to the style of *coiffure* in question. Perhaps

some fair reader will inquire what is meant by the *coiffure a emotions*. We will endeavor to describe its appearance. The hair so arranged has all the appearance of having been blown back by a furious gust of wind, which has puffed and twirled the hair in the wildest manner possible. The more extravagant the form into which the hair was twisted, the more its owner was thought to approach the ideal of an inspired Pythoness. The English *griffon* coiffure has quite an opposite character. It is made by first flattening the hair down on the forehead, the hair is then turned into small curls, which hang down so as to almost cover the eyes. It has been suggested by some malicious creature that the inventress of this new style must have had a wrinkle or two she was anxious to conceal, and adopted it for that purpose. But to go on with bonnets. There is great variety in the inside trimming; and all bonnets have double, if not tripple strings. Barbes of lace and black and white figured tulle, bordered with lace and blond, pass under the ribbon strings and fasten in the middle of the breast by a bouquet of flowers. There is another new style. A cravat bow without ends, with broad ribbon strings, edged with lace, fastened just under the cravat bow by a tuft of violets. These have a very fanciful appearance.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL.

[This article was originally published in Hutchings' *California Magazine*, but as many of our little friends may not have seen it, we take the liberty of laying it before them.]

"How long you staid away, mother. I am so sick; this pillow is so hard. Papa and sister don't know how to take good care of me, as you do. I wish you would never leave me again until I get quite well."

These were the fretful words addressed by little Henry Gray to his mother, as she re-entered his room, after an absence of about half an hour.

"Do not fret, my son," said the kind mother, as she seated herself by the bed side, and gently passed her cool hands over Henry's feverish brow. "I do not like to see you indulge this fretful disposition. I fear you forget to be thankful to the good God who has given you so many blessings and so many kind friends to love and take care of you. Look about this room, my son: is it not furnished with everything to make you happy? Is not the carpet soft and beautiful? When you look at its gay flowers you may almost think yourself in a beautiful garden. The chairs, with their soft cushions, seem to invite you to them; the table almost groans under the weight of pretty toys and elegant books; even your little Canary, outside the window, seems to call upon you to join him in his song of thankfulness."

"I don't care for any of them, mother," replied the wayward boy; "I don't like the room nor anything in it; I don't like to be sick, and take nasty medicine, and lie in this old bed all day."

"I know, my child, it is not pleasant to be sick, but it is sometimes necessary, and then we should try and be as patient as we can. Shall I tell where I went when I left you this morning? You remember little Johnny Davis, whose mother died last month, and who lives in the little shanty at the end of the lane?"

"O, yes, mother, I remember."

"Well, my son, I went to see him; he is very sick, much sicker than you are, and his father is very poor, so that he has to go away to work every day, and that leaves Johnny quite alone, all day, unless some kind neighbor happens in to see him. Poor little fellow, how glad he looked to see me this morning when I went in, and how he thanked me for an old coverlet which I took over to cover him with, for Johnny has no nice bed like yours, with soft, warm blankets to cover him, nor any nice pillow to lay his little hot and aching head upon. Some coarse straw thrown loose upon the hard floor is all the bed he has, and his little torn pants is his only pillow. The room is bare and dirty; an old box turned upside down answers in place of a chair; the stove is a broken, rusty old thing, and looks as if it had not had a fire in it for many a day. That, with the pine table which his mother used to keep so white and nice, but which is now black and dirty, is all the furniture the house contains, except a few pieces of broken delf. Johnny has no kind sister to wait upon him while his father is absent; no one to give him medicine to make him well, no kind mother to make him gruel, or bathe his little hot hands and face. There he lays, all day, alone neglected, and very dirty; his little flaxen ringlets, which used to look so nice when his mother was alive, are now a tangled mass. When I went there this morning, I took that toast which you said was "not fit to eat." You ought to have seen how eagerly he ate it, only stopping to say "It was very good of you to bring me nice toast to eat. Dear mamma used to make me toast; but since she died I haven't had any." I took some water and washed his hands and face, and as I did so, the tears came into his eyes, and he said, "Oh, your hands seem so like poor dear mamma's; but she is dead, and can never wash her little Johnny's face and hands any more." I tried to soothe his feelings, by talking to him a few moments, promising to see him soon again, and hastened home to you my son. Oh, what a contrast there is between your happy home, and his miserable and uncomfortable shanty. You have every thing to make you happy; he has nothing but his contented spirit and his sweet submissive disposition."

"Mother, I see that I have been a naughty, thankless boy. I will try to be more patient in future, and spare you often to go and see little Johnny, and please take him some of my nice things every time."

CARRIE D.

"Sure, and I'm heir to an immense estate under my father's will. When he died he ordered my elder brother to divide the house with me; and, by St. Patrick, he did it—for he tuck the inside himself and gave me the outside."

[From the New Church Herald.]

TO THE UNHAPPY ONE,

WHO REJOICES THAT "IN HEAVEN THEY NEITHER MARRY NOR ARE GIVEN IN MARRIAGE."

[The article that follows came to us in a slip, cut from *Arthur's Home Gazette*. It is accompanied by a note which reads:

"MR. EDITOR:—The enclosed article has been preserved in my Bible since it was first published, several years ago, and when I read it over, it thrills me as if an angel had spoke with me. Can you not republish it in the *Herald*?"

Certainly we will, and in doing so add an earnest hope that the interior, living and heavenly forms of truth here veiled in a drapery which seems light and transparent, and as if thrown around them by a playful hand, may bring comfort and encouragement to many a fainting and desponding heart.—Ed.]

Will you pardon me, *mon amie*, for speaking to your soul, your tired and sorrowing heart, when I never hope nor ask to lift the veil of secrecy that hides you from me on earth! Perhaps in Heaven your head will repose on my breast, and to me you may pour out all your earth-life as frankly as the angels do. Shall I tell you what I imagine about you?—that your path through life is trodden with outward calmness; that even your bosom friends read not your soul in regard to your marriage, and the letter in the *Home Gazette* was penned in a sudden burst of bitterness that was wild to be expressed! It was not a fair exponent of the many heart-rending hours when you knelt and implored God for *patience*, only *patience* to bear your burden.

Faults we all have, and under great provocation, we do not always act wisely; but I agree with you that certain states of intense feeling are not brought about without an adequate cause, and often, alas! a giving way before a temptation so cruel, an angel could scarcely have resisted it, brings a retribution that seems little in keeping with the error! Then the world passes heavy judgment, while another who is capable of committing a wrong a hundred fold greater, and perhaps does commit it, is held up as an example of amiability. But it is not the world we are to look to for a fair judgment; we must outgrow a deference for its awards. A diviner life is stretching out before us, beyond the dark river! Ah! *mon amie*, I would you could read the volumes of hope and joy my soul would enter as I look forward to that life! Would I could take you to my heart and enable you to see with my vision; then would all clouds roll away from your eyes, then would you look upon your earth-life and exclaim with ardent gratitude, "It is well; it is so deeply needed! God could not spare me this pain consistently with his love: it is the only gate through which I can be led to Heaven. Perhaps you will ask, "But must my husband be wicked for the sake of making me good and patient?"

No! but your husband has the power to become noble and pure. It is not God's fault if he will not, but the All-Wise does the best that can be done under the circumstances. Through the suffering this man inflicts, He strives to draw you to Himself—to bring good out of evil—to guide your feet towards an angelic home, where you will be welcomed with a love that shall make you forget the sorrowful life that preceded it. You may think, "Why did not God order that my husband should have been united to some heartless woman, who would not have suffered as I have done?"

God cares for your husband's well being. Had it been thus, two human beings might have plunged down and down towards the deepest hell, each impelling the other! As it is, you may be some restraint; before your mortal life closes, you may see that you have had a high mission to the being whose lot is cast with yours. If you cannot influence him to become a Christian, you may at least save

him from the lowest depths of future woe. It is consistent with eternal justice to suppose every shade of good and evil is taken into account and has a bearing upon our position in the other life. And this heartless wife he ought to have had, may at this moment have a husband who is her guardian angel—who holds her back from rushing where she would; and, *mon amie*, don't laugh, this very husband of her's may one day be yours—your twin spirit; together you may become a perfect angel, capable of more virtue and bliss than if you had been united on earth, besides helping others on earth more than if you had been together. Now, isn't that a charming explanation of the cruel destiny that is upon you at present?

Ah! never think again that all is lost. There is every thing before you to gain. Never dream that the buds of hope have died. There are thousands of thousands waiting to unfold—to blossom faintly here, gloriously in the world to come. Never dream that the faded sorrow of the heart is an emblem of the eternal fading that has fallen upon the heart. Oh, no! When the worn garment is thrown aside, the true being may appear fresh and gloriously beautiful in her native world, with the "dew of youth" upon her brow, the love-light of innocence in her eyes, and Heaven's nobleness in her bearing. Shall it not be thus? Shall not all this be wrought out by you here? Shall you pass in vain through the fiery furnace? Shall the gold not be extracted from the dross? "Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for the gold where they find it." Oh, begin life anew! The blessed dreams with which you began before have been disappointed. This world has not proved what you expected. Nevertheless, those vague, beautiful prophecies of life's morning may all be answered—more than answered—but not here. "Awake! put on thy strength!"—prepare for a life that still awaits you. A future beckons which can only have the clouds you overshadow it with. You may perfume it with roses of happiness, and gild it with a blissful glory. Then let not the hours go idly by. Work for this end; lay up your treasures for it; tread the path of earth with this end in view, and with Miss Bremer, you will exclaim—"Despair is forever past!"—not anguish, but despair. Consider what a moment comparatively our mortal life occupies, and how vast is the future we are preparing for. We shall very soon be born into the world which is to be our permanent home. This material body is created to perish after it has served us awhile in our transient sojourn here; but not so the spiritual body we are either beautifying or deforming within it. I am sure you have usually more faith in the sterner sex than one would infer from the last clause of your communication. But I must confess I have often thought men and women never go in pairs as far as goodness is concerned. It seems to me that there are rather more good women in the world than men, although this morning I counted three gentlemen of my acquaintance who were better than their wives—that was all that I could muster—a dozen couples equally balanced, and about forty dear friends, wives, who are better from their partners. It was quite a relief to my mind to read in a list of statistics that all over the world more male infants have died than female, which goes to show that some of the good women, who are unprovided for, may find fitting companions in these infants, grown to manhood in Heaven. That remark may excite a smile in these days, but it will not sound near so odd a hundred years hence. It may seem arrogant to say so; but in a great measure men are to grow pure and good through us. We are created with purer instincts, and should not blame them too much for possessing a nature which we have not inherited. They are justly entitled to contempt when they yield to low instead of noble

promptings. Those who have always lived amid pure religious society, may think it very unjust to place this distinction between man's nature and woman's, but a mingling with the world will show its general truth. Ah! *mon amie*, I can call to mind some men whom I have known well, who would disarm you of your antagonism to the sex. Noble, transparent souls, whom I reverence; strong in the cause of justice and truth, self-denying, upright and merciful to the weaknesses of others. One such is my father.

Remember that your marriage was not a mere chance, an accident, and that you might as soon have married some one else. God has given you a mission which He has committed to no other, and at His judgment seat you will answer whether or no you have done as much as lay in your power towards your husband's well being. At the same bar he will also render up his account; but we only have our own reports to make. If your husband has no high aspirations, he needs pity for the eternal happiness he is debarring himself from.

"Speak gently to the erring—know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again."

Mon amie, let a far off voice reach your soul. Let courage and strength arise. Cast the old past away, and begin afresh with deeper, more glorious views of life, and a beauty will develop within and around you which will explain the significance of past agonies. You will learn that the kingdom of Heaven is within you. You will become assured that you possess a key to the glories of a Heavenly home. Loving angels are near to guard you, lest you dash your foot against a stone. God spreads beneath you His everlasting arms. Human hearts hear you cry, and would fain help you. Then dream not that you struggle alone with your mighty woe. It is not given to you purposeless. Its object must be wrought out by you, or your wail of regret will sound throughout your long eternity. Conquer now. Cast out the demon of resentment; replace it by a holy, watching, angelic love. "This commandment give I unto you, that ye bear love one to another." However great your affliction may be, it is temporary. It lies with you to begin a fresh life of love and joy when the duties of the present life are over.

And now, my friend, farewell. Let us walk the paths of earth with patient steps; and will you not tell me in Heaven how "sweet have been the uses of adversity?"

KATE.

BOOKS.—A book is a marvelous production. The making visible the invisible by certain marks is so common—common as water and light—that we underrate it sometimes. It is more marvelous than speech. Your voice is feeble—the thoughts you desire to communicate must, in many cases, forever remain unuttered but for writing. With alphabetic characters you press your thoughts on paper, and send them sixteen thousand miles away—more, you may speak to sixteen generations of mankind. Ubiquity and immortality are comprised at once. Bless the man, says Sancho Panza who invented sleep. Bless the man, say we, who invented books. What delightful companions! Southey has sung:

My days among the dead are passed,
Around me I behold,
The lofty men of days gone by,
The mighty minds of old.

We should have all sorts of reading—old books and new books, law history, divinity, facts, fiction, politics, anything, everything. No matter what the subject is, it is a good thing to read. The man who can read has the key of knowledge in his own hand—the alphabet is the "open sesame" to all sorts of truth.

ADVERSITY is the touchstone of friendship.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

HERODOTUS.

The summer sun beats down on the towers and domes of the Peloponnesian Elis, and from that city heralds have gone forth to proclaim a sacred truce throughout Greece during the celebration of the Olympic games. Soon every approach to the capital is thronged with men eager for the spectacle. The warlike Macedonian, the rugged Thessalian, the dull Boeotian, the stately Athenian, the peaceful Arcadian, and the keen-witted Spartan, have alike one common object. The Aegean and Ionian seas are covered with gaily-decked vessels from the many islands of Greece. Lemnos, darkened by the huge shadow of Mount Athos, sends up its representatives, on whose false hearts a still darker shadow rests. Chios, not unmindful of that blind old man who, more than four hundred years before, had left its rocky shores to sing of the siege of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses, appoints deputies well skilled in commemorating the noble deeds of noble men. Naxos, whose purple grapes the rich Athenian loves, and whose strength the Persian felt at the battle of Plataea, has trained a sturdy race who can as easily win a chaplet as tread a wine-press. Paros has hidden its sculptors make ready their blocks and chisels, for the victors will have their statues of no other marble than that which is hewn from their quarries, which is of so white a hue and so close a grain. Whilst the bowmen and slingers of Crete, the dyers of Cythera, the inhospitable Ithacan, and the sea-faring Coreyrian, bend their sails to the sacred city of Olympia.

But among the number of the journeyers are those that have made themselves a name for all time—generals, statesmen, philosophers, poets. There is the brave and handsome Cimon, whom his impulsive countrymen have just recalled from that banishment to which their ingratitude had hurried him. He is tall and majestic, and his hair falls in clustering curls upon his shoulders. By his side, and no longer at enmity with him, is Pericles, distinguished by a vigorous frame, grave aspect, and simple costume. His head, carefully covered, is of unusual length, and the comic poets, in allusion to this defect, style him onion-headed. That venerable looking man, a few paces from him, is Anaxagoras, who, poor and friendless, has had to remind his former pupil that those who have need of a lamp must take care to supply it with oil. Near the philosopher is a sculptor whom Pericles has befriended, and whose works are of wonderful merit; for all Greece has admired the ivory and gold statue of Jupiter which stands in the temple of that deity at Olympia; and to compare this with his last masterpiece is the chief object of Phidias in that city. There, too, is one of noble bearing, in the prime of manhood, the greatest tragic poet then living, the wise and accomplished Sophocles. He is in eager conversation with a young man about a manuscript which he carries in his hand, and which the latter intends to read at the approaching festival. That manuscript is the famous Grecian history which has been written and that young man is Herodotus.

He is about twenty-eight years of age, and was born at Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, B. C. 484. The name of his father is Lyxes; of his mother Dyo; and he had an uncle who possessed considerable poetical powers, named Panyasis, but who was cruelly put to death by Lygdamis, the tyrant of Halicarnassus. At the age of twenty-five, Herodotus leaves the home of

his fathers and the study of his favorite authors, Homer, Hesiod, Simonides and Æschylus, for the observation of men and manners in other countries. He travels into Sythia, where he hears strange stories of goat-footed men, of men who slept six months at a time, who fed on serpents and screeched like bats; into Egypt, and measures two of the pyramids, inquires concerning the source of the Nile, and sees the sacred crocodiles, with their crystal and gold ear-rings and bracelets on their fore-paws. He also visits Syria and Palestine, the northern parts of Africa, Ecbatana, and Babylon. After a while, however, he gets tired of a wanderer's life, his heart yearns towards his native place. But Lygdamis still lives. The lover of liberty cannot breathe the same air as the oppressor; so he turns aside to the friendly isle of Samos, and carries on a secret communication with his adherents. At length the tyrant is dethroned, and the blood of Panyasis is avenged. Yet Halicarnassus is not free. The nobles, fonder of power than justice, seize the helm of government; and, finding that he cannot prove a second time the deliverer of his country, he leaves it forever, and now seeks at the Olympian festival, the honor which he is denied at home.

The games have commenced when that goodly company arrives at the scene of their celebration. The wrestler has thrice thrown his hardy foe. The rapid runner has reached the appointed goal. The boxer has dealt his antagonist a final blow. High into the air has hissed the heavy quoit. The javelin has sped a wondrous length. Twelve times has the chariot circled the course. Already the victor wears the crown of sacred olive, and hears his name proclaimed aloud by the herald. Already he sees the triumphal car which is to bear him to his native city, the banquets given in his honor, the statue raised in the market-place, his name handed down to a remote posterity by the immortal verse of the hoary-headed Pindar himself.

And now begin the contests in eloquence, in poetry, and music. The Arcadian pipers meet not their fellows in the soothing strain. The harpers of Æolia win the gurgelon from the cunning players of Rhodes. The rhapsodists of Corinth bear the palm from the minstrels of Argos. The poets of Athens find in those of Lesbos and Teos not unworthy successors to Sappho and Anacreon. Anon Sophocles motions to Herodotus to rise. And the young man roused by the greatness of the occasion, recites in stirring tones the history of his researches—the river Alphæus, which flows at his feet, presenting an emblem of his career, while running on in obscurity, but at length emerging into light, life, and liberty.

He tells how, after the Athenians had burnt Sardis, Darius took bow and arrows and, like Israel's monarch, shot towards heaven, saying: "So may I be avenged on my enemies." How he commanded one of his attendants, every time dinner was set before him, to repeat thrice: "Sire remember the Athenians." How, when he sent heralds into Greece to demand earth and water in token of subjection, the men of Athens cast them into a deep pit, and the Spartans threw them into a well, and bade them carry earth and water to the king from thence. How Xerxes, his son and successor, in a vision of the night saw himself crowned with the sprig of an olive tree, the branches of which covered the whole earth; and how, in supposed obedience to the vision, he prepared to invade Greece, with an immense army gathered

from many nations and tribes. How bravely the Persians were equipped with their tiaras, breastplates, and bucklers; the Indians with their colored tunics, bows of cane, and iron-tipped arrows; the Caspians with their goat-skin mantles and bright flashing cineters; the Ethiopians with their panthers' and lions' skins, and bows four cubits long; the Paphlagonians with their plated helmets, the Colchians with their shields of raw hides, the Thracians with their cloaks of many colors. How seated on a lofty throne of white marble, Xerxes beheld the whole host, and how he wept at the thought that not one of that countless number would survive to the hundredth year.

Then the historian tells of Grecian courage, and his eye glistens and his voice trembles. He tells of the reply of the Spartan ambassador to the Persian general who advised them to submit to his sovereign: "You know well," said they, "what it is to be a slave, but you know not what it is to be free; for had you tried liberty, you would advise us to fight for it, not with spears but with hatchets." He tells of the saying of the Lacedæmonian soldier, who, when a faint-hearted ally declared that the number of the Median arrows would darken the sun, answered: "We will then fight in the shade." He tells of the intrepid Spartans at Thermopyæ, performing their exercise and combing their hair, according to their custom when about to fight for life and home. He tells of one of their heroes who, being dismissed from his post on account of sudden blindness, ordered his slave to lead him to the battle, and, rushing headlong on the foe, perished on the field of conflict. He tells of the fall of Leonidas and the Three Hundred, of the stone lion raised to his memory at the entrance to the pass, and of the inscription placed over all: "Stranger, go tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here, obedient to their commands."

When he pronounced these words, there went up a shout from the assembled multitude, which rent the air. The mariners in charge of the vessels catch up the cheer. The neighboring islanders echo it back. The Æolian sea rings again. Herodotus' fame is won.

But of the succeeding years of his life—what other triumphs he achieved, what other countries he visited—little is recorded. We know, however, that he travelled through the Grecian provinces for the purpose of improving his great work; that he again recited it at one of the Athenian festivals; that he was presented by the assembly with ten talents of the public money; that he at length settled in Italy, and died, full of days, some time subsequent to the year 408 B.C. His monument, placed outside one of the gates of Athens, soon fell into decay; but there is one, raised in the heart of every lover of heroism, liberty, and learning, which still endures.

[Eclectic Magazine.]

Not Yet.

To the majority of mankind how almost meaningless appear the little words "Not yet." In reality how full of meaning they are; what a world of significance they contain! The child just emerged from babydom frets the import of "Not yet," when for the first time a refusal has been given to some childish request. The "whining school boy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail; unwillingly to school," acknowledges their favor when he answers some interrogatory from an old and wiser head than his, with the little sentence, "Not yet." That pale, woe-stricken mother, that during the

long, and to her, sleepless night, has sat by the bedside of sickness, watching for the first gleam of sunshine to set upon the feverish brow of her invalid child, expecting with the exit of the hard and dreary night and the entrance of rosy morn, to see her offspring once more within the haven of hope, how heavily she breathes the "Not yet," as she answers an inquiry concerning the recovery of her darling child. The young man who for years has been building airy castles, a picturesque mansion, "shut out from the rude world by Alpine hills," where, free from the trials and tribulations of earth, he and his would-be bride would dream their lives away—what visions vanish, like dew before the morning sun, when that ominous sentence, "Not yet," falls upon his ear from coquetish lips. The frequent repetition of the words "Not yet," sent dismay into the ranks of De Soto's followers, and nearly caused the "Hero of the Mississippi" to find a watery grave, long before the news of the discovery had been made.

In the common course of life we daily see and feel the importance of "Not yet." Let us hope that when the day of our earthly existence draws to a close—that when we

"Draw the drapery of our couch about us,
And lie down to pleasant dreams,"

that winged messengers may lead us to happy realms, where the "Not yet" is unknown, and where angels shout the perpetual song of praise to the Almighty.

WILL WINTER.
[Mountain Messenger.]

THE CALIFORNIA WALNUT.

[For the benefit of those who have homes to adorn, and who may feel an interest in the subject of shade trees, we make the following selection from the *California Cultivist*.]

The tree grows rapidly, with a clean, straight trunk, and wide spreading head. It often attains a height of fifty or sixty feet, and with a trunk of a diameter of three feet. The foliage is dense, and the leaves when bruised are highly aromatic. It is not subject to disease, and does not harbor insects. It is one of our earliest trees in putting forth its foliage which it retains until after a severe frost, which causes all its leaves to fade at one time. It commences bearing in five or six years from planting the nut. How many years it will bear is not known. In December, 1855, I planted a few of the nuts, some of the trees of which are now eighteen feet high and nine inches in diameter. There hardly could be a more beautiful or cleanly tree for planting on the line of our streets; and when people have become tired of the cotton, the dripping and insects of the Cottonwood, and the odor of the Ailanthus, it will, with elms and maples, adorn the streets of our towns and villages. The soil where it is indigenous, is a rich and sandy loam, but it will succeed in almost any place where the earth is porous and not too hard to prevent its sending down its long tap root. The walnut is proverbial for thriving under rough treatment; it bears its fruit near the end of its branches, and in orchards where the tree is grown for profit, the nuts have to be knocked off with poles. In breaking off the nuts, the ends of many of the branches are broken. This unsystematic mode of pruning seems to increase the fertility of the tree. There is an old, but ungallant Gloucestershire proverb which says:

"A woman, a dog and a walnut tree,
The more you lick 'em the better they be."

The nuts for planting may be procured in abundance from the seed stores at the proper season. Like any other nut containing oil, they should be planted immediately after they ripen. If the planting be delayed until spring a large majority of the nuts will decay in the ground, and a few will remain two years before making their appearance. If planted in

November or December, the young trees will make their appearance the following May, and grow five or six feet the first season. If the ground be very dry, the growth above the surface the first year will be slow, and the whole energies of the young tree will be expended in sending down a tap root, which in unfavorable situations is frequently twice the length of the stock above the surface. When the tap root is well developed, the tree grows as rapidly as the black locust. They should not be transplanted until after the second year, for, although hardy and readily bearing removal, it has been found that they make much more rapid growth if left in the seed bed until after the second year. The best season for transplanting is immediately after the leaves have fallen. It will succeed without much cultivation or care, and takes naturally an erect and graceful shape. The young tree makes an excellent stock for the English walnut, which, however, can only be budded on successfully by what the nurserymen call annular budding. I know of no native tree so well adapted to become popular as a street tree; it requires but little care, is hardy, handsome and clean. The nuts are to most persons superior in flavor to the English walnut; cultivation will without doubt improve them in size and quality. No experiment has been made in pickling the young fruit; they may be found after trial equal to the imported pickled walnut.

ANONYMOUS.

Of Anon, but little is known, though his works are excessively numerous. He has dabbled in everything. Prose and Poetry are alike familiar to his pen. One moment he will be up the highest flights of philosophy, and the next he will be down in some kitchen-garden of literature, culling an Enormous Gooseberry, to present it to the columns of some provincial newspaper. His contributions are scattered wherever the English language is read. Open any volume of *Miscellanies* at any place you will, and you are sure to fall upon some choice little bit signed by "Anon." What a mind his must have been! It took in every thing like a pawn-broker's shop. Nothing was too trifling for his grasp. Now he was hanging on to the trunk of an elephant, and explaining to you how it was more elastic than a pair of India-rubber braces; and next he would be constructing a suspension bridge with a series of monkey's tails, tying them together as they do pocket-handkerchiefs in the gallery of a theatre when they want to fish up a bonnet that has fallen into the pit.

Anon is one of our greatest authors. If all the things which are signed with Anon's name were collected on rows of shelves, he would require a British Museum all to himself. And yet of this great man so little is known that we are not even acquainted with his Christian name. There is no certificate of baptism, no mouldy tombstone, no musty washing-bill in the world on which we can hook the smallest line of speculation whether it was John, or James, or Joshua, or Tom, or Dick, or Billy Anon. Shame that a man should write so much, and yet be known so little. Oblivion uses its snuffers, sometimes, very unjustly. On second thoughts perhaps, it is as well that the works of Anon were not collected together. His reputation for consistency would not probably be increased by the collection. It would be found that frequently he had contradicted himself—that in many instances where he had been warmly upholding the Christian white of a question he had afterward turned round, and maintained with equal warmth the Pagan black of it. He might often be discovered on both sides of a truth, jumping

boldly from the right side over to the wrong, and flinging big stones at any one who dared to assail him in either position. Such double-sideness would not be pretty, and yet we should be lenient to such inconsistencies. With one who had written so many thousand volumes, who had twirled his thoughts as with a mop, on every possible subject, how was it possible to expect anything like consistency? How was it likely that he could recollect every little atom out of the innumerable atoms his pen had heaped up?

Anon ought to have been rich, but he lived in an age when piracy was the fashion, and when booksellers walked about, as it were, like Indian chiefs, with the skulls of the authors they had slain hung round their necks. No wonder, therefore, that we know nothing of the wealth of Anon. Doubtless he died in a garret, like many other kindred spirits. Death being the only score out of the many knocking at his door that he could pay. But to his immortal credit be it said he has filled more libraries than the most generous patrons of literature. The volumes that formed the fuel of the barbarians' bonfire at Alexandria would be a small bookstall by the side of the octavos, quartos, and duodecimos he has pyramided on our book-shelves. Look through any catalogue you will, and you will find that a large proportion of the works in it have been contributed by Anon. The only author who can in the least compete with him in fecundity is *Ibid.*—*Punch's Almanac.*

NIGHT.

BY E. RAYMOND.

Gently the sun sinks behind the western hills, surrounded by gorgeous clouds of carmine and gray, fringed with gold. Close in his wake comes the gentle Twilight, that soon gives place to her dark-eyed sister—lovely Night.

The feathered tribes at her approach warble their evening song of devotion, and lay their little heads upon that downy pillow—their breasts—while their wings form a curtain, softer than the damask curtains of fortune's favored one. No sound falls upon the ear, save the ripple of the little stream that wanders by, or the chirp of the cricket keeping his lonely vigil. All nature seems hushed in repose, and sleep sits heavily upon the eyelids of busy, bustling, hurrying mankind. The night-wind comes sighing over hill and dale, laden with the perfume of a thousand "flowers that sleep beneath the moon." We fancy we feel the presence of the departed loved ones, and almost think we hear "their angel wings upon the air." Then come hallowed memories clustering round the heart, and soon we are lost to the present, and living over the past, with the loved ones by our side. Again they join us in the holiday ramble; sit by us in the class at school; gather with us around the festal board or cheerful fireside; and so vivid are these recollections, that involuntarily we reach out to draw some dear one nearer—we clasp the air—we arouse to consciousness, as if waking from a trance. We are alone, and something seems to whisper "Go home!" Softly as gentle dew-drops upon April buds, falls a silent tear, and we remember that we too must soon pass away, and our days be "as a tale that is told."

Great is our admiration, when in open day we behold lovely valleys with their border of mountains stretching away, away, till the last blue peak seemed blended with the sky; and broad rivers, winding among green hills, tall trees, and overhanging bashes, and shimmering in the sunlight like burnished gold; and when we gaze out over the boundless ocean,

the grassy prairie, or the tranquil lake, yet the impression made by all these at night are more deep and holy than when viewed beneath the blaze of the noonday sun; for truly at night, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

Then we behold his sacred name upon every thing, and hear it breathed in every sound. It is inscribed upon every leaf, the cricket chirps it unceasingly, the water-fall gurgles it, and the "great I Am" is seen written in every part of the heaven in letters composed of suns and systems more vast, and, probably, more beautiful than ours. We may survey the heaven with the naked eye, and "Jehovah" stands forth in glittering characters all around. We may examine them with the telescope, and still brighter we see the "Alpha and Omega," as system after system comes to view, so wonderful and indescribably grand and glorious, that we unconsciously strain the eye and scarcely breathe almost expecting to see the walls of jasper and gold that surround the city of God, and hear the harps and voices of the angelic throng within them. The heart fills to overflowing, and we feel like exclaiming with the poet:

"Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?"

It is then—if ever—is realized the stupendous structure of the universe; and he who at noonday boldly avows the principles of infidelity, at midnight cannot but secretly acknowledge that there must be something more than mere chance to superintend the vast machinery.

Then how secure and peaceful does the Christian feel when, gazing upon these glowing worlds and systems he can exclaim, "My Father made them all!" and though that Father's eye is the great centre around which they revolve, not even a sparrow falls unnoticed, and even the very hairs of our head are all numbered.—*Ladies' Repository.*

Light and Shade.

Out of the East there arose the form of a beautiful woman; over the purple hills she came, floating upward—floating upward, like a bright cloud at sunset. Her face was as the face of an angel, and one silver star shone on her forehead. Around her brow was twined a wreath of silver lilly flowers, and her hair went streaming adown over her long robes like the rippling of a golden river; her robes were of the brightest purple, studded with starry tears, and the wafting of her rustling garments was like a strain of exquisite music. Her white arms were folded on her bosom, and her long bright curls twined adown and around them—golden bracelets of Nature's own making; and her eyes were like Heaven blue—the clear, deep blue Heaven, that is not a color, but the immensity of air, so the azure Heavens of her eyes took their hue from the depths of soul that looked forth from them.

So passed she over the earth towards the West—the dolphin-tinted West, where the sun stood still to gaze at her amid his purple throne-canopy of clouds, with their glorious, golden fringing.

And I said, "Surely, it is the Spirit of the earth—the bride of the great sun."

Beneath her, as she passed, sprang flowers of every kind—forget-me-nots, blue as her own deep eyes, velvet heart's ease, and sweet valley lillies, odorless roses, and all sweetest flowers bloomed forth at the springtide of her presence.

But the sun cast her shadow behind her.

A dark—dark shade as of a passing cloud; it darkened the flowers and they withered—it passed o'er their bosoms and they died.

Yet she saw it not for she was gazing at the West, where the sun stood still and turned to her the golden looks of love.

Therefore passed she on, still smiling—

smiling ever—smiling fresh blossoms from the earth. And lo! a voice—"Pass on—float forward—brighten earth by thy sweet presence, but as night followeth day—as darkness followeth sunshine, so must shadow follow light. So it is ordained. It cannot be otherwise—the brighter the light the deeper the shade."

Then the voice died away like a mighty wind at midnight.

The Shadow was Death—the bright Form was Life.

Yet was not this all, for lo! a brighter form—a more majestic presence—tongue of man cannot describe it.

And that presence was Eternity that followeth Life and Death.

And behind it cometh no shadow.

[Mrs. Stephens' Monthly.]

THE HESPERIAN.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

MARY.—We have not yet had time to look at your article—shall improve the earliest opportunity.

CHRISTIAN.—We do not object to articles of a religious character. How could you think so? The very fact that we are woman seems to imply religion, for we cannot conceive of woman without that faith—that high and holy trust, that confiding reliance upon Deity which permits us ever to look up and say "Our Father."

BROTHER.—Your suggestions are good. We will act upon them at an early day. Thanks for your interest in our welfare.

INQUIRER.—The lines you want you will find in "Poems by Mrs. Norton," 176th page.

LINES TO MY CANARY.—We cannot accept. Try again—write a good prose article.

N. D. B.—The subscriptions are received and the papers sent by mail. Many thanks.

C. G.—We should be glad to see you at our office and give you the information desired. Please call.

MOTHER.—We do not design to neglect the nursery. We will devote a corner occasionally to its interests.

Arrival of the John L. Stephens.

By the arrival of the *John L. Stephens*, we have received some important items of news. Some of the old scenes of Vigilance times in California are being re-enacted at New Orleans. On June 2d, a Vigilance Committee, composed of a large number of respectable citizens, took possession of the arsenal, Jackson Square, and the prisons, and the following morning the Executive Committee issued a proclamation declaring that after years of disorder, outrage, and unchecked assassination, the people are unwilling to bow down, in unresisting submission, to a set of ruffians, or to abandon the city in which their business, their social sympathies, and their affections cluster, have at length risen in their might; have quietly taken possession of the arsenal and the buildings in Jackson Square, and have established there the head quarters of a Vigilance Committee; pledging each to the other to maintain inviolable the rights of every peaceful law-abiding citizen. At the same time, they will expel or punish such notorious robbers and assassins as the arm of the law, either from the infidelity of its public servants, or the inefficiency of the laws themselves, has left unwhipped of justice. The city papers are divided in opinion. The *Picayune* and *Crescent* being in favor of the city, and the *True Delta* and *Delta*, in favor of the Vigilance Committee, while the rest are

neutral. The Mayor has given orders to arrest John Maginnis, of the *True Delta*, and the opponents of the Committee declare that if he is taken they will hang him. At last accounts the Mayor had resigned the municipal authority into the hands of the Vigilance Committee. The city was quiet, and the committee had appointed a special police of over a thousand men.

More outrages have again been offered to American vessels. All parties seem to denounce the course pursued by the British, and are ready and willing to resent it, even to the point of war. The President declares the question of the right of search or visitation, must now be settled definitely between the United States and England, and hazards the opinion that the British government will be obliged to abandon its pretensions.

It is understood that arrangements have been perfected for a semi-monthly mail from New Orleans, via Tehuantepec, and Acapulco, and thence by the Pacific Mail Steamers to San Francisco, which it is believed will shorten the present time ten days, from New York to California.

Bartholomew, the American sculptor, died suddenly at Naples, on the 1st of June.

Hon. Charles Sumner has again sailed for Europe.

"THE SONG OF THE FLUME."—This poem, which will be found on our first page, originally appeared in the *Chronicle*, but it is one of that class which "will unfold new gems at every reading," and we take the liberty of publishing it again.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertising card of Mrs. E. Clark, and would suggest to gentlemen about leaving their families for a short time, that with Mrs. Clark they will find that protection and motherly care which is so desirable.

DIED.

On board the bark *Fanny Major*, June 18th, of cholera morbus. Capt. RICHARD COADY, of Massachusetts, late partner in the firm of R. Coady & Co. at Honolulu. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss.

Capt. COADY had been a resident of the Sandwich Islands for several years past, and by his noble generous nature—by the practice of all the manly virtues which so plainly proclaimed that he wore "the image in which he was created," won the esteem and love of all who knew him. Deeply—most deeply—do we sympathize with the bereaved and afflicted ones who are bending beneath the weight of this great sorrow. Would that we could offer help to wounded hearts, or speak a word of consolation to the stricken soul; but human language is all too poor, and we are dumb.

"Yet mourn him not; the voice of woe
Beats not this, his triumph hour;
Let sorrow's tears no longer flow,
For life eternal is his dower.
Freed from the earth's corrupt control—
The trials of a world like this—
Joy! for his disembodied soul
Drinks at the fount of perfect bliss!"

Agents for the Hesperian.

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A Semi-monthly paper, conducted by

Mrs. F. H. Day.

This Journal is designed for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and for the cultivation of a literary taste. It will present to the public original productions from among our own citizens, upon subjects most nearly connected with our homes and manners, as a people. It will carefully select information from abroad, with a special view to our necessities as a community. It will address itself to Woman, since the conductors rely much upon their own sex for aid and will scrupulously avoid anything demoralizing in its influence. It will attempt just and fair criticism and will expect the same. Every effort will be put forth to render it worthy of the patronage which it respectfully solicits.

Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

All communications to be addressed to Editress "Hesperian," 111 Washington street, San Francisco.

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A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART.

"WE WILL STAND BY THE RUDDER THAT GOVERNS THE BARK - NOR ASK HOW WE LOOK FROM THE SHORE."

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[For the Hesperian.

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

In a cot by the sea,
When the spring flowers were blooming,
And the swallows were out on the lea,
A father was sitting,
When the daylight was flitting,
With sweet ones, like doves, on his knee.
With smiles and caresses,
And cooing, and kisses,
They prattled and chatted with glee—
"Oh! when wilt thou come
Again to thy home,
And dwell in the cot by the sea?"
"When again! when again!"
Sweetly murmured the musical sea.

In a cot by the sea,
When the gray morn was dawning,
And the dew lay, like pearls, in the grove,
A pale wife was kneeling,
With deep throbs of feeling,
To One who was listening above.
"Great Father! Oh, take him,
And never forsake him,
And bring him back safely to me!
Oh! whate'er be his fate,
Do thou stand beside him!"
Was the prayer in the cot by the sea.
"Amen! amen!"
Rang the great solemn voice of the sea.

In a cot by the sea,
When the sea-birds were screaming,
And the storm-king drove furiously past,
A mother was weeping,
And sad vigils keeping,
While without piped the whistling blast.
"How long and how weary,
Thron'd nights sad and dreary,
I have watched for the coming of thee!
Oh, husband, loved ever!
Wilt thou return never
To us, in the cot by the sea?"
"Never! never!"
Oh, sad was that wail of the sea!

In a cot by the sea,
There was joy and thanksgiving,
And voices were ringing with glee;
A father had come
Again to his home,
His cot by the side of the sea.
And ringlets were streaming
Where the sunlight was gleaming,
And tiny feet dancing with glee.
"He is come! he is come!
Again to his home!"
Rang again through that cot by the sea.
"Praise God! praise God!"
Thundered out the great worshipping sea.

San Francisco, July 1, 1858.

[The following article appeared originally in the *Sacramento Bee*, but we republish it in the *Hesperian* at the request of many friends. It is from the graceful pen of Mrs. E. S. CONNER—better known, perhaps, in the literary world as Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES.]

THE "ROOTED SORROW."

FOUNDED ON A FRENCH DRAMA.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?"
Shakspeare.

In an elegant boudoir in Paris sat a lady, about twenty-five years of age, lovely, accomplished and intelligent. Adored by a fond husband, idolized by a circle of friends, envied by a vast round of acquaintances, she also possessed in her own inherited competence and the generosity of her husband, an empire over the hearts of many whose industry was quickened by her praise—their toil rewarded by her money, their skill established by her recommendation, their sadness enlivened by her smile. She sat in her boudoir, where a husband's taste seemed with fairy magic to have summoned all the artistic elegance that France could combine, to form a retreat worthy of his affection and her refined enjoyment. In one corner of the room was a recess, encased in dark oak and enclosed with crimson hangings, looking out upon the luxury beyond as Vulcan might have grimly gazed upon the gambols of Cupid. In that recess stood an old cabinet, wrought with strange devices, and full of quaint and curious drawers and closets. It had belonged to the lady's family for several generations. Its doors were open. The lovely lady was seated before it, and as she gazed upon the contents of an open drawer, she sighed. What did that drawer contain? A set of diamonds—superb, queen-like in their magnificence—a loving and beloved husband's gift. Why is the owner sad?

Memory's transparent but tenacious fingers close that ancient desk, and beckon to the small spirits of half-forgotten years that hang like tiny webs around the ceiling; they involve in gauzy clouds that female form, while Fancy stands like a sentinel guarding the open door.

It is a soft sunset in autumn. The light streams into a spacious apartment in one of the largest mansions in that lovely street, La Madeleine, and shines upon two persons who are standing

"Imparadised in one another's arms."

"Farewell, Eugene," cries Isabel; "however stern my father now appears, he knows your worth; and trust me, the first news of your success in mercantile pursuits will induce him to smile upon our attachment. But even should you fail, do not doubt my truth. Neither time nor distance can efface the fond, the earnest promise which I make to you."

The lover's answer every heart can echo. They parted. Almost in despair, poor and friendless, though chivalrous blood flowed in his veins, Eugene set forth to battle with the world, leaving Isabel at home, constant and hopeful.

Another picture beams upon that thoughtful lady's vision.

Isabel, who has for months worn the veil of gayety over her saddened heart, is about to descend the stairs consecrated by love's last adieu, when she sees an aged man who has just left her father's presence.

"Young lady!" he cries, "you are fair and happy. Your father spurs my prayer for pity or assistance; but oh! believe me, the mercy you may show to me, you may hereafter seek of others. If Heaven desert me, I have none to trust, for poor Duvernay finds no help from man!" His aged form, his pleading voice, thrill through Isabel's heart, and eagerly she pleads to her father for leniency to the poor broken-hearted bankrupt, but in vain.

Again Memory waves her wand, the clouds of the past grow darker, and Fancy droops her bright pinions, as if depressed by the gloomy atmosphere. Behold a low, dark-roofed chamber, piled with silken robes, with carved cabinets, transparent porcelain, choice tapestry, pictures lacking only a name to render them immortal, large mirrors, rustic chairs, comforting garments for the aged and infirm, the infant's cradle, the craftsman's tools, the child's toy, utensils of the humblest domestic service, gems of antiquated luxury. To gratify her fancy by purchasing some peculiar piece of furniture exposed there for sale, Isabel goes thither. While concluding her purchase, she perceives among the articles lying heaped upon the counter a large and curiously clasped pocket-book. She opens it; it bears within the name of Duvernay. It also contains a miniature, which Isabel recognises as the likeness of that aged, white-haired man who besought her father's clemency. Touched by the recollection, she buys the miniature, but the pocket-book is not for sale, nor can the dealer be induced to part with it. To avoid the strangers crowding into that narrow room, the assistant shows Isabel to a recess where she may be free from intrusion until her servants return. A well-known voice strikes upon Isabel's ear, from behind a thin partition near her. She hears a rich man servilely implore the mercenary master of that dwelling to be silent respecting their mutual guilt. She shudders, turns pale, and hastily summoning her domestics, hurries home.

Again, a wave of Memory's wand. Soft, bewitching music floats upon the air, gay dresses and brilliant lights shine dimly through Fancy's misty vapor. Room after room is seen filled with merry dancers, and beyond, the gaming-tables spread their upas-like fascination. A youth is seated there. The cap of Fortunatus, the wand of Mercury, the horn of Plenty, might all be used as symbols of his fate. At every throw he wins; his extraordinary prosperity amazes the beholders, and groups wander from the dance to hang with eager curiosity upon his ventures. Murmurs arise; the days of witchcraft are past, and skill stealthily acquired and dishonestly employed is deemed the cause of his success. Isabel gazes upon the youth—why does she look so earnestly? Can she behold in those young features any reflection of the aged eyes and lips that once bade her show the mercy she might one day need? The

youth starts up—his cheeks grow pale and red with shame at the harsh comments he hears around him. He looks in vain for any one to recognize him. He must quit that spot unknown and suspected, although the gold he has so strangely won lies untouched by him. Isabel's sweet benignant face is gazing on him. Quick as thought he approaches, tells her his name, and adds: "Madam, all seem to know and honor you; in charity to one half maddened by cruel censure, give me the sanction of your recognition." His prayer is granted. The lady names him aloud, and requests his arm to escort her to her carriage; the fickle tide is turned, and those who hinted at expulsion now vie in congratulations.

"One more, and this the last." Imagination depicts a neat but humble room in Paris, where a mother and her daughter are seated at their needle. Beside them stands a young man about to take his leave. An air of cheerfulness and content pervades the apartment. Instruments of music, implements of drawing, valuable though plainly bound and well worn books, scattered about, betoken the refinement of the occupants.

"How it rejoices me, dear mother," cries the youth, "to feel that I leave you both so happy and contented. Fortune, indeed, smiles upon us once more, for I am now in a lucrative employment, and you, thanks to our unknown benefactor, are for life secured beyond the reach of want. However long we may have demurred at accepting such a weight of obligation, the letter that accompanied it, declaring it to be an act of restitution, removes our scruples. Next to Providence we may bless the giver. But my allotted time is nearly past. I must return to my duty."

The youth bids them farewell, and with the mother's blessing and the sister's kiss, the cheerful picture fades away.

Why is the lady sad? For six years wedded to her heart's choice, Eugene, who returned, wealthy beyond his utmost hopes, in time to receive her father's dying sanction to their union—blessed at once with domestic happiness and social luxury—why is she sad? Seven months ago she was the most contented of earth's creatures. But her cheek has grown pale—the roundness of her form has faded—the light merriment of her tones is hushed. As usual, the mind wears the body as a screen, and her failing health is deplored; change of air and scene is sought, though vainly, and "all appliances and means to boot" are lavished in succession to invigorate the frame, but not to pluck forth the "rooted sorrow."

M. Darbert sat in his counting-house. Not a word was heard from the many actively engaged clerks who surrounded him; the rustling of the leaves of an account-book, or the scratching of a pen on paper, was the only sound that broke the monotonous silence. Edward was there—the cashier, in whom all private as well as official confidence was placed. Darbert's wife had recommended him—that was enough. Her words, her voice, her looks, were of far greater weight than the hand and seal of recommendation offered by old experienced friends.

A post-chaise drove to the door. Mr. Freeman, agent of a large house in London, descended from it; a few words of greeting were exchanged, and the two were soon plunged in deep calculation over documents in which a million was involved.

"Will you not stay and take lunch with us?" asked M. Darbert.

"Impossible," replied Mr. Freeman; "I have only time to overtake the afternoon train for Havre. By the by, I may be short of funds. Oblige me by cashing my draft for a hundred pounds."

The banker escorted him to the desk, the young cashier counted out the money, and Freeman received it. As he did so, their eyes met. The young man crimsoned to the very brows; then, turning ghastly pale, sank motionless upon his seat. With stern and silent

observation, Mr. Freeman withdrew, and as Darbert accompanied him to the door, he whispered to him: "Darbert, my friend, have an eye upon that young man. A year ago I attended a sumptuous ball given by Madame de Czerny, and wandering from the ball to the card-rooms, I saw a young man at a table, playing. No one knew him, and his extraordinary successes gave rise to the rumor that he was a professed gambler. I was forced to leave the assembly with my friends before I could ascertain the truth or falsehood of the charge. Darbert, that young man is your cashier. I do not accuse him; I do not condemn him. I tell what I saw and heard. He holds a situation of vast responsibility. Question him. If he is guilty, drive him forth, before you are yourself a sufferer. If he is innocent, let him prove it. I shall rejoice to be convinced." So saying, he drove off. Darbert re-entered the house in much agitation; however, he controlled his feelings, and merely bade Edward remain for a private interview after the termination of the business of the day.

Somewhat surprised, Edward presented himself at the appointed time. M. Darbert frankly told him what he had heard, and called for his justification.

"M. Darbert," replied Edward, "I will lay my whole soul open to you. Truth needs no asseverations to confirm it." I will tell the truth. I earned at one time a scanty subsistence by my pen; scanty, indeed, for a mother and sister depended upon the reward of my labors. My employer retired from business; I was left without resources. Heaven forbid that you should ever comprehend by experience the extent of that misery which step by step crosses the poor man's threshold, and makes his whole futurity one Sabbathless week of anguish, suspense, and despair! Returning from a visit to my late employer, who had answered my appeals by vague professions of service, which I knew, alas! he was too indolent to fulfill, I met a gay young friend. Want had not yet had time to leave his unmistakable stamp upon my garments, and thus I outwardly appeared a fitting companion for this lively friend. Laughing at my sad looks, he urged me to accompany him whither he said his presence would be a sufficient introduction, and where I should soon forget my sorrows in the lovely sights around me. I was purposeless, reckless. I accompanied him to a ball given by his friend, Madame de Czerny. The crowds entering and departing through the suites of rooms, soon separated us, and I lost sight of him entirely. I wandered through the apartments. I saw tables spread out, with gold heaped upon them, which only more vividly recalled my misery. I still retained in my pocket a few francs, the wretched remnant of my earnings. Call it madness, a waking dream, or what you will, an irresistible impulse drew me to the table. Scarcely knowing what I did, I staked my all—I won! Again I staked—again I won! At every stake my gains redoubled. I risked heaps of gold—a mine seemed to open on me in return. I was frightened at myself. I paused, looked around, and saw all eyes bent on me with looks of eager curiosity, suspicion, censure, calumny. I heard the inquiry as to who I was; no one could reply. My sight failed me—cold, clammy drops stood upon my brow; I roused myself, and madly hazarded all that I had won—I lost! Thankful, bewildered, trembling, I arose, staggered rather than walked to the door, and under the scrutiny of a hundred eyes I approached the ball-room. Still, tongues whispered, and fingers pointed at me. I saw a woman gazing upon me. Her eyes wore a look such as Heaven's angels might have cast upon the guilty pair when leaving Paradise—a look of heavenly pity and angelic sorrow. I approached her, and besought her, as she would save a fellow-creature from destruction, to deign a seeming recognition. In an instant she ad-

ressed me, took my arm, and after passing with me through the very rooms where all had shunned me, but where all now welcomed me, she bade me lead her to her carriage. Her name I knew not, nor did I seek to know. Who can give a name to those ethereal spirits that haunt his purest dreams of heaven and virtue! Enough, M. Darbert; it is not for me to detain you by my rhapsodies. I have told the truth. Solemnly I assure you that on that night I played honorably, fairly; nor have I ever, before or since, touched either cards or dice. For seven months I have been in your employ. Examine my books, search my accounts—there is the key of my desk."

"Keep it, keep it, Edward!" exclaimed M. Darbert. "I believe every word you have uttered. Some might call me credulous, but I have no fear. I would rather be ten times deceived, than once distrust an honest man. Now, go—attend to your duty; and hark ye," he added, smiling, "do not let your reveries of your guardian angel, as you call her, lead away your thoughts from the sober realities of the counting-house."

"Noble, generous man! how can I ever repay—"

"Silence, Edward! No more of this. I am convinced of your integrity, and will strive to aid your future prospects. Besides, the interest which my wife takes in your welfare renders you an object of regard to me."

"Your wife, sir! Has Madame Darbert—"

"Yes, Edward, it is to her urgent entreaties and recommendation that you owe your situation; for you may remember that you were an entire stranger to me. We will dine together, Edward, as I have much to say to you, and this evening I go to a ball with Isabel, if I can persuade her to accompany me."

So saying, M. Darbert left the counting-house, and crossing the court-yard, ascended to the apartments of the family. He entered the luxurious boudoir where some weeks before Isabel sat alone conjuring up pictures of the past. Tenderly inquiring after his wife's health, he again urged her to accompany him to this ball, to which she assented for the sake of gratifying him. Delighted at her compliance, Darbert told her that he had invited Laville to a tête-à-tête dinner, to enable her better to gain refreshing repose previous to the evening's gaiety; adding with a husband's pride and fondness—

"You will doubly gratify me, Isabel, by wearing the diamonds I presented to you, and which you have not yet worn. You seem always pleased with my gifts, and yet, perverse autocrat as you are, you always refuse me the delight of seeing you adorned by them."

With this playful reproof, M. Darbert withdrew. After dinner and a long conversation, Edward Laville took his leave. A note was brought to M. Darbert, hastily written by Mr. Freeman an instant before his departure by the railroad:

"MY DEAR DARBERT:—In my surprise and haste this morning, I forgot to tell you that as your wife was at Madame de Czerny's ball, she must have heard something of the incident I named. Besides, I think some one told me the other day, in speaking of the affair, that Madame Darbert knew and conversed with Laville on the occasion. If so, he cannot of course be a suspicious character, and if you recall the circumstance to her memory, she may perhaps be able to tell you more. I trust neither she nor you have been imposed upon. I must instantly close this scrawl. Yours, in haste, J. F."

Strange thoughts arose in Darbert's mind as he pondered over this note. Laville was unknown to every individual at that ball—but one lady accosted him—that one must have been Isabel. Why had she never named the subject, when for months they had all three daily met? Why had Edward concealed the name of his protectress? A hundred trifles, hitherto unconsidered, now fitted before the banker's memory. He thought of Edward's romantic adoration of his guardian angel, and of Isabel's melancholy, so nearly coeval with Edward's arrival.

At this moment a visitor was announced—an unwelcome one, it seemed, by the frown

on Darbert's face; but before he could utter a refusal to see him, the man appeared.

M. Regnard was both jeweler and money-broker: in the fashionable quarter of the city, an elegant saloon, appended to his spacious shop, afforded facilities for the needy of a higher class to procure sums of money by the sale of their superfluous splendor; another establishment, dingy and small, in a humble, crowded faubourg, offered the same convenience with less form and courtesy, to the needy poor.

"Regnard!" said Darbert, as soon as the door was closed, and they were left alone, "have I not expressly stipulated that you should never intrude upon me here?"

"My dear friend," replied the keen-eyed jeweler, "you are so engrossed by business that you never visit me, and if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why—you know the proverb."

"What do you wish?"

"Trade is very dull, and I am in want of a particular sum—three thousand francs."

"Monstrous! Am I to be harassed and haunted thus, day by day? Once for all, will ten thousand francs down close our bargain, now and forever?"

"No!" answered Regnard.

"Will fifteen thousand?" asked the banker.

"No; I prefer smaller sums at different periods, whenever I want them. I am an extravagant fellow, Darbert; all I have I spend, and I prefer making you my banker," replied Regnard, with a sly, chuckling laugh, which seemed extremely annoying to Darbert.

"I cannot," he answered, "endure this tyranny any longer. I am tired of continually purchasing your silence—and, after all, I have no crime to conceal. I will have done with you at once. I will not give you this money—"

"Give! give!—don't mistake me, my dear friend. You shall have the full value of your money. You have a young and pretty wife—you mingle much in society. Buy this set of diamonds; your wife will be delighted, I am sure."

Darbert gazed in a stupor of astonishment at the jewels displayed before him, and breathlessly asked whence they came. Regnard informed him that he had purchased them at his obscure warehouse, of a lady, some weeks previously.

"I must have the money for them to-day."

Darbert at once assented; bade Regnard write a receipt, and gave him a check in return; then motioned him to the door. There was something so taciturn and solemn in Darbert's manner, that Regnard's usual ready impertinence forsook him, and he quietly withdrew.

When he was gone, Darbert opened the casket once more. "Her diamonds!" he muttered between his closed teeth. "The diamonds I gave her, sold secretly to defray the extravagance of—of whom? Her lover, perhaps! Isabel! my wife! my wife!" His whole frame shook with violent yet suppressed emotion—a tear glistened on the gems before him, and clasping his arms upon the table, the banker bowed his head between them, and wept.

(To be concluded.)

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.—Wish for them cautiously; ask for them submissively; want them contentedly; obtain them honestly; accept them humbly; manage them prudently; employ them lawfully; impart them liberally; esteem them moderately; increase them virtuously; use them subserviently; forego them easily; resign them willingly.

A WISH.

O. grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;—
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends!

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The most barren desert is not without its oasis, where the green grass springs up and the flowers blossom. Nor is there any region so girt with ice and sand, that its desolation is unrelieved by the lichen clinging to its native rock and greeting the eye with its verdure. So the darkest scenes of human history are often relieved by the revelation of some angel of mercy and love, commissioned for deeds that warm the heart with holy admiration. This gives us hope of our humanity, even in its darkest and most forbidding forms. The scenes of the Crimean war in 1854 and 1855, are thus relieved by the heroic and philanthropic devotion of one whose name will live, enrolled upon the bright page of the world's benefactors, long after the illustrious generals who have led in the conflict shall have been forgotten. The death-defying charge upon the field of Balaklava has not more certainly become "storied" in the world's history, than have the philanthropy and heroism of Florence Nightingale.

Miss Nightingale is now about thirty-five years of age—having been born, according to the best authority we have seen, at Florence in the year 1823. She received her Christian name from that renowned and beautiful Italian city. She is the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of Mr. William Shore Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and the Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, in England. She is a young lady of singular endowments, both natural and acquired. She possesses a knowledge of the ancient languages, and of the higher branches of mathematics; while her attainments in general art, science, and literature are of no common order. Her command of modern languages is extensive, and she speaks French, German, and Italian fluently as her native English. She has visited and studied the various nations of Europe, and has ascended the Nile to its farthest cataract. While in Egypt she tended the sick Arabs with whom she came in contact; and it was frequently in her power, by judicious advice, to render them important services. Graceful, feminine, rich and popular, her influence over those with whom she comes in contact is powerful as it is gentle and persuasive. Her friends and acquaintances embrace a large circle, and include persons of all classes and persuasions; but her happiest place has ever been her home, where, in the center of numerous and distinguished relatives, and in the simplest obedience to her admiring parents, she dwelt.

Her personal appearance is described by Mr. Treners in his Crescent City, as he saw her engaged in her mission of mercy. He says she is one of those whom God forms for great ends. You can not hear her say a few sentences—no, not even look at her, without feeling that she is an extraordinary being. Simple, intellectual, sweet, full of love and benevolence, innocent—she is a fascinating and perfect woman. She is tall and pale. Her face is exceedingly lovely; but better than all is the soul's glory that shines through every feature so exultingly. Nothing can be sweeter than her smile. It is like a sunny day in summer; and more of holiness than is expressed in her countenance, one does not often meet on a human face as one passes along the dusty highways of life. Through all her movements breathes that high intellectual calm, which is God's own patent of nobility, and is the true seal of the most glorious aristocracy—that of mind, of soul!

From infancy she had a yearning affection for her kind—a sympathy with the weak, the oppressed, the destitute, the suffering and the desolate. The schools, and the poor around Lea Hurst, and Embley, first saw and felt her as a visitor, teacher, consoler and expounder. Then she frequented and studied the schools, hospitals, and reformatory institutions of London, Edinburgh, and the continent.

It appears by her evidence, lately given be-

fore the English Army Medical Reform Commission, that she has devoted her attention to the organization of hospitals, for thirteen years, during which time, she has visited all the hospitals of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; many country infirmaries, and some of the Military and Naval hospitals in England; all the hospitals in Paris, where she studied with the Sisters of Charity; the institution of the Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine, where she was twice in training as a nurse; the hospitals at Berlin, and many others in Germany, and at Lyons, Brussels, Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria and the war hospitals of the French and Sardinians.

Soon after her return home from the continent, the hospital established in London for sick governesses, was about to fail for want of proper management, and Miss Nightingale consented to be placed at its head. Derbyshire and Hampshire, were exchanged for the narrow, dreary establishment in Harley Street, to which she devoted the whole of her time and her fortune. While her friends missed her at assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, and all the entertainments for taste and intellect with which London in its season abounds, she whose powers could have best appreciated them was sitting beside the bed and soothing the last complaint of some poor, dying, homeless, hapless governess. Miss Nightingale found pleasure in tending these poor, destitute women in their infirmities, their sorrows, their deaths, or their recoveries. She was seldom seen out of the walls of the institution; and the few friends whom she admitted, found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, accounts, and interruptions. Her health sunk under the heavy pressure.

Thus it appears she had received a special training for the great work to which she was providentially called.

With the accounts of the sufferings of the soldiery of the Crimea, of the additional rigors that they were enduring from want of effectual hospital treatment, and from defective management in supplying stores and necessary relief, she kindled at once with an enthusiastic desire to remedy the evil. The extent of that evil may be gathered from the fact that there was, in the first seven months of the Crimean campaign, a mortality among the troops of sixty per cent. per annum from disease alone—a rate which exceeds that of the great plague of London, and a higher ratio than the mortality in cholera to the attacks.

One of the chief points in which the deficiency of proper comfort and relief for the sick and wounded sufferers was felt, was the want of good nursing. To send out a band of skillful nurses was soon found to be one of the most essential of all supplies. But unless these were really skilled, more harm than good would certainly accrue; zeal, without experience, could effect little; and a heavy of incompetent or ill-organized nurses would prove an incumbrance instead of an assistance.

Now it was that a field was opened for the wider exercise of Miss Nightingale's genius and philanthropy; and now it was that her abilities were secured for this great object in view. At the request of the Right Hon. Sydney Herbert, Miss Nightingale at once accepted the proposal that she should undertake to form and control the entire nursing establishment for the British sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in the Crimea. Indeed, it is asserted, that by a strange coincidence—one of those coincidences arising out of urgent necessity felt and met at once—she had, herself, written to Mr. Herbert on the very same day, volunteering her services where they were so much needed. The task was one which involved sacrifices and responsibilities of formidable magnitude—the risk of her own life, the pang of separation from her family and friends, the certainty of encountering hardships, dangers, toils, and the constantly-recurring scenes of human suffering amidst all the worst horrors of war, together with an

amount of obstacle and difficulty in carrying out of her noble work wholly incalculable. Few but would have recoiled from such a prospect; Miss Nightingale, however, met it with her own spirit of welcome for the occasion to devote herself in the cause of humanity. Heroic was the firmness with which she voluntarily encountered her task; glorious was the constancy with which she persevered in and achieved it. The same force of nature which had enabled her quietly and resolutely to accumulate powers of consolation and relief for the behoof of her fellow-creatures, enabled her to persist steadily to the end, and carry out her high purpose with a success, holy as it was triumphant.

The history of her enterprise has been well written by the author of "World-noted Women," and we shall present it in very nearly her own words, only correcting in points upon which additional light has been given, and relieving the narrative of the tedium of too minute detail.

On Tuesday, the 24th of October, 1854, Miss Nightingale, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Bracebridge and his wife and a staff of thirty-seven nurses, set out from England. On her way through France, she and her companions were received with the most respectful attention; hotel-keepers refusing payment for their accommodation, servants declining the customary fees, and all classes vying to show sympathy with their mission. On passing through the French metropolis, one of the Paris journals made a characteristic remark upon Miss Nightingale's appearance, which, coming from the source whence it did, was the extreme of intended compliment and interest. The paper observed that "her toilet was charming, and she was almost as graceful as a Parisienne." On the Friday following, Miss Nightingale and her companions embarked at Marseilles in the *Vectis* steamer, and, after a stormy passage, they reached Sentari on the 5th of November, just before the wounded in the action of Balaklava began to arrive. Five rooms which had been set apart for wounded general officers were, happily, unoccupied, and these were assigned to Miss Nightingale and her nurses, who, in appearance and demeanor, formed a strong contrast to the usual aspect of hospital attendants. Under such management, the chaotic confusion of the vast hospital was quickly reduced to order: the wounded, before left for many hours unattended, now scarcely uttered a groan without some gentle nurse being at hand to adjust their pillow, and alleviate their discomfort; tears stood in the eyes of many a veteran while he confessed his conviction, that indeed the British soldier was cared for by his country, since ladies would leave the comforts and luxuries of home to come and tend him in his misery. Far from realizing the fears which had been entertained by officials, that this new addition to the staff of a military hospital would not work well, Miss Nightingale and her nurses were "never found in the way except to do good."

In the mean time the reports of the condition of the destitute suffering and dying soldiery had created universal sympathy in England. It produced a sort of spontaneous action. A subscription was set afoot, and in less than a fortnight the sum of £15,000 was sent into the Times office for the above purpose. The proprietors of that journal sent out a special commissioner, Mr. Macdonald, to administer this fund, from which thousands of shirts, sheets, stockings, flannels, quilted coats, and hospital utensils, besides large quantities of arrow-root, sago, sugar, tea, soap, wine, and brandy were supplied. Whenever, as after the battle of Inkerman, crowds of wounded arrived, there was feminine ministry at hand to tend them; and when medical stores failed, or demand arose for articles not forthcoming, the Times commissioner supplied Miss Nightingale at once with what was needed, if it could be procured by money in the bazaars or stores of Constantinople. This

promptitude of Mr. Macdonald in seconding Miss Nightingale's exertions, deserves all praise; for it enabled her to carry out the immediate requisites of her plan. His own excellent letters, written at the time, give a most vivid picture of the difficulties she had to contend with, in the shape of ill-contrived arrangements alone, besides other obstructions to her procedure. A rule of the service, which required that articles—needed for present use—should be obtained from home through the commissariat, and a regulation which appointed that a "board" must sit upon stores already landed, before they could be given out, will serve as instances to show what were the obstacles against which Miss Nightingale had to exert her energies of discretion and presence of mind. To comprehend the evils occasioned by such impediments, an extract from one of the nurse's letters will offer an example:

"I know not what sight is more heart-rending, to witness fine-looking, strong young men worn down by exhaustion, and sinking under it, or otherwise coming in fearfully wounded. The whole of yesterday was spent in sewing men's mattresses together, then in washing and assisting the surgeons to dress their wounds, and seeing the poor fellows made as comfortable as their circumstances would admit of after five days' confinement on board ship, during which time their wounds were not dressed. Out of the four wards committed to my charge, eleven men died in the night, simply from exhaustion; which humanly speaking, might have been stopped, could I have laid my hands on such nourishment as I knew they ought to have had."

In the article of hospital clothing, the same deplorable effects resulted from the delay and confusion which existed before Miss Nightingale's remedial measures came into operation. The original supply of those articles, inadequate as it was, had been long reduced so low, that but for the purchases made with the money of the fund, and distributed through Miss Nightingale, a large proportion of the invalids must have been without a change of under-clothing, condemned to wear the tattered, filthy rags in which they were brought down from the Crimea. A washing contract existed, indeed, but it was entirely inoperative; and the consequence was, that not only the beds, but the shirts of the men were in a state foul and unwholesome beyond description. To remedy this, a house well supplied with water was engaged at the charge of the fund, close to the Barrack Hospital, where the clothing supplied by Miss Nightingale might be cleansed and dried. Her supervision had an eye for all needs; her experience had a knowledge for all that should be done; and her energy enabled her to have carried into effect, that which she knew ought to be effected.

In ten days after their arrival, Miss Nightingale and her assistants fitted up a sort of impromptu kitchen, and from this hastily constructed resource, eight hundred men were daily supplied with their respective needed quantities of well-cooked food, besides beef-tea in abundance. They who are acquainted with the plan of cookery pursued in barracks, where all a company's meat and vegetables are boiled in one copper—the portions belonging to messes being kept in separate nets—will know how that food is likely to suit the sickly appetite of a fevered patient, and how invaluable a system which provided the needful with light diet, prepared with due quickness, as well as nicety, would be in hospital treatment. This was effected by Miss Nightingale's kitchen, even in its early operation, and it subsequently attained a degree of excellence productive of extensive benefit, scarcely to be estimated by those acquainted with the importance of such details. Her extraordinary intelligence and capacity for organization showed itself in subordinate, as well as principal points of arrangement. In what might be called "house-keeping duties," she showed womanly accom-

plishment, no less than nice judgment. When the nurses were not needed at the bedsides of the sick and wounded, they were employed by her in making up needful articles of bedding and surgical requisites—such as stump-pillows for amputation cases. Not only was the laundry in excellent working order, but by the strong representation of Miss Nightingale, the dysentery wards were cleansed out, and general purification was made a diligently-regarded particular.

During the first two months of her arrival, when there was no one else to act, Miss Nightingale was the real purveyor of those vast establishments—the hospitals at Sentari—providing what could not be obtained through the regular channels of the service, and especially from her kitchen supplying comforts without which many a poor fellow would have died. Her name and benevolent services were the theme of frequent and grateful praise among the men in the trenches; and the remark was uttered that she made the barrack hospital so comfortable that the convalescents began to show a decided reluctance to leave it.

Stores of shirts, flannel, socks, and a thousand other articles, which she and her nurses distributed; brandy, wine, and a variety of things, required at a moment's notice, and which could be procured from Miss Nightingale's quarters without delay or troublesome formality, rendered her the virtual purveyor for the whole of that period, during which she was avowedly the person in whose keeping rested not only the comfort, but the existence of several thousand sick and wounded soldiers. One of Mr. Macdonald's impressive sentences serves to paint the condition of the spot in which Miss Nightingale at that time drew breath. He says: "Wounds almost refuse to heal in this atmosphere; the heavy smell of pestilence can be perceived outside the very walls." In one of the last letters he wrote, before he was compelled by failing health to return to England, the Times commissioner bore the following earnest testimony to Miss Nightingale's excellence. It affords a beautiful picture of her in the midst of her self-imposed task of mercy and charity. These are his words: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken, which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health, can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment, and promptitude and decision of character. . . . I confidently assert, that but for Miss Nightingale, the people of England would scarcely, with all their solicitude, have been spared the additional pang of knowing, which they must have done sooner or later, that their soldiers, even in hospital, had found scanty refuge and relief from the unparalleled miseries with which this war has hitherto been attended."

The difficulties of Miss Nightingale's task were not only those arising out of its own appertaining perils and sacrifices, and those of official mismanagement, but she encountered much opposition springing from professional

prejudices and jealousies. On their first arriving, so far from being welcomed, the advent of the nurses was looked upon as an evil, resented as an interference, and treated with tacit if not open discomfiture. At the best they were tolerated, not encouraged. Cabals were got up, ill feeling fostered, party differences disseminated and fomented. Passive resistance in every shape was resorted to, to prevent the installing of the nurses in the military hospitals. Against all this, nothing but the exquisite tact, firmness, and good sense of Miss Nightingale could have prevailed. Having proved herself a vigorous reformer of hospital misrule, she had to encounter the tacit opposition of nearly all the principal medical officers; her nurses were sparingly resorted to, even in the barrack hospital, while in the general hospital, the headquarters of one of the chief medical authorities, she held a very insecure footing. But the return of this person to England, the continued deficiency of the purveying, and the increasing emergencies of the hospital service, enabled Miss Nightingale to extend the sphere of her usefulness; and thus, together with her own admirably patient perseverance, she succeeded in having her nurses employed in their proper posts, and her own system established in perfect working order. The results are briefly summed up.

After she had introduced her system there, and brought it into successful operation under her powerful will and genial presence, the mortality diminished, and during the last six months the mortality among the sick was not much more than among the healthy Guards at home, and during the last five months two thirds only of what it was at home. In one sentence the world may read her devotion to her mission of army, medical, and sanitary reform: "I was never out of the hospitals," she says, "never out of the hospitals, night or day."

The Hon. and Rev. Sydney Godolphin Osborne, in his deeply interesting work upon *Sentari* and its hospitals, gives a description of Miss Nightingale, as she appeared exercising her vocation amidst the sick and dying. He says: "In appearance, she is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman, who may have seen, perhaps, rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanor is quiet, and rather reserved; still, I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain, under the principles of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation toward others, and constraint over herself. I can conceive her to be a strict disciplinarian: she throws herself into a work, as its head—as such she knows well how much success must depend upon literal obedience to her every order. She seems to understand business thoroughly. Her nerve is wonderful; I have been with her at very severe operations; she was more than equal to the trial. She has an utter disregard of contagion. I have known her to spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful to every sense every particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, her slight form would be seen bending over him, administering to his ease in every way in her power, and seldom quitting his side until death released him."

Delightful is that intimation that Miss Nightingale gives token of being "gifted with a lively sense of the ridiculous." Possessing

the exquisite perception of the pathetic in existence which her whole career proclaims her to have, it would have been a defect in her nature—nay, a lack of the complete feeling for pathos itself—had she not betrayed a capacity for receiving humorous impressions. Humor and pathos are so nearly allied in their source within the human heart, so mingled in those recesses whence spring human tears at the touch of sympathy, that scarcely any being deeply affected by mournful emotion can remain insensible to the keen appeal that resides in a ludicrous idea. Shakspeare, who comprehended to perfection every impulse of humanity, affords multitudinous illustrations of this close consociation of a sense of pathos and a sense of humor in the finest natures. That particular feature chronicled by Mr. Osborne in his personal description of Miss Nightingale, is just the exquisite point, to our imagination, that crowns her admirable qualities. It accords with an intensely beautiful account of her that was related by Mr. Sydney Herbert at a public meeting convened in Miss Nightingale's honor. He said an anecdote had been sent to him by a correspondent, showing her great power over all with whom she came in contact. He read the passage from the letter, which was this: "I have just heard such a pretty account from a soldier, describing the comfort it was even to see Florence pass. 'She would speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to as many more; we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content.' What poetry there is in these men! I think I told you of another, who said: 'Before she came there was such cursin' and swearin'; and after that it was as holy as a church.' That consoling word or two, that gentle 'nod and smile' in passing, were precisely the tokens of sympathy that would come with such home-felt charm to those manly hearts from a face possessing the emotional expression which we can conceive it naturally to have—just the woman with just the countenance to exercise an almost magical moral influence over men's minds. We are told, eye-witnesses have avowed, that it was singular to remark how, when men, frenzied, perhaps, by their wounds and disease, had worked themselves into a passionate refusal to submit to necessary operations, a few calm sentences of hers seemed at once to allay the storm, and the men would submit willingly to the painful ordeal they had to undergo." Noble being! Exactly that blended firmness and gentleness which makes a woman's nature so all-potent in its beneficial ascendancy over manhood. Rough, brave fellows, that would have resisted like iron any amount of men's persuasion, would melt at once into submission at "a few calm sentences" from those lips of hers. We can fancy the mouth, capable of smiles, or quivering with deepest feeling, compressed into resolute steadfastness, as it persuaded the men into reasonable acquiescence with what was for their good, while betraying the latent sympathy with their every pang.

Among all her anxieties, responsibilities, and more vital affairs, also, she found opportunity to attend to intellectual needs; for on one occasion, we find from a letter written in the camp before Sevastopol during the spring of 1856, that "through the exertions of Miss Nightingale a considerable quantity of school material, such as maps and slates, were supplied to the schools." From her own stores she supplied books and games to cheer the dull hours of convalescence; and was foremost in every plan for affording the men harmless recreation. On her own responsibility she advanced from the "Times Fund" the necessary sum for completing the erection of the Inkerman Cafe; she aided the active senior chaplain in establishing a library and school-room, and warmly supported him in getting up evening lectures for the men. She took an interest in their private affairs, and forwarded their little

savings to their families in England at a time when there was no provision for sending home small sums; she wrote letters for the sick, took charge of bequests for the dying, and punctually forwarded these legacies of affection to relatives; she studied the comfort of those who recovered, and had a tent made for such of them as were permitted to take the air, from the searching rays of an eastern sun—moreover, enduring the mortification of a refusal of the hospital authorities to have this tent put up. Her activity of intelligence was almost miraculous; one of its personal observers, Dr. Pincuff, declares: I believe there never was a severe case of any kind that escaped her notice; and sometimes it was wonderful to see her at the bedside of a patient who had been admitted perhaps but an hour before, and of whose arrival one would hardly have supposed it possible she could already be cognizant.

Miss Nightingale would not hear of going back to England until the war was over; although her health and strength were so far impaired that when a yacht was placed at her disposal, by Lord Ward, to admit of her taking temporary change of air in sea excursions to recruit her for further work, she had to be carried down to the vessel carefully and reverently in the arms of the men, amidst their blessings and prayers for her speedy recovery.

Her noble devotion had touched the hearts of her countrymen long before her work was completed, and the nation's gratitude could not be restrained from its eager desire to bestow some public token of acknowledgment toward a woman, who, they felt, had earned so imperative a title to their affectionate thanks. A testimonial of some kind was agreed upon as the only means of exhibiting their unanimous feeling, and of permitting every one to contribute their share in the offering. But of what was it to consist? Sums of money to a lady in affluent circumstances would be futile; ornaments to one whose chosen sphere is by the bedside of the sick, the poor and the dying, would be idle. Any gift to herself, who had given her most precious possessions, her time, her attentions, her sympathy to others, was not to be thought of. In the first place, it was like an attempt to reward that which was beyond reward; to pay for that which was a free donation, and, moreover, Miss Nightingale distinctly declined receiving any thing for herself. The only thing that remained, then, was to raise a fund for benevolent purposes, and to place it at her disposal, that she might appropriate it according as her own philanthropic heart and admirable practical judgment should think best. Public meetings were called, presided over by a prince of the blood royal, and one who had been a personal witness of Miss Nightingale's grand work in the east; and attended by peers, members of Parliament, and some of the highest men in professional repute. They debated the question of the proposed "Nightingale fund" in the noblest spirit of consideration—consideration for the delicate feelings of her who was the object of this testimonial of a nation's gratitude, and consideration for those who were desirous of making this public proffer of their homage. It was decided that a "fund to enable her to establish an institution for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses and hospital attendants" would be the best form for this national testimonial to take. This determination met her cordial and heart-felt approval.

And now the time approaches when her noble duty in the east came to a close, by the declaration of peace. The date of her intended return to England was kept a profound secret, out of dread of that publicity which she has ever shunned. Not only were the day and the spot of her probable landing preserved unknown, lest the popular welcome that would have greeted her arrival should take place; but desirous of maintaining the strictest incognito, she refused the offer of a passage in

a British man-of-war, and embarked on board of a French vessel, passing through France by night, and traveling through her own country unrecognized, till she arrived at her own home in Derbyshire, on Friday, August 15th, 1856. The respect observed toward her evident desire for privacy is well expressed in some graceful stanzas that appeared in *Punch* for August 28th, 1856.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S RETURN.

BY MR. TOM TAYLOR.

Most blessed things come silently, and silently depart;
Noiseless steals spring-time on the year, and comfort on
the heart:
And still, and light, and gentle, like a dew, the rain must
be,
To quicken seed in furrow, and blossom upon tree.

Nile has its foaming rapids, freshets from mountain
snows,
But where his stream breeds fruitfulness, serene and calm
it flows,
And when he overbrims, to cheer his banks on either
side,
You scarce can mark, so gradual, the swelling of his tide.

The wings of angels make no stir, as they ply their work
of love;
But by the halm they shed around, we know them that
they move,
God spake not in the thunder, nor in the crushing blast,
His utterance was in the "still small voice," that came at
last.

So she, our sweet Saint Florence, modest, and still, and
calm,
With no parade of martyr's cross, no pomp of martyr's
balm,
To the place of place of plague and famine, foulness, and
wounds, and pain,
Went out upon her gracious toil, and so returns again.

No shouting crowds about her path, no multitude's hot
breath,
To feed with wind of vanity the doubtful fires of faith;
Her path by hands official all unsmoothed, her aims de-
cried
By the Levites, who, when need was, passed on the other
side.

When titles, pen ions, orders, with random hand are
showered,
'Tis well that, save with blessings, she still should walk
undowered,
With title like her own sweet name, with the music all its
own?
What order like the halo by her good deeds round her
thrown?

Like her own bird—all voiceless, while the daylight song-
sters thrill,
Sweet singer in the darkness, when all songs else are
still—
She on that night of suffering, that chilled other hearts
to stone,
Came with soft step and gentle speech, yet wise and firm
of tone.

Think of the prayers for her, that to the praying heart
came back
In rain of blessings, seeming still to spring upon her
track;
The comfort of her graciousness to those whose road to
death
Was dark and doubtful, till she showed the light of love
and faith.

Then leave her to the quiet she has chosen; she demands
No greeting from our brazen throats, and vulgar clapping
hands,
Leave her to the still comfort the saints know, that have
striven;
What are our earthly honors? Her honors are in heaven.

There was one gracious welcome that Miss Nightingale could not but accept, and that was from the royal lady who was the sovereign head of the army, which so long had been the especial object of Miss Nightingale's devoted care. A visit of some days at Balmoral, where the Queen was then staying, in highland seclusion and enjoyment, was spent by Miss Nightingale in the sunshine of kindly favor; being treated, during her sojourn there, with the most marked distinction by her majesty and every member of the royal family.

Since her return home, Miss Nightingale's name has met the public ear but in quiet deeds of practical goodness, consistent with her whole career.

The grand point in Miss Nightingale's character, is this rare combination of invincible spirit and softest charity. Her high spirit is of the noblest sort; it gives her perfect control over herself and others, temper, patience, endurance in herself, courage, firmness, influ-

ence with others. Her charity is of the largest kind; it includes forbearance, gentleness, loving sympathy with all her human brethren. It inspired her with the divine desire to sooth care, to minister to sickness, to cheer and console death itself; it taught her how to alleviate distress in the living, and even how best to comfort survivors.

In Florence Nightingale all the world glorifies a woman who embodies the principle of devotion, in the widest sense of the word; true devoutness to God—worshiping him by best service, in benefiting her fellow-mortals, and fervent consecration of herself to a high and immortal cause.—*Ladies' Repository*.

ALWAYS IN THE WAY.

"Rain, rain, rain; will it never stop?" thought little Amy Howard, as she pressed her small face close to the window pane, in the vain attempt to see further round the corner, whence sister Anne must come from the school. It was not one of those rainy days which every body loves, when the drops fall steadily and cheerfully, and one feels sure that they are completing their mission as rapidly as possible, in order to treat us to a rainbow. It was a cheerless, mizzly, drizzly rain, that seemed unwilling to leave cloudland, and bent upon making every body sympathize with its ill-humor.

Poor little Amy looked the embodiment of forlornity as she watched the long, pendulous branches of elms sway hither and thither in an uncomfortable manner. She wondered what made the rain fall, and if the poor little doves felt it through their glossy feathers; but she knew it was quite useless to ask her mother, for she would tell her not to ask so many questions, and keep out of the way.

Mrs. Howard loved her child, but she was a bustling, energetic woman, whose chief care was to keep a well-ordered and tidy house, and she did not understand the delicate nature of the little Amy, who had been from infancy a feeble child, and stood sadly in need of loving and tender sympathy. She was not beautiful; but for those who loved her there was a depth of love in her little heart, which only needed answering sunbeams to make it bear sweet blossoms, and light up her wan face with the beauty of contentment.

This had been such a sad day. In the morning she had climbed into a chair, to watch her mother's proceedings at the pastry table, when an unlucky motion of her hand sent a dish of flour to whiten the floor, and called forth an impatient reprimand from her mother. Choking back a rising sob, she left the table, and essayed to play with her blocks, building with them a wall to confine white Lilly, the kitten. But kitty, impatient at such close imprisonment, made vigorous efforts to free herself, and as she succeeded, scattered the blocks in every direction.

"What a looking room!" exclaimed Mrs. H. "I declare it's no use to clean up, you get things in the way so."

No more house building for Amy after that, so she walked up and down the room, singing softly to the kitty in her arms, until it was time to look for Anna's return from school; Anna, the dear sister, who loved and petted the little one, and never told her to keep out of the way.

At last her patient waiting was rewarded by a glimpse of Anna's bonnet, and what a cry of joy. Amy bounded to open the hall door, to greet her sister with outstretched hands, and the words, "I thought you would never come."

"What ails my pet?" said Anna, as she

took the child in her lap, and parting the dark hair from her pale face, remarked the look of weariness in her eyes.

"Nothing," answered Amy, "only my heart aches so, and I can't play without troubling mother."

Anna sighed, for she knew the little heart had sore trials; so, far into the dusky eve she sat with Amy's head upon her shoulder, telling of the olden time when the fairies danced by moonlight on the green sward; when every hill and dale, every river and tiny streamlet was haunted by unearthly beings. Then she told of heaven, made glorious by God and the angels, and as Amy listened, her heart swelled with joy, her eyes beamed with delight, and she exclaimed, raising her head, with animation:

"Anna, I must go there, I *must*—is it such a long way?" Suddenly a shadow darkened her face, as she said, sadly, "Perhaps, though, I should get in the way of the angels, I am so careless."

"Never, darling," said the sister, clasping more closely the little form, which an almost prophetic sense told her was too surely fading away.

At midnight there were hurried steps and anxious questions, as the household was awakened by Anna's cry that Amy was very ill. After days of anxious watching a weeping group surrounded the bed of the dying child.

"Mother," said Amy's feeble voice, "I didn't mean to be naughty and get in your way so much. I *hope* I shan't trouble the angels—good-by, my darlings, I am going to sleep." And little Amy was dead.

Long years the grass has grown on Amy's grave, and harebells have rung their fairy charms above it, while the birds sing requiems in the shadowing trees; but nightly, as she lays her head upon her pillow, Mrs. Howard sees the pale, weary face of her child, and hears a sweet voice say—"Mother, I did not mean to get in the way." Not all in vain was the lesson taught by those dying lips. Seeds of gentleness and patience were sown in the mother's heart, which, watered with the tears of repentance, give promise of an abundant harvest of peace.—*Little Pilgrim*.

STRIVE.—We are all striving to *get* something. We hasten from morning till night. We level the hills and fill the valleys, bridge the ocean and embowel the earth, to get something. We explore nature, we grasp on all sides, we plant, and build, and reap, to get houses, and lands, and gold; we study by night and by day, and plot and counterplot, that we may attain social and political station. Why not strive to *be* something? We assume virtues for an end, and why not make it our end to be the virtue? Then our comeliness will not be the glorious beauty of the fading flower. Then our treasures will not be on earth but in heaven. We shall be our own treasures and carry our own riches with us. This is the highest wisdom; it is the only wisdom. This is the sure and highest reward of goodness. For the more fully we become the forms of the goodness and truth of heaven, the more fully, and orderly, and blessed will be our reception of the Divine Life, the more beautiful we shall become ourselves, the more we shall communicate to others, and thus again the more we shall receive. Who, in view of such consequences, will not make his life the prayer, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us?"—*Spiritual Beauty*.

Honor, innocence, happiness, time, and money lost, are never regained.

MRS. SWISSHELM ON MODERN DANCING.

In an article of our last issue we recommended dancing as a substitute for promiscuous kissing, in social parties. For this, the Rev. Mr. Innam, in a public sermon, has administered a very severe reproof. He takes the ground that dancing is inseparable from drunkenness and quarreling, and that although the mere act of dancing is no more sinful than speaking, yet, the practice should be abolished on account of its indispensable accompaniments of drinking and fighting, that when a lady was led out on a floor she was disgraced, dishonored, &c.

With all due deference, we must say, that such assertions are simply absurd. David called upon the people to "praise God in the dance." Did he mean for them to get drunk, have a knock down and dishonor their neighbor's wives and daughters, by way of praising God? Did David, and Miriam, and the virgins of Israel have a fight and knock down when they danced? and when Solomon tells us "There is a time to dance," did he mean that was a time for a general broil? All this is simply ridiculous, and the religious prejudice against dancing is without a shadow of foundation in the Bible. The good book mentions dancing in twenty different places, and never once with disapprobation.

We think it the best social amusement we know anything about, and that so far from being a sin, it is a duty, as it is, more than any other exercise, calculated to promote health of body and mind. The fact that it is liable to be abused is no more argument against it than the fact that eating is generally carried to excess if not gluttony, is an argument against taking regular meals.

Dancing wants to be regulated, and not abolished. Young people should not be driven from the well regulated family to enjoy a relaxation that nature so imperatively demands. This act, as innocent in itself as the raising of an arm, should not be banished to haunts of vice, to add the witchery of its attractions to the abode of the tempting bowl. No family is well managed where the young folks cannot dance without going to a tavern where they will be liable to witness a scene of drunkenness and quarreling. Amusement of any kind at midnight, is sinful, because it violates the command "Thou shalt not kill," in that it shortens the life by depriving the system of its natural rest. Saturday evening amusements are seldom right, because they cannot always be so conducted as not to hinder a proper preparation for and keeping of the Sabbath.

But dancing is not necessarily connected with midnight, or Saturday night, or with any conceivable wrong. We have been in the habit, for full twenty years, of attending dancing parties, now and then, and we never saw any other social gatherings go off more innocently, and with less of evil and more of good. We never saw a fight connected with a dancing party, but we have seen a little child, after dancing her hour and then saying her prayers, preparatory to going to bed, look up and say "Mother, is not God good to make us all so happy to-night?"

Reform the mode of dancing. Do as the Queen of England has done. Banish all dances which permit personal liberties, and bring to perfection the art of graceful and joyous motion, in harmony with inspiring music. We say "graceful" motion, and no movement that savors of indelicacy or coarseness can be graceful.

Why need we care how short our passage is out of life, if it be safe! Does a traveler complain that he reaches too soon his destination?

THE RAIN, THE HAIL, AND THE SNOW OF THE HEART.—It is commencing to rain; darkly it comes; its chief forerunner, the wind, is telling the groves and fields, the rivulet and the flower. Now, the water descends; it may be a deluge and an injury, a shower and a benefit. Let it come; let us be thinking of the rain ever falling on our hearts. Oh! how the rain patters there, and pours, and deluges! It continues in short showers of joy and long, driving storms of grief; little is the sunshine which brings rainbows of delight under the thick melancholy; piercing are the blasts, loud the thunder, dreadful the lightning; cold is the flood, and great the multitude who sit shivering, shivering; they look into the boundless bleak, their dripping garments drip the more, the extinguished fire mocks them with its dampened ashes—the last pulsation dies! But it is commencing to

HAIL.—The rain drops crystalize on their passage, and they rattle where they can get an echo, hurting whom they hit. Hear them striking the windows; see them killing the garden plant and making the grain lie down. Now they arouse the hurricane, and he goes ruthlessly into the wood, to exhale a devastating breath and ruin beauty in his way. There are hailstorms in the heart, heavily and destructively the torpid drops are borne; slander, envy, anger, and all the demons of the inner chamber of the inner wickedness of men are hailstones of the heart. They awaken hurricanes of passions; they break, and cut, and crush, and blister, and bleed—they devastate innocence and pollute purity. But it is commencing to

SNOW.—The rain and hail have had their periods; here, are the announcing flakes of softly-coming snow. All night, and to-morrow, and next day, the pale visitant may be bringing the abundance of itself. And what of the snow? Ask the poor; ask the winter reveler; ask the mountaineer; ask every one—but you cannot count the sorrows that come with the snow, the white snow which seems direct from Heaven descended. On the snow are marks and stains; under the snow reposes the germs, the essence and the fullness of vernal beauties—the sweets of Spring, the fruitfulness of Summer, and Autumnal decay; under the snow are the footprints of friends and enemies, the good, the bad; under the snow are little new graves, and old little ones, and larger graves are near; under the snow, all things are parts of a harmonious community, are in one silent sleeping-room. The snow of the heart falls deepest, falls continually and drifts, and freezes; it rides on Labrador winds and pauses on Arctic icebergs; still it falls, and drifts, and freezes. Oh! the snow of the heart falls everywhere, and higher the layers reach, like the masses on Shasta's summit, appealing as they upward grow for a dissolving breath! There are icicles, glaciers, great banks, and frost-dropping twigs, while in the pathways are tracks edged with blood; and yonder and here the impulses are scattered—stiff corpses in the snow!—*Sierra Citizen.*

The world is like a vast sea, mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its sails, the sciences serve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favorable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder. Without this last, the vessel is tossed by every billow, and will find shipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and economy, vigilance and economy of riches and honor, riches and honor of pride and luxury, pride and luxury of impurity and idleness, and impurity and idleness may again produce indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life.—*Goldsmith.*

PROOF TO THE CONTRARY.—A celebrated writer has said, that man is no longer able to give birth to a new idea; that whatever conception of thought may now be uttered from the temple of the mind, though it seem novel, is but the echo of that which has existed in some time during the past, in the mind of another, although it may not have been preserved, and consequently be not extant; in short, he declares it is now impossible for any to be original. With this assertion, from beginning to end, *in toto*, we differ in opinion. Nor shall we, like a youth, content ourselves with a mere contradiction of it; but, on the other hand, we shall proceed to sustain our position by argument, the bullet of literary duelists, and to present by means of the pen, the sword of authors, proof to the contrary. Of which proof our first argument is as follows:—

Ideas seldom flash across the mind like the heat lightning which sports in the summer horizon when scarce a cloud is to be seen; but on the other hand, are the effects of huge, black, compact nebula of circumstances rushing in contact with impetuous velocity, *id est*, they seldom spring from nonentity into existence without some force brought to bear, as it were, upon nothingness itself; that is they are vivified by studying the aspect of nature, society, government and everything with which man is surrounded. For instance Newton's philosophy, in regard to the world's movement, was the offspring of a falling apple; and the properties of steam were discovered by watching it, as generated from the boiling water within, raise the cover of a teakettle, as soon as every other mode of egress was denied.—Now, ideas being thus acquired, since all things earthly are subject to great change, being at intervals entirely converted from their former conditions, we contend that the mind must be, and is, continually supplied with the new, sublime and original.

Secondly. Had the ideas which are constantly being set afloat by genius upon the sea of progress of the present day, ever before been launched forth, would not their efforts at the same time have been seen! Would not, long ago, steamers have dashed the spray of both New York harbor and the British channel over their prows within the brief space of nine days! Would not, long ago, the locomotive, dragging long trains of cars, filled with life, have thundered through tunnels, built under water.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—I saw a mourner stand at eventide near the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past came crowding upon his soul. "And is this," said he, "all that remains of one so loved and so lovely? I call but no voice answers! Oh! my loved one will not hear! O, death! inexorable death! what hast thou done? Let me bow down and forget my sorrows in the slumber of the grave!"

While he thought thus in agony, the gentle form of Christianity came by. She bade him look upward, and to the eye of faith the Heavens were disclosed. He heard the songs and transports of the great multitude which no man can number around the throne. There were the spirits of the just made perfect—there the spirit of her he mourned! There happiness was pure, permanent, perfect. The mourner then wiped the tears from his eyes, took courage and thanked God: "All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait till my change come," and he returned to the duties of life, no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send, in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

WHY.

Why this mad rush to Fraser river, this hot haste to be the first to land upon that uncertain shore? Why this sacrifice of property and interest, of time and money, of business which it has taken the labor of years to establish, and which now requires care and personal attention?

Why this sacrifice of home, all its interests and holy ties, all its hallowed associations and ennobling influences, its pleasant society of wife and little ones; why leave them to pine in loneliness and sorrow, while you are exposed to dangers and privations upon a foreign shore?

Why this risk of life; this mad venture upon uncertainty? Why this disregard of the word of warning, and the anxious solicitude of friends? Would it not be well, ere you sacrifice all that you hold dear, to stop, consider, and ask yourself why?

Why this haste to be rich? Are riches the only good more to be desired than all things else? Why neglect the improvement of your mind, the cultivation of your heart, deprive yourself of social intercourse, shut yourself out from society, and human sympathy—why?

Why reserve no time to read, and less to think; bury yourself beneath the cares and perplexities of business; spend day after day in unceasing toil? Can you answer why?

Why act as if you thought this life was only given you for the purpose of amassing wealth, or seeking worldly aggrandizement, as if you forgot that you were a responsible and accountable being, and must render an account of the deeds done in the body? Why thus forgetful of the spirit's welfare? The soul's best interests pause, and answer—why?

WE MISS THEM.

Devastating as is the flood has been this mad rush for Fraser River, and with deep regret we learn that some of our friends and contemporaries have yielded to the pressure of the times, and been borne down by its resistless tide—some who, when we started on our way, extended to us the kindly hand of sympathy and encouragement, held out the beacon light, and spoke the glad words of cheer. We miss their pleasant companionship and their cheerful words of encouragement. We miss them as old and well tried friends, for we felt bound to them by the ties of sympathy and common interest, as well as by the higher and holier one of gratitude, and we cherish the hope that they may soon again resume the places which are now left vacant.

We had designed to lay a criticism of the new play, "*Fast Folks*," before our readers, but time was too limited, and we are obliged to defer it until the next number.

OUR VISIT TO COLUMBIA.

A visit to the mines of Columbia cannot but favorably impress the careful observer; as, apart from agricultural improvements, which are now quite extensive and permanent in their character—apart from beautiful homesteads, cosily nestled in flowering gardens, and in the midst of growing fruit—the extensive mining operations of the vicinity, the improved facilities of labor, and the immense weekly product of gold, are amply sufficient to stamp this portion of the mines with a well founded reputation of unfailing wealth and importance. These inducements for settlement have congregated a more dense population in Columbia and its neighborhood, than is probably to be found in any other portion of the mines; and of course, collecting many who are thus enabled, without labor, to live on the industry of others; many, also, who, while they are really of an energetic character, are, as must always be the case in every mining community, unfortunate for the time, or, as miners say, "unlucky." It is very natural, therefore, that the intense excitement diverging in favor of Fraser's River, should carry off a large portion of these two latter classes; still leaving for Columbia a population more healthy in its character than heretofore, because generally possessed of good claims, or a healthy and sure business—still, sufficiently large for progressive purposes; as mines whose weekly yield never falls short of from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars, in sales to bankers for exportation. It is, therefore, impossible that men in possession of so much real wealth should leave or forsake certain fortunes and comfortable homes, for even the reputed yet uncertain riches of Fraser's River.

We will briefly glance at some of the advantages here presented to the permanent settler; and first, call attention to the celebrated Table Mountain claims, quite a number of which having undergone the tunnelling or "prospecting" process for two, three, and even four years past, have but recently been reached, and at the present time are yielding from thirty to a hundred ounces of gold dust per week to the claim: these cannot nor will not be abandoned for many years. Again, claims in Columbia Gulch, and in other places in the vicinity, of which but little has been said by their owners, and which by many were supposed to have been worked out, upon investigation have proven themselves the modest and unfailing producers of large dividends. We will refer only to one, directly above the bridge, which has been worked for years, and of which but little has been said; and yet, which afforded, last Saturday evening, an average weekly product of seventy odd ounces of gold dust, worth seventeen dollars and fifty cents to the ounce. Another evidence of permanency and wealth is but partially developed, in its innumerable lodes of auriferous quartz, many of which are already proven to be immensely valuable. Quartz mills are to be seen in every direction, the larger portion of which are known to be profitable investments, and as lasting almost as

time. Many more are in contemplation, or in course of erection, and from palpable proofs evident to be seen, will continue to increase in importance for years and years to come. It is barely possible that the Fraser River excitement may retard these improvements for a while, but it can neither destroy the gold in these immense repositories, nor prevent a reaction in their favor as soon as labor and an uncongenial climate shall cool the fever now raging in the North, or as soon as increased emigration shall set in from the Atlantic States, as undoubtedly will be the result of the present excitement. Columbians, with those of other localities in the interior of California, cannot but eventually reap the advantages of a healthy and salubrious climate, of an increasing and remunerative agriculture, and of rich and unfailing mines.

To our readers and friends of Columbia we therefore extend a word of warm encouragement! Cultivate your gardens, sow your grain for the harvest, faithfully ply your "pick and shovel" in your mining claims; speak kindly to your "loved ones at home," at your firesides, in which a hasty visit revealed to us your decided favor in this respect; and we know from evidences unmistakable, that in a few years the blessings of a contented life, with all its comforts and luxuries, will arise and greet you.

KIND WORDS.

Every human being has some mission to perform upon earth. We all exert some influence for good or evil upon those with whom we come in contact.

The kindly word, the encouraging look, may fan into existence bright hopes and holy aspirations, which but for you might have lain dormant forever. The soothing word of sympathy may revive the crushed and broken heart, and cause the bright rays of hope once more to dispel the darkness of despair.

If we could but realize the full worth of a kind word to the crushed and wounded spirit—if we could look within the sorrowing heart and see the hopes which a kind word had kindled there, or see the incense of gratitude and thankfulness ascending from the stricken soul whom we had served—then might we feel we had not lived in vain.

Let us speak the word of warning, though it be received with a jest, and passed by with a sneer. It shall not be lost; the memory of the good word will return again and again to the soul, until at last it shall accomplish its mission. We have been told to "sow by all waters," and what better seed can we sow than that of soothing, kindly, encouraging, or warning words? They fall with power upon the hearts to which they are addressed, and their influence shall extend beyond the confines of time, away into the countless cycles of eternity.

What has become of our friend of the *Butte Record*? We have not seen a copy of his paper since we were in Oroville. We miss it. Please, friend *Record*, put our name down on your exchange list.

INCIDENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

'Twas a glorious morn, "a morn for life in its most subtle luxury." The first faint rays of sunlight had begun to gild the eastern sky of an ancient city, when the sound of martial music, the prancing of steeds, and the hurried tread of human feet proclaimed a mighty nation going forth to war. They have gathered themselves together, and now, with glittering spear and flashing bayonet, they prepare to go forth mid the flourish of trumpets, and the shouts of the people. But why this delay? The captain of the host, a mighty man of valor, speaks. Silence prevails, and all heads bend low as, with uplifted hands, the mighty monarch makes a vow to God that if he is victorious in this battle, if the enemy is delivered into his hands, he will offer as a sacrifice the first living thing that cometh forth from his gates to meet him when he returns. The vow is recorded: the word of command is given, and that gorgeous cavalcade move on. Long they traveled ere they reached the field of battle. 'Tis reached at last. A glorious array of men in warlike armor present themselves to view. And now they are engaged in deadly conflict; man strives with man; the conflict rages fierce and terrible; blood flows like water; the shrieks of the wounded and the dying rend the air; the field is covered with heaps of the wounded, the dying and the dead, ere the flourish of trumpets and the shouts of victory announce the battle won—by the mighty man whose vow was recorded ere they left their home: and now he prepares to lead his army in triumph to the city. On, on they go for many a mile, over hill and dale, through forest and city. They near the gates of their home. Every eye is strained, for they remember the vow, and look on the right hand and on the left for the sacrifice, but no goat is by the way side, no heifer gambols near, no lamb is in sight, no bird skims through the air, and even the dogs do not come forth to meet them.

What means this stillness? Why doth no living thing appear to greet them? Are they not victors, fresh from the field of battle—upon their brows the laurel wreath, and in their hands the palm of victory? Do they not come with all the pomp and pride of martial glory? Why does no living thing greet their coming? They approach the gates of the palace, and the eye of the captain casts quick and anxious glances around, and his heart trembles for his vow. What shall come forth to meet him? Perhaps a well-trained bond, or it may be a favorite servant.

Hark! a sound of music is borne upon the air. Soft and sweet its strains are heard in the distance, and now they sound louder and more near. It is a song of joy and triumph! Why does the cheek of that proud man blanch, his hand tremble upon the rein, and his head droop upon his breast? and why is the myrtle wreath that lately bound his brow, crushed beneath his horse's feet? Behold, issuing from the gates, a maiden of surpassing beauty, dressed in gala robes, with a timbrel in her hands; she comes to greet the conqueror, and congratulate him on his safety. Well may his cheek blanch and his heart quiver, for in that fair young girl he sees his daughter, his only one.

"Beside her he hath neither son nor daugh-

ter." She is all in all to his aged heart. Can he yield her a sacrifice to the cruel flames! "Oh, my daughter!" he exclaimed in anguish, "why didst thou come forth to meet me. Behold, I have made a vow that the first living thing I met on my return from battle, I would offer as a burnt sacrifice. *Thou art that living thing!*"

One earnest, imploring look she cast upon her father, then sank upon her knees, her whole form convulsed with agony at the dreadful import of those fearful words. The stillness of death prevails, as with blanched cheek and quivering lip the maiden said, "Do unto me according to thy vow, my father!" and those brave warriors, who had waded through seas of blood and never wavered on the field of battle, turned silently and tearfully away, and murmured, "Alas! the vow!"

A short time has elapsed, and now behold the maiden ready for the flames. Dressed in simple white she comes, accompanied by her maidens, singing a low, mournful chant. A large multitude has gathered to see the sacrifice. For a moment father and daughter are locked in a close embrace, as if soul had melted into soul. The old man trembles, parental love is strong within his heart, and gladly would he recall that vow; but it may not be. Meekly the maiden kneels; and with bare head and white locks streaming in the wind, her father commends her to his God. Now the flames enwrap the fair form—they clasp her feet, her hands, her head, but no shriek escapes her lips. *She is dead!*

The vow is performed, and the childless father turns in agony away, and looks to that God to whom he has performed his vow, for strength in that dark hour.

For many years after, the Jewish maidens celebrated four days, annually, in commemoration of this melancholy sacrifice.

DEATH.

Death! Death! thou angel of mercy, that comest to release from the burthen of this life the crushed and wounded spirit; thou that sayest to disease, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther," and while its ravages destroy the body, thou releasest the spirit, and bearest it off in triumph to the sphere of the blessed, where disease cannot enter, and sorrow and tears are unknown; oh! thou bright messenger sent by the "All-Father" to conduct us from this dark vale of tears to the land of peace and rest;—why is it that thou art unloved by the children of men? Why, at mention of thy name, do their cheeks blanch, and they shudderingly shrink from thy approach? 'Tis true, thou severest the fondest ties which bind the human heart; but wilt thou not reunite those ties again? Wilt thou not bear us also to that land whither thou hast taken our loved ones? Wilt thou not bear us all—one by one, it may be—to that home which is "eternal in the heavens?" And when we gaze around, and see that our home-circle is again full—that not one is wanting of all that our hearts held dear on earth—methinks we will look with gratitude upon that angel who conducted us in safety through the dark valley. Why, then, kind messenger, is thy approach so dreaded? Why art thou looked upon as the

enemy of mankind, rather than as the faithful servant of our Heavenly Father? Oh! methinks the fault is within ourselves. Our spirits are clogged with too much of earth and earth's cares. Our mental vision is obscured by want of faith; and as our minds are in darkness, so we bring about the dead the dark paraphernalia of woe, and clothe ourselves in the sable habiliments of mourning; forgetting that the "day of one's death is better than the day of his birth"—that in place of mourning, we should rejoice—that instead of the sable garments of bereavement, we should put on the joyous emblems of triumph—that instead of tears and wailings, we should utter songs of joy and thanksgiving.

Oh Death! when the heathenish darkness of our minds shall be dispelled by the light of the Sun of Righteousness—when on the wings of faith our souls are borne upward, beyond the sphere of this mortal vision, to that home which is "eternal in the Heavens"—then shall we no longer shrink from thy embrace, but joyfully greet thee as the peaceful messenger from "our Father in Heaven."

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at Death's alarms?
Death 's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms."

CLASSICAL NAMES AND TERMS.

Pandora, (all gifted,) according to some of the ancient writers, was the first woman, and celebrated as being the cause of the introduction of all the evil into the world.

Jupiter, desiring to punish the titan Prometheus for having stolen fire from the skies, caused Pandora to be made of earth and water, kneaded together, and after all the inferior gods had bestowed some gift upon her, she was sent to the dwelling of Epimetheus, who, though warned by his brother Prometheus to receive no gifts from Jupiter, was immediately charmed by her beauty, took her into his house, and made her his wife.

He soon had cause to regret this unwise step, for in his house was a closed jar, which he had been forbidden to open.

Pandora disregarded the injunction, and, under the influence of female curiosity, opened the jar, when, to her surprise and dismay, out flew all the evils hitherto unknown to man. Terrified at the sight of these monsters, she shut down the lid just in time to prevent the escape of hope, who was thereby preserved to man, the only cure for all these misfortunes.

This fable has been the cause of many unkind sayings with regard to woman, such as, "Woman brought all the evil upon earth," and so forth; but, like many others, it is subject to argument: but, granting that she was the cause of all the evil, she is likewise the author of hope, which is able to overcome all evil, and gild with bright radiance the pathway of life.

As we study the fable, we are at a loss which most to deplore—that credulity and short-sightedness in man, which caused him to receive into his house and into his bosom, as a wife, a woman whose only recommendation was a pretty face and handsome clothing, and that after he had been warned by his brother to be on his guard; or that female curiosity which tempted her to peep into the jar. Certain it is, if he had stopped to consider whether her disposition was as beautiful as her face, or her

mind as well clothed with knowledge and truth as her person with outward grace, the evils of life had not been let loose around his domestic hearth.

This fable is frequently quoted, and poor Pandora's name is as familiar as a household word.

Achilles, a fabled son of an ancient king of Thessaly, is said to have been given the name of Achilles from the circumstance of his food being different from that of the rest of men. He is said to have been fed upon the marrow of wild animals—lions, stags, etc.

When the princes of Greece engaged in war with the Trojans, the mother of Achilles knowing that he would not survive the conflict, sent him, disguised in female attire, to the court of Lycomedes, king of the island of Scyros, for the purpose of concealment, and to prevent his joining the war. He, however, was detected, and joining the chiefs, went to Troy, where he distinguished himself above every other Greek.

In his childhood, the mother of Achilles dipped him in the river Styx, and he became invulnerable, except his heel whereby she held him. He came to his death by a wound in the unsecured heel.

Narcissus was a very beautiful youth, who, seeing his image reflected in a fountain, (not unlike some of the heroes of the present day,) fell in love with himself, and pined away till he was changed into the flower that bears his name.

Minerva, the goddess of all the liberal arts and sciences, is spoken of as being the daughter of Jupiter, and supposed to have no other parent.

Her father being seized with violent pains in his head, Vulcan was summoned to his aid, who, in obedience to the commands of Jupiter, split his head open with a hatchet, and immediately Minerva sprang forth, full grown, from her father's brain.

How appropriately Minerva figures on the coat of arms of the State of California, a State which knew no infancy, but sprang full grown into the arms of the Union.

She is supposed to be one of the powers engaged in causing the productions of the earth; although she is mentioned in poetry as the goddess of arts and sciences alone, it probably represents merely a transition from physical to moral agents.

[The following is one of many kind notes which we have received from time to time, and though not designed for publication, we take the liberty of inserting it in our columns. It shows the kind appreciation which the *Hesperian* meets with in the interior, and stimulates us to fresh efforts.]

PLACERVILLE, July 10th, 1858.

Dear Mrs. *Hesperian*:—I have recently become a subscriber to your excellent little paper, and I would not be again without it for three times the subscription price. It comes to me full of pure thoughts and holy sentiments, and I know that I am better after reading it. Some of the articles seem as if they were written on purpose for me, so strongly does the responsive chord within my heart vibrate to their touch. Such an article is that on Female Equestrianism. It is time something was done to prevent

such exhibitions, and to recall woman to a sense of her true position. Too long has woman's vanity been ministered to in this State, and I am glad to see that the word of warning is now spoken openly and fearlessly; and I feel that a vote of thanks is due to you from every mother in our land who has the true welfare of her daughters at heart, for the position you have taken in this matter.

The *Hesperian* is rapidly gaining friends in our vicinity, and is valued highly as a family paper. Allow me to express the hope that your success may be commensurate with your high deserts; and believe me,

Yours in sisterly sympathy and love,

Mrs. A. L.—

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Stockton, July 9, 1858.

Stockton is quite a pretty place. It has many very handsome buildings, and not a few cosy homes imbedded in flowers and surrounded by trees, which present at once a picture of temporal prosperity and domestic happiness.

This has been called the "City of Windmills," and I have no disposition to dispute the title, as one more appropriate could scarcely have been found. Windmills meet the eye in every direction, kept in motion by the gentle breeze which is one of the principal attractions of this place. Let the sun shine ever so hot, its rays are modified by this cool, refreshing breeze.

It struck me as a place peculiarly adapted to hospitals for the sick, as its genial climate cannot fail to produce beneficial effects; and the wisdom which selected this as the place for the Insane Asylum is abundantly apparent.

A visit to this noble monument of California benevolence will well repay the time. Here the worldly and selfish may learn lessons of benevolence and self-denial, and the moralist gather texts of wisdom to last through all time, as they contemplate the wreck of mind before them.

Here may be seen one who fondly imagines that he owns not only the whole of California, but the Sandwich Islands also, and enumerates the amount of fines he hopes to collect of the physician, as soon as he escapes from his confinement; amounting, if my memory serves me right, to \$500,000 per day. His mind is full of gigantic plans for the future, such as taking down the City of Sacramento, remodeling and rebuilding it. Methinks here we can trace the effects of that haste to be rich—that unceasing, driving, sleepless labor—which characterizes so many of our people, and which in this case has caused the strong bulwarks of reason to give way, and the wreck of mind to pay the forfeit of the all-absorbing, engrossing attention to business.

Another was much troubled by the non-receipt of his letters. Over this one I could have wept, as I thought how long he must have looked, with anxious hope, for word from his "loved ones at home." How long his heart must have endured the rack and torture of cruel, agonizing suspense! How many times disappointment must have settled

upon his soul, ere his mind became a wreck and reason fled!

There are between thirty and forty females here, many of whom became insane through religious excitement. I heard of one who some time since entered the Asylum, and when the kind matron came to undress her, she found in her bosom, laid next her heart, the bottom of an old broken tumbler. Her flesh was lacerated and bleeding by contact with its sharp and jagged edges, and yet she refused to part with it, fondly imagining it to be a large diamond of rare value! What a commentary upon the love of dress, jewelry, and show, which is a prominent characteristic of the women of our day!

The patients all appear comfortable, and some of them even happy, and every thing is done to render their unfortunate situation as pleasant as possible.

At six o'clock, A. M., I left in the stage for Columbia. For many miles, the road is too smooth and level; it does not afford enough of bold and picturesque scenery to suit my fancy. I love the rugged mountain path, over the huge boulder and granite rock; bounded on one side by excavations many hundred feet deep, where may be seen the hardy miner plying with industrious zeal the pick and shovel, and on the other the steep sides of the mountains, towering in their majestic height to heaven, bearing on their rugged bosoms the lofty pine and sturdy oak.

Knight's Ferry is a much larger place than I expected to find. The scenery is picturesque in the extreme; but as we stopped only a few moments, and a portion of that time was occupied in partaking of a good dinner, I had little opportunity to look about, and consequently did not obtain that information regarding the place which I should have been glad to.

Leaving Knight's Ferry, the road becomes much more rough, and the scenery assumes a more rugged aspect. It looks very strange to me, to see in one place fields of waving grain, and, perhaps right alongside, rich mining claims; yet such is the case, as if to remind us how closely the mining and agricultural interests of our State are blended.

The next place at which we stopped was Jamestown. Much to my regret, we only staid here long enough to change coaches. I was perfectly charmed with the appearance of the place, and would gladly have made a longer stay.

There was one spot, close by where we stopped, where they were mining right through a garden; on the very edge of the excavation was growing some of the finest corn I ever saw, and at a distance of only four or five feet were some of the most luxuriant grape vines. This claim is said to be paying well, though the exact amount I was unable to learn.

On the lot next adjoining this is a hotel, which covers about seventy-five by twenty-five feet of ground. The owners have just had the house raised, for the purpose of mining beneath it. They expect to take out some ten thousand dollars, by mining about the depth of ten feet.

When I see so much wealth of every kind so bountifully spread before us, I wonder that the Fraser River fever can run so high.

We reached Columbia about six o'clock in the evening, and put up at the Broadway Hotel, which, by the way, is a very fine house. Mr. J. CAMPBELL, the proprietor, spares no pains to add to the comfort of his guests. His table is abundantly supplied with the good things of this life, served up on a clean table cloth, and with that (to me) greatest of all luxuries, a clean napkin. The steward is quick, kind, and obliging, and his dress of pure and spotless white bespeaks a care and neatness which the weary traveler cannot fail to appreciate.

I arrived just in time to be present at the Masonic Festival which was given in honor of St. John's Day, and a grand affair it was. But how shall I attempt to describe a scene worthy the descriptive powers of an N. P. Willis or a Dickens? The Festival was held in the theatre. The dancing-hall, in size about one hundred by fifty feet, was decorated with fine oil paintings, and the various expressive emblems of the Brotherhood, done in evergreens in a most skillful and artistic manner. In the centre of the room was a fountain, from which issued streams of cool, refreshing water, which fell upon bouquets of most exquisite flowers, cooling the air at the same time that it was perfumed by the breath of these "inanimate children of nature." At the upper end of the hall, on the stage, seats and tables were provided, and those who did not care to join in the giddy mazes of the dance amused themselves with euchre, whist and chess, or gathered in groups to spend the hour in social converse. I should judge there were about a hundred couple present—fine, intellectual looking men and women. The gentlemen were all dressed in regalia, and many of the ladies wore the colors to which their partners were entitled, and all were dressed in that good taste which betrays the refined and cultivated mind. The music was excellent, and the dancers seemed to enjoy it in the highest degree. As I looked upon that festive scene, it seemed as if I had been transported to fairy-land, so beautiful was all before me, so suggestive of Art, and high cultivation of moral and mental powers. I could scarcely realize that I was only in a little mountain town in California, of which but little had been said, and less written.

The evening wore on, and supper was announced; when, preceded by the band of music, we marched perhaps half a square in the bright moonlight, to the supper-room. Here a gorgeous scene met the eye. The room, about one hundred feet long, was tastefully hung with wreaths of evergreens, and the tables, three in number, set the whole length of the room, seemed groaning beneath the weight of pyramids of cake, luscious fruits, etc., to say nothing of the more substantial edibles which were there provided. Colored waiters in white aprons and white kid gloves, vied with each other in careful and considerate attentions to the guests.

Upon the tables, short distances apart, were silver candlesticks with seven branches, in

each of which burned a candle of the purest wax; and I observed that hams, cake, and every thing, bore the emblems of Free Masonry. To me this was pleasant; for from early childhood I have loved and revered the order, and vividly it recalled to mind the memory of him who taught me so to do.

Supper finished, we wended our way back to the dancing-hall, where, after a short time spent in promenading, and in looking at and admiring the beautiful devices, pictures, etc., with which the room was decorated, the dancing was resumed, and all was joy and happiness.

With a grateful appreciation of the politeness and attention which had made me, though a stranger, feel acquainted and happy, I took my leave. Long will the remembrance of that occasion live as a green spot in the garden of my memory.

Columbia is a very pretty place, situated in a kind of basin, around which rise gigantic hills, the bases of which are covered with flumes, while on the top may be seen the tall and graceful pine tree.

There are some very fine buildings here that would do credit to many an older place, and numerous beautiful homes nestled away like bird's-nests among shrubs and flowers. This place boasts, what few in California can, plenty of water. Almost every house is supplied with a hydrant, and the streets are watered many times during the day.

Columbia wears a lively business aspect, and I think no locality in our State will be affected less by the rush to the new Dorado. The mines are known to be inexhaustible, and are yielding more this year than at any previous time. Water is abundant, at reasonable cost; and it would be strange indeed, if, with all these advantages and the comforts and luxuries of home about them, they were willing to exchange for the uncertain riches of Fraser River.

I like the people of this place very much. They are social and warm hearted. Their intercourse with one another is characterized by genuine politeness and good feeling, while in their consideration and courtesy to strangers they are worthy of imitation by many an older place.

My visit to Sonora was so hurried, that I cannot speak of it with any thing like justice. I was there only an hour or two, but should judge it to be like its sister, Columbia, in many respects. I was very favorably impressed with its appearance, and left with regret and the determination of revisiting the place as soon as circumstances will permit; and then I will give you full particulars of my visit. Adieu. D.

LOVE.

'Tis but as yesterday, the time
When first my love stole fainting to her ear!
Then all my words and thoughts that came and went,
Waving about the secret of my love,
Like billows plashing on a silent shore,
All at one gush flowed from me to her heart;
And broke the banks of silence; then my love
Sank through her liquid eyes to read her soul,
Like diver that through waving waterfloode
Seeketh the priceless pearl that lies below,
And there found life—found joy forevermore.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the Hesperian.]
Little Margaret; The Lost Child.
A TRUE STORY OF OREGON.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

The sun was set, the sky was dark,
Dark were the woods below,
As little Margaret wandered on,
Not knowing where to go.
One little star above the trees,
Was all that she could see;—
"God lives above the stars," she said;
"He will take care of me."

A little bird sat on a tree;
It sang so sweet a song—
It seemed to call out, "Margary!"
From the thick leaves among.
"Why do you call out, "Margary!"
That lost child sweetly said—
Oh I now I know—it sings to me,
Lest I should be afraid."

Dim shadows danced among the trees,
With here and there a ray
Of light, that quivered through the leaves,
Where the pale moonbeams play.
"Hush! hush! the angels walk at night,
Mid the old forest trees;
I see their white robes fluttering there—
Their voice is in the breeze."

And so that sweet child wandered on,
Then laid her down to sleep;
God's angels are around her there,
And faithful watch they keep.
And little Margaret dreamed that night,
Beneath the old tree's shade—
She dreamed she was an angel too,
With wings and robes arrayed.

She woke. The sun was shining high;
Sweet was the morning air;
She looked—whom do you think she saw,
Standing beside her there?
"Father!" said Margaret, "is it you?—
I dreamed that you had come"—
And so her father took her hand,
And led his lost child home.

WASTE NOT.

"Why do you waste that biscuit?" said a gentleman to a young lad who was busily employed in breaking up a fresh roll, and moulding the pieces between his thumb and finger, into different shapes. The boy hung his head, and was about to leave the table, when the gentleman taking him kindly by the arm, said, "See here, I want to tell you a circumstance which occurred on board my whaling ship, a few years ago; and which made such an impression on my mind that I can never again endure to see a crumb of food wasted.

"A few years ago, when I was in New Bedford, preparing for my last whaling cruise, my aunt came to me, requesting that I would take her son, a very interesting boy of about fourteen years, to sea with me.

"It will be very hard for me to part with Willie," said the mother, "for he is all I have; but his health is so poor, and he is so delicate, that I fear to keep him at home, lest I lose him by death. Had his father lived he would have taken him to sea long before this time."

"I readily consented to the mother's request, and Willie sailed with me. It took but a short time to prove how wise, apparently, had been the course of the mother, for Willie's health improved daily; and his amiable disposition made him a favorite with all on board.

We had been out nearly three years, and would, with two or three more whales, have completed our cargo. Willie was now able

to engage in whaling. One day it had been unusually dull; towards night the man on the lookout cried—

“A whale! a whale!”

“I went, and looking in the direction indicated, discovered a large whale making right towards us. It was too late in the day for us to entertain the hope of capturing her, so I ordered the ship to be ‘put about,’ well knowing that a whale will not attack a vessel, under ordinary circumstances. Having seen my orders obeyed, I went below deck, where Willie and some more of my companions were whiling away the time by song and jest; when, suddenly, something struck our ship with such force that every timber quivered. A loud cry from the men on deck; and ere we had time to think, we received another shock, and the water came rushing in upon us.

“To the boats, to the boats,” I cried.

“In less time than I can tell it to you, the boats were lowered; and snatching such articles as lay in our way, we embarked in them.

“Scarcely had the last man left the wreck, ere our gallant ship went down. The whale, I think, must have been maddened by other pursuers, and wreaked her vengeance upon us. The boat in which it was my lot to be cast, contained some ten persons, among whom was my young friend, Willie. Our hope was that we might fall in with some whaling vessel, and by it be rescued. Our stock of provisions was very small, and from the first was dealt out in rations, with great care, that one should not have a crumb more than another. When the fifth day dawned we had not one particle of food, and the little that we had eaten for the few days previous, had been far from sufficient to satisfy the craving of hunger, to say nothing of keeping up the strength of men who were toiling at the oars day and night. The small jug of water that we had with us was nearly exhausted, and yet no friendly sail hove in sight. As far as our eyes could reach there was nothing to be seen save the sky above, and the sea beneath; and yet we toiled on, hoping that each succeeding morn would reveal to us a sail.

“But no! the tenth morn dawned, yet no sail had been discovered; hope had nearly deserted us. The men were frantic and clamorous for food. One had suddenly thrown himself overboard, preferring drowning to the lingering death of starvation; and the sea, like some huge monster, opened her insatiate jaws and swallowed him. Now the men whispered to one another, and their eyes glared like maniacs. At last, one bolder than the rest, spoke out.

“There is no denying the fact, starvation stares us in the face. To go longer without food is impossible. I propose that we shall cast lots to see who shall die first, and by the sacrifice of one, perhaps save many.”

“For a moment a death-like stillness hung over the little boat; and nothing but the convulsive tremor of the oars in the water betrayed that those fearful words had been heard. At length the oars resumed their usual beat, and the proposal was seconded by another, and assented to by all. The lots were soon cast—alas, that I should live to tell! the lot fell upon Willie. And now the question arose, Who shall slay him? No one was willing to do the dreadful deed, and yet they were dying for food.

“We can cast lots to see who shall do it,” at last spoke out one of the most ferocious of the crew.

“No sooner proposed than done; and the lot fell upon me.

“I will not do it,” I cried; “I will give

myself in his stead. He is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow.”

“The lot fell upon him,” was the reply, “and if you won’t kill him, some one else must. We will cast lots again.”

“I was done, and this time the lot fell upon a burly sailor.

“How shall I do it?” said he.

“As a pistol was produced by one of the men, it was agreed to shoot him. All this time Willie had been pulling at the oar; he now asked for some one to take his place, which being done, he moved along to the stern of the boat; when, turning his back to us, and lifting his tarpaulin from his head, he knelt in prayer for a few moments. Then rising, he approached me, and taking my hand, said—

“Captain, if ever you reach home, remember my poor mother. Say to her, Willie was ready to die, but never let her know the real circumstances of my death.”

“Then turning to his comrades, he said—

“Comrades, I am ready.”

“A neckerchief of one of the men served to tie his hands. He took his place in the bow of the boat. I turned my back, and leaned over the boat side. The sharp report of a pistol, and Willie was no more. Thank God, he did not linger.

“The men seemed fearful at first, to eat that which they had so coveted; but hunger soon compelled them to partake. They ate, sparingly at first, then ravenously. I did not partake; *I could not*.

“Four days after this, near sunset, we thought we discovered a dark spot upon the water. It might be a vessel; every nerve was strained to reach it. It proved to be an English whaler, and the Captain most humanely took us on board, and done everything he could for our relief and comfort.

“When the little boat which had been our home for fourteen days, was hoisted along side, some of Willie’s remains were yet to be seen; and the good Captain gave orders to have them gathered, and prepared for burial. It did not take long to fold them in a sheet, nor long to sew them in the canvass—which is the sailor’s coffin. His comrades, with such of the whaler’s crew as could be spared from duty, gathered round his remains, and the Captain, reading that most impressive service, from the book of ‘Common Prayer,’ committed his body to the deep.”

“Never, since that time,” said the gentleman, “do I see a well spread table, but I think of those poor famishing men. Never do I see a crumb wasted but the sweet, pale face of Willie rises before me.

“Many months afterwards, when I reached my home, Willie’s mother hastened to me, to enquire, with anxious heart, after her dear boy. I could not tell her all, and left her with the impression that he was lost on the wreck.”

CARRIE D.

Hutchings’ California Magazine.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire forsakes me; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion: when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I reflect how vain it is to grieve for those whom we must quickly follow: when I see kings lying beside those who deposed them, when I behold rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the frivolous competitions, factions, and debates of mankind.

Addison.

MY CHILDHOOD’S HOME.

I have tasted each varied pleasure,
And drunk of the cup of delight:
I have danced to the gayest measure
In the halls of dazzling light.
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendor,
And stood in the courts of kings;
I have snatched at each toy that could render
More rapid the flight of time’s wings,
But vainly I’ve sought for joy or peace,
In that life of light and shade:
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home—
The home where my childhood played.

When jewels are sparkling round me,
And dazling with their rays,
I weep for the ties that bound me
In life’s first early days.
I sigh for one of the sunny hours,
Ere day was turned to night:
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,
Instead of those jewels bright.
I weep when I gaze on the scentless buds
Which never can bloom or fade;
And I turn with a sigh to those gay green fields,
The home where my childhood played.

NAMELESS WRITERS.

How true it is, as some one has said, that somewhere, every day, we meet with paragraphs of exquisite beauty. They are common property, nobody owns them, the writers are dead or nameless. They are posthumous children, wandering about with no knowledge of their origin, with no knowledge of their being, except that they exist. They are like twinkling stars that come mysteriously out of space, and start on their eternal cycle, till, going athwart some idle gazer’s telescope, they get an arbitrary name. Some belong to great orators, poets and statesmen, and have been segregated from their companions by a jolting place on the road they have traveled; others have sprung into existence when genius, momentarily roused, heaved under the rubbish of ignorance and obscurity, then sank down to inglorious and eternal quiet; some have fallen from the scaffolding where hope was building castles in the future, while others have been sprung from misery and hurled down the stream of time, as the mariner, maddened by despair, flings his compass out in the storm.

WHAT JEWS CAN DO BESIDES MAKE MONEY.—Who composed “Il Barbiere”? Rossini—a Jew! Who is there that admires not the heart-stirring music of the “Huguenots” and the “Prophets”? the composer is Meyerbeer—a Jew! Who has not been spell-bound by the sorcery of “Die Judin”? by Halvey—a Jew! Who that at Munich, has stood before the weeping Königspärke, whose harp silently hung on the willows by the waters of Babylon, but has confessed the hand of a master in that all but matchless picture? The artist of Beneman—a Jew! Who has not heard of the able and free-spoken apostle of liberty, Boerne, a Jew! Who has not been enchanted with the beautiful fictions of lyric poetry, and charmed with the peaceful melodies, so to speak, of one of Israel’s sweetest singers, Heine—a Jew! Who has not listened, with breathless ecstasy, to the melting music of the “Midsummer Night’s Dream”? Who has not wept with “Elijah,” prayed with “Paul,” and triumphed with “Stephen”? Do you ask who created those wondrous harmonies? Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who also, that I must write it, was a Jew!—Bentley’s Miscellany.

ANGELIC PLEASURES.—Men who can devote themselves to intellectual pleasures, despise inferior joys. The latter are generally costly, but rational delight freely and equally diffuses itself, and costs nothing but the trouble of seeking it. The mind itself proves a Canaan, overflowing with milk and honey.

[For the Hesperian.]

EMMA WILTON:
OR THE WIFE'S VICTORY.

"Harry, listen to me this once, only this once," tremblingly plead the pale young wife of Harry Wilton, and as he impatiently turned away, heedless of her entreaties, she sank at his feet in tears.

"Another scene; you know I like scenes," he exclaimed ironically—"they make home attractive, and show off your fine figure to advantage—pity you mistook your calling and, instead of hiring yourself out to some theater manager for a tragedy queen, become the wife of Harry Wilton."

Stung to the quick by the rude manner and rude words of her husband, Mrs. W. sprang to her feet and confronted him: her fine figure drawn to its full height, and her brilliant eyes flashing with the fire of revenge for injustice and wrong heaped upon her, she essayed to speak, but ere she did so a change came over her; the flushed cheek became ashy pale, the flashing eyes suffused with tears, and in tones of tenderness and sorrow she exclaimed, "Oh, Harry! Harry! for God's sake, do not speak so; you drive me to madness, you tempt me to say things that are unkind; and oh, heaven forbid, that the tongue which has spoken vows of love and affection for you, should speak a word of unkindness or cruelty. No, no, tempt not my tongue to belie my heart, which loves you to day with as strong and pure a love as when we first plighted our vows beneath the old elm at the foot of my mother's grave."

"Humph! nonsense again; you need not think to wheedle me by your tears; and now let me inform you, once for all, I will not be tied down to a woman's apron strings, nor let her dictate to me the company or the hours I shall keep: much less bind me down to the old, puritanical, teetotal notions which your old father affects. You may as well give over at once, your tears and hysterics, for they make no impression upon me, and in spite of all, I shall reserve the right of doing with myself, my time and my money, as I please." And before Mrs. W. had time to reply, he left the room, slamming the door behind him, and was soon on his way to the club-room where some ten or twelve of his companions awaited him, who hailed his arrival with shouts and loud demonstrations of joy, mingled with coarse allusions to his wife, and the rule of petticoat government, apron-strings, &c.

"Ah ha! here comes something to drown care!" they exclaimed, as the servant laid glasses and decanters of wines and liquors upon the table.

"Drink! drink, and be yourself once more!" said they, at the same time filling the glasses. "A toast! a toast!" now rang from lip to lip, and was answered by one, who rose, and, swinging his glass high, fixed his eye on Harry, and in a sarcastic tone exclaimed, "I give 'Home, sweet home!' 'Home, sweet home!' was echoed from mouth to mouth; the loud laugh and the coarse jest went round while they drained their glasses.

But we will leave them amid their revelry, and seek the wife, whom we left in tears and

sorrow at her husband's fireside. The tea things have been removed, and the lights brought in; the heavy folds of rich drapery shut out the last lingering ray of sunlight, and the pet kitten has settled itself upon the rug before the grate, and purrs complacently as the elegant clock on the mantle goes tick, tick, tick, measuring off, little by little, the time which makes up the sum total of human life. Every thing about the apartment speaks of elegance and luxury; the fitful firelight falls upon fine old paintings which bear the impress of the mighty hand of a Michael Angelo, or a Titian. Instruments of music too are there, and books—not the senseless, parlor trash whose whole value consists in the binding, but works of worth, whose worn appearance speak of constant but careful use, are scattered about the room, with articles of bijouterie, bouquets of flowers, and the many things which serve to furnish the parlors of a modern lady of leisure.

But the lady—where is she? Buried in the luxurious cushions of a fauteuil, near the fire, the very picture of sorrow and despair; her head is buried in her hands, and her fine cambric handkerchief is wet, almost to dripping, with her tears—sob after sob escapes from her full heart, and still the tears flow on. Well is it ordered by our Divine Lord, that tears shall come to the relief of suffering humanity. As the shower revivifies and fertilizes the parched and barren earth, making it to bring forth shrub and tree, flower and fruit, so tears fertilize the human heart, causing to spring forth the fine and holy affections, and bringing forth the fruits of benevolence and kindly feeling.

So it was with Emma. This, her first great sorrow, had at first roused in her, mingled feelings of despair and revenge, but they had given way to subdued and submissive resignation, and she now lifted up her head to her maker, and with the simplicity of a child exclaimed, "Oh Thou, who hast numbered the very hairs of my head, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow can fall to the ground, wilt thou not also watch over him and save him from the dreadful gulf of intemperance;" and now overcome by fatigue and sorrow, she sleeps, yet murmurs in that sleep the words, Father—Husband—Home.

We will now go back to the days when Harry Wilton first met the bright, happy Emma Waldon. She was the only child of Col. Waldon, who had buried his wife, Emma's mother, ere she had reached her second year; but the love and watchful tenderness of the mother, was nearly made up to Emma, by her kind, indulgent father, who did not think that he risked the dignity of the *man* by performing offices of love and affection for his child. So years sped on—years of happiness and joy to Emma, for she loved her father with all the ardor of her warm nature, and he never failed to yield to her that affectionate consideration which comes so gracefully from the aged, and falls so gratefully upon the young heart.

The sixteenth anniversary of Emma's birthday drew near, and Col. Waldon announced to Emma that in place of the usual birthday party, which had consisted of young girls of

her own age alone, she was this time to be honored by the presence of both ladies and gentlemen, and she must prepare to do the honors of the house right nobly.

Emma heard this welcome news with a thrill of joy, and went about the necessary preparation for the occasion with the energy characteristic of her nature.

We will not follow her through all the detail of preparation for that grand occasion. The evening at length arrived; the rooms were brilliantly lighted; Emma had wandered over the house again and again, to be sure that all was right. She had visited the supper room, examined the tables, arranged for the twentieth time the wreaths of flowers, placed and replaced bouquets, and now, declaring that it was "just right," she left the room and sought her own to array herself for the evening. Soon she reappeared, dressed in a simple white dress of such exquisite texture that its ample folds might almost have been mistaken for a gossamer cloud; her luxuriant black hair was now, for the first time, confined by a comb, except the front, which hung as was its wont in masses of curls, confined only by a bandeau of pearls, which, with a necklace of the same, were the only ornaments she wore, and these were the birthday gift of her father.

"Ah! my bird!" exclaimed the old man, as Emma entered the parlor; "here you are at last. Upon my word, I began to think you had forgotten that your old father has had only one kiss to-day—and this your birthday, too!"

Taking Emma fondly in his arms, he impressed upon her brow a kiss. "Upon my word," he continued, "you are getting to be really like a woman, and so remind me of your mother, that I sometimes fancy she is really here."

"Well, father, you have not said one word about my dress," said Emma, making an effort to draw her father's mind from the thoughts of the past.

"Just the very thing; does much credit to your good taste, Miss Waldron," said her father, in playful mockery.

The carriages bearing the guests now began to arrive, and soon the rooms were filled with the elite and fashion of the place. The sweet strains of the music announced that the festivities of the evening had commenced, when Albert Harrington entered the room, accompanied by his friend and school companion, Harry Wilton. Making their way through the crowd, they sought to pay their respects to Miss Waldron, but were just in time to see her led upon the floor for the next quadrille by young Stacy, who had recently returned from a three years' tour upon the continent. Observing her friends, she bowed gracefully, and then whirled away amid the mazes of the dance.

"By godfrey!" exclaimed Harry, "she is a pretty creature!—and an only daughter, do you tell me?"

"Not alone an only daughter, but an only child, whom the old man doats upon, and she will be heiress to all his wealth; not much, to be sure, but a great sight better than nothing,"

said his companion. "But the dance is ended, and yonder I see Miss Waldron. Let me present you; and see, young man, that you make the best of your chances now."

"Miss Waldron, I hope you are feeling very well this evening," said Harrington. "Allow me to present to you my particular friend, Mr. Wilton, who is visiting in our neighborhood for a short time; and permit me to express the hope that you will take him somewhat under the protection of your wing, as he is a stranger here, and, like most young men, troubled with bashfulness."

"Have no fears," laughingly replied Emma; "I will see that he does not remain a stranger long!" and at the same time she presented him to a group who stood upon her left.

"Excuse me; I go to seek a partner for the next dance," said Harrington, and took his leave. At the same time Emma took the arm of Harry, who led her upon the floor, once more to join the dancers.

The evening passed off pleasantly, and Harry lost no opportunity of paying every attention in his power to Miss Waldron, and sought by all those little arts and attentions which are so well calculated to make an impression on the young heart, to captivate her feelings. He possessed a tall, manly figure, and that easy, graceful carriage which is only acquired by intercourse with society.

No wonder that, the next morning, when Emma met her father in the breakfast-room, and, after the first tender inquiries for her health, he asked, "Who was that young man with whom you promenaded so much last evening?" she replied, "Oh! that was Harry Wilton, Harrington's particular friend, and the most agreeable person I ever knew."

"I think, Emma," replied her father, "that he is the very one whom I heard make the remark, that he should think with so much luxury we might have afforded a glass of wine to treat our friends."

"Oh! no, father, it could not have been him. He is too much of a gentleman to indulge in any such remark at any time, particularly while partaking of our hospitality."

"Well, well, have a care, my daughter," gravely said her father.

The morning was spent in receiving calls, and among the first to present themselves were young Harrington and his friend. After this, Harry Wilton became a frequent visitor at the house of Colonel Waldron, and it was not long before he openly avowed his love for Emma, and asked Col. W. to bestow the hand of his only daughter upon him in marriage. The request took him rather by surprise, for to him Emma was yet but a child, and he replied, decidedly, "She is too young;" and when he learned among his friends that Harry was accustomed to his wine, and could not do without it, he shuddered involuntarily, and, hastening home, called for Emma and said to her, "Emma, my child, I hope you do not care much for this Harry Wilton, for he is a tippler, a fashionable tippler, my child, taking a glass now and then, but it will lead to ruin. I cannot see my child wed such a man. Cast him——" But ere he had time to finish the

sentence, he was interrupted by his daughter falling senseless at his feet. Tenderly he lifted her, and read in her death-like features the fearful truth, she loved Harry Wilton. Applying the usual remedies, it was not long before the colonel saw his child give signs of returning consciousness; then leaving her in charge of the old nurse he sought the cause of his unhappiness, and laid before him, in language too plain to be mistaken, his reason for refusing to bestow his daughter upon him. Stung to the quick—ashamed, but, more than all, irritated at being thus balked, he pleaded with the colonel for time to prove the falseness of the accusation, and proposed that he be put upon trial for a time; yes, for a term of *any* length, rather than to be at once deprived of all hope of possessing his hearts' idol, and so well did he play his part, so well did he succeed in making the old man believe that he really loved his child, that he gave his promise that if from this time for two years to come, he should be steady, and prove himself worthy of his daughter, he would no longer oppose their union.

Two years sped on—years of delicious dream life to the warm-hearted Emma, who had received with joy the proposition of her father to give Harry two years of trial ere she became his wife; she was so sure that he would prove himself more than worthy of such a harem-scarem girl as herself—two years in which her life had become strongly blended with that of another—years in which they walked, rode and sang together, and even her favorite authors were more dear to her from association with his pure, rich voice—two years, and now the consent of the father is no longer withheld, and Emma Waldron, with a heart overflowing with love and affection, becomes the wife of Harry Wilton.

Two years of her wedded life have sped, and we find her in restless sleep alone in her luxuriant parlors, but a noise without has awakened her, and, with a heavy sigh, she rises and looks at the clock. Half past twelve, and yet he has not returned. I must wait a while longer, she murmurs, and, throwing herself upon her knees, she prays, "Oh, my Father, give me patience and wisdom that I may pursue that course which shall be best for him;" but she is interrupted, and hastily rising, she flies to the door to receive her husband, who, too much intoxicated to walk, has been accompanied home by his companions, who now help him into the door, using coarse language, intermingled with dreadful oaths. Hastily closing the door, Emma sought to make her husband comfortable; laid aside his hat, brought his slippers, and then, taking the candle in one hand, prepared to assist him up the stairs to their own room, unmindful of his angry words at finding her still up, or the coarse brutality of his manner. She assisted him to his couch, where the senseless sleep of the drunkard soon overcame him. With a sad heart Emma sat down to ponder over the past. All that day vivid dreams of her old home had presented themselves to her mind, and now she looked forth from her window into the dim moon-light with that vague feeling of

dread and intuitive sense of coming evil with which sensitive minds are sometimes overshadowed. In vain she sought to calm the tumult of her thoughts, or analyze their meaning.

Morning dawned and found her still a watcher by that casement. "Two years to-day," she murmured, "since I became his wife; but the answer came striking upon her poor heart fearfully, 'The demon of drink is the cause of it all.'" "Oh, my God, is there no help," and she clasped her white hands wildly and prayed, "Oh, Father, save him."

Worn out by anxiety and watching, calmness has again settled upon her, and she prepares to attend to the duties of the day. Carefully drawing the curtains to exclude the light that might disturb her husband's sleep, she steals quietly from the chamber, and seeks the breakfast-room; making, as she often did, some excuse for her husband's non-appearance, for she could not endure to have her servants know the truth. Do what she would, go where she might, undefined feelings of dread still pursued her, and every time the door-bell rang she started and shrank with affright.

It was near noon when her husband, with bleared eyes and unsteady step, appeared in the breakfast room. With her own hands she prepared his coffee, and by acts of kindness tried to draw him once more to herself; but he was moody and silent, and spoke not, except to find fault.

Ere he had finished his breakfast, the door-bell rang loud and long, and the heavy tramp of men was heard in the hall.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Emma, realizing that now her fears were about to be defined.

"It means," replied one who had already entered the room, and overheard her inquiry, "that I come to take possession, in the name of the law, of this house and all that is in it."

"Why do you so?" she gasped; "what can be the matter?" and turning, she looked for an explanation from her husband, who stood pale and trembling before her.

"It means," he replied, "that I have endorsed notes to a large amount for Harrington—he has failed to meet them, and we are beggars!"

"Is that all!" exclaimed the wife, whose sense of relief to find that her husband was accused of no *crime*—that no *guilt* was fastened upon him—overcame every other feeling.

"That all!" repeated her husband. "Is it not enough that we are beggared? What would you have more? I tell you we are beggared! In two weeks every thing we now possess will have been sold under the auction hammer, and we be houseless, homeless! Why don't you speak? Upbraid me—curse me!" he exclaimed, "but do not stand there mocking me by your silence."

"It might have been worse," replied the wife, in a kind, cheerful tone. "But see—those gentlemen are waiting to be shown through the house. Will you conduct them, or shall I?"

Trembling in every limb, he left the presence of his wife to conduct the officers from room to room, and stood by with quivering nerves as they noted down article after article which Emma had brought with her from her childhood's home. Once or twice he essayed to speak, as objects which he knew she loved and venerated attracted their attention, and were noted down on that fatal list; and as they approached the chair that had been her mother's—which she had always kept carefully covered, and in which no one was ever allowed to sit, except her father, he shrieked out, "Do not touch that—it was her mother's chair—it will kill her!"

"You should have thought of that before," was the stern reply; and it was marked upon the list.

The officers had performed their duty, and gone; but, self-accused and wretched, Harry Wilton dared not meet his wife. Not that he thought she would upbraid him; no, she never did that; but he could not meet her pale, sorrowful face—he could not endure her quiet, uncomplaining manner. The fire of remorse was kindled in his soul, and now he would have given worlds to have recalled the past two years. "Ingrate! villain, that I have been!" he said to himself, as hurriedly he paced the room. So absorbed was he in his own unhappy reflections, that he did not see Emma as she entered, nor until she had advanced and laid her hand within his arm.

"Harry," said she, and her voice was kind and tender. She had not come to reproach, but to encourage and strengthen him for the hour of trial. "Do not grieve; what is past cannot be helped. But oh! my husband, let the sad lesson of the past preserve our future. Two years ago to-day we entered this house; I, at least, full of hope. Alas! they have been years of sorrow; but, Harry, it is not yet too late to be happy. Only make one firm resolution that you will not drink *another drop of liquor*. Wine has been the cause of our sorrow; renounce it forever, and we will yet be happy."

"Happy!" repeated her husband despairingly. "You do not realize—how should you, who have always had the luxuries of life?—what poverty is. We must leave this house, and seek a cheap, mean tenement in some hy-way or alley; and furniture we have none. God help us," exclaimed the poor man, as he realized the utter helplessness of his position.

"I care not how poor the home," said the wife, "if only temperance and peace reign within; and besides, we both have health, and can work."

"Ah, that is the worst of it. I have neglected my business until it is now worth nothing."

"Never mind—I will help," said the generous wife.

"You will help!" said Harry, clasping her thin white hands within his own. "Oh! my

wife—my guardian angel—how have I wronged and injured you! Had I but listened to you long ago, all might have been well; for you warned me of that man, Harrington. He has been my ruin. He plied me with liquor, and in an hour when I was not myself, induced me to sign the notes, which in my sober moments I had refused to do."

"Talk not of the past," interrupted Emma; "it is too painful to dwell upon. Only promise that hereafter you will not TOUCH, TASTE, or HANDLE that liquid poison."

"I promise!" said her husband, and, sinking on his knees, exclaimed—"So help me God!" A fervent "Amen" fell from the lips of Emma, and tears of joy flowed in torrents from her eyes, and mingled with the penitential tears of her husband.

The day for the sale at length arrived. Emma saw her treasures fall one by one under the auctioneer's hammer, without a murmur.

Years have passed since then, and they are still poor in this world's goods, living in a little cot with plain surroundings; but Harry is looking the very picture of contentment and happiness, and fondly calls his wife his guardian angel; while Emma declares that the day they lost their property was the happiest one of her life, for it restored to her her husband.

EMMA.

VICTORIA'S RIGHT TO THE THRONE.—Our illustrious Queen's right, as Miss Strickland observes, "is founded on the soundest principles, both of constitutional freedom of choice in the people, and legitimate descent from the ancient monarchs of the realm."

It was conferred by the unsolicited suffrages of our ancestors on her Majesty's progenitress, the Princess Sophia, because she was the one, and the only one, of the royal family who remained true to the faith of her fathers—to that pure protestant faith which, ever since the Reformation, has, through good report and evil report, been constantly held by the majority of Britons—and which that princess's uncle, King Charles I., shed his blood on the scaffold to maintain. How sad it is to reflect that the sons of such a father should have proved so unworthy of their sire.

"It hath been found," enacted Parliament, 1689, "that it is inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a popish prince;" and this maxim, undoubtedly a correct one, constitutes her Majesty's right, for she is the lineal descendant of both Egbert and William the Conqueror, professing the Protestant faith; and, as Blackstone writes, "the title to the crown is hereditary, though not quite so absolutely hereditary as formerly, for formerly the descent was absolute; now the inheritance is conditional, being limited only to those who are Protestant members of the Church of England, and are married to none but Protestants." (Blackstone on the King and his title.) It was this latter clause which affected the title of George IV., on the supposition of his being married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and gave his friends the opportunity of stating that he was, and yet was not married to her; for, since it was forbidden the heir to the throne to espouse a papist, it followed, as he was that heir, he could not have legally married her. The inverse proposition was, though of course courtly etiquette forbade its utterance, that, inasmuch as he was married to a papist, he was no longer heir to the crown.

Bashfulness.

Who has not known, either from his own sad experience, or from observation of others' sad experience, the miseries of a bashful man? He is subjected to a thousand pangs daily, yet receives less sympathy, perhaps, than any other sufferer. It is the custom of the world to laugh at bashfulness, even while commiserating it, and laughter is the sorest thing a timid man can encounter. To see the poor wretch enter a room full of company, is as good—or as bad—as a play. Blushing and stammering, unable to look up, feeling as if he were all hands and feet, and as if every person present was scrutinizing the minutest details of his personal appearance, he essays to speak at least three words of salutation. But he has no words in him; they have all flown, and left his mind vacant. When he does think of them, they are always the wrong ones, and he finds, to his horror, that his voice is missing. In a sort of spasmodic croak he blurts out the first sentence that arises, and feels that he has excited still more attention. A lady says, "How is your mother?" and he, expecting a meteorological remark, says, "Very stormy, indeed!" If the remark refers to the weather, he blandly replies, "quite well, I thank you!" and so forth, to the end of the evening.

He crawls, as soon as possible, into a corner, behind the piano, or into a window recess, and remains in dumb retirement, trying to dispose of his hands and feet, and wondering if he shall ever be able to enter a party easily, and deport himself like other people. How he envies the freedom and *savoir faire* of the dashing young society men—heroes of a hundred balls—masters of a score of accomplishments—fellows who rattle off a polka at the piano, carve a turkey at supper, dance the varsovienne or lancers, carry on a flirtation, and buzz a bottle of champagne, all with the same free-and-easy self-possession.

Then, too, when the bashful man is surprised suddenly, what a picture of unhappiness he presents. Suppose him to be sitting with a few male friends, talking, laughing, and enjoying the greatest flow of animal spirits, when a lady unexpectedly enters the room. How quickly the bashful one wilts down! He breaks off in the middle of a laugh, or a word, and after a clumsy "good morning," if it is night, or "good evening," if it is morning, settles down into a total inability to act or speak. Yet there is hope for all these unfortunates, however near to despair they may feel. They can not, to be sure, overcome their diffidence all at once, nor without doing themselves some violence at first, but everything worth doing is difficult. Such persons should seek every opportunity of mingling with lively society, and, if they dare, should even court embarrassing situations. They will find their bashfulness wear rapidly away, and will acquire, almost before they know it, an easy and graceful bearing in a comparatively brief period.

The power of custom is disgraceful and unaccountable, yet the great body of mankind are enslaved by it. They have little else to plead in favor of their most serious opinions. Their blind prejudices, mixed up with very strong passions, are the governing principles of their actions. They cannot conceive that the opinion of the multitude is the most erroneous, inconsistent, and variable that can possibly be adopted; and that one of the most certain methods of acting wrong is implicitly to follow the predominant taste and bias of the present corrupt age.—*Stretch*.

THE HESPERIAN.

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

G. L. G.—Your articles will be very acceptable. Send them along.

MOUNTAIN MARY.—Poetry does not merely consist in sound and measure, but to be worthy of the name it must be the overflowing of a harmonious soul, bursting forth in strains of purest melody. Try putting the sentiments into good prose first, then into verse.

DREAMER.—Your poem is respectfully declined. We cannot admit to our columns poems which are more properly subjects for private correspondence than for general reading.

UTILITY.—Your letter came too late for this number, and of course too late to effect the object you had in view. Those who wish to give any particular information to our readers should send at a very early date.

B. LEAVITT.—We shall always be glad to hear from you. May we not number you among our regular contributors? We have a corner in reserve for you.

G. J. LYTLE, Sacramento.—The money was received all right.

Writers are requested to make their writing as plain as possible, so that as we hurry from one duty to another we may read without much squinting of the visual organs. We do not look for beauty,—only write plain.

We have several articles on file which will appear soon. Send in your articles as early as possible.

FASHIONS.

We note quite an improvement in bonnets, which are worn rather more forward on the forehead, receding at the ears, and meeting at the chin. As usual, feathers, flowers and ribbon are all in demand as trimming.

DRESSES.—In silk dresses for promenade double skirts are in great favor. Bodies are worn high, with two long points in front, and coming well over the hips. With these bodies the skirts are always separate. For promenade the very wide, open sleeve is most in vogue. But for morning dress the full bishop sleeve is most worn.

All the fresh and lovely colors are in requisition. Violet blue is in extraordinary demand, also pure bright green, lilac and pale lavender.

Mantillas are in every variety of styles. Those made low at the shoulder, pointed at the back and front, will be most fashionable.

MEMENTO.

My son, be this thy simple plan:
Serve God, and love thy brother man;
Forget not, in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may:
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
"Fear God—and know no other fear."

LOSING ALL.—A FAMILY SCENE.—There is something exceedingly tender, as well as instructive, in the following, which we take from the Child's Paper:

A few years ago a merchant failed in business. He went home one evening in great agitation.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"I am ruined; I am beggared. I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hands upon his forehead as if his brains were in a whirl.

"All!" said his wife; "I am left," "All,

papa?" said his eldest boy; "here am I."—"And I, too, papa," said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck. "I'm not, papa," repeated Eddie. "And you have your health left," said his wife. "And your two hands to work with, papa," said his eldest, "and I can help you." "And your two feet to carry you about." "And your two eyes to see with, papa," said little Eddie.

"And you have God's promises," said grandmother. "And a heaven to go to," said his little girl. "And Jesus to come and fetch us there," said his eldest.

"God forgive me," said the merchant, bursting into tears. "What are a few thousands which I call my all, to these more precious things which God has given me? and he clasped his family to his bosom and kissed his wife and children with a thankful heart.

Ah no, there are many things more precious than gold and bank stock, valuable as these may be in their place.

When the Central America was foundering at sea, bags and purses of gold were strewn about the deck, as worthless as the merest rubbish. "Life!" was the prayer. To some of the wretched survivors, "Water, water!" was the prayer. "Bread, bread!" it was worth its weight in gold, if gold could have bought it.

The loss of property must not cloud the mind with a wicked forgetfulness of the great blessings which are left behind. No man should despair, for no man has lost his all until he has lost his integrity, lost the mercy of his God, and lost hope of heaven at last.

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Grass Valley.....Wm. K. Spencer
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A Journal of Literature and Art.

A Semi-monthly paper, conducted by

Mrs. F. H. Day.

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Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

All communications to be addressed to Editress "Hesperian," 111 Washington street, San Francisco.

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A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART.

FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE GOOD AND THE TRUE, THE MEMORABLE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

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[For the Hesperian.]

EDDIE AND I.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

The meadow path that winds
By the side of the old oak tree,
Through the orchard, and over the brook,
'Tis a pleasant spot to me.
It led to the strawberry beds,
By the fields of waving rye,
And there, too, we first plighted our vows,
One evening—Eddie and I.

The old church on the green,
With the pine trees at the door,
Where we met on the pleasant sabbath morn,
When the toil of the week was o'er,
With its weather-beaten spire,
Painted against the sky—
Oh! 'twas a blessed spot, for there
Were married—Eddie and I.

The old house by the brook,
By the tall elms shaded o'er,
Where the singing waters rippled away
O'er the mossy stones at the door;
With its quaint old gable ends,
Where the woodbine clambered high—
'Twas the loveliest spot on earth, for there
We lived—my Eddie and I.

The churchyard near the grove,
Where the early violets spring,
Where the sweet brier trails o'er the grassy graves
And the birds in summer sing;
'Tis a holy spot—for there
Our loved and lost ones lie;
And there, laid side by side together,
We'll sleep—my Eddie and I.

San Francisco, July 1, 1858.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! in tearless agony I part!
Beloved, the pang can cost thee little now;
The thought of triumph dwells within thy heart,
The smile of triumph plays around thy brow.

But O! when that is gone, when Time hath dimmed,
(If Time must dim,) the glories of thine eye;
When the full cup of joy, which now is brimmed,
Drained by thine eager spirit, shall be dry;

When snows have mingled in the locks of youth,
And passion's power no more thy heart can warm;
Where the cold world shines forth in sorrow's truth,
And life itself is but a broken charm;

When the bright sun which gilds thy day is set,
A star's faint lustre may resume its reign;
I am contented that thou should'st forget—
All love thee now, but I will love thee then.

THE "ROOTED SORROW."

FOUNDED ON A FRENCH DRAMA.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?"
Shakspeare.

[Concluded.]

Meanwhile the hour of attendance at the ball drew near. Isabel had tried to seek repose, but had found only reflection. Melancholy and enfeebled, she felt unequal to the task of going to the ball, and was about to send for her husband and tell him so, when a knock was heard, and Edward Laville entered the room, much agitated. He briefly requested an interview on a subject of urgent importance to his welfare, adding that the next day would be too late. Much surprised, Isabel consented to receive him after M. Darbert should have gone to the ball. He withdrew. The banker and some friends soon presented themselves, and after expressing their deep regret at her inability to join them, took their leave. They had left the house but a few minutes, when Laville returned, and poured forth his thanks, his blessings for all her kindness—the last evidence of which, her recommendation of him to her husband, he had that day learned. Although his manner indicated the most profound respect, it expressed such fervor, such devotion, surpassing the most romantic gratitude, that Isabel's keen judgment was awakened. She at once perceived the effect which her generous interposition had produced; a feeling of adoration for his fascinating protectress, akin to

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow."

She therefore briefly and gently repressed his thanks, reminded him that the interview must soon terminate, and asked his motive for requesting it.

"Madam," he replied, "I approach the most critical moment of my life. M. Darbert, ignorant of my motives, may accuse me of caprice or ingratitude: his reproaches I can endure; but you, my protectress, have procured me a home beneath this roof, and I cannot leave it without declaring my reasons—without vindicating myself in your opinion."

"Go on, M. Laville," said Isabel; "I am listening most attentively."

"Your husband, madame, has this day, with a nobleness, a generosity of which I am not worthy, offered me the hand of his niece, with a magnificent dowry, provided the young lady will honor me by accepting me."

"That is like his generous heart!" exclaimed Isabel, her eyes beaming with delight. "And indeed it is an admirable project."

"What, madame!" cried Edward, "do you approve of it?"

"Most certainly. I need scarcely ask your reply."

"It must be given to-morrow, madame; I cannot accept his noble offer."

"Why not, pray?"

"Why not, madame?" eagerly echoed Edward, gazing upon her face. Its calm, grave expression silently reproved his impetuosity, and he continued, in a tone of sadness; "I do not love her. And if even I could make her happy—amiable, virtuous, lovely as she is—I can never marry. A husband must give his name to the woman whom he makes his wife; I have none to give—Laville is not my name." Here he was interrupted by a slight ejaculation from Isabel. He proceeded—his agitation increasing every moment. "My father's name I cannot bear; it would shut me out from this, from every other honorable house; for it has been disgraced as the name of a fraudulent bankrupt. And yet, madame, my father was innocent! You believe me? Yes, your tears convince me that you believe. Oh, bless you, bless you for those tears!"

"Be calm!" Isabel replied, although she could not conceal her own emotion. "Be calm, and tell me all."

"My father was a merchant; his name, Duvernay. A young man in his employ, son of a dear friend who resided far from the city, embezzled an enormous sum. Unwilling to expose the culprit, my father wrote to his friend, who came to Paris, having sold his whole estate to procure the money. At the place of meeting, my father received one hundred thousand francs in bank notes, which he inclosed in a pocket-book in which his name was written. He then eagerly hastened home. It was night. In taking off his cloak when he entered the house, he found the pocket-book had slipped from under his arm—but where? Frantic with anxiety he retraced his steps, but all in vain. On the following morning he had heavy payments to make. He flew to his creditors, told them of his misfortune, and asked for time, but no one would believe or pity him. By the sale of my mother's jewels, and the assistance of some friends, he satisfied a few demands against him. It was all unavailing. Claim after claim poured in upon him—he was a bankrupt—proclaimed a fraudulent bankrupt. The embezzlement of the money, its repayment, the loss of the pocket-book, were all alike declared to be falsehoods invented to cover his own dishonesty; for the sum had not been entered on his books, in order to save the credit of the family who had replaced it. He appealed to their testimony, but it was too late; beggared as they were, they had quitted France, and gone, no one knew whither. My father's mind became unsettled—he disappeared; soon afterwards my mother received a letter from him, bidding her a last farewell. I was then a student in a provincial college, and knew nothing of their misery. 'Tell my son,' he wrote, 'to change his name, for ours is disgraced. All I have to leave him are my blessing and this solemn charge

—to devote his whole life to the vindication of his father's calumniated honor."

"And did your mother never see him again?"

In faltering accents Edward gasped forth, "Never, madame! He was a suicide—a suicide!" A cry of agony escaped from Isabel. After a pause, Edward became more collected, and resumed: "My mother, my sister and myself concealed our penury and shame in an obscure village. After a time I came to Paris and found in your dwelling a home, which I must now abandon."

"No, no!" eagerly cried Isabel. You shall remain, and I will speak to my husband. This marriage shall not take place unless you wish it, yet you shall retain his friendship."

"No, madame, I must be gone. My heart is relieved by this interview, and the memory of your generous sympathy will be my best, my dearest consolation."

"But what will become of you?"

"Providence will befriend me. My mother has received bounty from an unknown source, sufficient to maintain my sister and herself in comfort. The money, the writer declared, was but an act of restitution, and they had a right to accept it. But for me, the endeavor of my life is to discover who robbed my father at once of his money and his good name; and once found, should he refuse to do me justice, I would kill him."

"No! no! no!" frantically shrieked Isabel. At the same moment, a heavy tread was heard upon the stairs. With increased emotion, Isabel besought Laville to withdraw into the adjoining room.

"What do you fear, madame?" asked Edward. "Let me remain, and do you tell your husband the truth."

"In your presence!" cried Isabel; "impossible! Leave me, I beseech you!"

Laville reluctantly obeyed. No sooner had he closed the door of the adjoining room, than Darbert entered the boudoir with an air of forced calmness that poorly concealed the terrible passions struggling in his heart. He inquired if Laville had been to see her, and if he was gone; to which Isabel hesitatingly assented. Darbert gave a brief sketch of the ball, and attributed his early return to his anxiety for her health; asked her opinion of his project for Laville's advancement, and again regretted not having seen her wear her diamonds.

"You keep them there, do you not?" he asked, with a sickly smile, pointing to the antique cabinet before described. "I have to-day purchased some new jewels, provided that they please you; but I fear they are too much like the last I gave you. Let me see them and compare them."

"My dear Eugene," said Isabel, "I will not hear of such extravagance. You lavish too much on me."

Darbert, though scarcely able to master his furious emotions, pointed to some keys lying on the table, and said: "There, open the cabinet, and let me see the jewels."

Her hesitation only exasperated him still more. Each feeble excuse was repelled, until at length he snatched the keys, rushed to the cabinet, and opened drawer after drawer in his fruitless search.

"Where are your diamonds, madame!" he cried, in a tone of thunder. "Sold!—I know it, all sold!—like those which I have repurchased to-day!"

As he uttered the words, he placed before her astonished eyes the jewels brought to him by Regnard. Unable to deny, too agitated to excuse herself, prevented from explaining by the consciousness of Edward's concealed presence—Isabel stood like a con-

founded, guilty woman before her enraged husband. He accused her of a sinful passion for Laville, which he returned; he reminded her of the change in her health, her spirits, her beauty—the result of deceit and remorse—and bade her explain why, on his return this night, he had found her bathed in tears, trembling, her whole frame disordered.

"And why is all this?" he continued. "Because you love him—you loved him before I knew him—and to screen his reckless extravagance, perhaps his thefts, you have sold your jewels."

Edward could no longer restrain himself, and rushing from the inner room, he exclaimed—"I will justify you, madame!"

At the sight of him Darbert advanced as if to strike him, when Isabel threw herself between them, and with appalling energy exclaimed—"You shall not touch him in my presence!"

The effort was beyond her strength, and in an instant she would have fallen lifeless to the floor, had not Edward interposed his arm. In a few words, Darbert silenced Laville's attempted explanation, and challenged him upon the spot, in such opprobrious terms that Edward could not hesitate. Consigning Isabel, senseless as she was, to the sofa, while Darbert rang for her attendants, Edward left the house, and was speedily followed by the banker.

It was now daybreak. With some difficulty, Isabel was restored to consciousness, but was for a while too much paralyzed in thought to form any plan or resolution. At length she roused herself, and with subdued anxiety waited till the morning was sufficiently advanced for her purpose. She then quietly arranged her dress, asked for her bonnet and shawl, and desired the servants to call a hackney coach, into which she entered, and drove off alone. Her object was to seek Regnard at the little low-roofed shop, and, without revealing her name, to purchase the pocket-book she had seen there, which was the only proof against her husband. Her sole desire was to obtain and then destroy it; she had no wish to revenge herself, by its possession, upon her husband for his injustice. She felt assured that reflection must have already convinced him of his error, and that a few moments' conversation would remove his doubts. While she was absent, Darbert returned in great perturbation—his dress disordered, and covered with dust. He inquired for Isabel, and was informed that she had gone out alone. Somewhat surprised, he sat down, wrote a few lines to a physician who lived near, and dispatched it by a servant. He then retired to his own room.

Isabel came home dispirited; all efforts had been in vain; Regnard refused to give up the pocket-book. She sent a message requesting to see her husband. He came. "You wished to speak to me," he said. "I do not ask you what reason you could have for leaving the house this morning alone; but now I am cool, collected, I wish—"

"Eugene," interrupted Isabel, "you can not believe me guilty! It is impossible! You can not suffer such slight appearances to outweigh a life of virtue, the affection of early youth, six years of wife-like devotion. You gave me your esteem as well as your love, and I was proud of it. Have confidence in me! Banish your doubts; for your own sake, I beseech you, do not force me to an explanation."

"Madam, I no longer doubt; I feel convinced of your guilt. We cannot remain under the same roof. You have my free consent to seek any retreat you please."

"Eugene, you can not resolve upon a sep-

aration! You know how I have loved, how I still love you. If any affection for me exists in your heart, you will not dream of taking such a fatal step."

"What else remains for me?" bitterly asked her husband. "Would you have me drag my private sorrows into a court of law, make our names the rallying-point of scandal, and brand you publicly as an adulteress?"

As the offensive word echoed in Isabel's ear, a convulsive shudder thrilled her whole frame. Her eyes flashed, her form dilated, the blood crimsoned her very temples; and rushing suddenly to the open door, and glancing beyond it to see that they were unheeded, she closed it; then rapidly returning to her husband's side, she indignantly exclaimed:

"On your knees! on your knees, I say, if you would obtain my forgiveness! To save your honor, I have sacrificed my peace of mind, my health, almost my life!"

Astonished, alarmed at her impetuosity, Darbert could only interrupt her by an ejaculation. She continued rapidly: "Do you know this miniature?" drawing it from her bosom.

"His! Laville's?" exclaimed Darbert.

"No, it is that of his father. His name is Duvernay. He called himself Laville, because his father, who destroyed himself in despair, was declared a fraudulent bankrupt, owing to the loss of one hundred thousand francs."

"One hundred thousand francs!" cried Darbert breathlessly.

"Lost one night in a pocket-book, which was found by two men."

"Enough, Isabel, enough!" cried Darbert, hiding his face in his clenched hands.

"I have not told you all," resumed Isabel. "During your absence abroad, that poor old man Duvernay vainly sought my father's compassion. Some months ago, in Regnard's shop, I saw the pocket-book and this miniature. The latter I bought, and then and there I overheard you striving to purchase Regnard's silence!"

"Isabel, forgive me, spare me!"

"Did you spare me? Did you not tell me my failing health and spirits were but the result of deceit, and remorse, and guilt? Did you not call me an adulteress?"

"Isabel, hear me!"

"I knew all this before I went to Madame de Czerny's ball. I recognized the father's features in the son. I protected him. I recommended him to you. I sold my diamonds to purchase an annuity for his mother and sister! When you came in last night, I wept and trembled. Why? Because he had just told me of his father's death. True, perhaps, he loves me; but never would he have dared to insult me by the declaration. Now I have told you the care I have taken of your honor, how have you outraged mine?"

Surprise, anguish, and shame, had hitherto rendered Darbert incapable of checking the torrent of his wife's indignant rebuke. But he now eagerly replied:

"Isabel, I solemnly aver I was ignorant of the wretchedness I caused. The next morning I set out for England, where I remained a year, as you know. I thought of advertising, but Regnard persuaded me against it. On my return, I never heard the subject mentioned. The mere name was no clue; the miniature I never saw, for Regnard, who was near me when I found the money, retained the pocket-book, and when, some months ago, he recognized and threatened me, I bought his silence by continuous bribes. At least I have endeavored to make the fortune I have unrighteously acquired a

blessing to others in my dispensation of it. I do not justify the act, Isabel, but I was poor, you were my happiness, my life—my soul itself. I saw no other means on which to ground a single hope of making you my wife. Do not despise me, do not hate me!”

Bursting into tears at this appeal, Isabel threw herself into her husband's arms, asked his forgiveness for the hard words she had used, for her vehement exaggeration of his error, for the indignation she had expressed, resulting, as all did, from his unjust suspicions. This perfect mutual confidence at once completed a reconciliation, each feeling that the other was dearer than ever. But Darbert, in an agony of distress, informed her of the challenge that had been given and accepted, of the duel which had been fought that morning. He told her that Edward was wounded, that he had dispatched a physician to the spot, where the seconds still remained with the wounded man; then calling himself the murderer of both father and son, he left her, declaring he would make atonement, and then seek the punishment he merited. Before Isabel could detain or question him, he had rushed from the house and was out of sight. She remained at home, harassed by grief, anxiety and terror, through hours of torturing inactivity. At times she would yield to despondency, then, resuming her confidence in Heaven, would pray for its mercy. At last a carriage entered the court-yard, and from the windows she saw Edward descending, pale, weak, his arm in a sling, assisted by Doctor Hubart and the seconds—two gentlemen whom she also recognized. They waited upon her to prepare her for the news, telling her that in his agitation Edward had not fired, and that Darbert's impetuosity had providentially defeated his aim, his trembling hand having only inflicted a slight wound. Edward had sent a request that he might bid his benefactress farewell before he quitted the house forever, and Isabel gladly received him, using every effort to detain them all until her husband should return. She was now harassed by the thought that Darbert, believing that he had slain Edward, would be driven to some act of desperation. She knew not whither to send, nor how to act, when, oh joy! she heard her husband's footsteps! He entered hastily, at once advanced to Edward, offered his hand, apologized for his suspicions, declared that he had recently had proofs of his injustice, and asked his pardon. He then offered him a pocket-book, which Edward opened and recognized within it his father's name.

“The pocket-book is yours,” said Darbert. “It contains one hundred thousand francs. They are your due from—”

Isabel suddenly interposed. “The money,” said she, “was found by a relative of mine, a friend of my early youth, who learned only to-day from me and from my husband the extent of the injury inflicted, and who has hastened to make reparation at any sacrifice.”

“The sacrifice has been made,” added Darbert, silently pressing his wife's hand, while tears glistened in his eyes at the thought, that she had thus a second time preserved his honor unblemished.

“It has been a pecuniary sacrifice, a great one, but it has rescued the pocket-book from the harpy who detained it, and I rejoice at being the medium of its restitution. Edward, all my fortune is at your disposal, if necessary, to reëstablish your father's reputation, and vindicate his name.”

* * * * *

Three happier beings than were that day

assembled under Darbert's roof, have rarely met together. It was agreed, as soon as his father's integrity should be made known, his mother and sister restored to their former position in society—that he, now Edward Duvernay, should set out for Lille, to take charge of Darbert's affairs there, and that if the banker's niece should listen favorably to him, the happiness of their respective homes would be complete.

The prospect of a life of enjoyment, of honorable reputation and ample means, gilds every object in the future on which Edward's mental vision rests, and proves a reward for his unwavering trust in the justice and mercy of heaven, throughout his life of vicissitude.

Darbert, looking back upon the humiliations, the fear, the remorse, entailed upon him by one early error, now finds in the reparation he has made, in his domestic confidence and love, the treasure of an approving conscience.

Isabel feels that had she duly valued her husband's sense of rectitude, and at once disclosed all she knew, appealing to his justice to redress the wrong, months of suffering might have been spared to her. Content has now restored the lustre of her eyes, the roundness of her form, the bloom upon her cheek, and none who now behold her elastic step and smiling face, would conjecture how long she had pained beneath the pressure of a “ROOTED SORROW.”

EXERCISE

The following article, which we find in the *Philadelphia Journal*, expresses our views so fully, that we transfer it entire to our columns:—

What we most want in this country is physical exercise. The brain is set going very early in life, and kept going until the oil gives out, and the machine jars and creaks itself still. We find out the impregnable fact that the body is woefully neglected in our loud, tumultuous cities. The male denizens are nailed down to their business, which is almost always carried on in long low stores, having an unstable temperature, and an atmosphere thick and poisoned, or else in little offices which are rarely visited by healthy, genial sunlight. In these impure places—doubled up at desks, and cramped over counters—very many of the mercantile men spend the brightest and best hours of each day, often without as much as a stretch or a stride. When they do go forth into the air and light, it is only for a frenzied plunge through the trade streets, which they traverse with a startling and dangerous velocity, or for a quick passage to the structures they are pleased to call their homes. They are mentally exercised by violent thoughts of money—how to make it, how to increase and multiply it, how to invest it, how not to lose it—not how to enjoy it, or how to live and love life without it. Their arms and legs, their chests and backs and cheeks—how shamefully these possessions are treated. Do they deem it a bore and waste of time to engage in bodily exercise of any kind? Even when the red summer sun beats and burns them out of town, and they rush off to the cooler country, do they find pleasure in long, brisk morning walks over airy hills and fields—in rambles through rough woods—in the active employment of their muscles in hearty, wholesome exercise of any kind? They are to be discovered lounging away the time in arm-chairs on shady porches, surrounded by volumes of tobacco smoke, or fidgeting themselves over marked-out routes

between the house and the tree, or the post, or some other proximate object, taking lazy views of the fair landscapes from the recesses of stiff, stupid carriages. They give their frames no chance whatever to knit and expand.

Now, it is too late to hope for reform in the ways of those whom we have been sketching. But our young men and women ought to make the exercise of their bodies one of the serious duties of their lives. Only look at them! The incipient man—we take an extreme case—is a thin frail creature. His face is sharp and sallow, and has a bleared and bilious appearance. His back can be spanned with both hands, and there will be some hand to spare. The muscles of his arms consist of soft, loose lumps, which give to the touch; his chest, even with the adventitious aid of stiff starched dickey and bulging vest, don't protrude perceptibly, and never makes the mildest attempt at a heave; his legs are matters to be implicitly believed in without any solid proof as to their reality. The youth spends his spare time in smoking himself sick, in rotating uncomfortably about a billiard table in a glare of gas and a fog of burnt tobacco, in unbendingly stately dancing at hot balls and parties. The poor, parched fellow wants active, earnest exercise.

The immature lady, as far as we are permitted to judge by her overwhelming and distended dress, is suffering in like manner. Where are the roses which glow on the full cheeks and bursting lips of the unlaced bouncing country girl? Where is the sparkle that lives in the eye of her who spends less time over her whole toilette, than our belle spends over the most insignificant portion of hers, and whose delight is rather to drink in the jolly fresh breeze of the morning than the stale and stifling air of the midnight saloon of grim gayety and flimsy fashion? Her waist waspish, and her foot minute, but the chances are strong that she stoops or limps, has a cold and does no blooming without the aid of rouge.

We want plenty of gymnasiums, and all sorts of schools for the body. We want spacious lots, on which bustling games can be played. We would that skating and sleighing and swimming were thoroughly understood and appreciated by the young, and that vigorous pedestrianism was not held to be a bore. For it is fearful to observe with what rapidity we are dwindling in stature, and how every generation is weaker and more dwarfish than its predecessors.

THE VETERAN MRS. ELLIS.—A paragraph from the pen of the veteran Mrs. Ellis, author of “The Women of England,” is going the rounds of the press, which is worthy of being preserved, and therefore we copy it here. “My pretty little dears,” she says, addressing a certain description of young ladies, “you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet to look after fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg and less sofa; more making puddings and less mock-modesty; more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlboro' or the Queen of Spain; and be a lady within the drawing-room. But as for your pining, moping, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, pretty-faced, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of idleness, with consumption-soled shoes, silk stockings, you won't do for the future wives and mothers.

SHE HATH FALLEN.

BY FANNY RENSCHAW.

On her chain of life is rust,
On her spirit's wing is dust;
She has let the spoiler in,
She has mated her with sin,
She hath opened wide the door,
Crime hath passed the threshold o'er.
Wherefore hath she gone astray—
Stood temptation in her way,
With its eye so glittering bright,
Clothed in angel robes of light?

Oh! her story soon is told:
Once a lamb within the fold,
Stranger voices lured her thence,
In her trusting innocence:
Wo! she hath not strength to keep
With the Shepherd of the sheep,
For the fleece so spotless white,
Then became the hue of night,
And she stood in her despair,
Bleeding for the Shepherd's care.

Wo! that none might lead her back,
From the blood-hounds on her track;
Hunger prowled about her path
With a wild hyena wrath;
Scorn came leaping from its lair,
With defiant growl and stare;
And she grappled, all in vain,
With the fangs of want and pain.
Hope and Mercy shut the gate,
On the heart so desolate.

She has turned again to sin,
What has she to lose or win?
Resting on her life a stain
Deeper than the brand of Cain.
Heard she not a pitying tone,
Weeping in her shame alone?
Was there not a human heart
In her anguish bore a part?
None to hold a beacon light
Up before her darkened sight?

She hath fallen! let her die—
Said the Levite passing by;
So she turned again to sin—
What had she to lose or win?
Sisters, there is work to do,
Field of labor here for you;
Ye who pour the wine and oil,
Up! and rest not from your toil.

'Till the bruised and wounded heart,
Aching from the tempter's dart,
Sore and weary with its pain,
Shall be bound and healed again—
'Till, no more defiled by sin,
Like the pardoned Magdalen,
Kneeling in repentance sweet,
She may wash the Saviour's feet
With her tears—that while they roll,
Blot the sin stain from her soul—
Do you ask for your reward?
"They are blest who serve the Lord."

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A child was playing with some small building blocks; and, as the mimic castle rose before his eyes in graceful proportions, a new pleasure swelled within his heart. He felt himself to be the creator of a "thing of beauty," and was conscious of a new born power. Arch wall, buttress, gateways, draw-bridge, lofty tower and battlement, were all the work of his hands. He was in wonder at his own skill in thus creating from an unseemly pile of blocks, a structure of such rare design.

Silently he stood and gazed upon his castle with something of the pride of an architect who sees, after months or years of skillfully applied labor, some grand conception in his art embodied in his imperishable stone. Then he moved around, viewing it on every side. It did not seem to him a toy reaching a few inches in height, and covering but a square foot of ground, but a real castle, lifting hundreds of feet upwards to the blue sky, and spreading wide upon the earth its ample foundations. As the idea grew more and more perfect, his strange pleasure increased. Now he stood with folded arms, wrapped in the over-mastering illusion—now walked slowly around, viewing the structure on all sides, and noting every minute particular, and now sat down, and bent over it with a fondness of a mother bending over

her child. Again he arose, purposing to obtain another and more distinct view of his work. But his foot struck against one of the buttresses, and instantly, with a crash, wall, tower and battlement fell in hopeless ruin.

In the room with the boy sat the father reading. The crash in the room disturbed him, and he uttered a sharp, angry rebuke; glancing for a moment towards the startled child, and then returning his eyes to the attractive pages before him, unconscious of the shadow he had cast upon the heart of his child. Tears came into those blue orbs, dancing in light a moment before. From the frowning face of his father, to which his glance suddenly turned, the child looked back to the shapeless ruins of his castle. Is it any wonder that he bowed his face in silence upon them, and wet them with his tears?

For more than five minutes he sat as still as if sleeping, then in a mournful kind of way, yet almost noiselessly, he commenced returning them to the box from which he had taken them, the many shaped pieces that fitly joined together, had grown into a noble building. After the box was filled he replaced the cover, and then laid it carefully upon a shelf in the closet.

Poor child! That shadow was a deep one and long in passing away. His mother found him half an hour afterwards, asleep on the floor with cheeks flushed to an unusual brightness. She knew nothing of that troubled passage in his young life, and the father had forgotten in the attractions of the book he read, the momentary annoyance he expressed in words and tone, with a power in them to shadow the heart of his child.

..... ..
A young wife busied herself for many days in preparing a pleasant surprise for her husband. The work was finished at last; and now she waited his return, with a heart full of warm emotions. A dressing gown and a pair of elegantly embroidered slippers, wrought by her own skillful fingers, were the gifts with which she meant to delight him. What a troop of pleasure fancies was in her heart! How impatiently did she wait for the coming twilight, which was to be dawn, not approaching darkness to her.

At last she heard the step of her husband in the passage, and her pulse leaped with fluttering delight. Like a bird upon the wing, she almost flew down to meet him, impatient for the kiss which awaited her.

To men in the world of business, few days pass without their disappointments and perplexities. It is man's business to bear it manfully. They form but a portion of life's discipline, and should make them stronger, graver and more enduring. Unwisely, and we may say unjustly, too many men fail to leave their business cares and troubles in their stores, work-shops, or counting rooms, at the day's decline. They wrap them in bundles and carry them home to shadow their household.

It was so with the young husband on this particular occasion. The stream of business had taken an eddying whirl, and thrown his vessel backwards instead of onward, for a brief space, and though it was still in the current and gliding safely onward against it, the jar and disappointment had fretted his mind severely. There was no heart-warmth in the kiss he gave his wife, because he had let care overshadow love. He drew his arm round her, but she was conscious of a diminished pressure in that embracing arm.

"Are you not well?"

With what tender concern was that question asked.

"Very well."

He might be in body, but not in mind; that was plain, for his voice was far from being cheerful. She played and sung her favorite pieces, hoping to restore, by the charm of music, brightness to his spirit. But she was conscious of only partial success. There was still a gravity in his manner never perceived before. At tea-time she smiled upon him so sweetly across the table and talked to him on such attractive themes, that the right expression returned to his countenance, and he looked as happy as she could desire.

From the tea-table they returned to their pleasant parlor. And now the time has come for offering her gift, and receiving the coveted reward of glad surprise, followed by sweet kisses and loving words. Was she selfish? Did she think more of her reward than of the pleasure she would bestow? But that is questioning too closely.

"I will be back in a moment," she said, and passing from the room, she went lightly up the stairs. But tone and manner betrayed her secret, or rather the possession of a secret with which her husband was to be surprised. Scarcely had her loving face faded from before his eyes, when thought returned with a single bound to an unpleasant event of the day, and the waters of his spirit were again troubled. He had actually arisen and crossed the floor once or twice, moved by a restless concern, when his wife came back with the dressing-gown and slippers. She was trying to force her countenance into a grave expression; to hold back the smiles that were continually striving to break in truant circles around her lips, when a single glance at her husband's face told her that the spirit, driven away by the exercise of love, had returned again to his bosom. He looked at her soberly, as she came forward.

"What are these?" he asked, almost coldly, repressing surprise, and affecting ignorance in regard to the beautiful present she held in her hands, that he did not feel.

"They are for you, dear; I made them."

"For me? Nonsense! What do I want with such jimerackery? This is woman's wear. Do you think that I would disfigure my feet with embroidered slippers, or dress up in a calico gown? Put them up, dear. Your husband is too much of a man to dress himself up in gay colors, like a clown or an actor." And he waved his hand with contempt. There was a cold sneering manner about him, partly affected and partly real—the real born of the uncomfortable state of his mind. Yet he loved his sweet wife, and would not of set purpose, have wounded her for the world.

This unexpected repulse—this cruel reception of her present, over which she had wrought, patiently, in golden hope, for many days—this dashing to the earth of her brimful cup of joy just as it touched her lips, was more than the fond wife could bear. To hide the tears that came rushing to her eyes she turned away from her husband; and, to conceal the sobs she had no power to repress, she went almost hurriedly from the room; and going back to the chamber from whence she had brought the present, she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then covering her face in her hands, she sat down and strove within herself to be calm. But that shadow was too deep—the heart-ache too heavy.

In a little while her husband followed her, and discovered, something to his surprise, that she was weeping, said in a slightly reproving voice:

"Why, bless me! not in tears! What a silly little puss you are! Why didn't you tell me you thought of making me a dressing gown and a pair of slippers, and I would have vetoed the matter at once? You couldn't hire me to wear such flaming things. Come back to the parlor!"—he took hold of her arm, and lifted her from the chair—"and sing and play for me. 'The dream Waltz, or the Tremolo,' 'Dearest May,' or 'The Stilly Night,' are worth more to me than forty dressing gowns, or a cargo of embroidered slippers."

Almost by force he led her back to the parlor, and placed her on the music stool. He selected a favorite piece and laid it before her. But tears were in her eyes, and she could not see a note. Over the keys her fingers passed in skillful touches, but when she tried to take up the song, utterance failed, and sobs broke forth instead of words.

"How foolish!" and turning from the piano he walked across the room.

A little while the sad young wife remained where she was thus left alone, and in partial anger. Then, rising, she went slowly from the room—her husband not seeking to restrain her—and going back to her chamber, sat down in the darkness. The shadow which had been cast upon her spirit was very deep; and although the hidden sun came out again right early, it was a long time before its beams had power to scatter the clouds that floated in love's horizon.

The shadows we cast! Father, husband, wife, sister, brother, son, neighbor—are we not all casting shadows daily, on some hearts that are pining for the sunlight of our faces? We have given you two pictures, not a mirror, but as a kaleidoscope. In all their infinitely varied relations, men and women, selfish or ignorantly, are casting their shadows upon hearts that are pining for sunlight. A word, a look, a tone, an act will cast a shadow, and sadden a spirit for hours and days. Speak kindly, act kindly, be forgetters of self, and you will cast but few shadows along the path of life. The true gentleman is always tender of the feelings of others—always watchful, lest he would unintentionally wound them—always thinking, when with others, of their pleasure instead of his own. He casts but few shadows. Be gentlemen, ladies, or in a word that which includes all graces and excellencies, Christians; for it is the Christian who casts the fewest shadows of all.

THE LITTLE COURTESIES OF LIFE.

"A kindly word, a pleasant smile,
Are better far than gold."

A friend, some time since, came to us and expressed great annoyance at what he regarded an act of marked discourtesy on the part of a gifted and accomplished gentleman, to whom he had rendered a valuable service. He was quite excited at the time, not that he cared so much about the circumstance, but because it was calculated to dim the high picture which he had formed in his mind of the nature of the man. He had set him up as the model of the proof of a Christian gentleman, the very embodiment of a finished, polished, graceful and dignified character. And yet, to his surprise, he found that he lacked courtesy or ordinary politeness. In other words, he refused or declined to answer a note that had been sent to him, on his own business, and this refusal had been kept up for days, until it became necessary to refresh his memory, and offer one or two admonitory remarks.

But this is no extraordinary case. It is

but one of thousands. The little courtesies of daily life, and kindly and graceful amenities which are so admirably calculated to sweeten the relations between man and man, and to impart a genial spirit to other social every-day intercourse, are too frequently neglected. We either forget, or we overlook them. We do not sufficiently appreciate our own self-respect, or the feelings or good wishes of others. This is the more culpable, for courtesy and kindness are at the command of all classes—the poor as well as the rich, the humble as well as the elevated.

There are some persons who never think it worth while to reply to a note or an invitation, unless some special business matter be involved. There are others, again, who never omit such an act of courtesy and duty. In the first case, misunderstandings, irritations and unkindness will inevitably occur, and in the last, all these will be avoided. Some one has observed, truly and forcibly, that the little courtesies of life should be regarded as among the minor virtues, and their practice should be encouraged and cultivated from early youth. What, indeed, could be more delightful than the interchange of civility, kindness and good will, on all proper occasions, between friends and neighbors? What is so calculated to soften the rugged path of existence, and give to the human heart agreeable feelings.

Some years since a gentleman and lady were betrothed, and the proposed union was looked upon in the most approving manner by the parents of both parties. It so happened that the former had occasion to visit Europe, and to remain abroad something like six months. He wrote home elaborately or a few words by every packet; but during the whole of this period he received but three letters in reply, and of a character so brief as to show that the fair correspondent took very little interest either in the subject or the object to whom the epistles were addressed. The fact was to annoy, irritate, create a coolness, and finally to break off the match.

The truth is, no one likes to be treated with indifference or contempt. A sense of self-pride revolts against such conduct. The courtesy we extend to others we naturally and properly desire to see extended to ourselves in return. Reciprocity is the very soul of harmony, friendship and good feeling. A sensitive person may be aggrieved and wounded, just as readily by indifference and neglect, as by open and studied insult. By courtesy we do not mean affectation, hollow pretence, shallow hypocrisy and artificial manners. On the contrary, these are all miserable counterfeits. But we refer to a genial and kindly spirit, a sense of appreciation, and a recognition of equality, a truthful air, and a frank and manly bearing.

Not a day goes by in which all these qualities cannot be exhibited more or less, especially in the sphere and among the friends with whom we move and mingle. There is, on the other hand, nothing more unworthy, pitiable and mean, than a disposition to tyrannize over and insult, not directly, perhaps, but indirectly, those who in some sense may seem to be dependent upon us, or whom, in the exercise of a false pride, we may imagine we can outrage with impunity.

The little courtesies of life never shine so sweetly or brightly as when manifested by the rich towards the poor, or by the powerful towards the weak. They then become a grace and embellishment of the character, and while they adorn the one party with a moral lustre, they kindle in the hearts of the other, feelings of kindness, affection and

good will. But courtesy is never out of place. It is never thrown away. It always has its effect, and sometimes it tells far more efficiently than formal services, or even heavy obligations.

THE THREE FLOWERS.

A PARABLE.

A white rose grew by a running stream of pure water. Beneath its feet a cluster of blue violets looked up to the mild, maternal heaven. A red rose grew beside them and overshadowed both, for it was sweeter than all. Its pollen floated like the golden sunrise, soft and warm, to melt into their unfolding chalice. The three made one happy family, loving and rejoicing together. Each contented with its own variety of beauty, flourished in its place. One earth sustained them; one blue sky lovingly overshadowed them; the same sweet airs made music, whispering in their leaves.

I heard a little fairy say, "Why can not you people in the external world learn a lesson from the flowers! All the blossoms can not be violets, and all the roses can not be red roses. Why then expect the Lord's children, who as yet are only in natural good, to adopt the wisdom of those who are in spiritual good? And why, again, expect those who are simply in spiritual good to comprehend those things which belong pre-eminently to the celestial! Come, white rose, be good friends with the violets. They grow very near the earth, but they yield a sweet incense, even to the feet that trample upon them. And scorn not, little violet, the white rose, because looking up you see only the green leaves of the calyx. On the other side, which you see not, is the pearly corolla, glistening with shining morning dew. And thou, beautiful white rose, recollect that there are other hues of light and other varieties of fragrance beside thine own, for He who made thee white, colored the red rose from His own heart." So I heard the little fairy say.

His tiny wife, whose name was mignonette, then advanced to me and she said "A violet is never one until it is very sweet. When you find a flower in the meadow that has no fragrance, it pretends violet, and is but a miserable johnny-jump-up. Queen rose, whether she is white or red, is so sweet that there is not a little wind-spirit but that drinks fragrance from the cup that she holds up to the sunshine or bends to the earth, all streaming with light and fragrance and happy love. Those white and red things that say they are roses, because their leaves look like them, and their seed-pods have the same shape, are poppies, and they poison the air."

"Good Mr. Teacher, there are three kinds of Christians, and each is real. They receive and they distribute respectfully the goods and truths of the Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Kingdom of the Father, and they all agree in loving union, as the red rose, with its sister white rose and its little brother violet. There are a great many johnny-jump-ups, who think they are violets, and a great many poppies, who would fain call themselves roses. But there's a little bird, whose name is charity. You call his correspondence a humming bird. He is to be found where the flowers are the sweetest. His wings are all sparkling as if with fairy diamonds and amethysts and rubies. That little bird will help you to discriminate. He drinks his life from the honey of a good man's heart. Where you see the charity birds you will find the fragrant and immortal flowers."—*Herald of Light.*

BY THE CRADLE.—A REVERIE.

I love to look upon it. I love to seat myself by it, with no one to disturb the current of my thoughts, and gaze upon the little innocent sleeping there. It is, perhaps, a foolish idea of mine; but whenever I find myself thus situated I draw upon the powers of my imagination, and soon the child's destiny is fixed, at least in my own mind.

Sleep on, guileless one! Time, for thee, hath but commenced; the world rolls on; men pursue, with unslackened speed, the myth, wealth, and none, perchance, save those only whose lives are wrapped up in thine, even know of thy existence. Strange, is it not, so many should forget that they, too, were infants once? Strange that their hearts, through contact with that great earth-god, Mammon, should become so callous as to cause them to turn with indifference from thy sweet caresses! Thou smilest in assent. Yea, for my spirit is holding communion with thine.

How long will it be, little one, ere thou knowest thine own importance? How long before that little heart shall beat responsive to the kind wishes of parents and friends? A short, very short time will suffice; and then, even then, with the enjoyments of thy childhood, the cares and troubles of the world will cast their first blight upon thee. Yes, care has birth with the first dawn of reason; and when, in after years, we say, "O, would I were a child again!" we forget the many little crosses which erst-while so hard to bear. It is true that if manhood's crosses were no heavier than those of childhood, one would be happy indeed; but, through the workings of a wise and good law, everything is proportioned to our years, and it is the forgetfulness of this fact that so often causes us to wish in vain for the recurrence of by-gone days. The sleeping babe knows not of this; it smiles, as though deriding my poor attempt at philosophy. It is well that, in the opening morning of life, we should be all unconscious of man's lot. And so I rock the cradle gently, and, gazing down upon the sleeper's face, my thoughts wander away into the misty depths of futurity, until my mind's vision pierces the veil, and I see as with a second sight.

A bark, just launched upon the stream of life, is before me now. It is a frail, a tiny thing; but the waters here are very smooth, and guardian angels are all around it, watching with a jealous care, lest aught should disturb its precious freight. The air is perfumed with the flowers which loving hands have strewn and are continually strewing about it in its course. Vapory, almost imperceptible clouds appear, ever and anon, upon the horizon; but these are almost immediately dispelled by the beams of the rising sun, whose rays gild, with a mellow light, the entire landscape. Sleeper, thy lot is indeed a happy one! The region through which thy bark is drifting, slowly, gently, and yet so steadily onward, is peopled by kind friends only; no enemy is here; the cohorts of love shelter thee from every evil.

There is a change. It is not sudden—the transition is very gradual; there is no visible line of demarcation, yet there is a ripple upon the waters which erst-while was not there. The occupant of the bark is silent no longer; his merry laugh resounds from shore to shore, and its musical cadence gladdens many a heart. But from time to time, there is a moment's silence; it is when some little wave dashes against the prow, and, for a moment startles the voyager; it is but for a moment, and then the laugh rings out as clearly as before. Knowest thou, heedless one, of the dangers which, ere long, will beset thee? Canst thou not see the speck upon the horizon, the harbinger of the coming storm? Friends who have already travelled far upon the voyage of life warn thee of that which awaits thee. May their counsel not be in vain!

Suddenly, as a ship from the ways of the builder, the bark plunges into a portion of the stream very different from any which it has been sailing over before. All is changed. I see, in place of the frail thing which so short a time since started upon the voyage, a vessel sailing gallantly along, every sail set, every brace tautened to the breeze, and, at the helm, one gazing with wild joy upon all that surrounds him. The rippling billows dance merrily in the sunlight; the air is invigorating, intoxicating in its effects. Like an arrow from the bow of the archer the vessel speeds in its flight, and yet the helmsman seems not satisfied. Onward—onward! He would speed faster still. He sees not the dark discolored spots on the surface; he heeds not the wrecks scattered around. Some vague, indefinite longing possesses him; he is thinking of some goal to be attained, some obstacle to be overcome. You can see it in the flashing of his eye, in the impatient knitting of his brow. Yes, he would leap over space and remain with his bark in some imaginary resting-place, far down the stream.

There, there at last! He would anchor now—he would moor in the haven he so desired to attain. Vain hope! Winds may be adverse or fair; sunshine may gladden his heart, or clouds and storms cast their shadows across his pathway, it matters not. The current sets steadily, surely onward, and he must go with it in its course. But he has learned a lesson, one not easily forgotten. Minutes are more valued now than were hours then. A voice has whispered in his ear: Behold, the best part of thy life hast thou spent to no good; thou art approaching the end of thine earthly term; beware!

He shudders as he looks back and sees the dangers so providentially escaped; and his voice, in its turn, is heard warning those that come after him. And so, battling against adverse winds, tossed by angry waves, and again, for a time, sailing smoothly along over calm waters, the ship goes on. Its freight is a curious one. Cares, hopes, regrets over the past, indefinite longings for the future, such are burdens of all life's barks. Trials are necessary accompaniments to joys, and the one never comes without the other.

The voyage is near ended. The waters rise and fall heavily, slowly, and the stream sets on with a sluggish motion. An old man sits at the helm; he has passed through many a storm—he has watched many a long hour, and now his eye is fixed intently on some object not very distant, although to other than himself it is invisible. He thinks not of the past now, or if he does, it is with a kind of melancholy satisfaction that he has done with it forever; and as the end draws nearer and more near, his eye brightens, and for a moment, his failing strength is restored to him. It is done! Did his bark plunge over the fall into that dark abyss, impenetrable to the human eye, or did he ascend and disappear among the radiant clouds of glory overhead?

There is a barrier to my vision here, and still I gaze and gaze, trying to see a little further, to obtain a view of the hidden mysteries, until the babe awakes, and I know it was but a dream!—*Waverley Magazine.*

PROFANE SWEARING.—Rev. E. H. Chapin, the celebrated Universalist preacher, thus alludes to profane swearing in one of his discourses on the Lord's prayer:

"If we would use the prayer sincerely, we must hallow God's name upon our lips. It will never be a light word there. I wish to touch this point earnestly. I would speak strongly against the common sin of profaneness. Are there any before me who are accustomed to use God's name as an expletive and to bandy it as a by-word? Who employ it in all kinds of conversation, and throw it about in every place! Perhaps in their hearts, they consider this habit as an accomplishment!

think it manly and brave to swear! Let me say then, that profaneness is a brutal vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society. I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts. Despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name betrays a coarse nature, and a brutal will. Nay, he tacitly admits that it is ungentlemanly. He restrains his oaths in the presence of ladies; and he who fears to rush into the chancery of heaven and swear by the Majesty there, is decently observant in the drawing-room and the parlor. But again, profaneness is an unmanly and silly vice. It certainly is not a grace in conversation, and it adds no strength to it. There is no organic symmetry in the narrative that is ingrained with oaths; and the blasphemy that holsters an opinion does not make it any more correct. Our mother English has variety enough to make a story sparkle, and to give point to wit; it has toughness enough and vehemence enough to furnish the sinews for a debate and to drive home conviction, without degrading the holy epithets of Jehovah. Nay, the use of these expletives, argues a limited range of ideas, and consciousness of being on the wrong side. And, if we can find no other phrases through which to vent our choking passion, we had better repress that passion. And, again, profaneness is a mean vice. According to general estimation, he who repays kindness with contumely, he who abuses his friend and benefactor, is deemed pitiful and wretched. And yet, oh profane man! whose name is it you handle so lightly? It is that of your best benefactor! You, whose blood would boil to hear the venerable names of your parents hurled about in scoffs and jests, abuse without compunction and without thought, the name of our heavenly Father. Finally, Profaneness is an awful vice. Once more I ask whose name is it you so lightly use? The name of God! Have you ever thought what it is that you mingle thus with your passion and your wit? It is the name of him whom the angels worship, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain."

THE EVER SHINING LAMP.

Says an eloquent writer: Storms and darkness come over the sea where the water-fowl sat asleep with her head under her wing, and great crested waves coming landward, rave, roar, and beat themselves to death against the rocks. But, after a while, a single star comes down and mirrors itself tremblingly in a wave; another and a thousand others drop down beside it, till the sea flashes with jewels: then the chariots of the storm wheel down the horizon, the waves themselves fall to sleep, and in the morning wake to each other's calm embrace. So it is with the human soul. There are times when shadows steal into the heart and lie about its chambers like the black plumes of some evil-bringing bird from "night's Plutonian shore;" grim spectres stand all about the door, and with their wasted fingers unfold a scroll where dark prophecies are written; despair stands like the wooden virgin of the Inquisition, with outstretched arms, bristling with sharp daggers, and the heart shuts in on expiring hope, like sliding walls slowly crushing the doomed prisoner. A little flash of light is seen through the gloom, the funeral palls begin to trail away, the feeble spark expands to a star, a planet, a sun, a universe of blazing light, until the heart, once dark as Erebus, becomes a kingdom of gladness. It was the lamp God hung in the soul to light it through the dark places of life; it had burned down slow, and hope came and blew it into life, and declared it imperishable as the light that burned between the cherubim over the Ark of the Covenant.

The following excellent article we clip from the Health Department of *Arthur's Home Magazine*, and earnestly commend it to the careful perusal of every woman in our land.

HEALTH.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

"Health is an indispensable instrument for the best qualities and highest finish of all work." The foundation of a good constitution and subsequent health are laid in childhood, and the foundations of a feeble constitution and subsequent ill-health are thus early formed, cannot be too forcibly impressed on the minds of parents and guardians.

It is not enough that the ablest physicians are consulted in sickness. The mother ought to possess the requisite knowledge to insure health. This knowledge, though the least often sought, may be obtained by all. I do not mean that mothers need study the technicalities of Pharmacy; but Physiology and Hygiene ought to be ranked as indispensable studies for woman. She should seek to know the construction of the human frame; the proper situation and relation of all its organs, bones, nerves, arteries, veins, capillaries, tendons, muscles, pores, &c. Also should she know what relations and effect different styles of dress, baths, air, exercise, rest, food and drinks bear to the human system.

Custom is no guide on the subject of health. Physicians who follow the customs of society are no guides. It is true they ought to be guides; but it is equally true, that the majority of them are not. This, no doubt, arises from the fact that for ages they have been called on to heal the sick, and not to teach health to the people. Many think little about disease, until they find themselves the victims of it. And then, often, they are as ignorant of the best modes of cure, as they are of the best means of avoiding disease.

The great mass of the people, even the most learned in other professions, pay but little thought or attention to the laws of health. Were this not true, the students of our colleges and seminaries of learning would not graduate with broken constitutions. What sufficeth it that the teachers of these Institutions have studied, or teach Physiology, if they do not make it practical. Knowledge is only useful so far as it is rendered practical to its possessor and all who are brought within its influence.

For centuries the greatest errors have prevailed in society in relation to health, although, within a few years, much inquiry has been awakened in the mind of some on this subject. The pen and the press have sent messages of mercy or physical redemption to the palace of the rich, and the cottage of the lowly; and where the groans of sickness and despondency were once heard, a little natural, wholesome knowledge has arrested the attention to nature's remedies, and joy, energy and hope has, in many instances, revived to new life and activity; but much work remains yet to be done. The fields are ready for harvest, the laborers are few, and their recompense small; but the world must be redeemed from physical error, and those who possess the requisite knowledge are responsible, if they conceal it under the garb of custom, and stifle the silent admonitions or the voice of unperverted nature.

Is human life so trifling an affair, that it must be bartered for what many term the good of the land, but for which, by their effects, prove that the people have made a sad mistake in substituting the fat and flesh of beasts, and other unwholesome things, for the rich, health and life-giving fruits of the land? Shall life be bartered for a little so-called ease, or want of exercise, which does not bring ease from sickness, for the privilege of breathing over and over again confined air, and often tobacco smoke; for the privilege of confining and cramping, burdening and deforming the

human system in dress that has nothing but fashion to recommend it? All that a healthful dress requires to make it fashionable, is intelligent conviction, and united action. The very knowledge that all mankind need most, they are the slowest to acquire. Fashionable clothing, and costly ornaments often cover a diseased body; but would not the body and soul too be better off, if simply and healthfully clothed, and health, strength, and vigor of mind dwelt in the clay tabernacle.

Health is a subject that demands the attention of the fashionable and wealthy no less than others. Fashion is the great destroyer of health. She creeps in to the palaces of the wealthy, and robs them, often unexpectedly, of their brightest and best treasures; their nearest and dearest friends. Then why should they not learn all those laws that guide the movements, the life and health of the human frame? Do they leave this to physicians? Their skill fails when violated nature's laws can hold out no longer; when the weakening effects of false habits have been continued so long that vitality has gradually given way, unperceived often by those who are in the daily habit of using stimulating food and drinks; and ere the victim is aware, many times, he is hurried to the grave.

The manner in which a child is fed and clothed, and confined to breathe impure air, weakens its vitality, and sows the first seeds of disease, which a few subsequent years of wrong habits develop and prepare for the reaper, death. The mother, who thinks more of her darling child than of her own life, would give all her gay and rich clothing, her gems and jewels, if she could only awaken to life the spirit fled—If she could only feel the beating pulse and see the gasping breath return—but ah! too late! too late! The fault is not hers; she did all she could; nursed with tender care; sought skilful physicians; but all in vain. But whose fault is it? Verily, it is some one's. Oh, Custom, it is thine! Thou hast destroyed more lives than war, or famine, or the pestilence! Thou hast taught people to build their foundations of life and health on the weak superstructure which thou dicteatest. Thou hast taught them that Nature's laws were too plain and simple; that thou wert a better fabricator of the human system than God, its author; that as soon as life commences, they must begin to bandage and cram the human system into the smallest compass; feed it with anything but its natural food; give it the most foul air to breathe; and if it should happen to have vitality enough to pass the period of infancy, it may, perhaps, languish along until some developing cause, or the pestilence sweeps it to the tomb. This has been the sad fate of millions, and unless the attention of the multitude is arrested to inquire into the causes of disease and premature death, and they are convinced this subject demands more earnest, inquiring thought, than it has hitherto received, will be the fate of millions more.

So long as custom teaches woman that the style of her wardrobe, however costly and durable, must be often changed and constructed in the most unhealthy manner; that the custom of the day must engross all her best thoughts and attention; that her own health, and that of the beings demanding her care may all be left to the dictates of custom; so long will premature death break and blight the most sacred ties of nature.

But when woman, the guardian of the young, becomes thoroughly enlightened on these subjects, a radical change will be effected. For we know that her pitying eye, and her heart of sympathy would do all they could, if she but knew what to do, and where the work was to be commenced. Oh, woman! no longer heed the voice of those customs that forbids you to breathe, and breathe enough; that tells you that, for this purpose, foul air is as good as pure; that tells you your stomachs are capable of digesting such a variety of compounds at a

meal, that if put in a chemist's crucible, would turn out an unfavorable extract; that tells you that exercise and activity of body were only designed for those who were obliged to toil to supply needed wants, and a great variety of unhealthy customs of which we have not time to mention now.

THE WAY TO RULE A HUSBAND.

I never undertook but once to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was going on nice and cosy, she got me in the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know, but then she—why, it was done just in this way. She finished breakfast before me, one morning, and slipped away from the table; she filled the churn with cream, and set it just where I couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold, regularly enough, and churned till the butter came—she didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid. Well when the next churning day came along she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again, and it was done just so, and I was in for it every time. Not a word was said, you know, of course.

Well, by-and-bye, this became very irksome. I wanted she should just ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it, so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got a nice breakfast—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few moments just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out doors. I stopped in the yard to give her a chance to call me, but not a word she said, and so with a palpitating heart I moved on. I went down town, up town, and my foot was as restless as Noah's dove; I felt as if I had done a wrong—I didn't exactly feel how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting on me all the forenoon; it seemed as if dinner time never would come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner time came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected. Will you believe it? she never greeted me with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there was the churn just where I left it! Not a word was passed. I felt confoundedly cut, and every monthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over, I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair I marched up to the churn, and went at it in the old way. Splash, drip, rattle, drip, splash, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter never was so long coming. I supposed the cream standing so long had got warm, so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time: "Come, Tom my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk quite long enough, if it is only for fun you are doing."

I knew how it was in a flash. She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the buttermilk in for me to exercise with. I never sat myself up in household matters after that.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

SELF CULTURE.

Mind is progressive, ever reaching forward, ever striving to grasp some new truth.

It is not enough that we have spent several hours of each day in the school-house, for the purpose of going through a certain routine of study; it is not sufficient that we have gone through the several gradations of scholarship, or even graduated with all the honors of the college. Our education is yet scarcely begun; our minds are only beginning to receive and appropriate truth to digest knowledge—for knowledge is to the mind what food is to the body, and as food, when taken into the stomach, needs to be acted upon by gastric juice for the purpose of dissolving and preparing it so that all that is of use may be assimilated and appropriated for the nourishment and strengthening of the system, so knowledge, when received, must be acted upon by thought, for thought is to the brain what gastric juice is to the stomach, and it is only by the application of thought that we can appropriate knowledge, and so receive it into our minds as to make it ours.

True, an individual may commit to memory, and be able to repeat, whole pages of learned lore; but what profit is it to him unless thought has been applied in such a way as to enable him to understand and distinguish between good and evil, and while he appropriates the good it becomes incorporated into his mind, and, as it were, part and parcel of himself, ready to be brought forth and applied to use as opportunity shall present or need demand.

We sometimes see individuals who, without any of the usual advantages of education, far outstrip in their career those who have had all the advantages of books and masters. They are those who *improve* their opportunities for gathering knowledge, and by applying to it serious, deep and earnest thought, make it subservient to their purposes of usefulness.

Such a man was Benjamin Franklin, and there are thousands of others, whose names might be placed along side of his, and whose histories show that to the men of self culture we are largely indebted for discoveries, inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences. How many records are there of those who by their own unaided efforts have risen to eminence and distinction? Surely the pages of our own history are brilliant with the names of many such. Every individual may be the means of doing some good if he will but enlarge his understanding and cultivate his mind by improving the opportunities which come within his reach. Education is not simply book learning; it is the development and cultivation of all the intellectual facul-

ties. Our Heavenly Father designed the mind of man to expand and enlarge; to increase not only in regard to this world's wisdom, but in regard to the higher one, where alone the ever thirsting soul shall drink and be satisfied.

SOCIAL EVILS.

Of all our social evils—and they are many—perhaps there is none more to be deplored, none more fraught with evil and disastrous consequences, than the careless habit indulged in by parents and guardians in introducing to their families men who are entirely unworthy to be admitted to the society of the pure and good, and whose presence should never be tolerated within the hallowed precincts of a home—men without principle and moral character, whose only passport to society is a genteel and fashionable dress, and an easy impudence, which is too often permitted to pass current instead of the delicacy and refinement of the *true* gentleman.

With reckless carelessness they introduce to the fireside, and to the society of the inexperienced and artless wife, the fair young sister, and the innocent daughter, the vicious and immoral, the gambler and the libertine, who impregnate the atmosphere of home with impure and contaminating influences. What wonder, then, if the home be made desolate, and the hearth-stone deserted, when, yielding to the influences by which *you* have surrounded them, a confiding sister, a trusting daughter, or a deluded wife, fall a victim to the arts and wiles of the fiends in human shape with whom *you* made them acquainted? Then is raised the hue and cry of fallen womanhood, and, with gibes and hisses, she is hurled to the bottom of that abyss, *the only one where hope* is forbidden to enter, and whence naught is heard save the agonized cry of the wretched soul—Lost! Lost!

Turn not away from the contemplation of this picture, sad and mournful though it be, till you pause and learn the lesson of your own responsibility, and resolve carefully to guard and guide those whom heaven has entrusted to your care. Ere you admit a person to the acquaintance of your female friends, require some guarantee more than that of fashion, graceful and pleasing exterior, or even wealth—be satisfied in your own mind that they are men of moral and virtuous principle, who respect themselves and honor virtue. As well might you admit the Deadly Blow serpent into the midst of your circle of loved ones as the fashionable libertine. Ah, yes, infinitely better; for the venomous breath of the serpent kills but the body, but the breath of the tempter, the serpent in human form, kills both body and soul. A fearful picture, from the contemplation of which we would gladly turn away, as the physician turns, heart-sick, from the festering wound, but, like him, we must probe to heal, and duty sternly points to this most fearful evil. Like the merciless breath of contagion, it is devastating your homes and bearing forth the forms that you have loved to a moral sepulchre.

Father, take heed what manner of man you introduce to your young and innocent daugh-

ter. See to it that he be not at once an honored guest at your fireside and a daily frequenter of the haunts of infamy and vice. Let not the spotless purity of that young daughter's character be tarnished by companionship with those whose characters are so loathsome that the English language affords no words by which to describe them.

Brother, with that fair young sister by your side, do you realize your responsibility? Are you treating her with that kindness and attention which will insure her confidence in your judgment as well as her affection for you? Do you carefully guard her from the society of the low and the vicious, preferring as a companion for her the man with a plain and even coarse exterior, who has pure principles, and a refined and cultivated mind, to him who has a polished exterior, but who within is as a sepulchre, full of corruption and dead men's bones?

Husband, with that young, confiding wife upon your arm; the protection which she has been wont to receive in her father's house she will look for in yours. Do not think, because she is a wife, she needs no protection. She is young and inexperienced, and places implicit confidence in you. Do not betray that confidence by selecting as her associates the worthless and degraded of your sex. You guard her carefully from the society of the impure of her own sex, yet place her directly within the influence and in the power of heartless, degraded men. Repine not if your inconsistency is visited upon your own head, and you are called to mourn over broken vows and a deserted hearth-stone. Then the voice of conscience will speak in tones too loud and plain to be mistaken, *you, you* are to blame for this evil—and ever shall be sounding in your ears the question, Where is she who in youth, innocence and beauty was committed to your care? And from the depths of your lonely heart shall sound the echo, WHERE!

This is a great and crying evil, and calls for immediate action from every father, husband, and brother in our land. Review at once the list of those who are sharing the society of your homes, and if there you discover one who is unworthy, let not a mock sensibility, an unworthy feeling of regard prevent your dismissing him at once from that hallowed spot where his presence is contamination and his breath pestilential. So shall your home be preserved a sacred and holy spot, where pure thoughts and holy affections shall be nourished into being, and from the altar of domestic love shall go up the incense of pure and hallowed affection.

Things Beautiful to look upon.

A maiden kneeling in prayer.

A young man supporting the form of his aged mother.

An old man with a babe upon his knee.

A mother surrounded by her little ones.

And a father leading his family forth to the house of God.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Will you permit me to come in and have a chat with you about those little ones? I had almost said those idols of your heart; but no, not that—for there is One that saith, "Thou shalt have none other gods before me," and if we give to the creature the love which is due the Creator alone, He may find it necessary, in carrying out His purposes of wisdom and mercy to our own souls, to remove the idol. But I did not come to preach a sermon—only to have a good social chat. Do not disturb yourself—go on with your sewing—I will take this low seat by the window. Let me have the baby in my lap; for I love children of all sizes and all ages, from the baby in its cradle to the tall, bashful girl, or the downy-lipped boy, and I feel a deep interest in all who have been appointed to the high and holy mission of rearing the young.

To what a glorious work are you appointed—that of watching the young mind as it unfolds day by day; watching over, guiding and preserving it, pure as it came from the hands of its Maker! Some how, I always feel that angels are hovering near when I am in the presence of children.

I once had a plaster-of-Paris figure presented me. It represented a child playing upon the edge of a precipice; at its side was a deadly serpent just ready to spring: but hovering over the child was an angel, which preserved it alike from the danger of the precipice and the fangs of the serpent. During one of our large fires, the image was trodden under foot and destroyed; but ever in my mind closely connected are children and the angel visitants. Do they not seem a connecting link between heaven and earth? Ask the mother who has heard "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," pronounced over the lifeless form of her darling babe—who has heard the clods as they fell with a dull, rattling sound upon the coffin which contained all that remained of the little being she had nourished in her bosom, and whose life she would have given her own to save—ask her, as she turns in loneliness and tears from that little mound of earth; and pointing upward, she will exclaim, "'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He cannot return to me, but I can go to him."

There is no higher mission to which woman can be appointed upon earth, than that of guiding and guarding the young; no sphere which is at once so full of care and anxiety, hope and joy; none, perhaps which imposes more weighty responsibility, or holds out greater reward. Cheer up, teiling mother, weary and worn!—think not thy mission is lowly, or of little importance. Perhaps in thy cradle sleeps a Newton or a Webster, or it may be, even a Washington. But, far more glorious still, in thy cradle sleeps an *immortal spirit*, which you may train for heaven, and after a few years spent upon earth it will wing its way to the glorious courts of the Eternal. Think not your calling a lowly one. Rather think how high the office to which you are appointed, and, realizing your own weakness,

go often, bearing your babe with you, to Him who is able to strengthen.

But I have not even mentioned the subject about which I came to talk. My random thoughts have run away with me, just as they would, perhaps, were I permitted to grasp your hand, and sent myself in your nursery. But I will not tear my paper, and scatter the fragments to the winds. No—just as they are will I give them to you; they are at least the unstudied utterance of a heart that dearly loves the little ones, and deeply sympathizes with those to whose care they are entrusted.

I come with the intention of asking you about the reading matter of your children. In these days of cheap literature, it requires some care on the part of parents and guardians to preserve their children from the evil influences of corrupt and degrading publications, and it would be well for every parent to

"Read first, and well approve the book,
Intrusted to your child."

You carefully preserve your children from the companionship of the vile and profligate; are you equally careful to see that their ideal companions—those whose characters they become familiar with by means of books—are such in every respect as you would have them associate with? or are you permitting them to choose their own reading matter?—too often, perhaps, selecting volumes whose contents are moral poison. If it be true that an individual is either better or worse for every book he reads, how much more so is it the case with children, whose imaginations are vivid, and whose minds receive impressions like wax.

It is not sufficient that you deprive your child of a bad book; you must give him a good one, or the craving will continue. There are juvenile works upon history which they will soon become interested in, the reading of which will enlarge their minds, and create a taste for more thorough treatises. There are also many simple books of natural science, which will be found highly interesting, and serve to create a thirst for knowledge, and, as the mind expands, a taste for more complete works.

Do you say that you have no time to interest yourself in the pursuits of your children? Do not immerse yourself so much in household cares, or in fashionable society, as to neglect the moral and intellectual welfare of those whom God has given you. Remember that their education is of the first importance. You are laying the foundation for their intellectual culture, creating a taste for literature which is pure and good; or you are permitting them to grow up with no taste formed, unless, perhaps, it be an evil one, or one unable to distinguish between good and bad.

The companions which children find in books are of more importance than we are apt to imagine. They will hold an influence long years after the book is forgotten. The tastes formed in childhood will last through life. You cannot be too careful in forming and cultivating that taste, by judicious selection of such books as will instruct and improve, at the same time that they amuse. Above all, let me urge you carefully to preserve them from the pernicious influences of

the yellow-covered trash with which our country is flooded.

And now, good-bye. Perhaps at some other time I will come and have another chat, if you will permit me.

COFFIN STEAMERS.

We have lifted our voice and spoken the feeble word of warning. We have long ago recorded our protest against the miserable hulks sent forth freighted with human life; but our voice falls unheeded. One rotten hulk has no sooner left our wharf, her weak timbers creaking and quivering with the weight of human life, than another is advertised to take her place. What care the rapacious owners if the ship do prove a coffin, or the merciless wave a winding sheet? Is not the price of passage close locked in their coffers? Will not the clink of gold drown alike the shrieks of the dying and the wail of the widow? By what a merciful Providence were the passengers of the Commodore preserved from a watery grave. We thought that would have proved sufficient warning—but no, it is passed quietly by, with little or no comment. Well, be it so—a day of just retribution will dawn at last, when some terrible calamity falls like a thunderbolt upon our people; when they stand upon our shore looking for loved forms, and listening for voices which was music to their ears, but which they will hear no more; but instead shall come the agonized, despairing cry of the dying, as they wrestle fiercely for a moment with the waves, and then are heard no more. THEN—and we much fear NOT TILL THEN—will outraged humanity rise in her might and trample under foot heartless monopoly.

CALIFORNIA ENTERPRISE.

There is yet hope for California; her own enterprising sons are coming to the rescue. Wm. T. Coleman of San Francisco, and D. O. Mills of Sacramento, are in New York, engaged in maturing an organization to be called the "People's California Steamship Company." The stock is to be \$1,500,000, divided into 15,000 shares of \$100 each, which entitles the holder to one passage a year. The vessels are to be screw steamers, bark-rigged, and of 1,600 tons register. Thus will California be afforded a competing power, and a perpetual injunction from selling to the monopolists will forever preserve us from them.

Whoever succeeds in establishing a line of ships, to run from the port of New York to the port of San Francisco, which will ensure passengers a safe transportation for a reasonable sum of money, will confer a lasting blessing upon the State, and be entitled to the gratitude of every one who has her interest at heart.

Nor that alone; they should meet with that hearty coöperation, that generous support from the people which will fill their steamers, even though the heartless monopolists—realizing that their day is over—now cringe and fawn, and sink their prices even *lower* than those of the PEOPLE'S CALIFORNIA STEAMSHIP COMPANY. We love to write that sentence; it

sends the blood thrilling through our veins, and we cease to wish that we were a MAN that we might help to wrestle with, and overcome this giant evil.

The following article appeared in number five of the HESPERIAN, but, through some mistake of the compositor, with so many errors that the sense of the latter portion was entirely destroyed, and, in justice to ourself, we republish it entire:—

A LITTLE LONGER.

Toil on—be not discouraged. Though the way seem dark and rugged before thee, shrink not, yield not, give not back! What though you have lost dollars and cents, never mind— toil on—you will regain them. What though fire and flood have laid waste houses and lands—stop not to grieve o'er the ruins— toil on— toil will restore them. Though friends you have trusted have deceived, and those whom you have loved are sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, and you find yourself alone in the hand-to-hand struggle of the battle of life, shrink not— toil on—gather your faltering energies—nerve yourself for conflict. The darkest hour of night precedes the dawn of day; toil on a little longer.

Ah! you have lost houses and lands, and time and labor, health and strength. Arouse, then, to action—stop not to grieve o'er the past. Toil on, or to thy other losses shall be added the loss of thy MANHOOD. Arouse thee, toil on—thy patient, persevering toil shall be rewarded. The sun of prosperity will surely dispel the dark clouds of disappointment and sorrow. Toil on a little longer.

Toil on, child of genius, unappreciated and alone; coin the brilliant thoughts and fling them upon the world. What though thy brain throbs, thy heart quivers, and thy nervous fingers feebly grasp the pen— toil on. What though the midnight oil is burning, and thy weary form would gladly seek the couch of rest, yield not— toil on—go down to the gulfs of the soul—

"Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below,
From many a buried urn;
Wringing from lava veins the fire,
That o'er bright words is poured;
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre
A spirit in each chord."

Toil on—there is hope in the morrow— toil on a little longer.

The letter of our interesting correspondent, J. W. O., will be perused with interest by our numerous readers. To read his letter is for a while to leave the noise and dusty thoroughfares of the city, and withdraw to the soothing, ennobling, and soul-inspiring influences of nature—so completely does he transport one, in imagination, from the din and tumult of the city to the sublime scenes of the Yo-Semite, by his glowing and truthful descriptions.

Our kind friend, G. T. SPROAT, to whose graceful pen our readers, as well as ourselves, have been indebted for many bright thoughts and pleasing fancies, has furnished us with a story for the Children's Department, which we doubt not will be read with much interest by our little friends.

"HOMELESS CHILDREN."

The *Alta California*, in its leader of Sunday morning, makes a most eloquent and affecting appeal to the community in behalf of homeless children. We have not room for the whole article, so must content ourselves with the following extract:

"How many such there are all about us, in the streets, around the wharves, clubbed together in secret places, holding dangerous carnival at the gardens of amusement and dissipation on this day, when they should have some human sympathy exercised towards their sad condition, some kind word to cheer, and instruct, and constrain. There are hundreds of poor boys of this description in this city—many of them orphans of tender years, whose young hearts have never known the delights of that place HOME, or whose years of sorrow and suffering, and perhaps of abuse, have blotted out the sweet and saving influences of kindred and kindness, of a mother's love, a father's guardianship, of a sister's pure affections, a brother's generous sympathy. We have many such, not only by day, wandering homeless, and, perhaps, hopeless, through the streets—little fellows, mere children, motherless, perhaps—but late at night, gathering in little squads towards some untenanted hovel, to huddle together, and by a common fund of bodily heat, attempt to fence out the cold air from their young bodies. No soft bed for their tired limbs; no comfortable quilts and blankets to cover them from the chilly winds and the dark night; no gentle mother to come to the bedside and "tuck them in;" no loving voice to teach them the evening prayer; no parental, sisterly or brotherly companionship to stand between their young minds and the fears of all imagined dangers, which are so apt to haunt the sleeping child and make his wakeful hours in the lonely darkness often frightful. Let any one read the "gentle Elia's" essay of "Dream Children," or recollect his own childish experience, and then think of these young desolate hearts.

We witnessed part of a scene in which some half a dozen boys were a party in this city. They had been in the habit of going to an empty house, late at night, to sleep together until early morning—their only bedding a little straw. One night the owner of the shanty found the poor boys, drove them out with curses and blows, and then set his great dog upon them. We shall not soon forget the terrified screams of fear and pain which the smallest of the number—a little boy of some eight or ten years—uttered, as the dog, cowardly and cruel as his master, singled him out for punishment, and pounced upon him. Where could that poor child go to get his wounds dressed, his torn clothes mended, his young heart soothed? Where found he a bed where he might sob himself to sleep? And what were his ideas of society, and his obligations to it?"

What mother can read these words and not let fall the tear of sympathy as she contrasts the well clad, well fed forms, and healthful, happy faces of her own loved little ones, with the wretched, ill clothed, half starved, homeless children of the streets? What father is there in our land whose heart will not respond to that appeal, and who will not make active, vigorous effort for the establishment of the Industrial School, and in the eloquent words of the *Alta*, "will not all our citizens, who remember they were once children, keep in mind the condition of the class of which we have written, and not think that their own souls will be guiltless of their ruin in the sight of Heaven, if they neglect or refuse to do their duty towards them?"

God bless you for that leader, Mr. *Alta*; the God of the fatherless and the orphan bless you.

The following is only one of the gems from the columns of the *Trinity Journal*. It has many more such, but we clip the following, for well we know those soul-inspiring sentiments of C. B. McDONALD will elevate the soul, strengthen the faith, and whisper hope and peace to many a mourner upon earth:

LILY'S PILGRIMAGE IN THE NIGHT.—It was very dark when Lily quitted the world. The stars, in a glorious, silent train, were moving towards the west, but infinite distance had shorn off their beams, until to mortals looking upwards they seemed like distant watch-fires on heights to which pilgrim souls have been journeying since the first morning herald proclaimed the existence of creation. But dark as the night was, there came a knock at the door, and a little soul, just born of clay, stood forth, and said, "Here am I—thou callest me!"

We know not how it may be with others, but with us an infant conception of Heaven still lingers. The place of sanctuary is upward, upward, an eternity of miles beyond the dimmest star that peeps, at intervals, from the ethereal shrouds of the Invisible. Despite the multiplied pages of philosophy, the sarcasms and syllogisms of infidels, that childish theology still lingers with us, and in moments of danger or despair we have looked upward, as the drowning swimmer grasps at some intangible, immaterial safety in the upper air. Through that immeasurable space, up that viewless trail, untracked by mortal feet, Lily made her pilgrimage in the night. Beyond and upward, measureless leagues, but within the strengthening vision of a new-born soul, Lily beheld her little playmate, Mary, sitting by the way to rest. She had heard that her friend was coming, and had gone out to meet her, and desiring the flash of white wings away down close to the silent night of time, she had stopped to tune her harp and plume her wings for a lighter and swifter flight back to Heaven. Then the everlasting gates were lifted up, and the two little pilgrims were heralded by St. Peter. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" Who will describe the vision range of a new-created angel? What imagination will follow her along the resplendent paths that lead forever beyond the throne of the Eternal? What eye of faith will pursue an infant soul, unstained by actual sin, as she goes out to explore the limitless fields made luminous by the sheen of golden crowns, and vocal with the hymns of children who worship at the judgment seat of Christ?

Beautiful and glorious is the Christian's conception of Heaven. Let not Reason or Philosophy seek to destroy the fabric of his hopes. Let the first picturing of infant imagination linger with him until he goes down to the bottomless, shoreless stream, whose silent waves have eaten away the little island which stood in the river of Time.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVE PEOPLE.—Dr. Hall, of the *Journal of Health*, offers the following advice to the consumptive:

"You want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone: physic has no nutriment; gasping for air cannot cure you; monkey cappers in gymnasiums cannot cure you; and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for *beef and out-door air*, and do not be deluded into the grave by advertisements and unreliable certifiers."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Notes by the Way.

MARYSVILLE, July 27, 1853.

Eager to escape from the city of *fogs and winds*, I found myself on board the beautiful steamer "Queen City," bound for Sacramento. Much has been said in praise of these river steamers, and they justly deserve it; comfortable and commodious, with courteous officers and attachés. The Queen City cannot be surpassed by any boat on the river, being indeed a floating palace; and one feels almost transported while wandering through the spacious saloons. We must not forget Collins, the steward; they do say he gets up the greatest suppers, and I found myself ready to attest the truth of this. Every luxury of the season was on the table, and the dishes prepared in the best style—fit for an epicure.

Arrived at Sacramento City at 1 o'clock, A. M. Business in Sacramento is somewhat dull, owing to the great emigration to "Fraser," which has so depopulated the country as to affect very seriously all branches of trade. The "bubble having burst," the crowds are returning again to their old homes, and we may safely look for a reaction this fall.

Pleasant indeed is a walk through the residential portion of the City, (or country, I might almost say,) for it is indeed a contrast to the Bay, where the winds howl, and the fogs drift through the streets, making every thing dismal and cheerless. Tokens of much improvement are manifest every where, and every thing looks beautiful indeed under the influence of the warm and genial atmosphere. If one chooses he can stop and rest among the shady trees, with their foliage of green. Here and there charming cottages meet the eye, surrounded by fine old elms, with knotted trunks, like the venerable olives in the "Garden of Gethsemane,"—their fronts half covered with ivy, and trellises curtained with honeysuckles and roses, while around the little gardens are plats of flowers, tastefully arranged, mignonette, heliotrope, &c., all making the very air fragrant with the perfume. From this outer scene one can fancy all the comforts of "Love in a Cottage."

Thus while the busy world is rushing onward in the race for wealth and power, and the business man toiling from morning till night in the city, thinking of stocks and dividends, here, away in the country, beneath the canopy of heaven, with the cool breezes playing, can some real comfort be found.

Every season has its charms, and so has summer; and although now, in the dry season as it is termed, still nature presents a most charming aspect—the mornings fresh and dewy, the sunsets glorious, the nights cool, and rendered lovely by the presence of the "pale moon," making fit hours for musing upon past, present and future.

During my brief stay in the city, I made a short visit to the orchards of Messrs. C. W. Reed & Co., in Washington, opposite the city; easy of access by the new bridge just erected, or by ferry. The location is one of the best in the State, and the soil remarkably fertile and productive. A walk through the exten-

sive nursery convinced me of the perfection to which Mr. Reed has attained in his business, having some 80,000 trees, looking very thrifty and of fine appearance—from the fact that he cultivates without irrigation, rendering the trees more hardy and of firmer wood than those grown by constant watering. The peach orchard contains several thousand trees, in fine bearing condition, many loaded down to the ground beneath the weight of the delicious fruit. Mr. Reed favored me liberally with the different varieties, and I enjoyed quite a repast of the most luscious rarities. I saw again the evidence of the perfection arrived at in the growth and culture of this fruit, without artificial means.

Left Sacramento at 6, A. M., for Marysville, in the light draft steamer Gov. Dana, Capt. Littleton, having in tow the barge Lucy, loaded with freight for the interior; giving some evidence that the business of the interior must be reviving. The morning was cool and delightful, the air balmy, the atmosphere clear; and having been somewhat indisposed, I found it a grateful change from the heat of the preceding day.

A trip up the Feather River is not particularly inviting, though preferable to the dusty journey by stage. The scenery is rather monotonous; the course of the river full of curves, its margin fringed with trees, shrubs, and willows, gracefully overhanging the banks, forming a leafy canopy; while above and along the shore, were trees marked with age, yet bright with their foliage of green. Beyond, the background was dotted with farms and homesteads, fields of grain, and orchards of fruit; while around in the distance, hills, which seemed to reach the sky, comprised the landscape. At such a time, when passing before us is a diorama of nature, we feel how far she exceeds the imagination even in her simplicity.

The river is very low, and the trip somewhat reminds one of a journey on the Mississippi, with its sandy shores, low woodlands, occasional snags, and now and then a *bump on a sand-bar*. But, as Mrs. Malaprop says, "Comparisons are odorous," and so I refrain.

Towards noon, old Sol began to shower down his rays, and from my fit of musing I gradually fell into the arms of Morpheus; during which time, of course, *much of the beautiful scenery on the route was lost*. My dreams were interrupted by the dinner-bell, which sounded at the old-fashioned hour of twelve, and being somewhat hungry withal, that all-important business began to press upon my nature. I speculated as to the result of my desires, and I am happy to say I was not disappointed.

Arrived at Marysville at 6 o'clock, P. M., and taking a carriage, proceeded to the Merchants' Hotel, one of the best houses in the city, under the charge of Solon Peck. The house is spacious and commodious, and well kept, and I truly recommend your readers who wish to enjoy real comfort and all the good things, to remember the "Merchants," when they visit the city.

Marysville may well be called a beautiful city, and she should be proud of her present

prosperity, having passed triumphantly through her vicissitudes. Improvements are going on constantly—improvements which will yet place her foremost in the State. Many features of interest are noticeable, which are far ahead of the Bay in comfort and convenience.

I paid a visit to the new building now being erected on Cortes Square for the State Agricultural Society, which is indeed an ornament to the city and county. The building is of brick, descriptions of which you have before seen. From all appearances I should judge, from the efforts made, that the fair will be one of the finest ever held in the State. The people are wide awake all over this section, and already large numbers of entries of stock, &c., have been made, from many counties, north and south.

There will undoubtedly be a great crowd at the Fair, and if the right inducements are held out by the Society, which I truly hope will be, they need have no fears of success. These exhibitions, which confer such a benefit on the whole State, should be warmly supported by the people, and not suffered to languish for want of encouragement.

But I must close, as the mail leaves soon. On my return to Sacramento I may say a few words about Smith's famous gardens and orchards.

Yours truly, W.

[For the Hesperian.]

YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

EDITRESS HESPERIAN:—For several weeks past, I have been roaming among the primitive wilds and sublime scenery which is everywhere to be found in proximity with the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains; and especially at the head waters of the Merced, or as the Indians call it, the O-wah-nee river. During the past ten days, the center of my reading has been in a charming oak grove on the banks of the crystal waters of the Merced, and in the heart of the far-famed valley of the Yo-Semite. This evening, as I have a leisure hour, it occurred to me that, surrounded as I am with as wild and picturesque scenery as has yet been discovered—that of the old world not excepted—I would be untrue to my promise, were I to confine myself wholly to earth, without giving at least a few "inklings" to the *Hesperian*; our literary Star of the West!

But, what shall I say?—If the reader has ever witnessed the terrific flash, and heard the deafening thunders of a storm-cloud in our Western Atlantic States, he will probably remember that the effect upon his mind was that of sudden intensity, coupled with a sublime engrossment of speechless admiration and thought: it is even so with the writer now, as surrounded by incomprehensible beauties, which the God of nature has peculiarly unfolded at this favored spot, he can only inhale the inspiration without the power of expression. Words can give but a lame idea of a storm: to appreciate it, the eye must see, and the ear must hear. It is even so with Yo-Semite. It is not sufficient to say that the valley is twelve miles long, and averages a mile and a half in width—that the granite mountains rise abruptly like prison walls on every side, varying from *two to four* thousand

feet in height,—that over those immense walls, in eight distinct falls, leap the foaming waters of large streams and rivers, with their confused and perpetual roar.—It is not enough to say that the Merced river, a large and wide stream of water, which, even now, is barely fordable, meandering gracefully through the grass banks and umbrageous groves of as lovely a valley as was ever nestled at a mountain's base, or, that beautiful lakes, the lucid depths of one of which has never yet been fathomed, are to be found and seen within its precincts.—It is not enough to say that Indian tradition has invested each mountain peak, each water-fall and lake and valley with the antiquity of scenes long since past, but not yet forgotten! To understand and appreciate, one must see, hear, feel and know for himself. Switzerland with her Alpine Mountains cannot boast of wilder scenes, nor can Italy with her Campanian Hills, display sweeter or milder beauties. Divinity is exemplified alike in mountain, cataract and valley, and I verily believe, in no other spot of earth, to greater advantage.

The Yo-Semite valley, with its varied scenery, is admirably adapted, as well as destined to become a "fixture" among the fashionable resorts of California. Already its votaries of intellectual pleasure may be counted by the hundreds; and but yesterday, as jolly a little party were here congregated, as ever pealed forth an unconstrained and joyous laughter, in any country. They were composed of Columbians and of its vicinity; and as one of their number, I could not but regret this morning's parting. Friendship binds with two-fold strength, on an excursion like this; causing the sympathies of the heart to expand in unison with surrounding nature. On our journey thither, we camped in the open air, drank water from the cool springs and streamlets in which the mountains abound, visited mammoth groves, galloped over hills; and while in the valley, climbed to the summit of mountain peaks for extensive views, or sang songs at the foot of a favorite cascade, while the roar of falling waters kept boisterous music with our own merriment. Here was freedom indeed—freedom from conventional formulas, constrained etiquette, and yet, a freedom as orderly and pure as the voice of the winds that nightly lulled our slumbers. Headley, the enthusiastic author of the "Adirondac," could have found no place in the "wide world" more congenial to his tastes, than the Valley of the Yo-Semite. Trout, in inconceivable numbers, can at any time be seen gliding through the clear, cool water of river and lakes: a deer may occasionally be seen feeding in some retired nook of the valley, while from around, beneath, above, from every point, he could have gathered the inspiration of ennobling thoughts.

Two or three days ago, a little fawn was brought to Neal's Hotel, by the Indians, and though not over ten days or two weeks old, it was sprightly and exceedingly beautiful. Its large hazel eyes seemed to concentrate, in their lustrous depths, all the soul and affection of humanity, without its faults. Billy, which is the name by which it was christened,

has become a decided favorite with us all, and particularly with Charley, an intelligent little boy belonging to our generous host and our amiable and agreeable hostess. By the way; if any of your readers propose a visit to the valley, by all means, they should stop at Neal's Hotel. Every attention will be shown them that the place can afford, while no opportunity will pass unnoticed in adding to their enjoyment. Here, also, they will find Mr. Cunningham; a gentleman long familiarized with the mountains and with Indian life and traditions; also possessed of good sense and general intelligence. I have found his aid invaluable in obtaining facts and legends which I am collecting for future use.

But, as it is now time for rest—we retire early in Yo-Semite—I must bring my present communication to a close; not, however, without first informing you, that Mr. Geo. Tirrell, the scenic artist, is now in the valley, taking sketches for his great California Panorama, which he will have completed for exhibition, in nine or ten months.

Are any of your readers tired of city life; business or professional employments? or if devotees to pleasure, if they feel a languor in the dull and senseless revelries of fashionable life,—tell them that here in Yo-Semite Valley, is a glorious relief from all such troubles; and to the soul that can appreciate a panacea that will prepare him for the sweetest and most sublime pleasures of human capacity. Here is no tongue of scandal, but instead thereof, the voice of nature, in notes and tone of higher, purer inspiration, forever whispers—peace.

J. W. O.

Yo-Semite Valley, July 16th, 1858.

[For the Hesperian.]

"SKETCHES BY THE WAY-SIDE."

Reader! are you loved?—loved as you dreamed in your youth you might and must be—loved by the matchless ideal you painted in your imagination, lofty-hearted, noble and true? Or have you wasted the priceless treasure of your affection, and beggared heart and soul by the unvalued libation?

"Un amour rechauffe ne vaut rien," is one of those commonplaces in the book of love, true only of the unimaginative. The rich gifts of affection which surfeit the cold bosom of the dull, fall upon the fiery heart of genius like incense and spice-wood—and long after the giver's prodigality has ceased the mouldering embers lie warm beneath the ashes of silence, and a breath will uncover and rekindle them.

The love of common souls is a world without moon or stars. When the meridian is passed the shadows lengthen, the light departs, and the night that follows is dark indeed.

But as night closes on the warm love of genius, memory lights her pale lamp and brightens as the darkness deepens.

If there is a feature in which, more than in all others, the *fæd* is manifest, it is the masculine ingratitude for love. Yet who are the ungrateful? Men lacking the imagination which can bring back the youthful form in faded beauty. Men dead to the past—regarding woman as a flower and no more—fair to

look upon and sweet to pluck in her pride, but scarce possessed ere trampled on and forgotten. 'Tis *Genius* alone that treasures the perishing flower, remembering its former dew and fragrance, and so immemorably and well have poets been beloved by women.

Lady! of you I ask: Is the golden flow of your youth coining as it melts away? Are your truth and fervor, your unfathomable depths of tenderness and tears—are they named on another's lips? are they made the incense to heaven of another's nightly prayers? Oh! the ray of light wasted on the wide ocean—the ray caught and imprisoned in a king's diamond—the wild flower perishing in the woods, and its sister blossom culled for culture in the garden of the poet, are not wider apart in their destiny than the loved and the unloved. "Blessed are the beloved," (should read a new beatitude,) for theirs is a foretaste of Paradise.

BRUNA.

A CONTRAST.

I saw an old man, with bent form and hair white with the frosts of many winters; upon his face time had ploughed deep furrows, and his hand was hard and horny from contact with the weapons he had used in his warfare in the battle of life. Enfolded within those strong arms, close pressed to that stout form, was an infant; sweetly it slept in its helplessness, forming strong contrast with the man of iron, upon whose breast it lay. Gently the coarse, rough hand changed the position of the little fat, dimpled limbs, that they need not become wearied. Then the head of the old man was bent—for a moment the silver locks mingled with the sunny curls of the fair boy. He imprinted a kiss upon the little cherub mouth, and as he raised his head I perceived a tear twinkling in his eye, and then it stole gently and softly down the aged, furrowed cheek. I turned away, feeling that unseen angels were hovering near, and the feelings of the old man too sacred for the gaze of a stranger.

THE CALIFORNIA CULTURIST.

We have received the second number of the *Culturist*, which is in every respect fully equal to the initial number. We perceive that Mr. O. C. WHEELER has withdrawn, and the work is now solely under the editorial care of Mr. WADSWORTH, a gentleman capable of making it in every respect just such a work as has been long needed in our country. From his long practical experience, both in agriculture and horticulture, he cannot fail to make it a valuable hand-book for the husbandman, as well as the horticulturist. Indeed, we scarcely know how any one can get along without the *Culturist*. From its pages the lover of natural history can gather many interesting facts. Here, too, the thrifty housewife will find the *very best* receipts for preserving fruits. Not so large as to be cumbersome, neatly bound, and elegantly embellished, it is destined to find a welcome to every home in our State.

As a pure spark may be stricken out by the rusty steel, so a thought of beauty may scintillate from a rough and angular soul.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the Hesperian.]

THE LITTLE SAMARITAN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

He sat by the wayside on a stone,
On a cold winter's day;
His clothes were torn, his shoes were old,
His locks were thin and gray—
His little dog was at his side,
And as he cast his eye
Into the old man's face, it said,
"Dear master! do not cry!"

A little girl stood by him there,
The tears were on her cheek—
"Oh! poor old man," she gently said,
"What is the matter? Speak!
Oh, are you old, and sick, and lame?
And are you hungry, too?
Does your head ache? Oh! poor old man!
Do tell what 'tis ails you!"

"I am not sick—I am not weak"—
That old man meekly said;
"I have enough to eat and drink
At home—and fire, and bed.
My little dog lives with me there,
And much he loves me, too;
Dear little girl! I do not mourn
For such as these to you."

"I mourn that all I loved are gone,
Down to the silent tomb—
I mourn that I can never more
Behold them in my home."

"I had a little daughter once,
Who used to climb my knee,
And look up to my face and smile,
And talk and sing to me.
Her name was Mary—blessed child!
Oh, many a year has flown,
Since they laid her away, one day,
Beneath the churchyard stone."

"Was her name Mary?—that's my name!"
That fair child sweetly said;
"Oh! poor old man! come home with me,
Oh, come!—be not afraid!
My mother 'll be so kind to you,
So will papa and I—
I'll put you in my little bed,
And then you will not cry."

And so she took that old man home,
And made him up a bed
In a neat chamber close by hers',
Just as her mother said,
And brought his shoes, and brushed his hair,
And oft with tones of love,
She said, "You have two Marys now—
One here, and one above."

[For the Hesperian.]

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"Hurrah for New-Years!" cried little Willie Barstow, as he came bounding into the room in which sat his brother and sisters, one bright New-Year's morning. "Hurrah for New-Years! Father has just given me a half dollar to buy a New Year's present, and look! here's one for you, Harry, and you, Jenny, and one for you, little toddling sister Margaret. Now I'm off, quick as my legs can carry me, to buy myself the prettiest top and marbles in the whole village, and, Jenny, you will go with me, and you too, Harry, and we'll buy each of us a fine present for New Year's; and you Maggie—what shall we buy for Maggie?" said he, patting his little sister on the cheek. "O! thome thugar plumb, and a nith new doll," lisped out little Maggie. "Hurrah for the sugar plums, and the new doll!" cried Willie.

"Now for the toy shop and the confectioner's. O w'ont we have a nice time?" And away he bounded, with Harry and his sister Jenny at his heels. They reached the gate at the foot of the garden walk, and as Willie opened it, he saw a little girl, very poorly clad, sitting on the step with her little brother beside her, and leaning his head on her lap. Willie bounded past, thinking only of his New Year's gift: but Jenny stopped and called after him, and said, "See, Willie! here is a little girl who looks just like little sister Margaret—just such blue eyes and pretty curls." "O! let the child alone," said Willie; "she is only a beggar, any how. I don't feel like stopping and talking with beggars when we have such fine fun before us. So, come along, Jenny and Harry, or I shall get there first," and away he bounded down the street, with Harry after him. But Jenny took the little girl by the hand, and said, "Where do you live, little girl, and what makes you come out such cold, piercing weather, with your clothes so poor and thin? Only see! why, your hands are blue with cold."

"Yes," said the little girl, "I am very cold, and I am hungry too; for mother is sick and very poor, and father is dead, and we have nothing in the house to eat. But mother told us that this was New Year's day, and she said that good people remember the poor on New Year's day, and she asked God, this morning, that somebody might remember us, and she read a verse out of the Bible, and I think it is very beautiful.

"What is it?" asked Jenny.

"I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread."

The tears stood in Jenny's eyes, for she remembered how her own dear mother, before she went home to heaven, had often repeated to her the verse. The little girl continued, "Mother said we need not beg as long as we had such a beautiful promise. Go out with your brother," said she, "God will put it into the heart of some one to give you food without your asking. His word will not fail this New Year's day."

Jenny stood, almost afraid to speak or to act, for the little girl's words had sounded to her very strange, but she thought, "I have just five dollars—all that my father has given me at different times during the year, and he said, 'Jenny, whenever you buy any thing let me know, for I want to see if my little girl knows how to make a wise use of her money.' And so I have never dared spend a cent, for I have never seen any time when I thought I could spend it for a wise use. But I will venture now, and if he blames me I shall never dare receive any more money from him as long as I live. So Jenny said to the little girl, "Wait here awhile—I want to bring you something." So she ran down the street, and the little girl kept her eyes upon her, and saw her go into a large clothing store. She was not gone long, but soon came back with a bundle in her hands. "See!" she said, "here is a nice warm dress for you, and some stockings for you and your mother, and a cloak for your little brother, and some calico to make your mother a dress. And the baker down

street says he will give you some bread and some pies for a New Year's supper. So go and carry it to your mother, and tell her that a little girl sent it to her whose mother has gone to heaven, and who taught her that verse, 'I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread.'

The little girl laughed and cried by turns, when she saw the bundle full of nice things, and she said, "O, how glad mother will be! and she will never forget you to her dying day, and she will pray for you and love you, too." But Jenny hurried the little girl away, and then ran back into the house. O! what a happy day was that to Jenny! The sun shone brighter, the skies looked clearer than she had ever seen them before; and although it was mid-winter, she kept asking herself if summer had not already come. Happy Jenny! Unto her belonged a nobler and better promise. "Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

'Twas evening in Mr. Barstow's dwelling, and the children were gathered around the table, on that pleasant New Year's-day night. "I hope my children have all had a happy New Year," said Mr. Barstow. "As for me, it has been one of the happiest of my life." Jenny's heart leaped at the words, and she said to herself, "It has seemed like a little heaven to me." "I called, this afternoon, to visit the poor in our village," said Mr. Barstow. "In a miserable house, at the farther end of the village, I found a poor widow woman, whose husband died last fall. The place looked very comfortable. There was but little fire—she was poorly clothed, and there was no appearance of food in the house. While I sat talking with her, her little daughter came in, bringing a large bundle. She said, 'Mamma, a little girl sent you this, who said her mother had gone to heaven and had taught her that beautiful verse, 'I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread.' The poor woman opened the bundle. It contained clothing for herself and children, enough to last them many days.

"That little girl," said Mr. Barstow, and his voice trembled, "is, I believe, seated among us at this table to-night, and her name is—"

"Jenny! Jenny!" exclaimed all the children at once. "O, father! you need not tell us it is Jenny!"

But the happy child, amid the joyful shouts of the little ones, had ran and hid herself in her father's open arms.

THINGS LOST FOREVER.—The following words from the pen of Lydia H. Sigourney, are full of instructive meaning: "Lost riches may be restored by industry: the wreck of health may be regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness, even forfeited reputation won by patience and virtue. But who ever looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from Heaven's record, the fearful blot of wasted time. The footprint on the sand is washed out by the ocean wave; and easier might we, when years are fled, find that footprint, than recall lost hours.

THE OLD MAN'S SUNSET HOME.

BY J. E. L.

"Your old chair is very much in the way, grandpa; I wish you could be content to sit somewhere else besides at this west window," said a dashing-dressed young lady as she swept into the family sitting-room. She had not been long home from a fashionable French school in the city, where her selfishness, at least, seemed to have developed fully as much as was desirable.

"I came here because the sunshine was so pleasant, Sophia. 'Pears to warm up my stiff, old limbs better than the fire. I'll give you the place if you want, though."

"The window of your room is a west one; I ought to, know I think, it used to be mine."

"I know it is, Sophy, but it is kind of lonesome up there all alone. Guess I had better go back, though. Grandpa is always in the way now, I am afraid," he said sorrowfully, as he rose to leave.

"Where are you going, dear grandpa?" said a brown-haired, sunny-faced young lady, who just now glided into the room; "I have come on purpose to have a visit with you."

"I am going any where to be out of the way, Katy."

"Why, dear grandfather, how can you talk so? No room is so cheerful and sacred in all the house as the one which your presence blesses. What have you been saying, Sophia?" she added, turning reproachfully toward her cousin.

"Nothing in the world worth making such a time about," said the young lady, sweeping haughtily out of the room.

The seat by the window was resumed, and Kate drew a low rocking-chair very near it.

"I have been leaning on this arm till it is all asleep," said the old man. "O! just see, Katy, how my fingers cramp." She did see, and unfastening the white wristband, chafed the thin arm and hand till the customary circulation was restored.

"Thank you, Katy darling, it is all well now. Grandpa's fingers used to be as young and quick as yours. Don't seem so, does it? I don't think your hands are quite as white as your cousin Sophy's, but they are a thousand times prettier, in my opinion."

"Mine have to work, you see," said Kate, laughing; "it would not do for the little folks to go hungry at home, because sister was afraid cooking their dinner would brown her hands. George likes them just as well brown."

"He may well be thankful to get them any way. They are a treasure worth any man's aspirations."

"Shall I read to you, grandpa—I see you have a book open—or shall we talk? I must go home to-morrow, you know."

"To-morrow? I had forgotten that. O, I am so sorry, so sorry!" he said very sadly. "Don't read, Katy; talk, if I can only hear your voice one day longer. You are a ray of sunshine in this house, and you will be in any house you enter. May God bless my child!" he added, solemnly. "I shall be pretty lonesome when you are gone, I know I shall. There won't be any one to talk to, then. Old people love to talk, Katy—Martha is kind to me and makes my room as pleasant as she can, but household cares and company take up all her time, so she can't talk with her poor old father much. Her husband is away attending to his business all day, so I don't see much of him either, and I am sure John and Sophia think me always in the way. I don't want to be a burden to

any body, Katy," and a tear filled the mild, dim eye.

"No one could think so, dear, dear grandfather. But I have seen all you mention in my long visit here, and now I have something to propose. No, I have a favor to beg, a request to make, on which my heart is set, and I want an assurance that you will not 'say me nay.'"

"If there is any favor I can do my Katy, she need not be afraid of any nays."

"Well, then, you know that in a few weeks I shall have a home of my own; not a grand establishment like this, but a neat, pleasant cottage, suitable to George's income. Now, what I wish to ask is, will you not make us happy by sharing that home with us? George wishes it as much as I, and I am sure you will be happy with us. The cottage is far more like the old homestead than this splendid mansion. It will only be ten miles away; so you can ride over often as you choose to see your daughter. Please say yes, grandpa."

Tears filled the old man's eyes again, but this time they were tears of pleasure. "My precious child, you don't know how much you are taking upon yourself. You don't know how much trouble an old man like me would be in a house."

"I do not know any such thing, I assure you, but I do know how much joy and comfort it would be to us, and what a real blessing your society would be, long days, when George's business calls him away from home. Indeed, I could not keep house without you, I am afraid; so we will understand that we have settled this point, will we not?"

"I shall be too happy to go to any place on earth where you are, Katy, even to a strange town. I know most all the old people about you there in Horton, and it will seem enough more like home than this place, which is as strange to me now as it was five years ago, when I first came here. But what will Martha say, Katy? Can you tell?"

"I have talked with her all about it, and she consents, on condition that you ride over often." The kind-hearted girl did not care to tell the eagerness with which the proposal had been accepted, "only for the children's sake," it was clearly to be understood.

And so the arrangements were made, and the month quickly rolled away. The little cottage had received its simple furniture, and the best room in it fitted up for grandfather as nearly like the old familiar home as possible. The light buggy drove over to A——, and a few hours afterward the old man was walking hand in hand with his darling Katy over the establishment, listening with keen delight to all the little details, and at last, comfortably settling down in his easy chair, he talked with his new grandson over his pleasant home and future prospects, till Katy called them to their tea. O, how sweet that simple board appeared, with its snowy cloth and white tea-set; its light biscuit, fresh butter, stewed cherries, and plain cake! The burnished silver and cut glass of the home he had just left never looked half so beautiful, and with a full heart he bowed his silvery head, and asked God's blessing on their evening meal.

An old-time friend was asked in to spend the evening, and a lively conversation was sustained till long after his customary hour for retiring. He seemed ten years younger when he took his place at breakfast next morning. "Are we too early for you, sir?" asked George; "I was a little afraid we were."

"Not a bit; I never sleep a wink after five o'clock. Early rising is all important to young people just setting out in life, and I am glad you have the habit."

When the meal was ended the morning hymn was sung, and an earnest prayer for God's direction and protecting care through the day was offered; then the young physician started on his daily rounds.

"I give the little home into your charge to-day, grandfather. Don't let Katy get lonely or work too hard scrubbing imaginary dirt off the wood-work," he added, with a smile at his wife's scrupulous neatness. "If the gardener should come, could you talk with him a little, and direct about the plan of the garden? Kate does not know much about such things, I believe."

"I should delight to do it," said the old man, a bright smile coming into his face at the idea of his possibly being of any service in the world again; "I was a master-hand at making a garden in my day."

The day was warm and bright, and the old man spent most of it out of doors, superintending the Englishman's operations, who listened respectfully to all his suggestions, and obeyed them strictly. The day's work was most satisfactory on all sides, and when night came, Kate's delicious tea was taken with a relish he had not known for many months, and his sleep was sound and sweet.

All summer long the garden was his pride and pleasure. The care of the beds was assumed by him, and the satisfaction with which he brought Katy the very earliest vegetables of the season, it made the household happy to witness. When George came home at sunset it was such a source of joy to have him and Katy walk around the beds, and admire the results of his skill and care. Then, too, the neighbors, as they passed, loved to stop a little while, and leaning their folded arms against the paling, talk with the cheery old gentleman about his beautiful garden, and tell him what a "likely, promising young man" his grandson was, and how much the people loved and respected him.

In short, he had just the home he needed to make his old age peaceful and happy. Katy's infinite tact never allowed his mind time for gloom, or for feeding on itself, but would ever, apparently without any effort, start some pleasant train of thought, which would divert it from a melancholy channel. He was loved most deeply and tenderly, and treated with respect and deference due to his years. The sweet country air, and constant sunshine in his breast, made him grow young and hale again, and the sunset of his life was one long, gentle, summer twilight.—*Ladies' Repository*.

A PARAGRAPH FOR YOUNG LADIES.—It is not your dress, your shawl, your pretty figures, that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affection of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on the mind. Fools may be won by gew-gaws and showy dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught thus. Let modesty be your dress.

A JOLLY LIFE.—Insects must lead a truly jovial life. What must it be to lodge in a lily! Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold all exhalating such a perfume as never arose from censer! Fancy again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of the rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew drop, and fall to and eat your bed-clothes!

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

By JOHN CHITTENDEN, S. F. C.

THE MOSQUITO: *Culex Mosquita*.—This tribe of insects—known in England by the name of Gnats, in France, Cousins, and here, Mosquitos—has something peculiar in its natural economy and instinct, well deserving the attention of the lover of natural history. Its sting is one of the most singular objects under the microscope. The sucker which pierces the skin is enclosed in a flexible sheath, which packers up as the sucker enters the skin. The sucker has half a dozen lancets, which inflict a rankling wound, made more irritable by an acrid liquor which is injected into it. A small drop of hartshorn or eau de Cologne, applied immediately after the bite, will often assuage the pain and allay the itching; the swelling, too, will subside, if bathed with the latter. Persons of light or florid complexion are most subject to the annoyance, from the circumstance of the cuticle of their flesh being more tender than that of others. Such persons are sure to be singled out as objects of peculiar favor of the fairer sex of the tribe, which some naturalists affirm engross the whole of the venom of the male. The animal itself is one of the most beautiful and graceful of all winged insects. Its proportions, when examined by a good microscope, are found to be admirably adapted for the enjoyment of life. Its wings are so constructed as to be moved with the least possible exertion, and are so strong, that when the body is crushed, the wings are often found not the least injured. The sagacity this little creature observes in protecting its young from harm, is one of the most wonderful facts in nature. Having selected a pool upon which the sun can shed all its vivifying influence, it next looks about on its surface for a little leaf or straw, or other minute substance, on which it may rest while depositing its eggs. Now, the eggs are some six times broader at one end than the other, and would consequently sink if dropped into the water, their gravity being heavier than the water. It then places its body along this floating substance, with the last ring of its tail uplifted; it then crosses its two hinder legs in the form of a letter X, level with the surface of the water at the lower angle. Now the inner opening of this figure is intended to form the platform of the structure; the inner angle of her crossed legs she next brings close to the raised part of her body or tail, and places it on one egg, covered with gelatine, or gluey substance. On either side of this egg she places another, all of which adhere closely together; these form a triangle to be the stern of her little egg-boat or raft. In this way the little creature adds egg after egg, confining all within the triangle thus formed by her legs. When it becomes too bulky to be thus confined, it is pushed from its mold, and the raft is made bigger and bigger, until its compactness and surface is sufficient to sustain it on the surface of the water. It is then launched out upon the deep and left to shift for itself. In a few days the little gnats break their shells at the lowest end, and leave their ark at the sport of the tiny wave, floating about until the water rots the skin that once covered them.

Persons to whom the little insects are an annoyance, should avoid leaving open any stagnant water, especially in the sun. If the water is of consequence, they may be destroyed by a little salt sprinkled upon its surface; or lime unsacked will have the same effect. Their eggs generally amount

to three hundred each. The larvæ float head downward to receive their nutriment, sometime before they separate themselves from the eggs, and receive air through the caudal tube of the egg. The common gnat (*Culex pipiens*) has the same instinct and economy in producing its young.—*California Cultivator*.

The Loss of Early Purity of Character.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot, there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself; a soft, delicate blush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now if you strike your hand over that, and it is at once gone, it is gone forever; for it never grows but once. Take the flower that grows in the morning, impearled with dew—arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels. Once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as carefully as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning, you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, trees, blending in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated! So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seem to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effect cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven. It is a stain of blood we can never make white, and which can be washed away only in the blood of Christ, that "cleanseth from all sin!"—*H. W. Beecher*.

A LADY'S OPINION OF A LADY'S MAN.—Mrs. Stephens, in her excellent monthly magazine, thus "pitches in" against a class of men which is becoming far too numerous in our cities and towns. Hear what she says: "Our own private opinion of the lady's man is, that he is thoroughly contemptible—a sort of specimen of life hardly worth thinking about—a nut-shell with the kernel withered up—a handful of foam drifting over the wine of life, something not altogether unpleasant to the fancy, but of no earthly use. A woman of sense would as soon put to sea in a man-of-war made of shingles, or take up her residence in a card-house, as dream of attaching herself to a lady-killer.

"Women worth the name are seldom deceived into thinking our lady's man the choicest specimen of his sex. Whatever their ignorance may be, womanly intuition must tell them that the men who live for great objects, and whose spirits are so firmly knit that they are able to encounter the storms of life—men whose depth and warmth of feelings resemble the powerful current of a mighty river, and not the bubbles on its surface, who, if they love, are never smitten by mere beauty of form or features—that these men are far more worthy even of occupying their thoughts in idle moments than the fops and men about town with whose at-

tentions they amuse themselves. If we were to tell him this, he would only laugh; he has no pride about him, although full of vanity; and it matters not to him what we may broadly affirm or gently insinuate.

"Soft and delicate though he be, he is as impervious to ridicule as a hod-carrier, and as regardless of honest contempt as a city alderman. Were you to hand him this article, he would take it to some social party, and read it aloud in the most mellifluous voice as a homage to his own attractions."

THE NIGHT SONG OF THE YUBA.—The Yuba is a pretty stream—a talking, singing, impetuous stream—and its father and mother are the giant Sierras. The pretty stream has a voice that seems to be the ceaseless flow of mysterious echoes; the rocks and pebbles are speaking through the water—it is their medium of expression, their eloquent yet ineffectual orator. But we said the pretty stream was a singing stream. We were right, for eloquence is always the best of songs. Perhaps we hear the pretty stream more distinctly than the many who have long been beside its banks; we are close to its rough and winding shores, and in the night time, when the other sounds that daily float on passing day are lessened of their vigor, we think we hear the pretty stream speaking in poetic numbers, then in prayer, then in most melodious song. May it not have a night-song, with which it serenades the bushes and the flowers? May it not have a hymn which it sends nightly to the mountains and the stars, or higher still, where the highest of the high immortal are thought to dwell? Well, sing on, pretty stream; sound forth unceasingly, mysterious, yet softly beautiful night song of the Yuba!—*Sierra Citizen*.

CHILDREN AS IMITATORS.—If mankind, when arrived at full age, was capable of imitation to the same degree that it generally is in childhood, we should be likely to have a world of mimics. Fortunately or unfortunately, this is not the case; but we are entirely too forgetful of the propensity of childhood to copy all our words and actions. Many a parent discovers vices and improprieties in his child, and wonders at them, when he has himself, in some unguarded moment, given the hint upon which the vice has been formed. Few parents—and those only of the most degraded and vicious—willingly set bad examples for their children; the chief danger lies in the unguarded moments. Children are quite too generally regarded as nobodies when people of mature age are conversing, and a kind of impression seems to prevail that they will not hear, when a grown person would certainly do so if placed in the same situation. The truth is, that they are more likely to hear than their elders, from the fact that their little brains are less habitually employed, and that they are very often flung on the sharp look-out for occupation and amusement. Be careful—parents—how you act, speak, even look, in the presence of your children.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

The man who carries a lantern in a dark night can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and he not defrauded. So he who has the God-given light of hope in his breast, can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to their precious gain.

A steward wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library in the following terms:—"In the first place I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and a yard of old civil law in folio."

He who wants good sense is unfortunate in having learning; for he thereby has more ways for exposing himself.

THE HESPERIAN.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

F. H. G.—You cannot “follow up a thought.” Thought exists in the mind at first as an abstract substance, then imagination takes hold of it and warms it into life, when the affections claim it and bring it into use by applying it to any of the various uses of life.

J. W. B.—Communication received. We make it a rule never to publish any communication unless we know the name of the author. In no instance will we depart from that rule. The name confided to us will be kept strictly confidential. Please send us your name.

M. D. S., Rough and Ready.—Your kind letter received. Accept our grateful thanks for your good wishes—will send the papers with pleasure, and hope to hear from you again soon.

J. L. G., Nevada.—Subscription received and papers sent.

MARY.—If you will send us the names and subscriptions of five subscribers you will be entitled to a copy of the Hesperian. You can do it, no doubt.

J. W. O.—Many thanks. Let us hear from you often.

G. R. N.—We were absent at the time of which you speak, attending to business connected with our paper, in the country, which will account for the error to which you refer. We found traveling and editing rather laborious, and are once more at our old post, where we hope to remain until the opening of the Fair at Marysville, when we intend to spend a few days there.

OPENING OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE.

We are happy to announce that Mr. E. S. CONNER will open the American Theatre on Monday next, assisted by his accomplished and talented lady, and a powerful company, upon which occasion will be presented the new play of “The Tempter,” and the amusing farce of “Ladies at Home.” We venture to assert that the theatre-going public have a real treat in store for them, and we bespeak for the enterprising manager a full house and an appreciative audience.

Our thanks are due to J. H. Still & Co., corner of Sansome and Washington Streets, for a large bundle of papers, among which we find the Illustrated News of the World; Ballou's Pictorial; the Saturday Evening Post; Boston Transcript; Times for California; New York Tribune; Sunday Dispatch; Dollar Weekly; Times; the Spiritual Telegraph; Banner of Light, and various other papers.

Also to Messrs. Hutchings & Rosenfield, for full files of Eastern papers, magazines, and so forth.

J. W. Sullivan, Sullivan's depot, Washington Street, near the Post Office, has also kindly furnished us with many excellent papers, periodicals, magazines, and so forth, with which his depot is always well supplied.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Sea-Bathing Establishment, to be found in another column. Knowing, as we do by experience, that this house is worthy of patronage, we cheerfully commend it to our friends. The rooms are always clean and in good order, and a sea-bath, besides being highly conducive to health, is one of the greatest luxuries we can indulge in. The omnibuses run from South Park to Meiggs' wharf every three minutes during the day, affording people a pleas-

ant ride, as well as a delightful bath, at a very small expense.

Any of our friends having duplicate copies of Nos. 1 and 3 of the HESPERIAN, which they do not care to retain, will confer a favor upon us by sending them to the Post Office, lock box No. 539, or to our editorial room, 111 Washington street, up stairs, as we are entirely out of those numbers.

The grave, says Irving, buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

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ml G. W. FRINK, Proprietor.

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A Journal of Literature and Art.

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This Journal is designed for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and for the cultivation of a literary taste. It will present to the public original productions from among our own citizens, upon subjects most nearly connected with our homes and manners, as a people. It will carefully select information from abroad, with a special view to our necessities as a community. It will address itself to Woman, since the conductors rely much upon their own sex for aid, and will scrupulously avoid anything demoralizing in its influence. It will attempt just and fair criticism, and will expect the same. Every effort will be put forth to render it worthy of the patronage which it respectfully solicits.

Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

All communications to be addressed to Editress “Hesperian,” 111 Washington street, San Francisco.

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[For the Hesperian.]

LINES TO A LADY,

WITH VASE AND FLOWERS.

BY FRANK SOULE.

When some gray slab shall mark his little mound,
Whose fevered heart now wildly throbs for thee—
When stilled each pulse, whose every fluttering bound
Speaks to my soul how dear thou art to me—
'Tis sweet to think that from my silent clay,
When all beneath hath all above forgot,
Bright flowers may spring and blossom to the day—
Heart-nourished, when the heart remembers not;

Sweet to anticipate some sunny morn,
When Winter's frown melts to the smile of Spring,
While warblers sing amid the budding thorn,
And earth and ether rose-tinct breezes bring—
Some kindred heart there, recollection-led,
Some friend my spirit loved and cherished here,
May pluck a garland from my lowly bed,
And consecrate its petals with a tear.

So when within this vase you place the flowers
Which taste and feeling to your genius give—
Sweet souvenirs of your triumphal hours—
If love or friendship in your bosom live,
'Tis sweet to think that in your heart's full store
Of joys, some thought of me may still find place;
A soul-wrought chaplet twined for me once more—
Thy thoughts the flowers, and memory the vase.

[For the Hesperian.]

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

I would die in the spring, in the early spring,
When the earth is clothed in its freshest green,
When the birds, the flowers, and every thing
Unite their Maker's praise to sing.

I would die in the morn, in the early morn,
Ere the day and its glories are fully born;
I would leave the light of this home of clay,
To bathe in the light of eternal day.

Let me go, let me go, and no tears detain,
For the love of all mortals is feeble and vain.
The Savior has called me—I cannot delay;
See! the angels are waiting to guide on the way!

Come, come, my dear husband, let tears cease to flow;
You have heard of the land to which I must go;
Imprint on my lips one last fond kiss,
Then resign me to Jesus, to heaven, to bliss.

But O! my dear husband, one word ere we part,
For the love of a wife is yet strong in my heart:
Prepare you to meet me in the world that's afar—
I'll pray to our Savior that the gate be ajar.

Now farewell, O farewell! The light gleams on high,
The wings of the angels are pressing quite nigh!
Remember, my darling, my last fond prayer—
Meet me in heaven! O, meet me *there!*

[For the Hesperian.]

ALLEN, THE BETRAYER; OR, THE RED MAN'S CURSE.

The sun cast his last lingering rays upon a landscape surpassingly beautiful. Afar in the distance could be seen cloud-capped mountains, and more near, on one side, whole fields of waving grain, where but recently stood the monarchs of the forest, while on the other side the forest trees still retain possession, and bow and nod to the passing breeze as if in mockery; bidding defiance to the axe, notwithstanding some of their trunks are already girdled, too truly foreshadowing their doom. But now all is hushed. The laborer seeks his cot, and the birds their leafy nests, for the day is past and the evening shades are gathering fast.

By the side of the river, that glides so silently by, sits a maiden; her fair face mirrored in the placid waters, which are so clear that you can see to their very depths, and count the smooth shining pebbles as they lay in their cool bed beneath.

Ill at ease appears the maiden, for ever and anon she lifts her head and seems to listen. "Why does he not come? seven was the hour appointed, and now 'tis nearly eight. He cannot have forgotten. No, oh no, he *could not forget.*"

Now a noise among the trees has attracted her attention; a sharp crackling of dry boughs, and, with one bound, the forest is cleared by a young man; he may be twenty-five, or even thirty, but his sunburnt face, shaded by that mass of dark curling hair, might be taken for much older.

"Allen, is it you?" exclaimed the maiden; "I thought you'd never come."

"Well, do not chide me, dearest," he replied, at the same time folding her to his heart and imprinting upon her fair brow a kiss; "It was late ere I could get away. Many duties press upon me now, and I cannot always be near my charmer. But why is your cheek so pale, and why do you turn away and sigh?"

"Listen, Allen, I will tell you why. You know that long ago my parents forbade our union, and did they now suspect our stolen interviews they would not let me leave their sight lest I should see you. Once I hoped that they would yield, and sometime bless our union, but that hope is passed. They will never consent—never bless us," and burying her face in her hands, she gave way to an agony of tears.

"Do not disturb yourself with vague fears," responded her companion; "can you not trust me, and have I not promised to provide as good a home as the one I take you from?"

"Oh! Allen, that is not all; I cannot marry without the blessing of my parents. I pray you go, forget me, and leave me to struggle with my fate alone."

"This from you, Helen! I thought you loved me—but no, I see I have been mistaken. Did you love me you would dare all things for my sake, and consider that my love and my presence atoned for the want of all things else. The maiden that I make wife must be willing to brave and bear a father's and a mother's curse, and find *my love* more than sufficient compensation."

"For God's sake, Allen, speak not so," exclaimed Helen, but a rustling among the low brush and underwood of the forest attracted their attention, and cut short her appeal. Helen was frightened, and clung trembling to the side of her companion.

"'Twas but the wind among the trees," said Allen; "no need to be so frightened."

"What if our interviews should be discovered? Do not ask me again to meet you in this way," said Helen, "I cannot—*dare not* do it."

"Well, be it so. I thought you loved me, but——"

"Allen, you know I love you. Ah, yes, better than my own peace of mind—better, I fear, than my own best interests."

"I will not endanger your safety by a longer interview, or your peace of mind by asking you to come again. Farewell!" So saying, ere Helen had time to think, much less to speak, Allen had taken a path which led in an opposite direction from the one by which he came, and was lost to sight.

Helen was both surprised and overwhelmed with the thought that he should doubt her love—surprised at his words and treatment of her, no less than by his sudden departure.

"What!" she exclaimed, throwing herself upon the grass, already wet with the evening dew, "Does he doubt my love? Can it be?" Again and again the question presented itself, but there came no reply. Burying her face in her hands, she gave way to a flood of tears, and so absorbed was she by her grief that she heard not the rustling of the forest boughs, and saw not the tall, straight form of the red man as he cautiously approached her resting-place. Not till he laid his hand gently upon her shoulder did she recognise his presence, and then she would have fled, but detaining her gently, he motioned her to resume her seat upon the grass, and then said: "The daughter of the pale-faced medicine-man is sick to-night, because of a great sorrow at her heart. Her father knows no medicine to

cure her. The black snake of the forest has seen the daughter of the pale-face, and the poison of his tongue has reached her heart. Maiden, Go-we-tah loves the pale-faced medicine-man, thy father. Many moons have come and gone since the pale-faced warriors sought the hunting-grounds of the red man. The red men are all braves. We all love the hunting-grounds of our fathers, and we fought to drive the pale-faces back, but the Great Spirit was with the pale-faces. He talked to them through the trees, and gave to them our hunting-grounds. So the red man wanders farther and farther towards the setting sun. In one of the great battles many of our warriors fell, and the pale-faces, seizing our wives and papposes, bore them away prisoners. Wa-ne-na, Go-we-tah's love, who but three moons had lain upon his bosom, was no where to be found. My wigwam was desolate. All night I sought her in the forest, but when the sun rose Go-we-tah knew that Wa-ne-na was the prisoner of the pale-faced warrior. Five days I traveled through the forest, and then I reached the council-fires of the pale-faced warriors. I sought their chief, and asked him for Wa-ne-na. He only laughed a devil-laugh, and told me 'No—Wa-ne-na was fair to look upon. He would not suffer her to die for want of love.' Ha! I sprang like a tiger forward, but the pale-faces were many, and I only one. They bound me hand and foot and made me prisoner. All night they watched me, and, when the sun rose o'er the hills, brought me to the council for trial. I cared not for life, for Wa-ne-na was lost to me. The great chief said 'Let Go-we-tah be shot,' and I said it is well. But up rose a pale-faced brave and said, 'Not so—he shall not die, but give to him Wa-ne-na, and let him go to his own council-fire and to his own wigwam.' And so they gave to me Wa-ne-na and let me go. Maiden, that pale-faced brave was thy father, and now Go-we-tah comes to save his daughter. The great chief of the council was thy Allen's father. Wouldst thou take to thy bosom a serpent and nurse it there?"

A shudder passed through the frame of Helen as she said, "Go-we-tah, the son is not to blame for the sins of the father. Allen is good, and loves me even as you loved Wa-ne-na."

"Not so, not so," said the brave; and his whole frame shook with emotion. "Allen is the black snake of the forest. He loves but to destroy. The white fawn, whose bed we made 'neath the forest leaves when last the moon was full, believed the black snake of the forest loved her, for he wooed her, and promised her his love; but the daughter of the pale-face came, and he forgot the white fawn, and left her for a new love; so the love of white fawn came back upon her heart. Tears came to her eyes, and she grew sick and prayed the Great Spirit to take her home, and the Great Spirit sent and took her and her fatherless pappoose to the spirit-land. The black snake still lives, but the curse of the red man is on him,—love him not."

Suddenly as he had come, Go-we-tah-left,

and with a heart full of agony Helen wended her way home.

"Where can Helen be?" said good dame Waitland, as she set a huge plate of light hot biscuits upon the table, which, with a dish of golden-colored mush and a large pan of milk, composed the evening meal; "seems to me she can't be well, she is so quiet and so fond of roaming off alone."

"Now don't go to borrowing trouble," said her husband; "if you think she is sick, I will give her some medicine."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Harry, Helen's youngest brother; "father, I guess your medicine won't reach her case. I found her reading a note the other day, and when I asked her who 't was from, she hid it in her bosom, quick, and scolded me away."

For a moment the eyes of the parents met, and exchanged an anxious, inquiring glance.

"What has become of Allen Mayfield?" asked the father, with an attempt at composure; "is he still in the neighborhood?"

"Indeed he is, father," replied the son; "I see him often."

The entrance of Helen now put a stop to the conversation, and the good mother said, anxiously: "Why, Helen, where have you been? I fear such long walks in the evening dew will give you cold, perhaps make you sick."

"Have no fear for me," said Helen. "I hope you did not keep the table waiting on my account."

"Yes, my child; take a bite to eat, and then we will hurry up the work."

Helen's supper was soon finished, and she busied herself assisting her mother put by the evening work. That done, a small table, covered with a snow-white cloth, upon which lay the great family Bible, was placed beside her father. From the sacred volume the good man read a chapter, and then all united in singing a hymn. More than once Helen's voice faltered so that she could not go on.

The singing over, they kneel in prayer. Mr. Waitland was a Christian, and he bore all his sorrows to Him who has said: "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without my knowledge, and the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

O, how tumultuously beat Helen's heart! How harshly in memory sounded her lover's words: "The girl I make my wife must be willing to brave and bear a father's or a mother's curse!" How the memory of her childhood's days flowed in upon her heart! The past, with all a mother's tender love and care, and a father's gentle admonitions, rose before her like so many accusing angels. She felt, she knew that she was wrong; but, alas! she loved wildly—madly loved Allen, the black snake of the forest. The amen pronounced, Helen took a light, and hastily bidding her parents good-night, sought her room. Who shall tell the agony that she there endured! Filial affection on one side urging her to duty, and on the other side the prompting of an all-powerful, passionate love. The night waned, but sleep visited not the couch of Helen. The morning dawned, and found her in tears; but

the tempter was triumphant. For his love she had decided to forsake father and mother, and, sacrificing all that she held dear, give herself unconditionally to him.

But a new trouble arises in her mind. Allen had left her in anger: would he return to her, or how should she convey to him the intelligence of her decision? Full of vague doubts and undefined fears, she left her room.

Mechanically she performed the duties of the day, and the tranquil hour of evening found her again by the river-side. How the calm tranquility of nature seemed to reproach the tumult and disorder of her mind! The very river at her feet, winding its noiseless way along, seemed to whisper—Peace, peace. With what a rush and whirl came upon her mind the memories of the past; and her resolution had well-nigh failed her, when from the tangled wood emerged the well-known form of her lover.

"Forgive me, Helen," he exclaimed, kneeling at her feet, "the rudeness and the wrong of yester eve. My love is so strong for you, it brooks no restraint, o'erleaps all barriers; and I can not endure that you should talk of yielding to any thing that will mar our happiness in each other."

"Rise, Allen," said Helen, "and never chide me more, for my mind is made up: I will sacrifice all for you."

"Noble, glorious girl! spoken like your own true self," replied Allen, kissing her fondly; "and since you have laid your foolish scruples aside, tell me when you will be mine—when will you fly with me to some spot where your presence will make my paradise?"

Not so far had Helen thought, and the proposition caused her pain; but quickly recovering herself, she said: "Your time is mine, Allen; I am yours, now and for ever."

In glowing terms did the wily tongue of Allen picture the happiness in store for them in the future; and, yielding to his persuasive eloquence, Helen promised to meet him when the stars came forth and the dark mantle of night enveloped the earth.

They saw not the dark eyes that gleamed upon them from the wood, nor heard the suppressed *ugh!* of the red man, as cautiously he retraced his steps to the forest.

[To be concluded.]

Oh, ye loved ones that already sleep in the noiseless bed of rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye who, wide-scattered, still toil lonely in the monster-bearing desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood—yet a little while, and we shall all meet there, and our mother's bosom will screen us all; and oppression's harness, and sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more!—*Carlyle: Sartor Resartus.*

THE LITTLE ABSENTEE.

"There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light have fled;
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie,
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky."

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

FIRST PAPER.

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

"To the prison-hold, the dreary cell,
Thy footsteps turn where guilt and misery dwell;
To the lone wretch on restless pillow tost—
The early-doomed—the desolate—the lost—
Her whom the world had cast without its pale,
'Tis thine, with ever-cheering voice to hail;
To call from deepest shade to purest light
Her abject soul, whom none besides invite."

Youth is the time for facts; principles must tarry for the age of maturity and discrimination. The female missionary who leaves her "childhood's home, the home of riper years," for an ocean voyage and a foreign land, enlists the spirit of romance which glows in every youthful mind; while the home missionary, perhaps even more laborious and self-denying, awakens comparatively little sympathy and admiration. But it is our present intention to detail the history of one, who, without leaving her native shores, stooped to the lowest heathen in a Christian land, and whose labors and their results were so unique and vast, that romance fades before reality, and truth exceeds the largest fiction. The facts of her earlier history are somewhat familiar to general readers, but those of her later years far less so; and as a striking proof of what woman by the grace God can accomplish, we sketch the whole that we may give a complete picture of the character of Mrs. Fry of England.

Mrs. Fry was born at Norwich, of good parentage, and enjoyed every advantage of society and cultivation. She also possessed, in an eminent degree, those minor qualifications of form and voice, which, though nothing in themselves, are, when sanctified by the grace of God, no slight element in the success of those who are called to such appeal to others. Previous to her conversion she manifested much of that benevolent feeling which in after years was so wonderfully developed in untiring action. "When a child, she was remarkable for the strength of her affections and the vivacity of her mind, and early learned the lesson of enhancing the happiness and soothing the cares and sorrows of all around her. As she grew up, *Philanthropy* became a marked and settled feature of her character, and she took great delight in forming and superintending a school on her father's premises for the poor children of Earham and all the surrounding parishes." At the age of eighteen, after having largely tried the vanities of the world, she experienced religion. This change, indeed, was far from disqualifying her for those social endearments which a widowed father and ten beloved brothers and sisters claimed at her hand. On the contrary, she became more than ever the joy and comfort of the home circle till the year 1800, when, at the age of twenty, she married Joseph Fry, of London, and settled in a commodious house connected with her husband's business in the heart of the metropolis. Here new scenes of duty and interest awaited her. She became the mother of a numerous family, over whom she exerted the tenderest maternal care. Yet her domestic relations did not prevent her from laboring with constant zeal for the benefit of others. Mrs. Fry's conversion to God prepared her not only for the discharge of every religious duty in domestic and social life, but for various public services never before contemplated by her, especially in the higher walks of philanthropy. And it was followed, therefore, by her self-dedication to the Redeemer as a minister of the glorious Gospel—woman being acknowledged in that character

and office by the Society of Friends, to which denomination she belonged. We shall not now discuss the reality of that call, which, by a majority of the Christian world, is thought to belong exclusively to the other sex. Educated as Mrs. Fry had been among the Friends, and hearing their peculiar tenets ably upheld by those in whose intellect and piety she had the most perfect confidence, we do not wonder that standing by her beloved father's bier, where the vanity of all earthly hopes and the reality of eternal interests was deeply realized, she should there express the views and emotions which crowded on her laboring spirit, where a female, educated in a different mode and with other views of duty, would as conscientiously have repressed their utterance. Such labors accustoming her to publicity, made duties easy, which would have seemed quite appalling to one habituated only to the privacy of domestic life.

During her early married life she was informed of the terrible condition of the female prisoners in Newgate. We shall give a slight account of their situation, that Mrs. Fry's courage may be correctly estimated: "In two wards, and two cells, comprising about one hundred and ninety superficial square yards, three hundred females were at that time confined. Here they saw their friends, and kept their multitudes of children; and they had no other place for cooking, washing, and sleeping. They slept on the floor—at times one hundred and twenty in one ward—without as much as a mat for bedding, and many of them were nearly naked. She saw them openly drinking spirits, and her ears were offended by the most terrible imprecations. Everything was filthy to excess, and the smell was disgusting." In giving this account, Mrs. Fry remarks: "All I tell thee is but a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and the expressions of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which everything bespoke, are utterly indescribable." Mrs. Fry had formed the resolution of entering upon this work of mercy, ignorant indeed of very much of the depravity and loathsomeness which she found in the place. The Governor of Newgate tried to persuade her from visiting this abode of iniquity and shame, which he himself scarcely dared to enter, even when attended by an officer as a guard. She remained, however, firm in her purpose, believing it to be the call of God to fulfill this duty. He advised her not to carry her purse nor her watch with her, but Mrs. Fry replied, "I thank thee, but I am not afraid; I do not think I shall lose any thing." She was shown into an apartment which contained about one hundred and sixty of those unhappy women, who gazed on her as she entered with amazement. But the pure and tranquil expression of her countenance had more than magic influence, and speedily softened their ferocity. They heard her voice and listened to her with attention. "You seem unhappy," said Mrs. Fry to the prisoners; "you are in want of clothing; would you be pleased if one would come and relieve your misery?" "Certainly," they replied; "but no one cares for us, and where can we expect to find a friend?" "I am come with a wish to serve you," she answered; "and I think if you second my endeavors I may be of use to you." She then spoke to them the language of peace, and afforded a glimmering of hope. She avoided touching on their crimes, and made them understand that she came not to judge or condemn. When she was about to depart, the women thronged around her as if to de-

tain her. "You will never come again," said they. "I will come again," was the reply, and she kept her word. These visits led to wise arrangements for their benefit. The want of regular employment was the greatest hinderance, and as this could not be immediately remedied, the ladies—for Mrs. Fry had formed coadjutors—turned their attention to the wretched children, under seven years of age, confined there with their mothers, and to the juvenile delinquents committed there for petty offences. These were about thirty in number, and were surrounded by everything that could destroy their health and contaminate their morals. At Mrs. Fry's second visit she requested to be admitted alone into the wards, and was locked up there alone with the women for several hours. She appealed to the maternal feeling—which had survived every thing else that was pure and good—in behalf of their children. With tears and gratitude they accepted her offer to have them taught things that were right and useful, and promised to do any thing that she might direct; for even to them it was horrible to hear their infants utter oaths and filthy expressions among the first words they learned to articulate. She desired them to maturely consider her plan, for that she would not undertake it without their steady coöperation; but that if they concluded to do their part she would do hers, and that the first step would be to appoint a governess. This she left entirely to them, and they were to consider who was the most proper person for that appointment. Consideration confirmed their desire for the instruction of their children. At her next visit they had selected a young woman, a schoolmistress, and her conduct did credit to their discernment, for she behaved throughout with signal propriety, and was never known to transgress a rule.

After consultation with the Governor and Sheriffs, who did their best to discourage her, and after overcoming numerous difficulties to prepare a suitable place, this school went into full operation; we only wish that we had room to enter into a detail of its success. The ladies were now beset by the wretched women, imploring to be taught, praying that they might be rescued from the idleness which of itself was destructive to the improvement they sought. The ladies hearkened and combined, and were tempted to commence a school to teach them to read and work. This benevolent intention seemed perfectly visionary, and met but little encouragement. They were told that the certain consequence of introducing work would be to have it stolen; it was strongly represented that their materials were of the very worst description; that a regular London thief, who had passed through every stage and scene of guilt, who had spent her youth in prostitution, and her maturer years in theft and knavery, whose every friend and connection are accomplices and criminal associates, is, of all characters, the most irreclaimable. "But the intercourse of the ladies with the prisoners had inspired them with a confidence that was not easy to be shaken; and they had the boldness to declare that if a committee could be found that would share the labor, and a matron who would engage never to leave the prison night or day, they would undertake to try the experiment; that is, they would find employment for the women, procure the necessary money till the city could be induced to relieve them from the expense, and be answerable for the safety of the property committed to their hands. This committee—to their everlasting praise be it spoken—immediately presented itself. It consisted of the wife of a

clergyman, Mrs. Anglezart, and eleven members of the Society of Friends. They professed their willingness to suspend every other engagement and to devote themselves to Newgate; and in truth they performed their promise. With no interval of relaxation, and with but few intermissions from the call of other and more imperious duties, they lived among the prisoners. At first, every day in the week and every hour of the day, some of them were to be found at their posts joining in the employment or engaged in the instruction of their pupils; and at this very period, when the necessity of such close attention is very much abated, the matron assures me that, with only one short exception, she does not recollect the day on which some of the ladies have not visited the prison." The city authorities were again consulted, and though they were men of much benevolence of character, they still deemed the project impracticable. Mrs. Fry only pleaded, "Let the experiment be tried;" they consented, and coöperated by preparing a room, etc. The women were then collected and asked if they would abide by certain rules, to which they all agreed. Having succeeded thus far, the next business was to provide employment. It struck one of the ladies—Heaven suggested!—that Botany Bay might be supplied with stockings, and, indeed, all articles of clothing for the prisoners. She therefore called on Richard Dixon & Co., and candidly told them she was desirous of depriving them of this branch of their trade, and stating her views, begged their advice. They said at once they would not in any way obstruct such laudable designs, and that no further trouble need be taken to provide work, for they would undertake to do it. The room was soon prepared, work obtained, monitors from among themselves appointed, and a code of rules formed to which they were pledged to abide. During the first month the ladies were anxious that the attempt should be secret that it might meet with no interruption; at the end of that time, as the experiment had succeeded even beyond their expectations, it was deemed expedient to apply to the corporation of London. It was thought that the school would be more permanent if made a part of the "prison system" of the city than if it depended on individuals. Accordingly a letter was sent to the Sheriff, who answered, proposing a meeting with the ladies at Newgate, and at this meeting, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and several of the Aldermen attended. The prisoners were assembled, and it being requested that no alteration in their usual practice might take place, one of the ladies read a chapter from the Bible, and then the females proceeded to their usual avocations. Their attention during the time of reading, their orderly and sober deportment, their decent dress, the absence of every thing like noise or contention, the obedience and respect shown by them, and the cheerfulness visible in their countenance and manner, conspired to excite the astonishment and admiration of their visitors. Many of them knew Newgate, had visited it but a few months previous, and had not forgotten the painful impression made by a scene, exhibiting, perhaps, the very utmost limits of misery and guilt. They now saw what, without exaggeration, might be called a transformation—riot, licentiousness, and filth, exchanged for order, sobriety, and comparative neatness in the chamber, the apparel, and the persons of their prisoners. The prison no more resounded with obscenity, and imprecations, and licentious songs; and to use the coarse but just expression of one who knew the prison well, "This hell upon earth exhibited the appearance of an

industrious manufactory, or a well-regulated family." The magistrates, to evince their sense of the importance of the alteration made, adopted the whole plan as a part of the system of Newgate; empowered the ladies to punish the refractory by a short confinement, undertook part of the expense of the matron, and loaded the ladies with thanks and benedictions. "This experiment was continued, and was tested till those most competent to judge, the Lord Mayor, the Governor, and several grand juries, all declared their satisfaction, mixed with astonishment at the alteration which had taken place in the conduct of the females. The effect wrought by the advice and admonition of the ladies, may perhaps be evinced more forcibly by the relation of a single occurrence, than by any description. It was a practice of immemorial usage for convicts, on the night preceding their departure for Botany Bay, to pull down and break every thing breakable within their part of the prison, and to go off shouting with the most hardened ferocity, and all connected with the building dreaded this night of disturbance and devastation. But now, when the time arrived for the departure of some who had been under instruction, no noise was heard; not a window was intentionally broken. They took an affectionate leave of their companions, and expressed the utmost gratitude to their benefactors. The next day they entered their conveyances without any tumult, and their departure, in the tears that were shed, and the mournful decorum that was observed, resembled a funeral procession; and so orderly was their behavior that it was deemed unnecessary to send more than half the usual escort.

We add one more item to this wonderful account. In less than a year the women made upwards of twenty thousand articles of dress, not one of which was lost or stolen; and at a later date the ladies could number 100,000. Mrs. Fry and her assistants in this noble work, were soon loaded with thanks by the public authorities of every grade. The newspapers were filled with eulogiums and encouragements, but better than all, these plans of reform were adopted in other prisons throughout England and Scotland, and subsequently in many other parts of Europe, with astonishing success. The foundation of such vast results is attributed—by the blessing of God—to the daily reading of the Scriptures, admonition and prayer, and the constant employment to which the prisoners were subjected.

It is a sweet thought to me—is it not to you, my dear young reader?—that it was reserved for a *woman's* head and a *woman's* heart to conceive and practice these schemes of benevolence which embrace thousands of our most wretched fellow-beings in their purifying influences? It is so exact a resemblance of the spirit of our Lord, who stooped to the vilest and most miserable—and gave more than his time and efforts, yea, his own life also—to raise them from the depths of their degradation even to mansions in the skies, that we have wept with joy that mortals could be so honored, that "the servant could be as his Lord." Can we, with our bounded views, fully imagine the happiness of that female band, who, after months of toil and sacrifice, of hope and fear, saw these wonderful transformations which restored the lost to the use and comforts of this life, and, in many instances since on record, prepared them for a happy entrance to that world of bliss where they are forever shielded from sin and temptation? We wonder, we rejoice in their unparalleled success. Let us not forget or overlook the means which led to it. In the quietude of

their homes, in the privacy of their closets, in the study of the Scriptures, in fervent, believing prayer, in active improvement of all minor opportunities of usefulness, was found that spirit of untiring benevolence, of unwearied love, of permanent healthy action which became so richly manifested, when our God, who chooses his own agents, selected Mrs. Fry as the leader of this glorious band, and inspired her heart with more than natural courage to undertake and to persevere amid discouragements which had paralyzed the efforts of the sterner sex.

"It doth not appear what we shall be," even in this world; but when, by the grace of God, we reach that point of experience when we can plead that we are performing every duty, improving every opportunity, employing every talent—be they two or five—and that our expanding hearts are straitened in their exercise, the promise is sure even unto us that we shall be ushered into a large place, where we shall find ample room for the full development of every virtue, every grace, and when advancing from glory unto glory we shall reflect the brightness of the Sun of righteousness upon many who, thro' such instrumentality, shall be made stars to glitter "like costly gems in our Redeemer's diadem."—*Ladies' Repository*.

We clip the following beautiful article from the columns of the Sierra Citizen. It is full of pure and poetic sentiments, and speaks well for the heart from which it emanated:

THE LITTLE GATHERER.—A short time ago, we saw a little child, gathering flowers; it was a bright, rosy-cheeked boy, just able to run about and clamber up the small knolls whereon nature had spread her frail and tender blossoms; and his tiny hands being filled with flowers, he hastened, with laughing eyes and shouts of unrestrained happiness, to pour them into the lap of his mother, who sat smiling with love and joy upon the scene—beautiful exemplification of infantile innocence and purity and affection; sweet dream of childhood, not yet expanding into the future, with nothing of regret or painful remembrance in the past; an ever-present vision of sunshine, with but momentary obscuration of clouds to darken its day of happiness; elysium of life, when thought is in the bud, and care and grief, except for the instant, are unknown. And what is to be the future of the little being, whose earliest aspirations are so evidently for the beautiful, upon the blank page of whose tender mind nature imprints her sweetest images of loveliness? What shall be the grown and full development of this beautiful germ? Alas! we have, many of us, enjoyed our day of sunshine, our dream of youth—when the future was spread out before us like a rich and inviting landscape, with but a small strip of intervening desert, which, once entered, we find we are never to leave: the joyous scenery ever before us, but never reached, till age, disappointment and care exhaust our energies and dim our vision, and we see it no longer.

But it is cruel to anticipate. Go on, dear little child, whoever thou art: cull the buds and blossoms around thee: anon, chase the many-hued and gilded butterfly: more advanced, strain thy knowledge of numbers in trying to count the stars, or lie upon the grass, engaged in speculations upon the age and characteristics of the "man in the moon;" "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and may thine glide on in happiness and end in peace!

"Clever men," said Lady Selina, "as a general rule, do choose the oldest wives! The cleverer a man is, the more easily, I do believe, a woman can take him in."—*Bulwer Lytton*.

THE CHEMIST'S DREAM.

The afternoon was sultry, and in the oppressive air of the class-room our worthy professor's voice fell somewhat monotonously on inattentive ears. My thoughts wandered away to sylvan shades and grottoes of refreshing coolness, till I seemed to be exploring a narrow passage, which presently led me into a vast cave, where noble columns of sparkling stalactite supported an arched roof of purest crystal. I stood in one of Nature's noblest halls, but not alone. A strange company had gathered there. "Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," were before me. A festive occasion had assembled, in joyous mood and holiday attire, the first-born of creation—the ELEMENTS of things.

I was about to apologise for my intrusion and withdraw, but received an earnest invitation to remain as a guest at a picnic dinner-party about to take place, and for which fifty-six family invitations, I was told, had been issued. Sea and land had been ransacked for delicacies, and every thing was put in requisition that could minister to the splendor of the entertainment, or to the enjoyment of the occasion.

While awaiting the summons to the banquet, I looked around on the interesting party now rapidly assembling. And here these children of Nature were seen, not as in the chemist's laboratory, writhing in the heated crucible, or pent up in glassy prisons, or peering out of gas-holder and Florence flasks, but arrayed in their native beauty, each free as air, and all acting as impulse prompted. The Metals, the Gases, the Salts, the Acids, the Alkalies, the Oxids, all were there; from the mine and the mint, from the workshop of the artisan, and even from ocean depths, they had come, and many of them, especially the ladies, were most tastefully attired.

Chlorine wore a beautiful greenish-yellow robe, while the fair daughters of *Chromium* appeared in gay dresses of the liveliest golden yellow and orange red. *Iodine* had only just arrived, and was not yet disincumbered of an unpretending outer garment of steel gray, which enveloped her person; but when the warmth of the apartment compelled her to throw this aside, she appeared arrayed in a vesture of thin gauze, of the loveliest violet color imaginable. *Carbonic Acid* appeared in a plain dress of snowy white, while her mother, *Carbon*, wore the deepest sables, and a gloomy countenance; yet, not disdaining ornament, she exhibited earrings of polished jet, and a circle of diamonds glittered on her brow. *Nitrogen* was there with her graceful daughter, *Nitrous Acid*, airy in all her movements, and clad magnificently in crimson.

Nor was the costume of some of the gentlemen of the party less remarkable. *Sulphur* wore a yellow suit, and *Phosphorus* flesh-colored garments; while *Phosphureted Hydrogen*, or, as he is nicknamed, "Will-of-the-Wisp," flitted among us in a robe of living flame—the dress in which the reckless youngster is said to haunt churchyards and marshy places, playing his pranks upon poor benighted travelers. *Gold*, the king of metals, was of course arrayed in gorgeous apparel. His royal sister, *Silver*, came leaning on his arm. If this bright-eyed maiden had less of glitter, none that knew her failed to acknowledge her sterling worth. *Mercury*, that reckless being, was there, as lively and versatile as ever; now by the thermometer noting the subterranean temperature; now by the barometer predicting a storm in the regions overhead; now arm in arm with this metal, then with that; and they all, by the

way, save stern old *Iron*, had hard work to shake him off. This strange character was nevertheless a philosopher of uncommon powers of reflection, and well versed in the art of healing. *Potassium*, though decidedly a brilliant fellow, manifested too much levity in his deportment to win respect, and was pronounced by those who knew him best, to be rather soft. In gravity, *Platinum* surpassed all the company; in natural brightness, *Tin* was outshone by few.

When *Oxygen* arrived, with his clear, transparent countenance and light, elastic step, a murmur of congratulation was heard, and all arose to do him homage. He was a patriarch among them, and literally a father to many of the younger guests. His presence was the signal for adjournment to the banquetting room, where, of right, he took his seat at the head of the table. The apartment we had now entered was illuminated with an arch of flame of dazzling brightness, produced by a curious apparatus which *Galenism*, who excels in these matters, had contrived for the occasion, from materials furnished by his friends, *Zinc* and *Copper*. Festoons of evergreens and wreaths of roses adorned this brilliant and fairy-like scene. The preparation of the more substantial part of the feast—the baking, boiling, roasting, stewing, etc.—had been committed to *Caloric*, of long experience in these matters. The nobler metals brought costly services of plate, and *Carbon*, united with *Iron*, furnished excellent steel cutlery. *Alumina* provided the finest china, and *Potash* and *Silica* jointly contributed glass of exquisite transparency. Among these sons of nature there is no craving for artificial stimulants, so *Oxygen* and *Hydrogen* were commissioned to find the drinkables, and the beverage they provided was the best, the purest, and the most refreshing that could be had. *Carbon*, with *Oxygen* and *Hydrogen*, found most of the vegetables; and *Nitrogen* aided them materially in procuring the meats abundantly presented. Some individual offerings to the feast caught my attention: as, for instance, the oysters, which *Carbonate of Lime* had sent in the shell; the pyramids of ice-creams, prepared by the daughter of *Chlorine* and *Hydrogen*, and *Hydrocyanic Acid*, the druggist, brought peaches and nectarines from his own conservatory.

The feast was ready, but not begun till the signal had been given by *Affinity*, a sort of chaplain to the elements, having officiated at the weddings of all the married ones of the company. As usual, the conversation did not become general until the dessert appeared, when jokes were cracked as well as nuts; the toast and song were called for; wit and innocent hilarity became the order of the day. Even *Oxygen*, their dignified president, relaxed from his sternness, and told many a tale of his own mischievous pranks in the days of old father Chaos, when Time and himself were young—how he and *Hydrogen* would terrify the ichthyosauri and megatheria of the ancient world with earthquakes and conflagrations. *Nitrous Oxide*, too, that funniest of youngsters, amused us with his drolleries; *Phosphorus* made a flaming speech, and *Potash* a caustic one; while *Mercury* proposed as a toast, "The medical profession, to whom we say, 'Use us, but do not abuse us.'"

It chanced that I witnessed a curious little by-scene—a flirtation that *Platinum* was carrying on with *Hydrogen*, whom, to my surprise, I saw seated among the metals, and very much at home among them too. Great indeed was the contrast between *Platinum*, gray, heavy, and dull as he was, and

the light and buoyant creature at his side; but there was soon evidence of mutual attraction. *Platinum* grew warm in his attentions, and, ere long, quite a flame was kindled between them. So passed the festive hour; all went "merry as a marriage bell," till suddenly *Sulphureted Hydrogen*, a most disgraceful fellow, entered with an offensive air. In an instant all the metals, to whom he is particularly obnoxious, changed color. *Lead* grew even black in the face with indignation; *Arsenic* and *Antimony* seemed jaundiced with rage; *Ammonia*, to whom his presence recalled disagreeable associations in trying to avoid him, precipitated several metallic oxids to the floor; while *Chlorine*, with more self-command, advanced to repel the intruder. Just at this moment a strange sound like the trampling of a mighty host, assailed my ears. Methought it was "an earthquake's voice" and that now my fate was sealed. The arching grotto, the festive scene, faded from before my eyes, which opened, to my confusion, on the professor, who, having concluded his lecture, was leaving his desk, and on the empty forms which the students had just quitted, and, in so doing, had ruthlessly destroyed my "baseless fabric of a vision," leaving, alas! not "a wreck behind."—*Ladies' Repository*.

The Sailor Boy's Farewell.

Farewell to father, blessed hulk,
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,
His cable soon may slip;
Yet while the parting tear is moist,
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist,
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to mother—first-class she,
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me fore and aft;
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to sister—lovely yacht,
But whether she'll be manned or not,
I cannot now foresee;
May some good ship a tender prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
And take her under lee!

Farewell to George—the jolly boat—
And all the little craft afloat,
In home's delightful bay;
When they arrive at sailing age,
May wisdom prove the weather gauge,
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main,
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Through stress of stormy weather;
Yet, summoned by the board above,
We'll harbor in the port of love,
And all be moored together.

LOVELINESS.—What constitutes loveliness? Not the polished brow, nor the show and parade of fashionable life. A woman may have all the outward marks of beauty, and yet not possess a lovely character. It is the benevolent disposition: the kind acts and the Christian deportment. It is in the heart where meekness, truth, affection, and humanity are found—where we look for loveliness, nor do we look in vain. The woman who can soothe the aching heart, smooth the wrinkled brow, alleviate the anguish of the mind, and pour the balm of consolation in the wounded breast, possesses, in an eminent degree, true loveliness of character. She is the real companion of a man, and does the work of an angel. It is such a character that blesses with warmth and sunshine, and maketh the earth to resemble the paradise of God.

✎ I never see an Italian image-merchant with his Graces, Venuses, and Apollos, at sixpence a head, that I do not spiritually touch my hat to him. It is he who has carried refinement into the poor man's house; it is he who has accustomed the multitude to harmonious forms of beauty.—*Jerrold*.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

One of the ablest and most suggestive articles we have recently seen on the influence of woman, is a discourse delivered before the Royal Institution by Henry Thomas Buckle, and printed in *Fraser's Magazine*. It is entitled "The Influence of Woman on the Progress of Knowledge." The author deems the manifold proofs furnished by the tone and spirit of literature, in the forms and usages of life in the proceedings of legislatures and the decisions of magistrates, that women are gradually making their way and winning for themselves a position superior to any they have hitherto attained, to be one of the many peculiarities of modern civilization, showing how essentially the most advanced countries are different from those that formerly flourished. Women held a very subordinate place, among the most celebrated nations of antiquity. Roman jurisprudence was grossly unjust towards women; the Greeks treated them with serene and lofty contempt and mock scorn, looking upon them as toys, rather than valuing them as companions. In modern Europe, however, the influence of woman and the spread of civilization have been nearly commensurate, both advancing with nearly equal speed.

Mr. Buckle says, every one will allow that the influence of woman has been extremely beneficial in modern European society.

"Their influence has prevented life from being too exclusively practical and selfish, and has saved it from degenerating into a dull and monotonous routine, by infusing into it an ideal and romantic element. It has softened the violence of men; it has improved their manners; it has lessened their cruelty. Thus far, the gain is complete and undeniable. But if we ask what their influence has been, not on the general interests of society, but on one of those interests, namely, the progress of knowledge, the answer is not so obvious. For, to state the matter candidly, it must be confessed that none of the greatest works which instruct and delight mankind, have been composed by women. In poetry, in painting, in sculpture, in music, the most exquisite productions are the work of men. No woman, however favorable her circumstances may have been, has made a discovery sufficiently important to mark an epoch in the annals of the human mind. These are facts which cannot be contested, and from them a very stringent and peremptory inference has been drawn. From them it has been inferred, and it is openly stated by eminent writers, that women have no concern with the highest forms of knowledge; that such are matters altogether out of their reach; that they should confine themselves to practical, moral, and domestic life, which it is their province to exalt and to beautify; but that they can exercise no influence, direct or indirect, over the progress of knowledge, and that if they seek to exercise such influence, they will not only fail in their object, but will restrict the field of their really useful and legitimate activity."

He thus continues:

"Now, I may as well state at once, and at the outset, that I have come here with the intention of combating this proposition, which I hold to be unphilosophical and dangerous; false in theory and pernicious in practice. I believe, that so far from women exercising little or no influence over the progress of knowledge, they are capable of exercising and have actually exercised an enormous influence; that this influence is, in fact, so great that it is hardly possible to assign limits to it; and that great as it is, it may with advantage be still further

increased. This influence has been exhibited not merely from time to time in rare, sudden, transitory ebullitions, but that it acts by virtue of certain laws inherent to human nature; and that although it works as an undercurrent below the surface, and is therefore invisible to hasty observers, it has already produced the most important results, and has affected the shape, the character, and the amount of our knowledge."

After a philosophical statement of the conspicuous tendencies of modern civilization, he argues at considerable length that there is a natural, a leading, and probably an indestructible element in the minds of women, which enables them, not indeed to make scientific discoveries, but to exercise the most momentous and salutary influence over the method by which discoveries are made.

A scientific inquiry is next made respecting the methods by which knowledge makes progress, and the influence of women is thus stated:

"Their turn of thought, their habits of mind, their conversation, their influence, insensibly extending over the whole surface of society, and frequently penetrating its intimate structures, have, more than all things put together, tended to raise us into an ideal world, lift us from the dust in which we are too prone to grovel, and develop in us those germs of imagination which even the most sluggish and apathetic understandings in some degree possess. It is a striking fact that most men of genius have had remarkable mothers, and that they have gained from their mothers far more than from their fathers."

Our space will not allow us to make more liberal extracts from this learned essay. We copy its closing portion:

"As yet we know scarcely anything of the laws of mind, and therefore we know scarcely anything of the laws of nature. Let us not be led away by vain and high-sounding words. We talk of the law of gravitation, and yet we know not what gravitation is; we talk of the conservation of force and the distribution of forces, and we know not what forces are; we talk with complacent ignorance of the atomic arrangements of matter, and we neither know what atoms are nor what matter is; we do not even know if matter, in the ordinary sense of the word, can be said to exist; we have as yet only broken the first ground, we have but touched the crust and surface of things. Before us and around us there is an immense and untrodden field, whose limits the eye vainly strives to define; so completely are they lost in the dim and shadowy outline of the future. In that field, which we and our posterity have yet to traverse, I firmly believe that the imagination will effect quite as much as the understanding. Our poetry will have to reinforce our logic, and we must feel as much as we must argue. Let us, then, hope that the imaginative and emotional mind of one sex will continue to accelerate the great progress, by acting upon and improving the colder and harder minds of the other sex. By this coalition, by this union of different faculties, different tastes, and different methods, we shall go on our way with the greater ease.

A vast and splendid career lies before us, which it will take many ages to complete. We see looming in the distance a rich and goodly harvest, into which perchance some of us may live to thrust our sickle, but of which, reap what we may, the greatest crop of all must be reserved for our posterity. So far, however, from desponding, we ought to be sanguine. We have every reason to believe that when the human mind once steadily combines the whole of its powers, it will be more than a match for the difficulties presented by the external world. As we surpass our fathers, so

will our children surpass us. We, waging against the forces of nature what has too often been a precarious, unsteady, and unskilled warfare, have never yet put forth the whole of our strength, and have never yet united all our faculties against our common foe. We, therefore, have been often worsted, and have sustained many and grievous reverses. But even so, such is the elasticity of the human mind, such is the energy of that immortal and god-like principle which lives within us, that we are baffled without being discouraged, our very defeats quicken our resources, and we may hope that our descendants, benefiting by our failure, will profit by our example, and that for them is reserved that last and decisive stage of the great conflict between Man and Nature, in which, advancing from success to success, fresh trophies will be constantly won, every struggle will issue in a conquest, and every battle end in a victory."

THE SWEET EVENINGS OF JUNE.—These moonlit June evenings are beautiful; they come after the dry heat of the day, like an angel's wings to a fevered brow, blessing the earth with a delicious coolness. While yet the sun is sinking in the west, the mellow moon is rising in the east, and blending her calmer light with the lingering glory of the Day Monarch as he stays to smile upon the blue and breezy Buttes. Not till the last glimpse is seen of his trailing robes, as he descends the rounded world, do the palpitating stars begin to show their modest light. One by one they come and fill the heavens. The beauty of such nights goes down, like grace, into the soul, and the very stars themselves, that make the hours glorious, seem to be inspered in the internal heaven of our own minds. They are rich indeed, though never so poor in this world's goods, who have souls that kindle in the glance of nature, and revel in her mapped-out glories of the night and day; to them, it is a luxury to live.—*Marysville Express*.

CHRISTIAN TITLES.—What a commentary on the world's vain glory is such a modest, humble, Christian, Apostolic title is this; "Right Reverend Father in God, Lord Bishop of Oxford, Lord High Almoner to the Queen, and Chancellor of the most noble Order of the Garter." Successor, perhaps, of Peter, a fisherman, or one Paul, a tent maker.—*Protestant Churchman*.

Kind words are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart and make the downcast spirit glad, than all other blessings earth can give.

I Shall Know Her Again.

How you gazed on that vision of beauty awhile!
How it wavered till won by the light of God's smile!
How it passed through the portals of pearl like a bride!
How it paled as it passed, and the morning star died!
The sky was all blushes, the earth was all bliss,
And the prayer of your heart was, "Be my ending like this!"

So my beautiful May passed away from life's even;
So the blush of her being was blended with heaven;
So the bird of my bosom fluttered up to the dawn;
A window was open—my darling was gone!
A truant from tears, from time, and from sin—
For the angel on watch took the wanderer in.

And when I shall hear the new song that she sings,
I shall know her again, notwithstanding her wings,
By those eyes full of heaven—by the light on her hair;
And the smile she wore here she will surely wear there!
B. F. TAYLOR.

Foreshadowings.

And some shall be too indolent to teach,—
And some too proud of other men to learn,—
And some shall clothe their thoughts in mystic speech,
So that we scarce their meaning may discern;
But all shall feel their hearts within them burn,
Even those by whom the holy is discerned.
And in their worldly path shall pause and turn,
Because a Presence walketh by their side,
Not of their earthly mould, but pure and glorified.
MRS. NORTON

[For the Hesperian.]
THE MISER'S DEATH.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

The wind is high, the window shakes;
With sudden start the miser wakes,
And as each blast grows louder, higher,
His fears and horrors are more dire.
His old worn couch he trembling leaves,
For phantom rogues his mind conceives;
The lofty roof echoes his tread,
As 't were the dwelling of the dead.
The lightning, with its lurid light,
Adds to the terrors of the night,
While the obedient thunders roll,
Striking more terror to the soul.

The miser, trembling, strikes his breast
As though all there were not at rest;
Each bar and bolt and lock he tries,
And frightened, in each corner pries:
Then hastening, he unlocks his chest,
To set his doubts and fears at rest;
Surveys with anxious eyes his store,
And each filled bag counts yet once more.
Sudden he starts, and feels dismayed—
An icy hand upon him laid—
A spectre sees before him stand,
With lifted poniard grasped in hand.
"Give up thy gold, vile wretch!" he cries,
"At once, if you have life to prize.
No longer shall my weary ears
List to garner famine's cruel fears;
No more look on and see, dismayed,
My children on a sick bed laid,
While I, in anguish, fear and dread
To rob those who could give them bread.
Long have I struggled, yet in vain,
By honest toil to get one grain
Of all your heartless, heaped-up store:
And still they starved, and starved the more."
Appalled, he saw the poniard gleam;
Shrieking, he woke—'twas but a dream!

The placid moon in its calm grace
Shone through the casement on his face,
Admonishing the selfish doer,
By giving light to rich and poor.
The miser for a moment felt
The mild reproach, and soon there dwelt
Repentance in his stubborn heart,
Wherein for years it had no part.

It was a time for heaven or hell:
The angels watched, in hopes to tell
A sinner saved, and to record
Another triumph to the Lord.
And thus he mused, within himself—
"What must become of all this pelf?
Will this, my own, be deemed a trust,
When I am numbered with the dust?
Will it then calm the widow's fears,
Or wipe away the orphan's tears?
The naked clothe, the hungry feed?
Do many another pious deed?
Or will it tempt the murderer's knife,
Or make corruption still more rife?
The honest bribe, the chaste delude,
The gambler's murdering vengeance brood?
While I, all powerless, rotting lie,
Unblessed, or cursed by passers by.
Enough. While living, I'll atone
For all the errors I have shown.
In peace, on Death's last solemn night,
My grateful soul shall take its flight."
In heaven for joy the angels weep;
He said his prayers, and went to sleep.

The morning dawned—the miser rose,
In haste put on his scanty clothes;
In full resolve unlocked his chest,
And thus his heaps of gold addressed:
"Ye cherished loved ones of my heart,
Can I see each bright face depart,
Without a pang, without a groan?
Are ye not all—yes, all—my own?
I, too, have hunger's sharp pains felt,
And with myself severely dealt;
Lost summer's joys by your desire,
And spent whole winters without fire.
And what to me is the world's woe?
Ah! what?—I never made it so.

So where you are, dear ones abide;
Still cheer me, more and eventide.
Be ye my only God, my heaven,
My all, when I'm from others driven.
When I am shut from men in spite,
Your shining faces cheer my sight,
And bid aught else from me depart."
Thus with his chest he locked his heart.

Aloft, at foot of God's high throne,
The angel Mercy wept alone;
She saw her power had lost its hold,
His conscience hardened by his gold.
Then Retribution took his seat,
And Mercy spurned beneath his feet.
Stern he reviewed the wrongs on earth
Which avarice had given birth.
In vain the sister seraphs wait,
Mercy and pity to supplicate;
The fiat's past, the doom is sealed—
In heaven's good time to be revealed.

Daily, in quiet, sordid stealth,
The miser added to his wealth,
And as each glittering coin he stored,
So grew his rapture o'er his hoard.
Its units, tens, to hundreds grew;
Then thousands greeted his glad view.
The more he heaped, the more his heart
Made every conscience-throb depart;
And now he fears the firmest lock
Might some day its secureness mock.
His thoughtful mind seeks out a plan
To baffle rogue and honest man;
Alike their prying eyes shall fail
To scan the spot, and tell the tale
Where lies that which may power invest,
On which a nation's fate may rest.

Not many streets from his own door
There lived a mason, old and poor,
Slowly awaiting his life's end,
Without a kin, without a friend.
The miser watched life ebbing fast,
And knew its vigor could not last.
He stealthily applied to him
To help him to complete a whim.
Under his cellar he would have
Built up a spacious-looking grave—
A vault of solid thickness dense,
Regardless of (for once) expense;
The mason he would board and bed
Until the work was finished.
Intent the miser viewed his plans,
And oft with joy would rub his hands.
He watched the house from day to day,
Lest from its doors his slave should stray.
A cunningly-devised small door
Inclosed the cell securely o'er;
'T was opened only from without,
Which none but he must know about.

When his last wage about to take,
The miser thus the mason spake:
"Your work you've done much to my mind,
And I have not one fault to find.
One cheerful glass, success to send,
You must take with me, dear old friend;
'T will cheer you on your lonely way,
And give you rest till dawn of day."
He said, and poured him out in haste
A draught himself dared not to taste.
The old man staggered from the floor,
The miser watched him to the door,
But, ere ten steps his feet had sped,
His body fell, his spirit fled.
On earth twelve men did then record
He died by visit of the Lord;
But where noerring wisdom dwells,
Another piteous story tells.
The demons, with exulting look,
Point to the open Doomsday book;
The angel Record drops a tear;
Mercy and Pity shriek, "Despair!"

As years roll on, in riches rare,
His heart, his world, his God was there,
And if distress in all ears rang,
'T would give him not a passing pang;
Nor would he from his coffer dote
A mite to save one starving soul.
Now, as he sat one night alone,

He heard, or thought he heard, a groan
Proceeding from the vaulted cell
Where he was wont his hoard to tell.
'T was but the whistling of the wind,
Yet fears lent terror to his mind.
He drops his pen, lays down a deed
Describing noueys guaranteed:
And now he hears the chink of gold,
And fear of loss makes him more bold.
He gathers up the parchment lore,
And, light in hand, unlocks the door,
And on the ladder in the cell
He peers about, and scans it well;
When lo! a furious blast of air
Drove down the door, and shut him there!
Horror of horrors! can it be?
Is he no more of earth to see?
Alas! alas! is he now doomed,
While thus alive, to be entombed?
His brain's on fire; in horrid pause
His tongue cleaves to his sunken jaws;
His long gray hair erect with fright,
He stands appalled—a horrid sight!
Reason returns then to its state,
Reveals the horror of his fate;
He stands, with supernatural stare,
A ghastly form of wild despair!
Wild shrieks ascend above the grave,
But none is there the wretch to save.

His groans in pity we withhold,
And how he spurned his useless gold;
Then wept, and prayed, and cursed, in turns,
The bitter lesson now he learns,
That golden hoards, while buried,
Are worth less than a loaf of bread.
All, all his gold he'd give, poor fool,
For a water drop, his tongue to cool.

Until Life's book be opened,
And earth delivers up her dead—
Rises as from a giant's sleep—
Unfolds the secrets of the deep—
Discloses all earth's hidden crimes
At once, from all remotest times—
Will his dread prison-house be broke.
When the last trumpet has awoke
His soul, for judgment to appear,
And answer for its misdeeds here,
In thunder then will it be told
The sin of heaped-up, ill-got gold! DR. D.—N.

A RAIN SONG.—Here is a delicious little rain song, and musical as the rain itself. We know not who wrote it, but is it not beautiful?

Millions of massive rain drops
Have fallen all around;
They have danced on the house-top,
They've hidden in the ground.


They were liquid-like musicians,
With anything for keys;
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

USEFULNESS.—The most efficacious manner in which we can act usefully in the immense circle of the world, and for the good of humanity, is to fill our place in the circumscribed circle of domestic virtue: to form around us an atmosphere of love and benevolence. We must do the good that lies in our path of every-day life.

A Sweet Message.

Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain
Or while there is water in the pathless main!
Tell her all this;
Tell it—tell it o'er and o'er;
The anchor's weighed—or I would tell her more.

ANON.

 A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog who barked intolerably. "Why," exclaimed an Irishman, "would you beat the poor dumb animal for *spakin' out!*"

The Sabbath.

Poor sons of toil! O, grudge them not the breeze
That plays with Sabbath flowers; the clouds that play
With Sabbath winds; the hum of Sabbath bees;
The Sabbath walk; the sky-lark's Sabbath lay;
The silent sunshine of the Sabbath day.—LEIGH HUNT.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 15, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

OUR STATE FAIR.

Already sound in our ears the busy notes of preparation for our State Agricultural Fair, which is to be held at Marysville from the 23d to the 28th of August; and as the time appointed for this great exhibition draws near, a laudable zeal is manifested, and many are coming forward to take a part in the great work. We are glad to see this interest extending from county to county; it speaks well for our beloved State, and we rejoice to see the evidences of such a deep interest in this subject pervading all classes of our community.

The arrangements have been conducted ably, and no doubt successfully. The Board of Directors are actively engaged at work, and every thing is being done to make the present Fair the greatest event in the agricultural history of California. Ample provision has been made for the reception and exhibition of all articles which may be sent in.

Who would miss going to the State Fair? Not we, who know by experience the kindness and hospitality which is a prominent characteristic of the citizens of Marysville. The weather may be slightly warm, but we like a warm reception when we go among our friends, and in Marysville we are sure to get it. Miss going to the State Fair! where may be seen the finest productions of agriculture in the world; where may be seen the largest and the finest vegetables, and the most beautiful and delicious fruits, to say nothing of the rich products of the dairy, good sweet butter and delicious cheese! Then there will be all kinds of sweetmeats and jellies, and good home-made bread, and many other things made by the fair hands of California's daughters; and there will also be exquisite specimens of needlework, and works of art, from the tiny miniature no larger than your little finger-nail, to great paintings, seventeen feet by twelve. Going to the State Fair!—to be sure we are! Every body's going, and we are all going to have a nice time. No fear about accommodations; the city is large, and the hearts of the people fully equal to the demands that may be made upon them. It may be wise to send and engage accommodations beforehand, as it will save trouble and inconvenience when you arrive there.

Every county is awake, and although there are already county fairs appointed to take place during the month, they need not conflict with the State Fair, but rather let each do its part to accomplish good, and act in unison with the other. Let no discouragements stand in the way. Our State has passed through fire and flood, and other difficulties, enough to ruin any but California;

but with energy unheard of, she has battled nobly against them all, and to-day she stands in as proud a position as any state in the Union. The golden tide has flowed onward; the staple products are fast increasing, and our agricultural and industrial interests are in full vigor and moving in harmony. They constitute the true strength of our State.

Much is due to the Board of Directors for the able manner in which the arrangements have been conducted, and also to GEO. H. BEACH, Esq., the Recording Secretary, whose energy and untiring efforts have aided so much to forward and complete the great work.

Go to the Fair by all means, if you would not miss the greatest treat of your life. There the eye may feast on the beautiful in nature and in art, and the soul be absorbed in contemplating the wonderful works of God.

SOCIAL EVILS.

There are two sides to all questions, and we should be guilty of injustice, and fail to bring about the good we desire, did we look only on one side of an evil. In our last we spoke of the responsibility which fathers and guardians should feel in the protection of their homes. Now we would address ourselves more particularly to our own sex. For to the kind and protecting influence of our friends must be added our own hearty coöperation.

The evils we suffer under, we alone can remedy—the cure is in our own hands. We refuse to associate with a fallen and degraded woman; the ban of society has gone forth against her; and, though she repent in dust and ashes, and bathe herself in the bitter tears of repentance, still is heard the cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" and we shrink from her presence as from one afflicted with some loathsome and contagious disease. But how is *he* treated who brought about this dishonor—who caused this sorrow? Has custom lifted up her voice against the libertine and the seducer? Has the ban of society gone forth against him? Is he debared all intercourse with the pure and good? Alas! alas! the hand that has proffered the price of dishonor is still warmly grasped by virtuous mothers, wives and daughters. Instead of being spurned from society with his unhappy victims, his presence is too often courted, and he is received with smiles and caresses.

In some instances, it may be, the true character of the man is unknown; but far more frequently the warning voice of a father, a husband, a brother, or a friend, falls unheeded, or is willfully set at defiance for no other reason, perhaps, than that of *self-will*, and a disposition to throw off the restraints of those who have our best interests at heart, although they tell us unpleasant truths, in an unpleasant manner, rather than yield to us mock homage or the pleasant though poisonous incense of flattery.

When will woman learn to discern good from evil? When will she learn to despise the homage of fools, and resent, as an insult to her *common sense*, the honied words of flattery? When will she publish to the world

her ban of proscription to the fallen and degraded man, as she has long ago done to fallen and degraded woman? This must be our own work; woman alone can make this change, and she must do it. Neither will it be such a herculean task as may at first be supposed. Let there be unity of feeling and firmness of purpose. In this at least, let us be *united*, and meet upon a common ground of interest. Let us close our doors as effectually against impure and immoral men as we have done against immoral women. Let us set our faces against them, and shun their society; show that we despise and spurn them in public as well as in private—retaliate for the wrong done our sex as though we were but *one woman*. Let us act in unison, and while we issue the ban of proscription to the heartless and unprincipled profligate, we will extend the kindly hand of sympathy and protection to the poor and unprotected of our sex.

Perhaps you say the work is too great—it cannot be done. Take heart—great as it is, it *will be accomplished*. It is a work worthy of WOMAN—worthy of her HIGHEST and NOBLEST POWERS. She is awaking to a sense of her danger; to the necessity of the first law of nature—self-preservation. She begins to realize her own responsibility, and the high trust reposed in her, and she will not prove recreant to that trust.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

Imagination peoples all space with airy visitants, and colors with the gorgeous coloring of the rainbow, the scenes outspread before her. In imagination we revisit the remotest bounds of earth—go down to the depths of the sea, or ascend to the gates of heaven. A bright world is the world of imagination, peopled with all beautiful and quaint conceptions. There the wanderer may find all things to suit his pleasure, and quaff largely from the inexhaustible spring before him.

Who that has wandered mid the varied and gorgeous scenes of imagination—held converse with the glorious characters of that peopled realm—and seen all things bright with the golden hue of promise, will be contented to return and bury himself forever beneath the hum-drum cares and realities of life!

The good man's heart is the soil from which springs every beautiful and loving thing. He is cheerful and gay. He wears the coronal of spring, composed of every beauty and every hue. These spring from his child-like simplicity and innocence. He is benevolent and good. His works done, and doing, manifest his benevolence and goodness.—These, united with his cheerfulness and gayety, mark the genuine Christian.

We would call attention to the excellent letter of our correspondent W****, in which is given a glowing and truthful description of Smith's famous Pomological Gardens at Sacramento. It will well repay perusal, and cannot fail to interest all lovers of good fruit.

THE HOME AND TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

The philosopher, the scholar, the student, or the votary of pleasure, alike derive manifold gratifications from foreign travel, but among them there is no circumstance so pleasing, so heart-warming to an American, as the universal admiration, even reverence, every where felt and expressed for the name, the character of Washington. "If I ever visit America, the first spot I shall seek will be Mount Vernon!"—How often this sentiment has been uttered by foreigners, every American who has traveled abroad can tell. Yet we, at home, inhaling every hour the moral vitality which his virtues, wisdom, patriotism, and toils, have infused into our daily life throughout the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the ice-bound North to the climate of "the orange and the myrtle," for years supinely suffered that household shrine to fall gradually to decay. To the honor of American ladies, be it said, they have arisen to efface this blot upon our national gratitude. The "Southern Matron," a lady as eminent for her private worth, as for her social position, enrolled under her banner, associates equally worthy of honor, for a purpose truly feminine and noble: To make a free gift to the American people of the Home and Tomb of Washington! From a small band, the association has, like the grain of mustard-seed, increased to a legion. The fire that burned in the hearts and was visible in the deeds of the heroic women of the revolution, has been rekindled in their posterity, and the ladies of America have vied with each other in laboring for this cause. By their endeavors, and, above all, by the exertions of the Honorable Edward Everett, whose genius, eloquence, scholastic research, extraordinary appropriateness and aptitude of illustration and anecdote never were more nobly devoted, the work is approaching its completion. The 22d of February next, anniversary of the birth-day, not of a Man only, but of a nation, has been justly and beautifully selected as the day on which Mount Vernon shall become to us and to ours forever, a cherished spot, guarded from the decaying influences of time, and standing, among the tottering gods of party strife, local dissensions, and petty jealousies, the Ark of Liberty and National Honor.

Ladies of California! Let me address you, not only by the conventional term which marks a class of society, but by that generic name, that noblest name of all, the only one which the Saviour of the world bestowed upon the Virgin Mother,—*Women of California!* will you not, by such a trifling gift as is daily wasted upon mere ephemera, aid in a worthy, a patriotic, a womanly cause? Though your homes are here, do not your thoughts often travel back to your birthplace, to your parents' dwelling on the Atlantic continent, where the name of Washington was so familiar and revered? Do not those old associations, "like to a gentle music heard in childhood," prompt you to contribute to this work? As wives, as daughters, as sisters, and as friends, is not the Home of Washington equally as dear to your hearts, as to the hearts of the men you love? And as mothers, how can you more surely, more worthily make your children "polished stones" in the Temple

of Liberty, than by practically illustrating your reverence for its great advocate? Recollect, also, that your names will be registered as assistants in this "labor of love"; and that your children, with their children's children, when they make in future years their pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, will turn to the volume and proudly say, pointing to the name: "That was my mother!"

Mrs. Conner, formerly Miss Charlotte Barnes, has the honor of being the pioneer in the cause of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, in this State, by having given in this city her *Shakesperian Miscellany* and original lecture for the fund.

The annexed letter, though not intended for publication, written by Mrs. Ritchie, formerly widely known as Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, contains so much of interest that we can not better serve the fund than by inserting it.—[Ed.]

RICHMOND, JUNE 7, 1858.

My Dear Mrs. Conner,—Your letter of May 4th, addressed to the "Southern Matron," was duly received by her. The lady who formerly headed the Mount Vernon Association, under that title, (which she has been induced to drop,) is Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, Regent, by the new constitution, of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. Her severe indisposition, and the illness of her private secretary, made her request me to reply to your letter, though my own correspondence, as Vice Regent of the Association for Virginia, is necessarily very large. I do not address you as a stranger, as we have been both members of the same profession, and are now engaged in the same holy cause,—rather, as a sister, I welcome you among the patriotic sisterhood who have resolved to save the home and grave of our beloved Washington from desecration, and consecrate it for all time, through *woman's devotion*. All I have ever heard of you prevents my being surprised at your so promptly and so warmly espousing this cause. The two California papers received by the Regent, (which the Richmond *Enquirer*, my husband's paper, will copy,) show that you have already gone to work with heart and might. The Regent charged me to say that she "is deeply touched when she feels she is the humble instrument of awakening a patriotic chord in the breast of a true-hearted woman, and that your letter gave her infinite satisfaction." We are making the most zealous efforts to raise the whole of the two hundred thousand dollars, which we have contracted to pay for Mount Vernon, before the next 22d of February. Send us all the *golden aid* in your power. Do your utmost to interest other ladies, and to induce them to join us and collect subscriptions. The names of the purchasers of Mount Vernon, with the amount of their contributions, will be inscribed in the archives of Mount Vernon, to be kept there forever. *One dollar* makes every American citizen a member of the Association. You have doubtless heard that the noble and patriotic Edward Everett has already contributed fifty thousand dollars to our fund by the delivery of his oration, and he will, no doubt, double that sum before long. Other patriots have followed in his steps. I visited Mount Vernon a few days ago to examine the two hundred acres which Mr. Washington sells to us. They comprise the most valuable and most picturesque portion of his estate, including the mansion, tomb, gardens, pleasure-grounds, &c.

With the assurance of the full appreciation of your efforts by the Regent and her associates,

I am, dear Mrs. Conner,

Yours with high esteem,

ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Subscriptions for this noble work are most respectfully solicited, and should be sent, with the name and address of the contributor in full, to the *Hesperian*, or to Mrs. E. S. Conner, San Francisco, Cal.—[Ed.]

For our elegant typographical appearance we are indebted to Mr. FRANK EASTMAN, of the Franklin book and job printing office, 111 Washington street.

GYMNASIUM FOR GIRLS.

Although we have several times touched upon this subject, we feel that it is of too much importance for us to cease our efforts until the minds of parents, and the public generally, are awakened to a sense of our need in this respect.

Our daughters are growing up pale and thin, with bent shoulders and weak muscles, unequal to any exertion, because they have not sufficient exercise. They are really sufferers; and when we consider that now they are laying the foundation for good or ill health through life, it may well cause a shudder; and again, when we consider what is required of the wife and mother, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the physical development of girls is of as much, if not more importance, than that of boys.

I have heard the plea, "Let girls do housework; that is exercise enough for them." We advocate a thorough knowledge of household duties; but baking, boiling and stewing is not exercise. Our girls need vigorous, active exercise in the pure, fresh air.

Horseback riding would be excellent, but there are very few parents who can afford to hire horses at the present extravagant rates; and fewer still who have the time to accompany their children on an excursion of an hour or two daily.

We have given the subject much thought, and are convinced that there is no other means which will afford so much good to so great a number, at so small an expense, as a gymnasium. Let our girls become familiar with the ropes, weights and clubs, with the bars and poles, give them an opportunity of bringing into use every muscle of the human frame, and the pale cheek will give way to the ruddy glow of health; and instead of the stoop-shouldered, in-toed, awkward girl, you will see the upright form, the toes turned outward, forming a sufficient base for the body—the shoulders thrown back, the head erect, and the whole form betokening strength and grace.

We need a gymnasium for girls, and we *must* have one. Will not mothers exert themselves and aid our efforts to obtain this great good for their children?

There are plenty of women in our midst making a mere subsistence by toiling at the unhealthy employment of the needle. Are there none capable of teaching the healthful and invigorating art of gymnastic exercise?

There are minds so incomparably small, that the ideas they can never reach beyond self. Such turn their mental vision within, and behold their diminutive selves, and believe them the largest things in the vast creation of God.

The silver and dulcet sounds of the words of woman's first seducer, fell upon the ear of Eve in the beautiful bowers of Eden, and led her a willing captive in chains, to do the wrong which brought upon us wretchedness and pain.

Mr. W. W. BEACH is our agent for the *Hesperian*. He is fully authorized to receive subscriptions and receipt for the same.

ON MANUAL WRITING.

A good handwriting, however some people may affect to despise it, is beginning to be acknowledged a very useful acquisition. A philosopher has said, "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;" but with respect to handwriting, this maxim would appear to be inapplicable.

Without proceeding to the length of some pretenders of the present day, of judging the characters of persons by their handwriting, it is nevertheless true that some idea may be formed of a person from the handwriting. Every one must have remarked how very different the style of men's handwriting is from that of women. How much more precise, how much neater the character of the latter appears. With a like discernment, even an ordinary observer may generally detect the fidgety and nervous man from the bold and decisive man; the man versed in classic lore, from the man engaged in active commerce; the mere book-worm of the closet, from the ever-transitory traveler.

Some years ago, every respectable person affected a slovenly style of hand-writing—especially in England. This was occasioned by the example set the nation by the upper classes, court, and great writers of the day; whose avocations, perhaps, especially of the latter, might afford a sufficient excuse for the bad practice. I call it a bad practice, as tending to throw difficulties in the way of active business, and impeding, often seriously, general convenience.

The Post Office of the United States is obliged to have what are called deciphering clerks, at a great expense to the establishment; whose business it is to decipher the miserable scrawls that sometimes appear before them. In England the staff of this department is also attended with much greater expense. However, there are few evils in this world that do not elicit, sometime or other, some amount of good. Two of these men in the English department, we are told, from their habit of this kind of investigation, are now engaged upon the hieroglyphic character, and are found to be of immense service from the retentiveness of memory which they have acquired, of distinguishing varieties of marks.

Perhaps of all national handwriting, the neatest character is the German. Almost all Germans write well. The French, also, are worthy of note, and perhaps stand next to them in respect of clearness of letter. England, within the last quarter of a century, has made the most rapid strides; and from the example set by her Queen, who writes a clear and elegant hand, it has become the fashion no longer to neglect this branch of education. The schools, from the lowest to the highest character, now pay great attention to this art, and the result produced is, that, as a nation, they now stand unrivaled in this useful art, where, a few years before, from the pernicious example set by a lazy court and an idle and voluptuous King, the very reverse was the case. I believe that it is universally acknowledged that the copperplate-writing engravers in England are the best in the world. The

principal of this establishment endeavors to meet the wishes of parents in this respect, and the examples on the board before us are some of the patterns given to us to copy every day. Writing being a technical art, it is in the power of every one to acquire a good handwriting. It is of infinite service in strengthening the nerves of the hand; proofs of this are being made manifest every day. A boy, at first not capable of making a straight stroke an inch long, without tremulous affection, after a few months perseverance has been found to convey a glass of water, full to overflowing, from a table, without spilling a drop.

Of American handwritings, perhaps the best that ever appeared is from the active pen of the benevolent Franklin. No man ever despised affectation more than he, and he had that good sense all through life.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

STEPS TOWARDS HEAVEN; By T. S. AUTHUR—Derby & Jackson, New York, publishers;

Is a series of attractive life pictures, narratives, and conversations, in which the author shows in his own peculiar and happy manner, "that religion is life," that is, a life of good deeds: in other words, that every act of our lives should be governed by religious principle. That religion was designed for something more than Sunday service; it should enter into, and become a part of every-day life.

While this work carries with it all the interest of a romance, or a novel, it imparts living truth, and points a moral home to every heart. No home-library can be complete without this valuable work: it is full of interest both to old and young; and a book which parents may be glad to place in the hands of their children. It may be found at J. J. Le-count's book store, No. 111 Montgomery St.

LECTURES AND LIFE OF LOLA MONTEZ—Rudd & Carlton, New York. These lectures are full of sound common sense. The illustrations are drawn from the personal experience of the authoress. We hope that none will be withheld by the name of the author from reading these lectures; as they may be read with profit by all.

Perhaps no one has had such a varied life as Lola Montez. At one time we find her figuring largely at court—at another before the footlights of a theatre. In the book before us, we have an interesting detail of her life. It is full of the most varied adventure and interesting narrative, and will well repay perusal. It may be found at No. 111 Montgomery St.

Publishers and booksellers wishing their books noticed or reviewed in our journal, should address the same to *The Hesperian*, San Francisco, Cal.

That excellent little paper, the *GLENER*, has again made its appearance. We give it a hearty welcome, and earnestly hope that it may meet with that patronage and support which it deserves. It is edited and published by Julius Eckman, 133 Clay Street. Terms, five dollars per year.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE,

Under the management of Mr. E. S. Conner, is drawing good houses. We had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Conner in his great character of Richlien. His rendering of that difficult character was true to the very life, and in that sublime passage—

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword,"

he was particularly grand, and called forth a spontaneous burst of applause.

Mrs. E. S. Conner sustained the character of Francois, with great ability, and marked success. Her voice is powerful and under good control, and she treads the stage with the ease and freedom of one at home. But while she ranks high in her profession, it is not there alone that she is entitled to our admiration, but in the retired walks of daily life she manifests those noble qualities which characterize the TRUE WOMAN. Talented and highly educated, she adorns the social circle, and by her happy disposition and cheerful smile renders all happy who come within her sphere. As a literary writer she is favorably known, having published many articles of much merit.

Mr. Conner is producing at the American a series of excellent plays, and we hope will meet with that appreciation and support from the public to which he is justly entitled. The company is powerful, and altogether the attractions at the American are of no ordinary character.

Madam Duret is now filling an engagement at the American, and we doubt not will draw crowded houses.

✎ We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Brannan House, which will be found in another column. The house is one of the best located in the city, and we have no hesitation in saying that, under the able supervision of Mrs. Tompkins, it will be the *very best* in every respect. The rooms are fine, the house neat and cleanly throughout, and affords more real home comfort than any other place we know of. We would particularly recommend it to those who visit the city to attend the Fair, as it is located within a few moments' walk of the Pavilion.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE for August—Is an excellent number. Under the able editorial management of Mr. Mantz, this work shows a steady improvement. Its pages are full of useful and entertaining articles; and the editorial table is rich and spicy. Among other gems in this number, we find "The Miner's Dream of Home," by G. T. Sproat. How true the picture—how calculated to revive the memory of home in the wanderer's heart!

We take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to our advertisement of the Plaza Saloon, to be found in another column, where can be found delicacies tempting to the appetite of the most fastidious epicure. We speak from experience when we say that the Plaza Saloon is the place to obtain *all* the delicacies and luxuries that a California market affords.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(For the Hesperian.)

SMITH'S POMOLOGICAL GARDENS.

During a brief visit to Sacramento, I was enabled to pass a few hours at the above celebrated gardens and nurseries, which are only about half an hour's pleasant drive from the city, near the banks of the American river.

Much as has been said in praise of these gardens—and they justly deserve it—still a few words, penned hastily, may not be out of place, and may meet the eye of those who can appreciate, even a second time, a slight description of a California orchard.

Some fifty acres are chiefly devoted to the orchard, and as I wandered through the labyrinth of trees, with their branches loaded with fruit, I was astonished to see the perfection this favorite fruit had attained in this country. Here were long rows of trees, with peaches of immense size, and the branches propped with *wood* supporters, to prevent their breaking under the weight of fruit.

The most luscious specimens were handed me by Mr. Smith, of which I partook with a keen relish,—Early Crawford, Mixon Cling, Heath, &c., and certainly finer specimens, for quality and size, I have never seen surpassed in California.

The later peaches, George IV., and others, were almost beyond comparison—perfectly monstrous, if I may use the term. This variety will become one of the greatest favorites, being very juicy, with white meat, and also a great bearer.

Through the orchard we bent our way, here and there tasting the various specimens, until I was almost lost among the forest of branches; a tempting spot indeed to be lost in.

I noticed a fine row of monster trees, of the Mixon Cling variety. These trees were brought out by Mr. Smith, in a trunk, in 1854. The branches of each tree now cover a circumference of *thirty feet*, and were loaded with the finest specimens of fruit. These were the largest trees on the grounds.

The nectarines, apricots and plums next attracted our attention, and were in size and quality almost astonishing. Many fruits we observed which would astonish any pomologist East; and some of the trees were only one and two years growth from the bud, and loaded with fruit.

The peach is one of the most rapid-growing of all fruit trees, and attains a very large growth in two or three years, being most profitable on that account; and being great bearers, a very lucrative business is made by their culture.

Mr. Smith has a depot for the sale of his fruit in the city, where immense quantities are daily disposed of and sent all over the country.

He has also a depot in Merchant street, San Francisco, under the especial charge of an entertaining friend, J. L. Sanford, Esq., who has, by close attention and judicious management, found ready sales for the daily invoices which arrive from Sacramento.

The quantity sold this season by him, up to the present time, is some 20,000 lbs., at prices

averaging from 22 to 23 cts. per lb. So much for having a good, responsible agent.

Among the pears I noticed the Bartlett—perfect specimens—Glout Morecan, Winter Nelis, Easter Beurre, Beurre Gobault, the favorite Dearborn's Seedling, and mammoth specimens of the Duchess d'Angouleme. One tree I noticed bearing the Bartlett and Winter Nelis, and very handsome specimens they were.

There is also under way quite an extensive vineyard, of some thousands of vines, many of them already bearing large clusters of fruit. Among them, the Hamburg, Chasselas Muscat, &c., were prominent.

Mr. Smith has prided himself upon having the best orchard in the State, and he may well do so, for he has done more to encourage a love for the subject than any other in California, and his importations of new and choice stock from the east amount to thousands of dollars annually. Having been in the country since '49, he has paid attention to this one branch of business, and his orchards and gardens have become famous over the whole country, as well as abroad, while the fruit excels in variety and quality, any orchard in the State.

The demand for fruit the present season has been unprecedented, and the markets have been loaded with an abundance of the most delicious varieties, yet not overstocked. As our population increases, we may look for accessions to our orchards; and even if an over-abundance should occur, we can dry our fruit and export, or preserve and ship to eastern markets, where a large business could be done.

Mr. Smith has at a great expense erected a powerful steam pump, for the purpose of drawing water from the river, and by means of pipes laid under ground, connected with hydrants and hose, they are enabled to distribute all the water they desire over the entire orchard and garden. This is one of the greatest improvements in the State, and the only pump of the kind in California; by means of which they irrigate the entire orchard, using some sixty thousand gallons of water per hour, the pipes being fed by an immense tank, holding some millions of gallons.

A walk through the gardens revealed new and important improvements and additions in each department, which are under the personal supervision of Mr. Saul; and every thing manifested the care and attention bestowed.

In the greenhouses, which are under the charge of Wm. O'Brien, is a splendid collection of the choicest plants. The collection of camelias alone numbers some thousands, being the largest in the country, and were in fine healthy condition, though not in the blooming season.

The nurseries are large, and well supplied with every kind of fruit trees, as well as ornamental trees and shrubs, all in the most thrifty condition; and those who desire to become interested in orchards of their own, will know where to find trees which will give them satisfaction.

The mansion has been lately enlarged by

the addition of a new wing, with suites of rooms for the accommodation of the numerous friends and guests, who are always made to feel at home.

I cannot close without expressing thanks for courtesies received from the hospitable proprietors, and their sisters, the Misses Smith, who comprise the family at the mansion,—which combined to make my visit agreeable in the extreme. A most sumptuous lunch, of cakes, wine, and fruits of the orchard, was spread in the open hall, where the cool breeze relieved the heat of the morning, and thus an hour was spent in pleasant conversation.

But I must close, as time compels me. At another time I may speak more at length, as the half has not been said concerning this pleasant spot, in a country where the climate is beautiful, the skies fair, the winds salubrious, and with such gifts as nature has enriched her, one might indeed fancy himself in a paradise on earth.

W*****.

(For the Hesperian.)

HONOLULU, July 10th, 1858.

Editor Hesperian:—Of all the places I ever visited, I remember none where the arrival of the mail is looked forward to with so much interest, as at this place. The arrival of a mail is indeed quite an *event*, for a while breaking in upon the monotony of every day life, and furnishing fresh topics of conversation to all classes. Last but not least, it supplies us with newspapers, both political and literary, from California and the eastern States. The last mail brought us several copies of the *Hesperian*; and although this community does not appear to me to be exactly a reading people, they seem to take much interest in your excellent paper, and already manifest quite a decided partiality for the *Hesperian*.

Honolulu has quite a pretty harbor, easy of access. It is the great port for whaling vessels; and huge men-of-war, representing the various nations upon earth, may frequently be seen here. The city itself presents the strange appearance of a nation half civilized, half barbarous. Here you see the half-clad form of the native Hawaiian, with his calabash of *poi*, his dark skin and stolid features; and close beside him the white-skinned representative of civilization, complete in clothing of the most exquisite style and latest pattern. The dress of the females is very simple, and strikes me as peculiarly adapted to the climate. It consists usually of calico, of the brightest possible colors, gathered into a yoke at the neck, and then falling loose to the feet. They invariably wear wreaths of flowers upon their heads, which they show much ingenuity in constructing; these are called *lei*, and answer in place of a bonnet.

The dress, though simple, is pretty, and very becoming to the rather stout, though perfectly straight figure of the Hawaiian dame, and forms a strong and strange contrast with the tight waists and small bonnets of the crinolined daughters of civilization. The features of the native women are not handsome, as has been represented by some: but they invariably have small feet and delicate little hands, which, if they were only white, might be the envy

of some of our Broadway belles. I must not forget to mention, that they are almost always accompanied by small dogs, which they bear about in their arms with much tenderness, and industriously pick from their wool certain small vermin, which they eat, apparently with great relish.

It is not unusual to see native men in the street very slightly clothed. Before the invasion of the islands by foreigners, neither males nor females wore clothing. But as civilization advanced, the king passed an edict making it unlawful for any one to appear in the street without having on at least two garments. The natives showed their love and obedience to the good king by immediate compliance with the law, and many of them appeared in the street wearing a *hat and one boot*.

The contrasts throughout the city are in keeping with the state of society. Standing side by side are the fine frame or brick buildings of the foreigners, and the straw hut or hovel of the native.

The king is at present rejoicing over the birth of a son and heir to the throne, and in a recent speech before the Legislature he said:

"Gentlemen, the child is yours as well as mine; the circumstances that attend his birth deprive me of an undivided interest in him; for, if such be the will of Divine Providence, he will one day be to your sons what I am to their fathers. Destined as he is to exercise a paramount influence in years to come, I consecrate him to my people, and with God's help I will leave unused no faculty with which I am endowed, to make him worthy of your love and loyalty, and an ornament to the throne of his great predecessor, who only did battle to establish peace, and lay the foundations of order."

The Fourth of July was celebrated here very generally and enthusiastically. Thirty-four guns—one for each State in the Union—were fired by the Young American party immediately after the chimes struck twelve. Salutes were also fired at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset.

Just as the procession started from the store of Mr. Thomas Spencer, a shower of rockets, representing stars, were sent off, which presented a very beautiful appearance. Among the transparencies I noticed the following mottoes:

Don't give up the Ship.
Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.
Let Independence be our boast.
No Social Distinction.
The Day we celebrate.
The American "Peeps" can.
United we stand, Divided we fall.

Besides these, there were eagles, mottoes, and symbols without number; the whole arrangement and execution doing great credit to those who had the matter in charge.

The Declaration of Independence was read at 12 o'clock, M., in a large room over the Merchants' Hotel, from a fac simile copy of the original parchment document. Then there was an original address by Mr. L. F. Beaty. Hon. D. L. Gregg also made some appropriate remarks. Hon. James N. Borden, the United States Commissioner, was greeted with loud cheers, to which he responded by a

speech, which was full of pleasing points, and admirably adapted to the time and place.

At 2, P. M., we all sat down to a sumptuous repast, gotten up by Mr. W. E. Cartrell. After the cloth was removed, Mr. A. J. Cartwright, who presided, read some toasts, which were received with becoming honors. After the toasts, speeches were made by Hon. D. L. Gregg, Judge Borden, and others. Mr. G. W. Woolsey sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and after a number of volunteer toasts, the company broke up.

The dinner was got up by subscription, and the company composed mostly of mechanics, to whom great credit is due for the decorum with which every thing was conducted.

There were picnics and private dinner-parties in various parts of the city and environs; but the principal feature of the day was the long-talked-of race on the *Waikiki*, between the favorite native horse Hulupala, or Boston, and Mr. Frank Spencer's gray Vandyke. The natives felt sure of success, as on other occasions their horse had been the winner; but in order to "make assurance doubly sure," they resorted to some of the ancient incantations—the "mighty magic" of dog, fruit, fish and poi. The plain was covered by an immense crowd of both foreigners and natives; they were in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. I suppose not less than five or six thousand persons were present.

Betting ran high, and considerable money changed hands. The stakes were about five hundred dollars a side; half mile heats, best two in three. On the first heat, Vandyke came in three lengths ahead. On the second start it was very evident that the gray would be again the winner. On the third heat, Vandyke's rider, who evidently felt sure of victory, allowed Boston to cover his horse's flanks until within a few rods of home, when with one touch of the whip the noble creature bounded a length and a half ahead of the native, and amid shouts and hurrahs, Vandyke was declared winner.

The race was highly exciting, and the little maneuver of Vandyke's rider, (who, by the way, sat his horse elegantly,) was admirably done. The natives were very much astonished to find that they were beaten. In fact, I was no less so; for the natives are good horsemen, and as much at home on horseback as the Mexican or Spaniard.

In the evening, there were fireworks, and a ball came off at R. C. Janion's new store. Every thing went off pleasantly; no accident occurring to mar the pleasure of the thousands who crowded the streets and avenues; and at a late hour I retired to my couch to cogitate on the daring and impudence of the foreigners in celebrating the birth-day of the universal Yankee nation, in the very face and eyes of monarchical government.

The annual examination and exhibition of the native scholars of Honolulu and its vicinity, took place recently at the King's Chapel. The exercises went off very creditably; the scholars seem to be making very good progress. The examination lasted two days: the first day was devoted to classes in the elementary branches; the second was taken up

by declamations, dialogues, and singing, in Hawaiian and English. Several original tunes were sung by the pupils, and executed with much credit.

From one of the songs composed by Mr. Li, and sung by a class led by Mrs. Li, I copy one verse alluding to the young prince. I would translate it for you, but, as you edit a paper, I suppose you understand *all* foreign languages:

Ke olioli nei kakou
I ka loaa ana mai
Ke alii opioio
Haku o Hawaii nei,
I makua no makou,
Ka Hoolina o ke Aupuni,
Poimalkai ai na lehulehu,
Na keiki a kanaka.
Ka wai, ka wai! e inu, e inu no!
E inu kakou a pab na kamalii,
Na wai kahe a kahawai.
Ka Pualinuwai!

After the exercises, the scholars, about four hundred in number, marched to the Royal School premises, where they partook of a feast, which they seemed to enjoy highly.

The people are kind and social in their manners, and show a truly hospitable disposition to the many strangers visiting here.

I have many subjects of interest to write upon, but already my letter has spun out much beyond what I designed it should, and I shall be obliged to defer them to another time. Excuse bad writing; I have looked this over, and find some words that I cannot make out at all, but as your education is better than mine, I presume it will be no trouble to you. With much aloha, I remain, TARA.

[For the Hesperian.]

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

DEAR HESPERIAN: Though comparatively inexperienced in years, I have nevertheless lived long enough to ascertain, that "all that glitters is not gold." The first settlers of James-river, Virginia, in the shiploads of glittering ore, which, with flattering and expectant hopes they transplanted to "merry old England," demonstrated the truth of this adage to their sorrow. The Gold Lake, Gold Bluffs, Kern River, and last, though not least, the Fraser River expeditionists of California, have severely experienced the same palpable proofs of its truthfulness and wisdom. But it is not confined to the narrow limits of mineralogy; words of kindness, proffered friendship, protestations of honesty and honor, appearances for human hopes, and even the gentle moorings of affection, are each provided with alloys and miserable counterfeits. Politicians scatter the delusive sand, and a duped yet moping constituency heap honor upon their heads—establish them as law-givers, anxiously awaiting the return: the furnace yields nothing but dross, and expectation is disappointed! Again the experiment is tried, and again the chariot wheels of expectancy are delayed: an Atlantic and Pacific Railroad enterprise becomes a nullity, and sinks with the hopes that gave it birth. In every condition of life, the spring-tide of promise will have its opening, leaves will put forth in verdure, and the husbandman will sow his grain; yet early frosts oft-times nip the buds of hope, and the gold vanishes with their untimely fate. Still, there is a genuine metal, and so true is it to the fiery ordeal,

that, instead of perishing, it always comes out the brighter.

In the *Hesperian* of August 1st, under the heading of "Sketches by the Way-Side," and over the signature of "Bruna," I find very beautiful expressions of thought, and bordering on disappointments as above enumerated. The question is asked—"Reader! are you loved?—loved as you deemed in your youth you might and must be—loved by the matchless ideal you painted in your imagination—lofty-hearted, noble, and true?" In this question the "meridian" of the writer would seem to have been past—the warm heart of youth expanded and grew cheerful in the spring-tide of hope, but the seed, having been sown on the stony affections of a "common soul," was doomed to wither, leaving the "night that followed" both dark and dismal. [See page 108 of the *Hesperian*.]

Now, dear Bruna, as experience teaches you that "all is not gold that glitters," is it right that you hurl your invectives against the entire masculine group, excepting only the stars of *genius*? I will readily admit, that "If there is a feature in which, more than in all others, the *fiend* is manifest, it is the masculine ingratitude for love." "I would rather be a dog and bay the moon," than such an *hombre*!—But what says the fair Bruna, of *feminine* miscreants? Again: if "Genius" alone can treasure the "perishing flower," then was Byron a "common soul," while the honest and humble swain who would jeopardize his life for his inconstant mistress, is the man on whose brow the wreaths of *genius* should be worn.

Greatness of soul and a feeling heart are often clothed in humble garments, without name or reputation; obscure in the world and hid from the gaze of man, as is native gold in the murky sands of hill and valley. The genuine metal is peculiar to no condition or sphere in social life, but exists in all. Sometimes it is brought forth before the world, blazing in all the brilliancy of its inherent worth, and again we find it in some obscure corner, covered with the cares and vicissitudes of a dull life, and crushed under the misfortunes of accumulated wrongs. It is for those who appreciate its value, to search it out, and then with friendly hand remove the galling chain which, Prometheus-like, binds a noble soul to groveling earth. Bruna!—thine is the mission! I can plainly recognize through the unmatured daguerreotype of "Way-side Sketches," a fervor and pathos which finds its scintillations alone in *genius*. But bear in mind that "all is not gold that glitters." Impress this truth on the minds of those of your own sex. Tell them the difference between a "fop" and a man; between a gilded fool and a soul of intelligence and heart, even though the exterior may be brawny and somewhat uncount.

Life is a battle-field, in which, if victory be gained, it is at the price of labor! and this, too, directed by matured and unprejudiced judgment; and as gold is tried by the fire, so the truly meritorious and ambitious soul must be prepared for any test or changes that may await it. By rules like these, governments are established, demagogues and tyrants are overcome, and nations are peopled with happy and intelligent citizens. ΟΜΙΚΡΟΝ.

Columbia, Cal., August 8, 1858.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the *Hesperian*.]

LINES; A Reminiscence.

BY O. T. SPROAT.

I had a little sister,
And she used to roam with me,
In the sweet sunny meadows,
In the land beyond the sea.
Her voice was like the little birds,
Her eyes like violets blue;
Her laughter like the singing rills,
Murmuring the meadows through.

One sunny day, she wandered
With me, by the banks of flowers;
'Twas when the spring was wakening
Sweet songs in fields and bowers—
"List! list!—the flowers are singing!"
Said the sweet child unto me,
As we roved in the purple meadows,
In the land beyond the sea.

We stopped by a bank of violets,
Still wet with early dew—
"Look! look! what eyes! what glances!
Looking at me and you.
O, brother! 'tis the angels!
They are whispering unto me!"
Said the little child in the meadows
In the land beyond the sea.

'Twas summer; and the setting sun
Around our dwelling lay;
All hushed upon a dying couch,
That little prattler lay.
"Look! look! they have come—the angels!
They are singing unto me!"
She said, as she departed
To the land beyond the sea.

[For the *Hesperian*.]

THE SISTER'S STORY.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Harry and I grew up together. He was my only brother. Our parents were poor, and we lived in a little cottage by the sea, where the waves sung us to sleep every night, as they dashed and rippled on the shore. We used to play whole days on the beach, gathering shells, and putting them to our ears, and listening to the strange voices that came from them. Harry said that fairies lived in the shells—that it was they that we heard singing, and that each shell was a fairy's house. But I only laughed, and told him that it was the air rushing into the shell that made the sound, for my father had told me so.

After Harry had got to be a big boy he went to sea. We were poor, you know, and Harry had to go to sea for a living. At first I thought that I could not live without Harry. I cried all day—the day he went to sea. But Harry had said, "Minna, I will soon come back again, and I will bring a heap of money, and will build a fine house, and we will live there together with father, and we will take a world of comfort. So that thought made me dry my tears, and I kept thinking, "Harry will soon come back again—for after seven days will be one week, and then it takes but four weeks to make a month, and twelve months make one year, and Harry will come." But it seemed to me that the days were never so long as they were after Harry went to sea! The sun would stop right in one place in the sky for hours together—it appeared to me that it never would go down! And then it was so long before Sunday came, and then the

weeks had to be made into months, and it took so many months to make a year!—O, dear! I got tired of counting over and over again the days, before Harry would come.

But after a great while it came fall, and then I knew that winter would come next, and after winter, spring, and then Harry would come. So I counted the first leaves that fell from the trees, and the first ice that was on the shore, and the first snow that fell on the hills. And then the snow began to melt, and the ground was bare, and the grass began to grow, and I said to myself, "Harry will soon be here." So I took my knitting, and sat on the rocks by the sea all day, waiting for Harry to come.

Many ships with their white sails glided by, but they did not bring Harry. So I waited long for Harry's ship. I knew it by its shape, and, to make sure, Harry had told me that he would hoist a signal when he came into port. So, one day, I saw a ship come, and there was a small, red flag tied to the fore rigging. Then I knew that it was Harry's ship. I did no more knitting that day. I ran into the house, and told my father that Harry had come. Then I went to work to get him a nice supper, for I wanted him to know what a fine housekeeper I had got to be. I opened his room, and aired the bed, and put flowers on the chest of drawers, and hung Harry's slippers, which I had made for him, by the side of the bed, and filled his pin-cushion full of bright, new pins, and hung it under the looking-glass. Then I closed the door, and said, "All is ready for Harry." I went out and sat again on the rocks, waiting for the boat to come in from the ship. Presently I saw a boat coming. It was rowed by four sailors. I strained my eyes, but I could not make out Harry among them. But I said to myself, "Harry has grown a great deal since he went to sea, and I suppose, too, that he is very brown, and his beautiful ringlets are all cut off. I shall not know him till they are just at the landing." So I ran and waited for Harry at the landing. Presently the men came rowing near. Then I knew that not one of them was Harry. But there was a large bundle in the bottom of the boat. It was long enough to be a man, and I began to turn pale, and shudder with fear. The boat came very near. In the bottom, supported by a pillow, and muffled by blankets, I saw a thin, white face. The eyes were closed as if in sleep, but so much like death!—Could it be?—It was Harry's face!

I tried to rush forward, but could not—my feet seemed rooted to the ground. I tried to speak, but my lips were turned to stone, and my heart beat heavily. I saw them take Harry from the bottom of the boat, and carry him towards the house. As they raised him, and came near the spot where I stood, I saw him open his eyes and look wistfully around. Then all at once my strength returned, and with one bound, I threw myself beside him. I kissed his thin lips—his cheeks—his forehead. I said, "Do you not know me, Harry?"

"O, yes! it is you—you, sister Minna!—O, I am so thankful!—Be calm! God has done it."

I was calm. It seemed to me as if God spoke to me through Harry, and away down through my soul echoed the words, again and again, "Be calm! God has done it!"

From that moment I met, bravely and cheerfully, the sorrows of my most bitter lot.—Harry was with me, and what could I ask more? He had not been suffered to sicken and die among strangers. He was in his own dear little room—the same that I had arranged with so much care—the play-spot of our childhood—the room in which our mother died. Her portrait hung on the wall. On the stand lay her Bible, with the leaf turned down, to mark the spot where she read, the day before she went home—"I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." O! was it not a fitting place for Harry to die?

And then, again, we had such dreams of hope!—for the disease was a lingering one—consumption—the same that carried away our dear mother. Sometimes Harry would talk of life, and I would join him, for O! it was so sweet to feel that he might yet be better!—that our dreams of youth were not all baseless!—that we might still live in our "cottage by the sea," Harry, and I, and father, and have sweet flowers at the door, and woodbine creeping to the eaves, and our dear library of books, where we might read and talk to each other, and be so happy! Then Harry would tell us of all that he had seen in foreign lands, and father would listen, and I would sit by and write it all down in a book, in my own plain, fair hand, and perhaps it would be printed, and Harry would be made a hero, and O! I should enjoy it so much, to see him loved and honored!—for was he not my own dear brother, and had he not my mother's sweet look, and fair hair, and soul-beaming eyes?

But these dreams were of short continuance. As the season wore away, Harry's strength declined, until at last I felt—yes, I felt that we must part! Harry seemed to know it, too, although at first he said but little. But, as his strength declined, his spirit was renewed day by day.

"Sister," he said to me one day, "take the Bible, our mother's Bible, and read to me from that portion marked by her own hand—For we know that though this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I took the Bible and read the chapter. "Sister," said he, "I know that I have such a home—a home where 'the inhabitant shall not say I am sick'—where our mother and many dear ones dwell, and where they shall 'go no more out forever.'"

"Sister, how often have I prayed, during this long sickness, that we might all be partakers of the bliss of which God has spoken—that you, and I, and father may meet there, with our sainted mother, and live forever, a happy family, in heaven!"

"Sister, we have often talked of a home by the sea—a pleasant home, where we should dwell together. The vision was with us through all our happy childhood. I am now going to a better home beyond the sea. Sing, sister, sing—Sweet fields beyond the flood!"

I sung that hymn, and Harry joined me—strong at first, and with full, clear tones, but gradually weaker and weaker. Then the voice died away—the head dropped—and the soul of Harry Moreland was in heaven!

[For the Hesperian.]

PERFECTED PRAISE.

A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D—N.

CHAPTER I.

"Have you a diggins in this neighborhood," inquired a traveler of the landlady of a little inn in the village of Waterton; "my horse has cast a shoe, and is becoming quite lame. I've been to the blacksmith's, and not a soul can I find on the premises?"

"Had'n't you better come in and rest a bit, sir, 'till they come back," said the hostess; "they're off to the great steeple-chase. They'll not be long, I hope. I'm sorry my husband and our man are not in the way, but my Sally can manage to put up your horse, I dare say. I suppose you've come to see this great affair, sir."

"Not I," replied the stranger, "I've no taste for such mad sports."

"Ah! sir, I wish my husband and many more could say the same. Since our young squire has come to the estate, he has turned half the sober heads in the parish. There's been nothing but boxing matches, and dog-fights, and cock-fights since the good old lady, his mother's, death. In one year he'll undo all the good deeds that the old squire and his lady did in their whole life time. You had better walk in and wait a bit, sir. Hilloa! who comes here? Master George, I declare. Why, what's up now, Master George, that brings you away from the sport?"

This inquiry was addressed to an elderly man on horseback, habited as a groom, whose countenance betrayed the utmost terror and alarm.

"Have you seen Doctor Doolittle pass this way this morning? I've been to his place, and can find neither himself nor his assistant, and the servant-maid knows nothing of either of them," rejoined the man. "'Tis most disgraceful neglect," continued he, "for both of them not to leave word where one can find one of them."

"Why! what's the matter? No accident, I hope?" asked the landlady.

"Only the Squire has broken his hack, or his neck, I expect," was the answer.

"I am one of the profession," interrupted the stranger, "and offer my services."

"Thank God for that," replied the groom. "If you'll take my horse and ride up the lane before you about a mile, you will see two gates with two stags on the pillars; that's the house, sir. I'll follow you quickly by a shorter cut, over the fields, and be there as soon as you."

So saying, the stranger mounted in the stirrup held for him, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

The groom then, to the anxious inquiries of the hostess, detailed how the Squire had engaged in a steeple-chase wherein were all manner of impossible walls, gates, hurdles, fences, ditches, and dykes to be leaped over in an impossible space of time; and how he had miraculously performed them, and won his bet, and was engaged in a similar mad undertaking, when, losing his balance, he had pitched head

over heels against a stone, and had been taken up for stone dead.

This was uttered in the most hurried and unsportsmanlike language, evidently showing the speaker's want of sympathy in the sport, yet no want of it in his master's sufferings.

"God chooses his own means and his own time to work out all reforms, Mrs. Goodchere. We must provide for the worst and hope for the best," said he, elevating his voice as the distance between him and the hostess became greater by his hurried walking.

"So my good-for-nothing husband has won his bet, too," thought the good woman, as she tamed from the door. "I had hoped that it would prove a loss to him, to my great gain of a better husband. Ah, well, perhaps Master George is right. God chooses his own means and his own time."

"There's concussion of the brain, evidently," said the stranger.

"I think so," said Dr. Doolittle.

"This local paralysis confirms it," continued the stranger.

"Very likely," remarked the family doctor.

"That voluntary motion and snorting I don't like," said the stranger again.

"Nor I," said the doctor.

"What is that noise, again, below?" exclaimed the stranger.

"Sir, it is impossible to get rid of them; they force their way past me, and one of them was hurrying into the room with a glass of hot brandy and water in his hand, swearing that my master should take it, in spite of every body, as it had cured him of a like fall," replied the man-servant in attendance.

"Why not lock up the door and muffle the knocker, as I told you?" said the stranger, hastily.

"I did, sir," said the man, "but two or three on 'em jumped in at the window, and threatened to knock me down if I did not keep out of the way."

"Do you know these madcaps, sir?" inquired the stranger of the family doctor; "if so perhaps you can prevail with them, at such a time as this, when our patient's life is in imminent danger, to leave the house quietly."

"I do not," said the family doctor, "but I will just step down and endeavor to remonstrate with them."

"If your endeavors fail, sir," said the stranger, abruptly and impatiently, "I'll try what my arms can do to their neck and heels to eject them. Is the block of ice come?" said he, in the same breath, to the servant.

"It will be here, sir, in less than five minutes. Mr. George has gone for it, and he is to be depended upon," replied the man.

All this while the patient lay wholly unconscious, in a deep stupor; his languid pulse, his throbbing head, and oppressed breathing, engaging the stranger's deepest attention. He indeed, seemed perfectly acquainted with every symptom, and his great activity and nervous anxiety, so perfectly in contrast to the village doctor's apparently apathetic indifference, seemed greatly to quiet and comfort the domestics of the house. His orders were given, and obeyed, with the utmost precision;

so unlike a former occasion, when the old woman, as they called him, attended. After the noisy and half drunken friends, inquirers after the patient's health, had departed, and the village doctor's assistant had made preparations to sit up and watch the patient through the night, the two doctors left him, unable to do more.

CHAPTER II.

"I will do any thing for you, my sweet young lady," said the gray-headed old sexton of the village church of Makepeace, in—shire, some hundred miles distant from the scene of our last chapter. "Where shall I plant the flowers?"

"On poor Jane's grave," said the sweet young lady, in reply.

The sexton, half hidden in the grave he was digging, suddenly rested on his pick, and contemplated for a moment, surveying the young girl with inexpressible emotion.

The child, with her bonnet hanging by its joined strings on one arm, while the other held a small basket, was separating some violet-roots from the tangling fibres of some weeds that had intertwined them; breaking at last the pause in their conversation, she said:

"Do you know, Master Handy, mamma says that she thinks you do not believe there's a heaven."

"What makes your mother think so?" said the old sexton, surprised at the remark.

"Because she heard you swear last night, when the boy had forgotten to bring your beer," said the child. "You know her room overlooks the burial ground, and she always sits there, and can see and hear every thing that's going on."

"Yes, I know," said the old man, "it was wrong of me, but one can't help it sometimes, when one is vex'd——"

"But do you not believe there's a heaven?" interrupted the artless child.

"Why, little miss, I hardly know how I ought to answer you that question," replied the old man, somewhat ashamed at the discovery of his infidel principles, for unfortunately the old man was an infidel, although few knew it. "You, of course, think that there is a heaven."

"I more than think so—I know so. How could poor Jane else be recompensed for so much misery as she suffered while she was alive and——"

"But she drowned herself," interrupted the old man, "and we are told in the scriptures that no murderer can enter heaven."

"Mamma says that her troubles had driven her out of her senses, and so she destroyed herself just as a baby might by throwing itself out of a window, poor thiug!"

"Surely, if there's a God in heaven, he would not allow so much misery to goad a poor creature to such an extent as to make life insupportable; but I'd rather not discuss these matters with you, my sweet young lady; I would not, for all the world, rob you of your faith," said the sexton, inwardly blaming himself for his recklessness in thus expressing himself before a mere child, as he thought her; but Jessy was not a mere child; she had the sin-

gular gift of argumentative reasoning to a supernatural degree, and never seemed better pleased than when betrayed into an argument, and especially upon matters relating to her favorite book, the Bible.

"Yes, poor Jane had a deal of trouble for one person to bear, but then mamma says that one day in heaven overpays a whole life of trouble and misery," continued the child, without noticing the objection of the sexton to continue the subject. "There are some persons in the world, mamma says, that think that all the beautiful trees, and skies, and flowers, and birds, are brought about by chance. Don't you think they are very silly? Why, their very order and regularity ought to make them believe the contrary. If I were to see a wagon load of stones, where a wagon had been tilted, all buddled together, I should say certainly chance had directed them; but if I found them piled up in orderly heaps, I should be convinced at once that could not be the case."

The old sexton, entirely thrown off his caution by this remark of the child, plunged headlong in *medias res*, and asked her how she could reconcile the scriptural assertion that at the last judgment each person should appear in his real body, flesh and bones which he bore while on earth, while countless ages had rendered to dust every vestige of his living self; nay, whilst even the very dust would not be in existence, the body having been devoured by some wild beast on land, or by some monstrous fish in the sea, and as also in a late case, where it had been the wish of the party while alive to have his grave filled up with quick lime.

"Mamma says that there are greater wonders than these passing before our eyes every day, which, had we not seen, we could not believe. God's word does not desire that we should believe them, and yet we do. Why should we not then believe easier things, when his word desires us to do so?"

The old man, still resting on his pickax, while the flowers were still unplanted, gazed on the child with astonishment, and asked her to mention one of those wonders.

"Here is an egg," said she, taking one from her little basket and holding it up between the fore-finger and thumb, "for mamma's breakfast to-morrow; now if you had never seen one before in your life, and I had broken it for you to examine, the stuff within it, and I had told you that this yellow and white stuff, if not disturbed, would, in course of time, become a living creature, with flesh, bones and blood, and, more than this, should have sense enough to run from danger, fly to its parent for protection, and do many other things which we could not do without employing our reason, would you believe it?"

"I confess I should not," said the old man, captivated with the little creature's ideas; "but, let me ask——"

"Jessy, child," said a voice across the churchyard, "why do you stay talking there? I am waiting for you."

"I'm coming directly, dear mamma," said the child to her mother, who then appeared at the casement of a cottage that looked out

upon the church and grounds about it. So saying, she gave a familiar good bye to the old sexton, reminding him of the violets, and, tripping along, was soon out of sight.

The old sexton still retained his position, and, lost in deep thought, muttered to himself, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." His faith was shaken. His conceit was mortified. His self-pride was abased. He, a very old man, had been confounded by a very young child.

"How has the patient passed the night?" said the stranger to the assistant, while feeling the pulse of the sufferer, with his eye intent upon the minute-hand of his gold repeater.

"Very restlessly," said the other.

"Is Dr. Doolittle come?" then asked the stranger. "He engaged to meet me here precisely at seven o'clock; 't is now half past. Have you observed any symptoms of returning consciousness? frequent, of long or short duration?"

"Frequent, but short, sir. The patient seems, when light-headed, to have something upon his conscience. Some female acquaintances, Jane and Eliza, he is continually raving upon, whom he says he has murdered. His groans then are awful. Two or three times during the night, when these paroxysms began, it was as much as I could do, with all my strength, to keep him in bed."

"What have been his habits? dissipated?" asked the stranger.

"Why, sir," replied the other, "there are some awkward stories in the neighborhood told of his doings. One poor creature, quite a lady, whom report says he beguiled by a false certificate of marriage, has suddenly left him, and has not been heard of since, report says. She was much ill-treated by him, because she would not countenance the visits of his drunken acquaintance."

"Is he himself given to drink?"

"He is scarcely sober from one day to another, I'm told. There is but one female, an old, dirty woman, in all his whole household; and since the old butler, who spent most of his life with the old 'Squire, has left him, there appears to be no restraint whatever upon their doings or his."

"Then I suppose," continued the stranger, as is usually the case, his property——"

"Is all mortgaged—perhaps to its full value," interrupted the assistant.

"Has he no relatives?" asked the stranger.

"None," answered the assistant, "that appear to care for his welfare. Since I have lived here, he has only been visited by a set of graceless scamps from London, who take up their abode here with him for months together. I believe there is not one respectable family in the neighborhood that has ever visited him."

"Well, you must get a nurse for him," said the stranger, "and if there be no signs of amendment at noon, his affairs must be looked to by some one. Your clergyman ought to be sent for. Who is he?—what sort of man?"

(To be continued.)

THE HESPERIAN.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

M. A. W.—Your letter, though very flattering to us, is not such as would interest the general reader. It is very gratifying to us to know that our efforts are appreciated, but we cannot expect the public to feel the interest in that subject that we do. We should be glad to hear from you again on more general topics.

D.—Do not be afraid. We think you need self-confidence—something that young writers now-a-days are not apt to feel the want of. Indeed, some of them mock at Webster, and set Kirkham at defiance.

CORINTH.—Sketches, tales, biography, history, useful inventions, and almost any subject in science or morals, will always be acceptable. Send us your articles, and let us judge.

W. D.—Subscription received, and papers sent.

LELIA.—Declined. Poetry, or rather rhymery, is plenty with us at present. We much prefer good prose articles.

FRIEND.—The *Hesperian* still lives. We have never entertained for a moment the thought of discontinuing. We were many years engaged in business much more arduous than this. Indeed, we find editing the *Hesperian* pleasant pastime, and now that we are getting our business systematized, will be able to give the editorial columns more time, and hope to make our paper an agreeable fireside companion. No; we are alone in our labors: there is no one directly or indirectly interested with or for the *Hesperian* except ourselves. We never serve as "cat's-paw" for any one; and did you know us personally, you would know that there is far too much independence in our character to permit us to do any thing of that kind. There, do n't you think we have answered all your questions patiently? We do; but beg to be excused hereafter.

Our contributors must be patient with us. Their articles will appear in good time.

Several good articles, unavoidably crowded out this time, will appear in our next.

The *Hesperian* can be obtained at most of the periodical depots in the city.

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Letters enclosing remittances and communications for the paper should be addressed to the Editress.

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A Journal of Literature and Art.

A Semi-monthly paper, conducted by

Mrs. F. H. DAY.

This Journal is designed for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and for the cultivation of a literary taste. It will present to the public original productions from among our own citizens, upon subjects most nearly connected with our homes and manners, as a people. It will carefully select information from abroad, with a special view to our necessities as a community. It will address itself to Woman, since the conductors rely much upon their own sex for aid, and will scrupulously avoid anything demoralizing in its influence. It will attempt just and fair criticism, and will expect the same. Every effort will be put forth to render it worthy of the patronage which it respectfully solicits.

Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

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[For the Hesperian.

THE HAUNTED HOME.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

There's a spot where spirits wander—
Night and day they roam,
Through the halls and chambers empty
Of the haunted home :
Ever wandering, never weary,—
Through the halls and chambers dreary,
Of the haunted home.

Spirits foul,—and fierce,—and fearful,—
Ghastly—gunnt and grim,
Through the live-long night are roaming
Through that dwelling dim !
Ever wandering—never weary—
Through the silent chambers, dreary,
Of the haunted home.

Spirits pure, and mild, and beauteous,
With their robes of light,
Through those chambers too are gliding,
In the noontide light.
Ever gliding, ever straying,
Where the silvery beams are playing,
Through the haunted home.

Through the *Soul's* deserted chambers
Evil Passions roam ;
Pride and Avarice, Wealth and Envy,
Wander there at home.
In the darkness ever walking—
Muttering curses—grimly stalking,
Through the haunted home.

Blessed spirits too are dwelling
In those chambers bright :—
Love, and Joy, and Peace—dispelling
Alien hosts of night.
Oh ! their presence makes a heaven,
Where they dwell secure, forgiven,
In the haunted home !

San Francisco, August 1st, 1858.

[For the Hesperian.

YEARS.

We separate; the girls and boys divide,—
Each to a place distinct or quite alone ;
Our ruthless passions 'neath the altar hide
The sacrifices 'till the hours are flown.
We hear by chance, in a far distant land,
That John and Mary have long since been wed ;
The lit'le boys at manhood's portal stand,
And ah ! God help us, some sweet friends are dead.
Then comes a flood of unrestrained grief,
Upon our merits and our common days we dwell ;
Our retrospect is cheated of relief—
Remorse encircles like the flames of hell.

DE CHADO.

ALLEN, THE BETRAYER ; OR, THE RED MAN'S CURSE.

(Concluded.)

Full of tumultuous thought, in which was a strange, undefined dread, Helen retraced her steps to her father's cottage, there to wait till the darkness of night should render her escape more practicable. We will not follow her as she treads once more the old familiar garden walks, or roams from room to room in that old house, of which not a nook or corner but is linked in her mind with memories of the past, hallowed by associations and ties which ere the morning dawn she will have sundered and cast off, perhaps forever. But we will follow Allen, as he pursues his lonely path through the wood, his face flushed with triumph, his step quick and unsteady, and from his eye beams a strange light, which has in it more of hate than love. Now he approaches a spot where the woods are even more thick and tangled than elsewhere, and issuing from a cave-like hollow are some three or four young men of about Allen's age, who greet him with smiles and jests.

"Well, come old boy, tell us how you fare. What of the girl !" exclaimed one of the most desperate looking of the band, named Arnold. "Did you succeed in getting her promise to elope with you ?"

"Ah, trust me for that," replied Allen ; " to be sure I did. Ere daylight to-morrow she will leave her old home for my protection, and as she *thinks*, to be my wife. Ha ! ha ! how the old man will rave when he knows the truth, and learns that his daughter occupies even a lower place than that of wife to the man whom he spurned and heaped reproach and insult upon. Ha ! he told me he would rather see his daughter robed for the grave than led to the altar by one so devoid of principle, so base in purpose, as Allen Mayfield. I told him he might live to see her occupying a worse position, and now by heavens he shall : but say, did you succeed in getting the priest's robe ?"

"Yes, and he suspects nothing."

"Have you studied the ceremony ? Can you go through it without blundering ?"

"Charles and Harry say I beat the old priest himself, but you shall judge,"—so saying, in a low and solemn tone he began to repeat the grand and impressive matrimonial service of the church of England.

"Ha ! ha !" laughed Allen, "that will do ; now, Parson, let's have something to drink."

They entered the cave, and soon returned bearing bottles and a tin cup.

"Drink !" exclaimed Allen, snatching a bot-

tle and filling the cup. "We have rare sport ahead to-night ; take something to strengthen your nerves and keep you awake, for it will be morning ere we shall be through—and now, drink to Helen, the daughter of old Waitland."

"Helen, fair Helen," echoed from lip to lip as they passed the cup around and drained it again and again.

"Come, old boy, the night wears on," exclaimed Arnold ; "tell me of your plans—what time do you meet Helen, and where shall the ceremony be performed ?"

"The darkest hour of night, the one that precedes the dawn, when only the stars give light, I meet her beneath the window of her room, and seated before me on a good fleet steed I hear her hence to the old fort, where I expect the priest, and my good friends here, to be present," replied Allen.

"What can we do to help you ?" exclaimed Harry, who began to feel some twinges of conscience at the wrong about to be done the fair Helen, who never by word or deed had injured one of them.

"What can you do ?" angrily exclaimed Allen ; "witness the marriage, to be sure—sign the certificate, and when 'tis all done up, tell old Waitland, her father, that 'twas all a sham, and no marriage, and that his daughter occupies a position worse than Allen's wife, as *I swore she should*. But 'tis time we were on the move—away with you to the fort ; I will meet you in good time ; but take with you some wine and lights, and something to eat, for I shall tarry there for a few days till the old man's rage has had time to cool. He will never think of searching for us in that old, forsaken place."

So saying, he hurried his comrades off, and seating himself, tried to collect his thoughts, and mature his plans for action. No pangs of remorse for the ruin and distress he was about to bring upon the innocent family of Mr. Waitland, or the keen agony which the loving and confiding Helen must feel when she learns the heart-breaking truth that Allen loves her not,—but on the contrary, has planned for and sought her ruin—trouble his mind : no, he has too long practiced his deceitful wiles ; he is hardened in his guilt, and the still small voice of conscience speaks to him no more.

Poor Helen ! well had it been for her had she listened to the wise counsel of her parents, or to the warning voice of her red friend Gó-we-tah.

The hour appointed for the meeting is close at hand, and Allen, having made his toilet and arranged himself with becoming care, mounts the horse which his companion had prepared

for him, and hies away to meet his lady love. Gently he taps upon the casement; a slight fluttering of flowing drapery is heard, the door of the cottage is softly opened, Helen steps forth and is locked in the arms of her lover. Her bosom heaves tumultuously, and in trembling whispers she implores him to release her from her promise to leave her home. In low, loving tones, with soothing words he strove to reassure her, and lifting her gently from the earth, he placed her upon his horse; then mounting himself, he put spurs to the noble animal, which, notwithstanding the darkness, traveled swiftly over the road.

Oh woman, woman, how often has the flattering voice of the betrayer lured thee from the pure, true love of parents, and the holy ties of home.

Soon after Allen's departure with his fair prize, might have been seen emerging from the forest, two red men, with stealthy but hasty steps. They approach the cottage and peer anxiously about, exchanging a few words in their native tongue, and then throw themselves prostrate on the ground, their ears close to the earth. "Ha! too late," mutters the savage, whom we recognize as Go-we-tah, and hastily dashing his stalwart form against the door of the cottage, which yielded and flew open, he found his way to the room of the deserted parents who had been disturbed by the noise, and now eagerly demanded the cause. It took but a moment for them to comprehend the calamity which had befallen them, and rushing to the barn the old man seized his horse, mounted, and in hot haste pursued the fugitives; but Go-we-tah, whose horse was near by in the woods, was far in advance. Away they sped through the thick darkness, unmindful of the danger to life and limb, thinking only of the danger to which Helen was exposed. While at home the poor forsaken mother, with bursting, bleeding heart, sent up the agonized prayer, "O God, save my child."

The spot which was called the old fort, was a place, which, during the war, had been occupied as a kind of fort, but it had long since fallen into decay, and now, as it was somewhat off from the main road, it was seldom visited.

The first faint rays of light began to streak the distant horizon, and the spot which had so long been unused to the sound of human voice or the tread of human feet, is again greeted by their presence.

The place selected by Allen for the performance of the marriage ceremony was a small grove of trees near by the fort; and now he appears, with Helen leaning confidently upon his arm, though upon her cheek, which is ashy pale, may be seen traces of recent tears. They approach and stand before the priest, who, in a low, measured voice, proceeds to make them man and wife.

All has gone well, and already a fiendish glance of triumph lights the eye of Allen as the priest, proceeding with that solemn ritual, said, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" but ere he has time to answer, an arrow cleaves the air and buries itself deep in his bosom.

"Ha! ha!! the curse of the red man has

found the black snake of the forest," shouted Go-we-tah, for it was he that sped the fatal arrow, and snatching Helen from his side he bore her away in time to spare her witnessing the last agonies of the dying man.

A joyful reunion was that in the cottage of old farmer Waitland when Helen was once more restored to them; and when she realized the dreadful snare that had been spread for her, and from which she had been delivered, she exclaimed, "Oh my God, I thank Thee," and kneeling to her parents, implored their forgiveness.

Need I say that it was gladly given; nor was Go-we-tah forgotten. Mr. Waitland besought him to make his home with them, but he shook his head, saying, "Good, good, Go-we-tah's home is with his people," and departed to the forest.

PRODUCTION OF NATURAL PEARLS.

Linnaeus, the immortal father of modern natural history, discovered the means of obtaining pearls by inoculation or impregnation. The mollusks, upon which he tried his successful experiments, belong to the genus *Mytilus*, a bivalvular shell-fish, of which he chose the species called *Mytilus pictorum*; similar to our common sweet water muscle.

This valuable discovery was made in 1756, and in 1761, the great naturalist presented to the Swedish Diet a memorial on the subject, and applied for a reward in consideration of his giving up his process for the benefit of his country. The particulars of his *modus operandi* he communicated verbally to the secret committee appointed to receive it, and the report that followed was in every respect favorable; but the parsimonious terms offered to the discoverer, having been far below his fair and just expectations, he disposed of his secret in favor of Peter Bagge, a merchant of Gothenburg, which was patented by the king in council, on the 7th September, 1762.

But, during the preparations for carrying on this operation, the patentee died and the paper containing the instructions, having been secreted by him, could not be found until 1820, when his grandson—afterwards Swedish Consul at Liverpool—happened to find it hidden in an old account book.

Being in friendly intercourse with that gentleman, he intrusted to me, in 1826, the care of composing an introductory notice of his intended disposition of the said property of the heirs of Peter Bagge. Whereupon I entered into communication with eminent pearl-dealers, both in France and in England. Ten thousand pounds sterling, was the price fixed for the exclusive privilege of the patent, which was to be renewed by the Swedish government, with the right allowed the purchaser of taking out patents wherever he liked. During the time of my correspondence on the subject, I received an offer of £5,000 from Robert Roskell, in Liverpool, and another of £6,000 from a Parisian house. I was on the eve of obtaining the consent of the owners to accept a price of £8,000, when Mr. Bagge died suddenly in Liverpool. His papers, comprising the pearl-document, were sealed and sent to his family in Sweden, and, as I was informed a few months after, the former fatality had been renewed; for the document could nowhere be found.

Believing that the public has never been made aware of some of the interesting details that I found in the manuscript of Archiater

Linnaeus to the Swedish Diet, I give them in the following extract:

"Our so called pearl-muscles are commonly known to exist in the strongest water-falls of the Lapland rivers, but they are also found lower down in the country, in most places where such rapids occur.

"I have seen how pearl-muscles are fished at Beerkijaud, the most noted pearl-fishery in Lulea Lapmask, where men construct a raft upon which they proceed to the rapid and there anchor it with a stone and a wretched rope. Lying down at length on this raft, they extract the muscles from the bottom by means of long wooden pinchers, and after having thus collected a large quantity, they bring them on shore, when they are opened to find the pearls. An immense number of shells strewn on the river side show the extent of the slaughter and how many mollusks have been sacrificed to produce a pearl of some value; for generally from one to two thousand muscles are opened before such a jewel is exhibited. In this manner the pearl-fishery is a poor employment.

"The pearl in the muscle is the consequence of a natural disease; if such an affection can be imparted to the animal, it must produce the same effect.

"Nature performs its operations in a very simple manner, but its process is most difficult to find out. Pearl-muscles are always sedentary on the bottom, gaping with one end, but it is impossible to ascertain whether they contain pearls without separating the valves with violence and thus killing the animal; for no exterior symptom is visible on the shell, which increases in dimensions with the pearl that is attached to it. The pearl takes six years to attain the size of a pea, and about twelve to double that volume.

"Every muscle can be inoculated with pearl-seed at the cost of one stiver, (about 1-12 of a cent.)

"Pearls are either of a ripe or unripe nature. The inoculator has the power of producing both at the same expense, but an unripe pearl will never become a ripe one. One person will be able, with an assistant, to impart pearl generation to one hundred muscles in a day. The figure of the pearl will depend on the manipulator who will be able to obtain them round, pear-shaped or oblong, *ad libitum*. No muscle submitted to the operation can refuse to perform its task, provided the mollusk is replaced to the bottom of the rapid, to live in its proper element.

"Like nature itself, my method is of the greatest simplicity: therefore this secret requires constant watchfulness, if my country wishes to retain the monopoly of this rich enterprise, for other mountainous countries, such as Switzerland, Scotland, Austria, etc., possess the same pearl-muscles in large quantities.

"It was only after much pain and study that I ascertained what caused the generation of pearls and how nature perfected the result. I am ready at any time to teach my process, which can be easily understood and performed by the plainest mind. The same operation is also applicable to all other sorts of muscles, as well as oysters, but the pearl varies in beauty with the water inhabited by the mollusk, and the finest that I have obtained from our pearl-muscles, were found in the strongest waterfalls that never freeze.

"Upsala 1761, 6th February.

Signed,

CARL LINNÆUS.

The hints conveyed in this brief exposition may perhaps awaken some researches on the indicated track, and possibly lead to the resurrection of a subject that has been for so long a time buried in oblivion.

D. FRICK, L. L. D.

THE BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS.

Remember the golden rule,—“Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.” A bitter smile curled the lips of the handsome but haughty girl, as she perused these lines on the fly leaf of the plain Bible which was her birth-day present. For weeks, visions of a rich India shawl, a splendid silk dress, or elegant satin bonnet, together with entertaining annuals, and costly bouquets had been floating through her excited fancy. She always had received similar gifts upon like occasions, and as her father was equally as wealthy now, as ever, she had no reason to presume a change.

It came, however. When she had arose that morning, and after a light breakfast repaired to the parlor, instead of finding the varied and valuable articles she had anticipated, nothing was visible save a small parcel neatly done up, with the simple inscription on the wrapper—to my daughter!

A single touch satisfied her that only a book was enclosed, and with feelings of angry disappointment she tore off the paper screen to examine its nature. What was her amazement, and alas! regret, to find only, a copy of the Holy Writ, with the immortal words above quoted, on the blank page,—Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you!

With an exclamation of almost rage, she tossed the book on the floor, and then commenced pacing to and fro on the splendid carpet. At length she paused before a window which overlooked one of the many streets of the great city, and endeavored to dissipate her unpleasant reflections by watching the busy crowds without. She saw men hurrying along with rapid steps, as though countless lives depended on the speed with which they traversed the walks; she saw vehicles whirl by as though every horse in the city were matched for a race; and she saw the shadow and sunshine which dwelt on the lofty walls, and in the countenance of the passers-by, and which she well knew existed in every relation of life. But over and above all else, despite her efforts to expel it from her mind, were those words which she had read, distinctly apparant,—Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you!

Vexed and uneasy, though the first burst of passion had mainly subsided, she took a magazine from the centre-table and sat down to read. But, as if in mockery, she thought of her wishes, the very first words her eyes rested upon, were those self-same,—Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you!

Surprised and irritated she threw the book aside, and arising, went and stood before the mirror. She watched the light and shade as alternately they played upon her finely cut features in the reflection, and smiled as she thought of the troupe of admirers her beauty would call around her. She was even calculating upon the number of conquests she might be enabled with her superior advantages to make, when again came up before her that invincible,—Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you!

Determined not to be baffled, and to banish all recollection of that hateful present, which this sentence so forcibly called to mind, she crossed the room to where the piano stood, and seating herself at that instrument, began playing a favorite air. But though an adept in music, and though under the magic touch of her fingers the soft and tender strains were wont to peal forth with subduing pathos, yet now the keys seemed to her terribly out of tune, and the notes to jar with discordant sound. She

could not make them harmonize, for each one seemed to say with telling power,—Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you!

Thus, unable to escape a remembrance of the neglected gift, or the silent precept it contained, she relented, and removing it from the undignified position into which she had cast it when heated with passion, placed it carefully away among the other works. Then for the first time she began to think.

And why was it, she asked herself, that she should be so continually haunted with the presence of what was termed the golden rule. Had she violated its behests? Had she knowingly done to another that which she would not have been pleased to receive herself? Ah, Rose! You might have saved yourself the trouble of putting those questions; for you well know that none but affirmative replies could come back. The tell-tale blush on your cheek revealed as much.

And what have I done? she continued, as the knowledge that something was amiss became fixed in her thoughts. Even as she spoke, as if to answer her own inquiry, she drew a letter from her bosom and opened it. It contained these few words:

“DEAR ROSE—Come to me—I am dying—I want to see you. MARIAN WAITE.”

That brief passage had been received the day before. The writer and Rose Lawton had been school-mates when the parents of both were in like positions. But two years before, when Mr. Waite, an enterprising merchant, had lost his life and nearly all his property, in a California expedition, Marian had been compelled to leave the seminary, and assist in supporting a mother and infant sister. To a naturally delicate constitution was joined a sensitiveness which shrank from contact with the rough world, so that she speedily gave way under the difficulties by which she was surrounded. Disease set in and she quickly succumbed to it.

During the time which had elapsed since Marian had become so unexpectedly destitute, no words had been exchanged between her and her once devoted friend. Although residing in the same place, and frequently coming in contact, no sign of recognition passed between them. The one was too proud to grant, the other to ask the favor.

But when, stretched upon her death-bed, Marian became conscious that her hours were numbered, she felt a most intense desire to see the companion of her earlier years. With difficulty, therefore, she had managed to indite that single line, and address Rose Lawton, hoping the receiver would answer it in person.

But had Rose done this? No! Pride, in which she had not been reared, but which was created with her being, still predominated, and induced her to send a note excusing herself, instead. This became known to her father—hence her birth-day present.

Now, however, when Rose stood alone, and the golden rule so constantly recurring to her mind induced her to reflect, she determined, after placing the letter in its former retreat, to hasten to the bed-side of the dying Marian, and if not too late, to soothe her last moments by her presence. She almost felt like a detected criminal, as she remembered how she had treated her last request, and saw those words like glittering daggers before her,—Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.

But she determined to expiate the wrong if possible. Hastily equipping herself, she stole quietly out of a side entrance, and by a rapid travel soon reached the neat but weather-beaten cottage. Passing noiselessly through the open door, she glanced around,

when, to her joy, she perceived the suffering girl, stretched upon a low couch, was still alive. Approaching, she laid her hand upon the arm of the mother, who, weeping, stood near, and pointed inquiringly to the wasted form of her daughter. The poor woman responded in a whisper that she was speechless. Marian started back in agony. After all, then, she was too late to ask pardon for her unholy conduct.


She stooped over and pressed a kiss upon the burning lips. The poor girl started. It was the first time she recognized the presence of a third party. As she looked up and perceived who the new comer was, a faint smile flitted across her death-struck features. She tried to raise her hand, but her strength was too far gone to succeed; she tried to speak, but her lips, though moving, gave no sound. All at once, however, she made a desperate effort to rise. But she only increased her sufferings by doing so, and hastened the final moment; while unable to accomplish the task. She fell back, while a perceptible shudder passed through her frame, a moment struggled,—gasped for breath,—then all was still. The soul of Marian had passed into another world.

And Rose, who had regarded every motion the invalid had made to express the apparent gratitude she felt at seeing her present, with the deepest anguish and self-reproach, after assisting to prepare the corpse for burial, hastened home to give vent to her grief. When she considered how desolate must have been the position of the poor sufferer, when even a once loved friend would not answer her dying summons until the last moment, and conceived how she herself would have felt under like circumstances, verily she realized she had transgressed the command of the golden maxim—Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.

But now, she murmured to herself after calmly considering the matter, my resolution is fixed.—Henceforth the golden rule shall be the guide of my life. Its precepts shall be my law, which none shall induce me to evade.

And Rose kept her word. Her inordinate pride vanished forever, and in its place had come up a nobler sentiment. In after years she never forgot her resolution, and she consequently felt that sweet peace of mind which ever comes from a consciousness of doing right.

And the Bible, which she had so despised, was treasured among her choicest things; and when on succeeding anniversaries the magnificent gifts came flowing in, in richer profusion than ever, she felt that they were as nothing compared with that which had been the means of instilling that profitable lesson into her mind,—Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you!—*Waverley Magazine.*

 Dress is external gentility, frequently used to disguise internal vulgarity. Wise men will neither be the first to adopt a new fashion, nor the last to abandon an old one, for the affectation of singularity is only the desire to set the mode, instead of following it. Eccentricity of appearance is the contemptible ambition of being personally known to those who do not know you by name.

“Boy,” said a fashionably-dressed young man to the servant of one of his companions, “is your master at home?” “Yes, sir,” replied the boy, “master is at ‘ome, but he is confined to his room. He’s a growin’ of moostarshes, and an’t allowed to see anybody but his ‘air dresser.”

THE PINE TREE AND THE ZEPHYR.

A PARABLE.

A solitary Pine tree had stood for many years upon the bank of an inland lake. The oak and the buttonwood, the elm and the maple, in successive growths had sprung up and become old and disappeared; but lifting its green pyramid, and steadfast as the stars, the Pine remained in its unwasted glory. There was silence in the noonday forest, and the hum of insect life and the song of birds had drowsily murmured itself away to utter quietude.—A little Zephyr woke from sleep. "I will go," he said, "and talk to the Pine."

So he went to the Pine tree and lovingly whispered, "O Mother Pine! tell me, tell me of the past." And the Pine broke out into a deep rythmical chant of races and generations passed away. "Ah me! ah me!" she sang. "I wail for the wild pigeons. They came in gay and shining multitudes. They fed upon the mast in the forest. They have gone. A faint and feeble multitude, hunted by the white man, their flying remnants are scattered like the red leaves of autumn upon the western prairies."

"Ah me! ah me!" sang the Pine, "I wail, I wail for the bison. The forest trembled before him, and he shook with his feet the solid ground above the roots of the hemlocks. He flieth in the far west, even as a snow storm before the summer heat."

"Ah me! ah me!" sang the Pine, "I wail for the beaver. He built his lodges in the crystal streams, and made him a lake and a green pasture in the silent wilderness. He fed upon the twigs of the sassafras and the fibre of the soft maple. He is gone, and silence is in his cities."

"Ah me! ah me!" sang the Pine, "I wail, I wail, for I see no more the Indian Sagamore go forth with his bow of hickory and his flint-headed arrows. His squaw ponnds no more the golden kernels of the maize. She braids no more the wampun. She tans no more the deerskin. She plaits no more the ozier willow. No more she snares the trout. No more she takes the perch or the sun-fish. No more she plants the Indian corn. No more she paddles her birch canoe. Ask me not of the Indian Nations, for they are lost in the red light of sunset. I behold them not."

"And wo! because of the saw-dust in the streams, the flesh of my murdered brethren, which the white man teareth in the steel teeth of the saw mill. And wo! because of the fire in the summer fallows, and the ringing of the axe in the woods of hemlock, when, like the red war-paint, the life of the bark goes from him, and the covering of his bones is cast into the vats of the tannery. I wail, I wail, because of the departed glory of the days gone by."

Then ceased the Pine; but the little Zephyr whispered lovingly in her branches, "Oh Mother, dear Mother Pine! let me sing to thee. Still fly the wild pigeons beyond the sunset in the Indian Heaven. Still roams the bison, with mild eyes, gentle as the deer. In countless throngs he feeds in the great pastures, where the arrow flieth not by day, and where the rifle ringeth not by night. He sleepeth in peace where the cooing dove is heard instead of the hawk, far away beyond the land of frost, and beyond the country of the winter."


"Mourn not for the beaver. There are clear streams in the hunting grounds of the Great Good Spirit. He buildeth his lodge with none to covet his glossy fur or his dainty flesh. The sassafras and the cedar bend above the pool where he gambols."

"And mourn not thou, O Pine, for the Sagamore and the Squaw. I heard the four Winds sing together. And the North Wind, for he is bold, sang loudly of the Braves, and of their deeds in the heaven of the forefathers. They have buried the tomahawk, and they have lit the peace-pipe, but they war mightily against the foes of the Good Manito. And the South Wind, for he is sweet, sang of the Indian maiden. She walks in her dusky beauty, like Night among the stars, or like the red Dawn when she blushes upon the hill-side, and changes the brooks into a crimson radiance. And the West wind, for he is swift, sang of the joys that are in the land where the sun hath gone to light the wigwams of the Indian people; where in his radiance sits the Father of the Nations, and dwells forever with his children. And the East Wind, for he is wise, and cometh from beyond the morning, sang a hymn of triumph. 'I sing,' he said, 'of the red man's future. The Great Spirit made the white man white, because he gave him a mind to see the truth and to pursue it.—And he made the red man red, because he gave him a heart to love the good and forever to possess it. And he gave the white man the quarries and the mines, that he might build his thoughts into cities, and fill them with the wonders of art, and industry, and science. But he gave the red man the living creatures of the forest and the waters, because these things are red in their blood and warm in their heart, and delight in the falling of the rain and the rising of the sun, and in the fruits of the forest trees, and in the warmth of spring, and in the shade of the woods in summer. And the Indian lives, with the bison, and the wild pigeon, and the beaver, in the Land of Souls, in the happy Hunting Grounds forever. And the Pine tree groweth, and the cedar and tamarack, only their leaves wail no more of sorrow in the plaintive night, but gleam with golden lustre as they sing upon the mountains of the morning. And the chesnut, and the hickory, and the butternut, each in his place, droppeth his ripe fruit in his season in the abodes of the Indian Nations. They are thoughts of the Great Good Spirit."

Then was the Pine tree glad, and she sang, "I will mourn no more for that which is gathered into the hand of the Parent of the Seasons. All that cometh from the Father of Spirits returneth to him again. Imperishable in all its forms, the thought of God, which is Nature, eternally endures. The essences of all things live forever. The Wise and the Good depart, but the landscape widens where they journey, and advances with them; and the forests wave, and the rivers run, and the birds sing, in the souls of the seasons and in the spirits of the years."

So sang the Pine tree. Then the little Zephyr departed on his way, and he whispered of immortality and heaven till his song became a living part of all the music of the leaves. And wherever the Zephyr moveth there is heard forever this song of the Indian Heaven.

MORAL.—Men are trees, according to the Word, and Zephyrus the breath,—a whisper from the Voice of the Eternal Spirit. We hope that the poetic veil of this fable will not conceal the beautiful proportions of its truth.

 A taste for rural scenes seems born with us; and, after seeking in vain for pleasure among the works of art, we are forced to come back, and find that the highest enjoyment is placed in the lovely simplicity of nature.

INCIDENTS OF LIFE.

I saw in the street, the other day, a poor miserable old man, blind, lame, and tottering on his staff, knocked hither and thither by the callous passers by, while a little dog trotted on before him, leading him by a string. The dumb creature turned every few moments, to look up into the haggard face of his wretched master, with eyes that beamed with the most faithful affection. Ah! thought I, as I looked upon the touching tableau, what a lesson that dog teaches us! 'Tis well thou hast one friend, poor wanderer! a friend who is faithful even in adversity.

A little farther on was a girl—a street-sweeper; her soiled hand was held beseechingly out for a penny, as the pedestrians passed onward, most of them rudely repelling her. She seemed to be used to this, but still persevered in holding out her little dirty hand. There was not that vulgar, depraved expression in her countenance which we often see in those of her class; on the contrary, her face was pale and interesting, her blue eyes soft and gentle, and notwithstanding her ragged appearance, there was a modesty in her deportment which struck me. I asked her name.

"Rosalie," she replied.

"Is that all? Have you no other?"

"No ma'am."

Poor child of sin! She then said her mother was a rag picker, and sent her to beg and sweep the crossings, and beat her when she went home. Tears filled her soft eyes as she spoke. As I placed my mite in her hand, I thought sadly, "poor infant, what is thy future?"—*Di Vernon.*

"NEVER MIND."—No, "never mind;" what if you have crushed the flower—'twill soon spring up again. Yes; that beautiful but frail flower, which had but just bloomed in its first beauty, to bless and gladden the hearts of those who saw it, has been ruthlessly trodden to the earth, and now, broken and bruised, it lies bleeding in the dust. True, it may spring up again, but not till the Great Giver bears it to another season; not till His instrument, Time, causes it to lift its radiant head again heavenward; not till the joys and blessings which fled with its young desolation are given again;—a type, true and expressive, of human flower.

Behold that beautiful human flower, a fair girl just budding into glorious womanhood, springing forth in beauty beneath the careful training of parental love, blessing them with her wealth of innocence and playful mirth, bounding fearlessly over the green-sward of youth, culling its precious fruits—the pride, darling of many hearts. Perish the hand that pales its bloom! But it is too late! Already has the ravisher come and crushed the loveliest flower of the home-circle, and left it groveling in the dust.

"Never mind;" what if you have crushed the flower, it will soon spring up again. "Never mind;" what if you have broken the hearts of those who cherished its loveliness and tenderly nursed its frail growth? what if you have dispensed desolation and despair by your inhuman acts? The flower will spring up again, and you will see its glory once more—but not till the last trump shall sound—not till the Great Avenger stands before you and asks the justice which your own contemptible soul denies. "Never mind;" the flower *will* bloom again; but not for the desolator of homes, the destroyer of virtue, save in piercing the soul with its thorn of justice, until it yields excessive agony. No, "never mind;" but God will mind.—*Leta Lyndon.*

MORNING CALLS.

MRS. BROWN AND MRS. SMITH.

Among the many good old customs which have been sacrificed to the increase of luxury, form and ambitious pretence, the hearty, friendly visiting of our fathers and mothers has suffered. John Brown and James Smith, for instance, live as each knows of the other, in a "plain way." There is in each house a holiday parlor in which the family do not feel quite at home except on Sundays. The sitting-room, which is also the dining-room, and sometimes, on "coffee-dinner days," serves as kitchen, is the more comfortable. In mid-winter, when they are "sure nobody will be in" at breakfast, that meal is taken in the kitchen for comfort, and convenience of the rapid transit of the cakes from the griddle to the table. The absence of ceremony promotes ease, for whatever is to be done is readily assisted in by all. Even Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown do not disdain to go for coal and stir up the grate, and both gentlemen can put a foot upon a kitchen chair, and rub their own boots, while the wife tells them what they may bring or send home from shamble or grocery store.

Now if Mrs. John Smith and Mrs. James Brown followed their own native impulses of good sense and convenience, all would go pleasantly from January first to the same day in the year next ensuing. But there are exceptions to comfort. Both of them choose to spend part of their time in a ridiculous masquerade. Both shall arise—say to-morrow morning—as early as it is light. The maid of all work washes off the pavements, and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown, standing inside of the house with the door open, polish the knobs thereof, while they squint out at the respective maid servants, dodging suddenly back as passengers approach. Mrs. Smith fears Mrs. Brown should detect her at work; vice versa. Then they make bread or pies, and whatever else calls. Then they dust parlors, keeping away from front windows, or wearing slouched bonnets to conceal features from the furtive peeps of the passing Smiths, Browns, and Joneses, of their acquaintance. Then they go to market, or if the marketing has been sent home, inspect the basket. That bit of beef is meant to put in pickle, and is pickled accordingly. Other things are otherwise disposed of, like thrifty housewives.

Now, Mrs. Brown arranges the meat for baking—for roast is really roast no more, though grease may still be living grease: the poet to the contrary, notwithstanding. Mrs. Brown calls the servant of all work above mentioned, from her dish-washing. She tells her at what precise hour to put the meat in the oven, and minute directions as to all other particulars. Up stairs she hurries. She makes her own bed. She tosses the slouched bonnet in a corner, steps out of the work-room and—but we must not be too particular in describing toilet arrangements. Suffice it to say, that over the damp hands the gloves are, with great difficulty, pulled, as the last touch. Arranged in silks and satins, with card case in hand, Mrs. Brown comes down, and pauses a moment in the pantry to call Bridget.

"Now mind," she says, "those things I charged you about."

Yes'm, says Biddy, but inwardly vows rebellion, since she is left with the whole dinner to get.

Mrs. Brown steps out into the street, Bridget looking after her with a grin as she sees a feather sticking to her skirt, or some mark of hurry in costumery. Mrs. B. is in

no hurry now. She moves with a slow dignity, like a lady of leisure. She meets and recognizes Mr. Jones. She is all smiles and so is he. They pass with graceful recognition—she, poor soul! little suspecting that his is a smile of wonder "how the dickens" she could have got dressed so soon, when he is sure he detected the end of her nose under the starched bonnet already mentioned, as he passed her house a few minutes before!

Mrs. Brown rings at Mrs. Smith's door bell.

"Betty!" cries Mrs. Smith, who is up to her elbows in pastry—"see who that is: tell 'em I'm not at home. No! show 'em in the parlor."

The countermand is made—not to serve the truth, but because Mrs. S. knows that "not at home," will be interpreted to mean, in the kitchen.

Up stairs she hurries, and robes herself in a graceful morning dress, and sails down to meet Mrs. Brown, as if she had only been stringing pearls in her boudoir; and the ladies sit fifteen minutes to discuss "how difficult it is to find good servants." Mrs. Brown goes. Other ladies of the same set come in, Mrs. Smith dancing attendance between kitchen, chamber and parlor, while the house is filled with the smell of things burning in the kitchen oven. So the morning passes with Mrs. Smith.

Now let us follow Mrs. Brown home. It is nearly time her husband was back to his dinner. Up stairs she hurries, and metamorphoses herself as suddenly as Cinderella changes from fine lady, back to kitchen girl, in the fairy tale. An ominous odor saluted her nostrils the moment she entered the house. Alas! poor Brown's dinner is "done brown," and so is he, if he has deided himself with the hope of anything fit to eat. Mrs. Brown scolds Bridget, and she gives her warning. Mr. Brown looks black at the dinner, but makes peace between his wife and the girl of all work, for fear she would go away, and he fare still worse with a new Bridget.

At Smith's there is little better entertainment, except that on this day she has the best excuse, being the aggressed upon, not the aggressor. To-morrow she will retaliate on Mrs. Brown by "returning her call," and so on till poor Brown and Smith come to the conclusion that "good servants are scarce," and to the suspicion, moreover, that there is no superabundance of good wives.

Now, we put it to the common sense of our readers—what is the use of all this? What is gained by it? Who is deceived by it? Sensible women who do not wish their husbands to toil on forever, must be content to help them, by managing in doors, while the husband labors without. Why not go comfortably on, and dispose of the day's avocation, and then step out, if need be, and call in a pleasant, social way, on others, who, like themselves, having finished their domestic duties, have leisure to entertain guests? Why should people of moderate incomes—why should any Americans indeed—ape foreign follies? Why cannot we have independence enough to be happy in our own social relations, and good sense sufficient to attend to our own comfort, and that of our families? Never, till we do—never till wives save for their husbands—will there cease to be periods of "two per cent per month."—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

Love labor: if you do not want it for food, you may for physic. He is indolent, who might be better employed. There are few who know how to be idle and innocent.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

In thy heart there is a chamber.
None but God and thou have seen it—
Darkened by the sombre shadows
From the folds of thought that screen it.

On its walls are many pictures,
Painted by the hand of Time,
Sketches of those mystic regions,
In the Infinite sublime.

There are portraits of the faces,
That have passed away from earth;
Glimpses of the sunny places,
Sacred to thy childhood's mirth.

Of the homestead, old and mossy,
Close beside the meadow green,
Where the brooks like threads of silver,
Wound their graceful curve between.

And it is a haunted chamber,
There the ghosts of midnight stray,
Silent as the stars that wander
Down the white-paved Milky Way.

Yon behold the light forms trembling
In their pure robes, like a bride;
And they look so much like living,
You forget that they have died.

You forget the marble features
Of the friend you laid to rest—
You forget the pale hands folded
On a pulseless, soulless breast.

But you see him slowly walking,
Mid the glow life's sunset weaves,
When his lips dropp'd farewell blessings,
And the trees their autumn leaves.

Thus comes he, long since departed,
Reaching out his hand to thine,
And his lips unto thee murmur
In a tone that seems divine.

In this chamber stands a mirror,
Memory's lamp hangs overhead,
Throwing down a softened radiance,
On these pictures of the dead.

In its clear depths we distinguish
What we were and what we are;
There our inner life reflected,
Shows us hideous or fair.

O! 'tis in this secret chamber
That we learn a solemn truth,
As in links of spirit union,
Age is joined again with youth.

HOW TO ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE.—To the acquisition of extensive knowledge, incessant application and industry are necessary. Nothing great or good has been achieved without them. Be willing then to labor; be not satisfied with superficial attainments, and accustom yourself to habits of accurate and thorough investigation. Explore the foundation and first principles of every science. It is observed by Locke, that "there are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom—the basis upon which a great many others rest—and in which they have their consistency; they are teeming truths, rich in the stores with which they furnish the mind, and like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and interesting in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things, that without them could not be seen or known." These are the truths with which we should endeavor to enrich our minds. Be select in your readings—become familiar with the writings of the great master spirits of the world, who will enrich your mind with profound and enlarged and exalted views; and who, while they form you to habits of just and noble thinking, will also teach you to cherish pure and generous feelings. If you would make these thorough acquisitions, you must guard against immoderate indulgence of your passions, and the seductions of evil companions. A life of dissipation and pleasure is death to superior excellence. A body invigorated by habits of temperance and self-denial, and a mind undisturbed by unholy passions, serene and cheerful in conscious rectitude, are most powerful auxiliaries in the pursuit of science.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Select the largest and handsomest berries, weigh them, and spread on platters. For each pound of fruit, allow a pound of powdered white sugar. Sprinkle half this amount over the berries, and let them stand several hours in a cool place, to harden and to form liquor. Put them in a porcelain lined kettle, and by degrees strew on the rest of the sugar. Boil them slowly fifteen minutes, skimming thoroughly, then take them from the syrup and spread again on platters, to cool and harden into shape. Then put them into wide-mouthed glass bottles, pour the syrup on boiling hot, and seal the jars.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Take the berries when first ripe and fresh, mash and drain through a flannel bag. To each pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and one-third of the white of an egg. Boil slowly about ten minutes, skimming thoroughly, then dip it into tumblers or cups, and set into a sunny window uncovered till it jellies, then seal them over. It will never form a very firm jelly, but it is delicious and beautiful.

FIRST RATE WHITEWASH.—The editor of the American Agriculturist says he has tried various preparations for whitewashing ceilings, and the walls of unpapered rooms, but has never found anything that was entirely satisfactory until the present Spring. He has now something that affords a beautiful, clear, white color, and which cannot be rubbed off, and which he prepares in this wise:

"We procured at a paint store a dollar's worth of first quality 'Paris white'—33 lbs., at three cents per lb.—and for this quantity one pound of white glue, of the best quality, usually called Cooper's glue, because manufactured by Peter Cooper, of new York. Retail price 50 cents per pound. For one day's work, half a pound of glue was put in a tin vessel, and covered with cold water over night. In the morning this was carefully heated until dissolved, when it was added to 16 lbs. of Paris white, previously stirred in a moderate quantity of hot water. Enough water was then added to give the whole a proper milky consistency, when it was applied with a brush in the ordinary manner. Our 33 pounds of Paris white and one pound of glue sufficed for two ceilings, and the walls and ceilings of seven other small rooms.

"A single coat is equal to a double coat of lime wash, while the white is far more brilliant than lime. Indeed, the color is nearly equal to that of 'Zinc White,' which costs at least four times as much. We are satisfied, by repeated trials, that no white-wash can be made to adhere firmly without glue, or some kind of sizing, and this will invariably be colored in time with the caustic lime. The Paris white, on the contrary, is simply pure washed chalk, and is entirely inert, producing no caustic effect on the sizing. Any of our readers who try this, and are as well pleased with it as we are, will consider the information worth many times the cost of an entire volume of the Agriculturist. Had we known of it when we first 'set up housekeeping,' it would have saved us much labor, and the annoyance of garments often soiled by contact with white-wash—not to mention the saving of candles, secured by always having the ceiling white enough to reflect instead of absorbing the rays of light."

GOOSEBERRY CHAMPAGNE.—Ferment together, says Mr. Francis, five gallons of white gooseberries, mashed, with four and a half gallons of water, add six pounds of sugar, four pounds and a half of honey, one ounce of

finely-powdered white tartar, one ounce of dry orange and lemon peel, and half a gallon of white brandy. This will produce nine gallons. Before the brandy is added the mixture must be strained and put into a cask. This will be found equal to Mrs. Primrose's celebrated gooseberry wine.

WORTH TRYING.—The French Gazette Medicale states that by an accident charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon the burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS.

The ladies of Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The pearl of the teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Gazuat. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly, if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats; and to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown, and if there was any selection between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silk or wreath of flowers, but warm entrails and reeking tripe, to dress herself in enviable ornaments. In China, small, round, red eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows. It is too visible by day, but looks shiny by night. They tinge their nails with a rose color. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. The Emperor of Moncomotapa would not change his amiable negress for the most brilliant European beauty. An ornament for the nose, appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think it otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforations are hung various materials, such as green crystal, gold stones, a single, and sometimes a great number of gold rings. In the South Sea Islands polished fish bones are the fashionable *ne plus ultra*. This must be rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us, that the Indian and other ladies so adorned, never perform this very useful operation.

The female head-dress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. The bird is composed of copper or gold, according to the quality of the person. The wings, spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose. The neck is fastened to the neck of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myantises is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot and about six inches broad; with this they cover their hair and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down nor lean without keeping their necks straight; and, the country be-

ing woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. When they comb their hair they pass an hour before the fire, in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice in a year.

The inhabitants of Natal wear caps or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with pure grease, which mixing with the hair, fastens the bonnets for their lives.

THE BEAUTIFUL WATCHER.

BY W. A. DESERISAY.

A mother stood by a dying child,
The last of her household band;
Husband and children all were gone—
Gone to the spirit-land.
It slept and smiled, but a cold damp brow
Told sadly 'twas ceasing to live,
For its smile was only an answer to one
That a guardian angel might give.

"Mother," she whispered, "I know that ere long
I must sleep in the grave's dark gloom;
But papa used to call me an angel, you know,
When he sang with me here in this room.
I must be in a dream, for I hear his voice,
Repeating in gentlest tone—
Bright angel come! bright angel come!
Dear mother, are you alone?"

"For I saw near you such a beautiful form,
With a face as lovely and white—
It is near you now, and sweetly smiles,
As it has, through all the night.
And, mamma, when you slept for awhile,
I thought I could hear it sing,
But I fell asleep when I shaded my eyes
From the light of its beautiful wing.

"But it sang of a home that was far away,
In a voice so sweet and low,
And how glad it would be to carry me;
And I said I would like to go—
I would be so safe on its gentle breast,
And 'twould comfort your heart by day;
For even though dead I will still be yours
When the watcher takes me away."

"My child, no form of beauty's near—
The lamp no longer burns,
And moonlight only in the room
The gloom to darkness turns.
I see no watcher by my side,
I'm standing here alone—
Oh, who will try to comfort me
When thou, my child, art gone?"

"Dear mother, one kiss! I am colder now,
And the light to my eyes grows dim—
And a voice like Ida's before she died,
I hear in a low sweet hymn.
The beautiful watcher you cannot see
Not yet from my side has flown—
'Tis dark! 'Tis dark!" she spoke no more—
The mother and clay were alone.

MAN VS. WOMAN.—"Man may err and be forgiven; but poor woman, with all her temptation, and half the strength, is placed beyond the hope of earthly salvation, if she is but once tempted into crime."

True as preaching: and a sad comment it is on the state of society that it is so. The very man who has led the woman into sin, is courted, petted and smiled upon, while his victim is sinking in the vortex of ruin. And so it will ever be, while women themselves smile on the rake and condemn their erring sisters. As long as genteel, fashionable and pious ladies will be seen promenading with libertines, will ride with them, go to theatres, balls, opera, church, lyceums, and other places of resort with them, and then turn in apparent virtuous indignation from the poor Magdalene as if she were not worthy even of their pity—just so long will all efforts to check the stream of licentiousness be comparatively useless. Women must take a stand here and let the world of mankind know that he who trifles with one of them will lose caste with all the rest. Let them do this—do it earnestly—and they will accomplish more to stay impurity than all the moral reform societies and other associations under heaven. Much can be effected in this way, and but little in any other way.—*Olive Branch.*

THE WEB OF LIFE.

Aurora unfastened the gates of the orient, and let in upon the earth a flood of golden radiance. It fell upon the dew-drops resting upon the petals of spring's first blossoms, and they flashed back, like diamonds, a thousand prismatic rays. It lit up the dark arches of the grand old forest, and glistening down between the wide-spread branches, fell in a golden shower upon the withered leaves beneath, lending to these—fit emblems of man's brief life—every shade of crimson.

It rested also in a bright halo on the head of a fair child, who gazed with wonder and admiration upon the flowers nodding at her feet, thence up at the rugged mountain sides, from which the misty shadows were slowly withdrawing. She laughed at the weird forms they assumed as they floated toward the heavens; now rising, pile on pile, of fleecy white vapor, now separating to mingle with the clouds.

To her young mind, life was as pure and as bright as the rose-tinted masses floating through liquid ether above, and the world was ever as full of beauty and light as it now appeared, for the dusky shades of evil had not yet come to blight the golden light of life's bright morning, and with youth's fond hopes and sunny dreams of the yet untried future, the coming days seem brighter than even the past, with its childish hopes all realized, had proved.

She stood upon the threshold of life, looking forward to the enjoyment of its many pleasures; no dark cloud arose to cast its shadow, as an evil augury, upon the splendor of her day-dream glories; no secreted storm lurked amid the roses that blossomed along the way she was to tread; and in her joyousness there burst from her lips such a gay carolling as rivaled the morning songsters in its clear silvery ripple.

Ah! viewless hands were twining in and out through life's unfinished web, many a golden strand.

* * * * *

Time passed, and she who once had dreamed of life as one long happy day, had learned that moments were not ever silver-winged, and that some days must be dark and drear. She had learned the bitter lesson of waiting and disappointment; and, while her years were yet few in number, she learned the untold anguish of that parting where there is no longer any hope of again meeting, except beyond the flood of death's chilling river; and she learned to see one after another of her loved ones pass that flood, and still to live on, though for her the world has lost one half its beauty.

Ah! in the web of life those unseen hands are weaving with ceaseless vigilance many a sombre-hued thread, though childhood's holy trust may see in the fabric naught but gorgeous hues. Dimly shadowed in the future, shrouded by that impenetrable misty veil with which the Omnipotent shields objects too deep for mortal vision, the young voyager on life's ocean strives vainly for a solution of the intricate problem of future life and destiny. Vainly his hands are outstretched to grasp only the proffered blessing a perverse fate heaps upon him, also that which changes his song of joy to the wail of sorrow; and thus the viewless fingers often exchange the bright for the dark strand, and weave in life's increasing web the emblematic figure of sorrow and despair.

Look on slanderers as direct enemies to civil society; as persons without honor, honesty, or humanity. Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.

STRAW.

Men in all situations in life, closely resemble straw. Human beings, before they attain the age at which they are called men, are (generally speaking) tender and green; so is wheat which afterwards becomes straw.

Straw, which when growing, promises well, oftentimes, by a few days of adverse weather and winds, becomes rusty, rendering it in many cases almost worthless.

It is the same with young men when verging into manhood, and friends are looking to them with hope; some become mere nobodies, from adverse circumstances, and look as if struck with rust.

There are also numerous varieties of straw; one rather peculiar variety is the rye straw, which is very tall and for many purposes the best kind known; this variety has its counterpart in the tall men. Then there is the wheat, oat and barley straw, each of which have their exact counterpart among men, but which it will not be necessary for me to demonstrate, as it is self-evident to all. We have considered man's body only in comparison; but as the body of a man is to his head only what the tower of a lighthouse is to the light, only to give it protection and prominence, so is the straw to its head. Straws of the same kind have the same shaped head, but often differing materially in quality and quantity. For instance, in examining heads of wheat we find some well filled, while others that appear well filled at a distance, prove to have too great a proportion of chaff. It is the same with the heads of men; some have good, well filled-heads; and when the shelling-out time comes they are found to yield bountifully, while others, whose heads appear long and heavy, are found, when examined, to contain a considerable quantity of chaff, some smut, and a little of the pure grain. Another instance of similarity is, that while some kinds of grain are bearded, others are not; the same is true of men.

But the most striking instance of coincidence, and one which demands our most careful consideration, is the following:— Sometimes, just before harvest, you have noticed fields of grain in which the straw has been bent or broken down, commonly called lodged, the heads of which are well-filled but almost worthless, they are so hard to get. How many of those broken straws there are among men: having good heads, they promise finely, but just as they are becoming useful in the world, just as they are ripening into mature manhood, some mishap overtakes them, and they become (figuratively speaking) bent; and not having physical stamina enough to straighten, they attain that undesirable situation, expressed by the phrase "constitutionally broke," and for the rest of their lives they remain in this lodged state, the imperfectly matured ideas becoming shrunken and mouldy because they have not the body to keep them in a conspicuous position, no energy to try and make a high mark in the world. They are truly in a deplorable condition; and were it not for the fact that they become so by their own recklessness, they would need our warmest sympathy.

From this situation there is a lesson for us to learn, and it would be for our good to con it well; from their misfortune we may gain wisdom, if we will but give heed.

Let us not envy some who have accumulated great riches; their burden might be too heavy for us. If we could not sacrifice, as they do, health, quiet, honor, and integrity, to obtain them, the purchase is not worth making.

THE OTHER LIFE.—As I grow older, and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more, with complacent delight, and out of every longing I hear God say: "O! thirsting, hungering one, come to me." What the other life will bring, I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness, and see Him as He is. If a child had been born, and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! His parents might tell him of its life, and light, and beauty, and its sounds of joy; they might heap up the sad into mounds, and try to show him, by pointing to stalactites, how grass and flowers, and trees grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land. And yet, though he longed to behold it, when the day came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals and the rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But, when he came up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright and blue, and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful, to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings, and the interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and lived without; and how would he wonder that he could have regretted to leave the silence and the dreary darkness of his old abode! So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where Spring growths are, and where is Summer, and not that miserable travesty which we call Summer here, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life?

Beat on then, O heart, and yearn for dying! I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed their luster faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest; but when I behold thee, O God, I shall be satisfied.—*Beecher.*

MENTAL OVER-EXERTION.—Severe or long sustained thought is injurious, both by the over-excitement of the brain, and by leaving less nervous energy available for carrying on the ordinary vital processes. Occasional strain on the mind may be little felt in health, when the powers of nature are quickly restored by food, rest, sleep, and variety of occupation. In time, however, over-exertion of thought will tell unfavorably on the strongest constitution. Literary men and others, who are subject to constant mental fatigue, are rarely healthy or long lived; except through extraordinary care and prudence, for which such persons, with all their knowledge, are seldom remarkable. It is very common to find hard students and laborious thinkers, men of feeble or irritable nerves, and general debility of system. The same wearing effect of the mind appears in the fate of those who have been precociously clever or studious. Life is generally short when the mental faculties are early developed and imprudently tasked in youth. If life is prolonged under intellectual straining, it is almost always in weakness and discomfort. There are also dangers to health in the opposite extreme of indolence and inactivity of mind. It is with the mind very much as with the body, moderate exercise is conducive to health, while over-fatigue or inactivity are both unfavorable.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 1, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

THE MECHANICS' FAIR.

Our State Fair has but just closed, and the notes of preparation for the Mechanics' Institute are sounding in our ears, and a spirit of zealous interest is every where manifest, and preparations are going nobly and bravely forward for the great work. This is as it should be. Our Fairs, whether agricultural, horticultural, or mechanical, represent the TRUE interest of our young State: and all who feel an interest in her prosperity or welfare should do their part towards making them attractive and interesting, by contributing something to the great exhibition.

The Mechanics' Fair, which opens on Wednesday, September 1st, in connection with the State Horticultural Society, bids fair to be the most extensive and interesting ever held in this State. Ample provision has been made for the exhibition of goods.

The Pavilion has been recanvassed and fitted up in elegant style, and we feel that the Mechanics' Fair of this year will be a great triumph, and earnestly advise all to avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing to what excellence in California we have arrived in the various departments of mechanic arts, horticulture, and so forth.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

There is no sight more beautiful than to see the rich—those whom God has blessed with abundance of this world's goods—manifesting a kindly interest in the welfare of the poor; by their manner encouraging, and by their counsel guiding, their less favored brethren.

Not puffed up with pride, or inflated with vanity, but considering themselves as stewards of the Most High, they see no wall of partition, built up of dollars and cents, between man and his brother man. They recognize no distinctions save virtue and true moral worth, and set an example of benevolence, kindness and consideration, which, while the world wonders at, it admires, and many a poor, weary brother, as he brushes aside the manly tear, exclaims "GOD BLESS HIM." The widow and the orphan, as they send up their morning and their evening prayers, repeat "GOD BLESS HIM;" and when the changing scenes of this life are over, and the rich and the poor alike bend over the ashes of the good man, exclaiming, "Alas! my brother!" a voice breaks upon the stillness of the air, and speaks to every mourning heart, "Be of good cheer; thy brother hath *'laid up for himself treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, where thieves do not break through nor steal.'*"

OUR VISIT TO THE STATE FAIR.

We have been to the Fair, and had, as we anticipated, a very fine time. Our lines were cast in very pleasant places, and we realize more fully than ever the kind, warm-hearted, generous nature of the good people of Marysville. We were not mistaken when we said, "The hearts of the people are fully equal to the demands that may be made upon them." The result has proved the truth of our remark; and after eight days spent pleasantly and profitably amid warm hearts and true, we return to our labors strengthened and invigorated by their acts of kindness and their words of encouragement. Long shall the pleasant memory of the past week be with us, to cheer us on through many a day of toil, and strengthen us for future labor and untiring exertion. From the altar of our heart goes up the sweet incense of gratitude, and as we journey on o'er the rugged pathway of life the light of those memories will illumine our way, and we will sometimes stop to offer up the tribute of a prayer for the prosperity and happiness of those who were so kindly regardful of us.

At Marysville we had the pleasure of meeting many old friends from different parts of the State. We love these kindly meetings. We love the smile of recognition, and the warm grasp of the hand. We love the glad word of welcome, the heart-felt greeting, the interchange of thought, and the holy communion of social intercourse. We grew strong as we listened to the kind words of encouragement which fell from the revered lips of GENERAL ALLEN, and we know that we are better and happier, as well as stronger, for having met him.

It did us good to grasp the warm hand and meet the earnest, thoughtful face of Brother Ridge, and it was worth far more than a journey from San Francisco to Marysville to meet the warm, sisterly greeting of his noble wife.

We met with some whom we had never seen before, yet "having not seen we knew"—knew by the bright thoughts which from time to time they had flung upon the world, and which had found an echo in the deep recesses of our own heart. We were cheered by a sight of the benevolent face of "Old Block," and felt the warm pressure of the sisterly hand of "H. H. C." But we were sadly disappointed in not meeting "Alice," "Bessie," or "Katie King," and we looked in vain for C. B. McDonald, our good friend of the *Trinity Journal*, "J. W. O." and many others. May we not hope that they will bless us by their presence at the Mechanical Fair of San Francisco?

We were much pleased with the exhibition at the Fair. It was one which would have done credit to many an older State, and contrasted strongly with the first State Fair, which was held in a small room in San Francisco five years ago. As we look back, how meagre seems that show, compared to the one of the present year; in what strong contrast is the full dress of the Pegee Islander, then on exhibition, with the elegant articles of needlework now to be seen!

The great progress and improvement made

during the last five years; the great contrast between *then* and *now*, brings to this people a great lesson—proclaims the great truth that man is progressive—reveals to them a mighty prophecy for the future.

Do you ask what of this prophecy? We respond, prosperity such as is unrecorded in the annals of history. Do you doubt it? Can you doubt it? With a climate unsurpassed by any other in the world; with a soil more prolific, with mining resources which can never be fathomed, and whose interests are so closely blended with the great agricultural and other interests of the State.

But with the promise of a great future before us, comes a lesson which it would be well for us to stop and heed—a lesson which reveals to us our own responsibility, and calls loudly to us, individually and collectively, to be up and doing. It is time that California ceased to be a mere *hunting ground* for the rapacious worldling! It is time that her children, adopted though they be, from every land and every clime, render unto her the tribute of filial affection and common gratitude. It is time that they adorn their borders with homes, and bring their loved ones from afar to join with them in offering the beautiful tribute of gratitude. It is time that they built altars and established churches, and planted schools. It is time that they begin to look and to labor for the permanent interests of the State which has adopted them. So, shall they secure her prosperity, and their own, and their children, and their children's children shall rise up and call them blessed. But if they refuse to acknowledge their own responsibility, if they expect to reap, but sow not,—if they but gather gold and bear it hence—before *them*—there is no prosperity, no blessing, but a curse. For God never designed this goodly land to fall a prey to thieves and robbers. No! when He planted it with His mighty hand, and bestowed upon it more natural resources, and more united blessings than any other one part of the world, He designed it for a class of men capable of realizing the blessings they enjoy, and showing their gratitude—not alone by the cultivation of the goodly soil—but by the exercise of christian virtue, and the culture of all that is good, and true, and beautiful in the human mind. He designed it for a class of people who should be as celebrated for their enlightenment and their virtues, as their land is for its goodly productions.

Our thanks are due to Mr. SMITH, of the Pomological Gardens, Sacramento, for a dish of very fine fruit—most delicious peaches, pears, and grapes. It is not often that we get such a treat, and when we do, we know how to appreciate it.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. G. W. BEACH, of Marysville, for some very fine fruit, presented us at the Fair.

We wonder if the good people of Trinity County appreciate their excellent Journal as they should. If they do, what a tremendous subscription list McDonald must have!

SIGNS OF PROMISE.


Kind reader, have you ever sown choice seeds in the earth, and watched from day to day, hoping to see them spring forth in forms of beauty, dressed in leaves of living green, putting forth buds and blossoms to gladden your eyes and repay your toil? and when, as day after day dawned upon you in clouds, and rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew chill and cold, has hope given way to fear—fear that your precious seeds would decay in the earth—never spring up to gladden your eyes, or put forth beautiful bud and blossom to rejoice your heart and repay your labor; fear that even if they did survive the rain, and rise from the ground, they would be nipped by the frost, perhaps killed by the rude, cold wind?

For many months we have been engaged in sowing small seed by the wayside; we have toiled early and late; we have looked anxiously from day to day, hoping to see some good result from all our toil: but we have had storms and cold winds to encounter, and sometimes hope has *almost* given place to fear.

The other day, as we hurried through one of our public streets, feeling anxious and troubled about many things, our course was arrested by the silvery voice of a child, exclaiming, "Mrs. Day! Mrs. Day! wait for me!" and as we stopped to see whence the voice proceeded, we discovered a little girl of some eleven summers running towards us, her golden curls floating in the breeze, and her bright, happy face flushed with excitement. As she reached our side, almost breathless from her exertion—"O! Mrs. Day!" she exclaimed, "I have been writing a story! It is real pretty, I think, and I want to read it to you, if you will let me; but first I want to copy it, for it is not written nice enough now for you to see." We made her heart glad by telling her that we should like to listen to her story, and like a bird she darted forward, joyous and happy, albeit her mother long since left her mission upon earth, and went to join the innumerable host above.

We watched the bright form of the child as she tripped lightly over the earth and was lost to sight; and then the warm tears of thankfulness suffused our eyes, and a warm, joyous feeling fluttered at our heart, for we recognized a seed of our own planting springing forth in beauty. Anxiety, care, and fear, all have given way, and the future is gilded by the bright rays of hope, for a little child has talked with us, and we are strong. She has given to us the *first sign of promise*.

Trip on, fair child; carry sunshine and gladness to many a heart; and may the bright rays of hope ever illumine thy pathway.

 We would call the attention of strangers in the city to the card of the Brannan House, to be found in our advertising columns. It is located on the northeast corner of Sansome and Bush streets, near the Pavilion, and offers many inducements for the weary traveler to turn aside and rest.

THEY ARE ALWAYS WITH US.

In the divine economy of the Creator, it is provided that things prominent are usually things beautiful. In His beneficent wisdom, He has ordained that symmetry of form, sweetness of expression, delicacy of coloring, shall by an outward appearance attract the eye, and through the eye inform the mind with pure and gentle influences. Thus the flower blooms in the desert, as in the garden; the bird sings in the wilderness, as in the haunts of men; the star shines in the firmament; the beauty of each is everywhere visible, the influence of each is everywhere felt and appreciated.

But there are a thousand beauties which require observation and penetration to discern them. The tender fibres of the plant, the wondrous mechanism displayed in each member of the animal kingdom, the lovely tints which are blended in the tiniest bud, the exquisite combination of grace and utility which exists in the smallest of the insect tribe—all these glorious realities can only be detected, can only be appreciated, upon close investigation.

We desire to draw an analogy from these remarks. The same Creator who has provided so many manifestations of loveliness to please the eye and influence the senses and the heart, has also, in the higher economy of human nature, provided that sensations which heighten the gracious charm of beauty shall be the most frequent and the most apparent. Thus, the smile of happiness is more frequent than the wrinkle of despair, and the eye is brightened by joy more frequently than dimmed by sorrow. And as we walk through the crowded streets, or saunter through the rustic lanes, by the side of waving fields, humanity, like flowers and birds, and all things bright and glorious, is generally exhibited to us in the most glittering forms. If we would search for the poor and suffering, the sick and the afflicted, our daily walks must be in the secret places—in the depths of dungeons and of hovels, where summer flowers or birds never penetrate. And if we search out these abodes of pain and anguish, we may find, as we may display, beauties which are hidden from the ordinary gaze—beauties which shrink from view in the golden sunlight, but expand and blossom in the darkness—pearls whose lustre is only seen in the midst of gloom.

Think of these things, and mark the moral. "The poor ye have always with you, even unto the end of the world." Seek them, and you shall find them; minister to them, and great shall be your reward.

We bear testimony to the moral worth of those ladies who, instead of languishing in the empty circles of fashion, or the gay throngs of excited folly, are lending their influence to promote the virtue and happiness of man.

Such are not the mere toy, but the faithful companions of the stronger sex. Such are they who tear not down, but build up the fortunes of their husbands.

Such she, whose adaptedness to her true sphere, throws an irresistible charm around the home circle, and, by the law of kindness upon her lips, wins all hearts to the homage of her graces.—*J. C. Fall.*

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MARYSVILLE, Aug. 28, 1858.

DEAR HESPERIAN:—I have delayed writing to you till I fear I shall be quite too late; but, to tell the truth, the weather here has been so warm that I could not summon sufficient courage to write a letter. I am very pleasantly situated, enjoying the hospitality of some Marysville friends, who manifest the kindest solicitude for my welfare and happiness.

I visited the Fair last evening, and was highly delighted with the exhibition, which is very fine, and would do credit to many an older State. As I entered the door, my ears were greeted by the melodious tones of an Organ, which was manufactured in this place, and confers an honor on Marysville, at the same time that it does great credit to the manufacturer. It occupies a place a short distance from the door, on the right hand side as you enter.

The Pavilion is handsomely decorated with evergreens, appropriate mottoes, and so forth. Through the centre are tables groaning beneath the weight of very fine fruit of various kinds.

My attention was particularly attracted by a very fine painting by Nahl Brothers. It is a life-size picture of the Royal family, on horseback—a splendid painting, and one that attracted universal attention. It is many years since I visited the Islands; yet so true to life is this picture, that I recognized it at once, and it called up many pleasurable emotions.

There are also fine engravings, daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, and so forth, on exhibition, also many specimens of fine needlework. I observed a white bed-spread, quilted so as to display the various emblems of Freemasonry. It is a very fine piece of work, and reflects great credit on the fair hands that executed it.

In the centre of the Pavillion is a fountain, which, besides being a great ornament, serves to quench the thirst of thousands, at the same time that it keeps the air cool and the flowers which surround it fresh.

There are some fine specimens of quartz on exhibition,—also a large gold bar, exhibited by Mark Brumagin, Esq., which weighs 1608.80 ozs., and is worth \$29,931 00—quite a little fortune of itself.

There are also here very fine specimens of drawing, penmanship, etc., from the students of San Francisco College, and many other things of which I should be glad to speak, but must defer to another time.

Yours truly,

D.

HONOLULU, July 29, 1858.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM—NOVEL DRESS—FEARLESS RIDING—FANTASTIC APPEARANCE—CLIMATE OF THE ISLANDS—THE ISLANDS NOT A PROPER RESORT FOR INVALIDS—CONCLUDING REMARKS, &c., &c.

Dear Hesperian:—I am seated to redeem my promise of again writing to you. My time is passing swiftly and pleasantly away, amid the many novelties and strange sights which in this place present themselves to the eyes of a stranger.

The mode of riding horse-back, practiced by the females here, is unlike that of any other

nation, and is worthy of more than a passing notice. They invariably ride astride, or, in language more polite, *à mode de l'homme*.

Their dress is very singular, and I fear that my feeble descriptive powers will utterly fail to do it justice, or give to you an adequate idea of the fantastic appearance which a group of these female equestrians present. Wearing the loose dress of which I gave you a description in my last, they take a strip of calico, from three to five yards in length, which they call a *tehae*, and pass it over the hips so that it is quite smooth and plain behind, then cross it in front, and by a dexterous manœuvre known only to themselves, they wind an end around each limb in such a way that the limbs are completely covered, at the same time that they have all the freedom that they would were they dressed in male attire. The toes, resting in the stirrups, serves to confine that portion of the calico which enwraps the limbs, and from thence the ends, perhaps a yard or more in length, are left free to float in the wind. Upon their heads they wear any thing they may happen to possess, from the simple wreath of flowers to the fashionable riding-hat of the modern belle, chip hats of the men, silk beavers—in fact any thing and every thing they can obtain they wear; nor are they more particular with regard to trimming, for every variety of ornament, from the tail of the barnyard fowl to the gorgeous plumage of the bird of paradise, *every thing* that will make a display, is brought into use.

The covering for the shoulders (when they wear any more than the common robe or wrapper) is composed of a piece of broad-cloth, a yard or more square, with a hole in the centre, through which they put their heads, after the style of the Spanish serappa. Around the edge of this cloth, which is usually of black, is sewed several rows of narrow ribbon, each row of a different color; and every corner is ornamented with as many bows as there are rows of ribbon, and comprise, of course, a variety of colors.

When you consider that the calico of which their dress is composed is of the coarsest fabric and the gayest possible colors, such as bright red, blue, green, yellow, and so forth, and that from each foot there is from a yard to a yard and a half left free to float upon the breeze; when you remember that no two of them are dressed alike; that they wear every variety of head-dress, and from their shoulders stream various colored ribbons; that they are perfect horse-women, riding as if on the wings of the wind, and sitting the most fractious horse with perfect ease and grace, and controlling him apparently without an effort, you may perhaps form some faint idea of the strange and fantastic, yet beautiful appearance which a company of horse-women in this place present.

They ride a great deal, and may be seen upon any day, but particularly upon Saturday, which is with them a great gala day, in companies of from two to fifty, riding pell mell through the street, or scouring the plains. They are the most fearless riders I ever saw,

and sit so firm that you might almost think that horse and rider were one.

The weather here is very warm, and mosquitoes very plenty.

I cannot see how physicians can have the conscience to recommend invalids to seek for health in this hot, enervating climate; and the many graves of foreigners which may be seen side by side in the cemetery prove how injudicious such advice has been.

If you have friends who think of coming here in search of health, let me advise you to prevail upon them to abandon the idea at once, for, besides the enervating tendency of the climate, the accommodations at hotels and boarding-houses are by no means such as to meet the requirements of the sick and feeble. At the same time the expense of living here is as much, perhaps more than in California. When we take all these things into consideration, together with the fact that few, if any, of all that arrive here in search of health recover, I feel that there cannot be too much blame attached to those physicians who, after they have exhausted all the means of a patient, and there is no opportunity of making any more money off of them, recommend them to the Sandwich Islands, although they know that there the patient must droop and die alone, cut off from kindred and friends and all those ties and associations which the heart holds dear; no loving hand near to smooth the pillow; no fond ear to listen for or catch the last faint words of the dying lips.

Oh! methinks 'tis dreadful thus to die alone, afar from kindred and from home, and I would urge you to use your influence to prevent the sick from coming here in search of health.

But again I have exceeded my limits, and must say farewell. TARO.

THE STATE FAIR AT MARYSVILLE.

MARYSVILLE, Aug. 27, 1858.

Editress of the Hesperian:

I presume you have noticed elsewhere in this issue of the *Hesperian*, the State Agricultural Fair at Marysville. The event was of the greatest importance to our young State; it was, too, a great success; and I deem it my duty—as it certainly is my pleasure—to refer to it at some length. It was a glorious occasion—one calculated to awaken in the breasts of Californians the liveliest and happiest impulses. The cattle and horse shows—the rare and beautiful variety of flowers—the immense growth of vegetables—the improvements in agricultural and mining implements—the matchless fruits—the astounding field crops, such as wheat, barley, oats, corn, rye, potatoes, onions, beans, etc.—the fine display of tobacco, hemp, sugar cane, honey, butter, cheese, vermicelli, maccaroni—the delicious native wines—the works of art, such as busts in California marble, paintings, drawings, engravings, photographs, melainotypes, ambrotypes, embroidery, needle work, wax work, letter press printing, penmanship, shell work, leather work, hair work, bead work, etc.—the magnificent collection of mining products, such as quartz specimens, amalgam, bullion, coarse

gold, silver ore, cinnabar, quicksilver, copper, iron ore, platinum, gypsum, antimony, asphaltum, coal, lead, sulphur, bitumen, salt, marble, granite, fossils, etc.—all this was a sight which, while it charmed and bewildered the judgment, could not fail to excite a feeling of love, pride and admiration among those present. It was a spectacle which we shall long remember.

In accordance with previous announcement, the large and beautiful Pavilion on Cortes Square was opened for the reception of visitors, at eight o'clock, P. M., on Monday, August 23d. After an appropriate prayer by Rev. Mr. BRUNER, of Marysville, JOHN C. FALL, Esq., President of the State Agricultural Society, introduced Rev. O. C. WHEELER, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, who read the opening address. The document is understood to have been prepared by Mr. Fall, and reflects the highest credit upon the taste, judgment and ability of that gentleman. It is full of information, good sense, and timely suggestions, and were it not for the fact of its having already been so widely circulated by the press of our State, it ought to have a place in the columns of the *Hesperian*. Mr. Wheeler presented it in an entertaining style, and was frequently interrupted by applause. It is estimated that about one thousand persons were present at the opening exercises.

The feature of greatest attraction on the second day was the trial of strength of horses and mules. Mr. J. H. Parshley, of Oroville, entered a bay mule, said to weigh 800 pounds, which drew, with apparent ease, a wagon containing 9000 pounds of freight. This was considered quite a feat, and called forth many encomiums. An American horse, however, entered by Mr. Lovelack, of Butte County, and weighing 1000 pounds, walked off with the same wagon, containing some three thousand pounds additional weight!

By far the most exciting scene I witnessed took place on the third day, on occasion of the contest by the firemen for the handsome prizes offered by the Society. The competitors were the Yuba, Mutual, Eureka No. 1, and Warren companies, of Marysville, Confidence No. 1, and Eureka No. 4, of Sacramento, and a company from Stockton. The first premium, (\$400,) was won by Eureka No. 1, of Marysville, which threw 212 feet 5 inches, through 200 feet of hose, with 1-inch nozzle. Warren Engine, No. 4, of the same city, threw over 219 feet through the same length of hose and size nozzle; but as she was entered only as a second class machine, she had to put up with the second prize of \$200. I observed that some of the members of this company were very much annoyed at the position they were compelled to occupy. To their credit, however, let it be said, that although they missed the mark of the first prize, they were proclaimed by their visiting brethren the "Champions of the State." Confidence Company, of Sacramento, took the third premium, (\$100,) she throwing a perpendicular stream 112 feet, through 1-4th inch nozzle.

During this, the third day of the Fair, a plowing match took place on the ranch of

Judge Hann, near the city, and also a trotting match at the Marysville Park. Each of the contests were witnessed by a large number of persons. The gang plow entered by T. O. Shaw, of San Francisco, performed some fine work, though the committee gave the preference to Ellison's plow, of Marysville.

In the evening of this day, the annual address, by Hon. S. B. BELL was delivered. It was an effort altogether worthy of the eloquent author, and elicited frequent and hearty applause.

The fourth day was spent by visitors in visiting the cattle and horse shows, and examining the various articles on exhibition in the Pavilion. Among those who honored the occasion with their presence, were Gov. Weller and family, Ferris Forman (Secretary of State,) Judge Field of the Supreme Bench, Joseph G. Baldwin and John Currey, candidates for Supreme Judge, and other "notables."

The receipts at the Fair on this day were about \$3000, and the number of spectators estimated at ten thousand.

The following letter, though tinged with a vein of sarcasm, contains much truth. For our part we cannot see how human beings, possessing correct moral feelings, can find pleasure in witnessing unequal contests between helpless animals. We believe that such exhibitions should receive no sanction or encouragement from an enlightened public.—Ed.

MARYSVILLE, Aug. 28th, 1858.

Mrs. EDITRESS:—During my visit to the State Fair I was much pained to learn that the barbarous practice of hunting down poor defenceless animals was countenanced by the officers of that society. A poor hare was let loose before five or six dogs, and torn to pieces by them in about a minute and a half. Such an exhibition would be more suitable for heathen than for christian men and women. When our people become a little more enlightened I suppose that bull-baiting and cock-fighting will each make a feature at our State Fairs. In the mean time, permit me to suggest to the enlightened gentlemen of this nineteenth century, if they will indulge in the *elevating and refining* sport of hare-hunting, that it would be a little more fair if to one hare they let loose only *one* dog, instead of five or six, as they did the other day.

AN OUTSIDE BARBARIAN.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES.

The following letter comes to us in an elegant hand-writing. As it expresses the feelings and the wants of many in this State, we feel that we can not do better than to publish it. Our young friends will observe that it is not the parlor miss that is in demand, but the well-educated, helpful, common-sense girl.—[Ed.]

Mrs. EDITRESS: Excuse the liberty I take in addressing you at this time. I want to inquire if among your acquaintances you know of any young lady who would make a suitable wife for a young, hard-working man. I would like a woman of good education, and not ignorant of household duties, and one who would be contented to live in the mines, as mining is my business, and probably will be for many years to come. I am in good circumstances, able to keep a wife, and provide for her well; and yet I say I want one that knows how to work, for the reason that a woman who knows how to work herself, can better appreciate a working

husband. Again: times in California are very changeable. The rich man of to-day may be a beggar to-morrow, and it is only those that can labor that are truly independent.

If you know of any lady who you think would answer my description, and who would be willing to cast her lot with mine, you would be conferring a lasting favor upon me by making me acquainted with her. As for myself, I have come of good family, am steady in my habits, and social in my disposition. I would like a lady that has a taste for reading; for visions of pleasant evenings, cheerful fires, and good books, with one by my side to admire and appreciate the bright thoughts and noble sentiments of the author, haunt me even now.

Hoping that you will excuse the liberty I have taken, and that I may hear from you soon,
I am, very respectfully, yours,

J. P.

[For the Hesperian.]

"SKETCHES BY THE WAY-SIDE."

BY BRUNA.

"Are not all things that are made—
Are not all things beautiful?"

There is beauty on the face of the garnished earth. The changeful seasons varying from the chilling rigidity of winter, to the balmy freshness and fragrant of spring; the full development and richness of summer; the perfect maturity and abundance of autumn, all present charms and beauties peculiarly their own, and hence, to the true admirer of nature, appear robed in forbidding or repulsive habiliments.

Yes, all things are beautiful. On the unrippled surface of the placid lake, on the broken current of the turbulent river, in the smooth gliding stream, and the thunders of the roaring cataract, *there is beauty.*

Gaze for an instant on the star-spangled concave of the midnight sky, where Orion and Pleiades shed their rays "O'er their home Supreme"—watch the glowing pillars of the aurora borealis, moving to and fro on the northern sky, its broad and luminous corruscations shooting swiftly upwards to the immovable zenith. Who, we ask, can contemplate these sublime touches of the Divine Hand and not feel his whole earthly nature purified and exalted?

The scaly inhabitants of the briny deep, are beautiful in their kind. The feathered songsters of the expanded air show forth their thousand hues of living beauty. Look abroad o'er the bright face of the earth; view the dashing waves of the mighty ocean, survey the grand architecture of heaven, trace the endless varieties of the animal creation, range among the beasts of the woods—dive amidst the funny hosts that inhabit the depths of the sea, soar through the ambient air with the feathered race—search the boundless volumes of nature, the whole universe of God—and then, and then only, will be unfolded an entire and perfect beauty.

We are indebted to J. H. STILL & Co., northeast corner of Sansome and Washington Streets, for a large package of late papers, among which we find the London Times, Harper's Weekly, Ballou's Pictorial, Boston Statesman, New York Atlas, Spiritual Telegraph, Home Journal, Life Illustrated, Sunday Times, Illustrated Times, and many others, too numerous to mention.

FIRST OF APRIL ODE.

TO A CALIFORNIA FLEA!

Written by MRS. E. S. CONNER, on her arrival in this country, now first published.

1. *Strophe—Conciliatory.* 2. *Strophe—Compassionate.*
3. *Strophe—Vindictive.* 4. *Strophe—Reflective.*

I.

Merry, active, sprightly flea,
Dost thou meet me here already?
Dost thou come to welcome me
Ere from sea my gait is steady?
Ere my eyes familiar trace
Once more, earth's varied, lovely face,—
Or of ocean's labored moan
My ear hath lost the surging tone,—
Dost thou come to welcome me?
Merry, active, sprightly flea!

II.

Hopping, wand'ring, skipping flea,
Is thy home 'mid golden sand?
Dost thou come to torture me
In this fair and fertile land?—
In Knickerhocker State, though rare,
'Spite of housewife's cleanly care,
Sometimes have I seen thy form
In whitest blanket nestled warm:
Lynch-law then was dealt on thee,
Poor, unhappy, outlawed flea!

III.

Restless, stinging, trav'ling flea,
Art thou then cosmopolite?
Canst thou cross the widest sea?
Can no mountains check thy flight?—
On Florida's sun-fondled shore,
With frosted silver sanded o'er,
Dark speckles speak thy race's home,
As oft recedes the measured foam:
And there thy fixed abode should be:
Why com'st thou here, e, provoking flea?

IV.

Dancing, reckless, happy flea,
Though man's swift vengeance lays thee low,
From care thy little instinct's free,—
No "apprehension" whets the blow.
Man hath taught thee many arts,—
To draw light burthens—tiny carts—
Of millers ply the busy trade,—
Yet he—to whom thou'rt subject made,
Who cannot tame thy sportive glee,
May envy thee, thou careless flea!

The last stanza refers to the "Industrious Fleas," as exhibited in the States. C. M. S. C.

San Francisco April 1st, 1856.

[For the Hesperian.]

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

FOUNDED ON A FRENCH DRAMA.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

I.

An Oft-told Tale.

EUGENIA was an orphan, in an humble sphere of life. Her uneventful but happy career had passed among the simple villagers of the hamlet, where the kind relatives with whom she dwelt had reared her with scrupulous care. She was young and pretty—fond of gaiety and admiration. Gustavus Dreliacourt, son of an opulent land-owner in the neighborhood, chanced to meet the rural belle at the village dance, and did not attempt to conceal the impression which her vivacity and beauty had made, while she was alike charmed with the ease and style of her handsome partner, so strongly contrasted with the unpolished bashfulness of her rustic acquaintances. His visits to the village became frequent. His father, hearing of his attentions to Eugenia,

peremptorily forbade them. Her guardians, too, warned her against listening to one whose family would never suffer him to marry a portionless peasant girl. But opposition only added fuel to the flame, and at last, Gustavus, declaring that he despaired of ever obtaining his father's consent, persuaded Eugenia to elope with him. He urged, that to avoid being intercepted, they should at once set out for Paris, (a journey of some length,) where only they could be safe from pursuit. After some hesitation and regret, and in the belief that on her arrival in Paris she would be his wife, Eugenia consented, and they fled. The gay scenes of the capital, the admiration, the gifts Gustavus bestowed, flattered Eugenia's vanity and dazzled her judgment; his passionate love deadened the voice of conscience, and the visit to the priest, which, though ever unheeded, had at first been her constant theme, was no longer urged.

Time passed. The man of the world grew weary of his plaything, and deserted her. Poverty and illness added to the stings of remorse, and consigning her little daughter, for whose life she had nearly yielded up her own, to a poor but compassionate friend, Eugenia took refuge in one of those charitable asylums where the mind is "ministered to," while the physical frame is tended.

At last, restored to health and nerved by virtuous resolutions, she left the hospital and maintained herself by honest industry. Having after a time secured an humble home, she sought her child, whose imperfect prattle yet echoed in her memory. What was her dismay to learn that she had been stolen by one of a gang, half beggars, half gypsies, who had been lately prowling about the neighborhood! The agonized mother searched every where, but in vain; and at last, penitent and broken-hearted, she ventured to seek those relatives whose timely warnings had been, alas! unheeded. Unlike too many righteous but stern judges in this uncharitable world, they opened their arms to the returning Magdalen; with them she remained, till death removed them from her, six years after her flight. A worthy man, who had in former days loved the gay, thoughtless girl, and whose affection had been only strengthened by compassion, strictly scrutinized her conduct during those six years, and knowing all her history, offered to make her his wife. In humble thankfulness she accepted his offer, resolved that her future life should be a daily act of gratitude. They were married, and soon after departed to take up their abode in a distant part of the province.

II.

A Christmas Scene.

Some four years have elapsed since then. It is Christmas Day. All Paris is a scene of hilarity. The evening is approaching. The air is cold, and a cutting sleet descends upon the well-clad, merry foot-passengers, who throng the streets on their way to their homes, to the cheerful, well-lighted coffee-houses, or to the numerous theaters with which Paris abounds; while private carriages and hackney-coaches startle and splash the pedestri-

ans, who draw closer to the houses; for in those days sidewalks there were none. Along that street which leads to the Théâtre-Français, walks a man about forty-five years of age. He is comfortably dressed, well guarded from the weather. There is a peculiarity in his gait: it has neither the weary lounge of the working-man released from his day's labor, nor the impatience of the tradesman hastening home after his day's toil. His gentlemanly carriage is scarcely consistent with the bundle, tied in a colored silk handkerchief, which he carries under one arm. His well-shorn face expresses genius and benevolence. His keen eyes, without appearing to observe, take in at a glance every striking point in the objects that surround him, and his lips occasionally move as though he were in the habit of talking to himself. He is an actor of the Théâtre-Français, and you need only remark the gravity, the almost melancholy seriousness of his countenance, to feel assured that he is one of what are technically termed the "low comedians" of the theater. As he turns the corner of a street, he pauses; a few chords feebly struck on a guitar, accompanied by a childish, tremulous voice, meet his ear. A little girl about eleven years old—bare-headed—her long hair glistening with the falling sleet—shivering under her scanty clothing—is striving to attract attention. Ever and anon her song dies away, as she gazes eagerly through the windows of the shops, where happy children are enjoying every comfort, and delightedly surveying their Christmas toys. The actor follows her at a distance. She timidly opens the door of the Café Procope, and begins her ditty; but she is not permitted to finish it, and is driven again into the street, weeping silent, bitter tears.

"Um!" says Saint-Phar, the actor, to himself, glancing at the clock through the windows of the café; "I shall be too late if I stop: no matter—let them forfeit me! I can't lose sight of the little girl." So saying, he accosts her. At first, overcome with terror, she seeks to run from him; but his kind, pitying voice reassures her. By degrees she tells her simple story. Ill-used by a beggar-woman, who had stolen her from her home when an infant, and who beat her whenever she returned to her empty-handed, she had escaped, had eluded pursuit, and for some days had been trying to earn for herself a scanty livelihood, thus prematurely learning a lesson of independent exertion.

The pure sincerity of age is met by the unsuspecting confidence of childhood. The kind-hearted man takes her to a neighboring café, and despatches a messenger to purchase a thick cloak and hood. Seated by a warm stove, and enjoying a hearty, savory meal, the look of hunger, pain, and care, doubly sad when seen upon a child's face, gives way to one of grateful pleasure. Her supper over, Saint-Phar wraps her in the cloak, tucks his bundle under his arm, and taking her hand in his, they both trudge on to the theatre.

"Um!" again mutters the actor to himself; "the first act must be over. I've lost a scene, I suppose. It can't be helped. La Rose has

played the scene for me, no doubt. There go ten crowns! No matter. To-night, of all nights in the year, I couldn't leave the little creature in the street. Come along, little one—walk as fast as you can! There, now, that's brave! You have a father to go home to now. Come with me, my little one—my little Christmas child!"

(To be continued.)

Education of Woman for Employment.

Considerable attention has been called to this subject of late in England. The Englishwomen's Review says:—

Let it ever be borne in mind by those to whom are entrusted the responsibility of a woman's education—and it is on the parents of a female child that these responsibilities fall—that woman, equally with man, has to labor for her bread; that the primeval curse contained no clause of exemption in her favor; that the further a State has advanced in civilization the greater has become the necessity for female labor, as the number of single women has proportionately increased. These facts cannot be too largely or too thoroughly recognized.

Boys are educated with regard to some particular calling or profession. But girls? What view are they taught? Is not their education too often a veneer of empty accomplishments? Are they not taught, inferentially if not directly, that it is pretty to be useless—that to be earnest and hardworking is to be unattractive—that labor is not for them? At last, however, comes the day of reckoning. Their source of support is dried up, stops as a clock run down. The head of the family dies. His income, which was their source of living, dies with him. They are suddenly called upon to labor for themselves. What can they do? They enter the already over-crowded market as governesses. They are too ignorant or too genteel for anything else! They take any terms they get, for they must live, so down falls the rate of governesses' remuneration; and a smattering education is imparted on cheap terms—an education that is almost a fraud,—and the miserable imparters of the smatter reap a wretched living. Is this an overdrawn picture?

But these misfortunes need not to have been, at any rate, without alleviation. There is an over-abundance of female labor, it is true; but it is nevertheless possible that other channels of occupation will open, as women are educated, and ready to follow them. And it is undoubted that the female mind might, and should be more prepared for adverse circumstances than it is now the fashion to prepare it—that a woman can be provided with an education, on the wings of which, she can soar above adversity—that the lesson she learns can be thorough earnest, and sound, and not empty, superficial, and idle—That if she have the heart and the will, the means should not be withheld from her. When she is thus armed, it will be hard, indeed, if no opportunity for remunerative toil open before her.

We have received the first and second numbers of the *Columbia Weekly News*. It is a very interesting paper, and we wish it much success.

Our absence at the State Fair has delayed our paper a day or two, for which we crave the indulgence of our friends.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the Hesperian.]

THE CHILD and FLOWERS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"They entered the room, and lo! the child, whom they had just dressed with garlands for burial, was sitting in its coffin, playing with the flowers."—*Italian Story.*

He sat among the flowers—
That fair-haired, beauteous one!
The jeweled coffin lay below—
Its occupant had gone.
Flowers clustered at his feet,
And in his golden hair;
And, playfully, his little hands
Were sporting with them there.

He sat among the flowers!
And, as he saw them nigh,
A smile played o'er his infant face,
And in his soft blue eye;
And as the sunset gleaned,
Through quiet evening bowers,
They deemed they saw his angel there,
Sitting among the flowers.

[For the Hesperian.]

GILES GREENWOOD and the FAIRY.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"Do, father, tell us a story," said little Robert Inwood to his father, as they were sitting by the parlor fire, one pleasant winter evening.

"Ob, yes! father," chimed in little Emma, "do tell us a story. It is a great while, you know, since you told us one, and I do so love to hear you tell stories."

"Well, what shall I tell about?" asked Mr. Inwood.

"O! any thing, father," exclaimed both the children at once.

"The fairies! father, the fairies!" cried out little George.

"O! yes, father," said Emma, "tell us about the fairies."

"Well, come and sit in my lap, Emma; and you George, take a stool and sit close at my feet; and Robert, take a chair and draw it side of me, and I will tell you the story of Giles Greenwood and the fairy."

Giles Greenwood was a very poor man. He lived in a little house by a brook, with a garden in front, which he planted with his own hands. He used to go out and work among his neighbors for a living, and they were always very fond of having Giles Greenwood work for them. "O! he is such a nice, good man!" says one. "And he is always so pleasant and so happy," said another. "And then he seems to be so full of love to every thing, and every body," said the third. "Why, the very cats and dogs seem to know it when he comes into the house—for, although she never saw him before, puss will come and purr, and rub against his legs, and the dog will look up into his face, so confidently, and wag his tail, and rub his nose in his hand, as much as to say, 'I love you, and if I could speak I would tell you so, Giles Greenwood.'" The sheep and cows and horses all seem to know that he loves them, for they will follow him half way up the path, to the house, and gaze after him, as if they would say, "The sight of you does us good, Giles Greenwood."

Now what made every thing love Giles Greenwood, and why did he love every thing, and every body? I will tell you.

There was a good fairy who attended on Giles Greenwood when he was in his cradle, and watched over him when he was a boy, and when he became a man she always followed him. Wherever Giles Greenwood went, the fairy was sure to go. She kept close by his elbows, and with one touch of her wand, she made him feel and do just as she pleased.

But, as I said before, nothing pleased her so much as to see Giles contented and happy. If he was walking along early in the morning to his day's work, the fairy would touch him, and straight Giles Greenwood would begin to sing, and his heart would flutter for very joy; and then the dew on the grass would look to him like so many pearls, and the flowers would peep out and laugh at him as he passed, and the brook would babble as it ran along over the stones, "How do you do? how do you do, Giles Greenwood?" Then the clouds looked to him like great floating castles, hung with a drapery of gold, and he would think he saw angels' faces peeping out from behind their silver linings, and he would think the whole heavens were radiant with gold; and Giles Greenwood would stretch out his hands to get some of it, that he might scatter it among all he knew around him.

And then the fairy would touch him again, and Giles Greenwood would begin to sing, and the birds would answer him, and O! their song would sound so sweet to him! for the fairy had opened Giles's ears, so that he could understand bird-language. The butterflies would come dancing along his path, and flutter around his head, saying, "We love to look into your eyes—come and dance with us, Giles Greenwood." The little striped garter snakes would hardly crawl out of the path for him to walk, for they said, "We know he will not hurt us." The humble bees would dart at any stranger that came near their nest, by the side of the path, and sting him in his face; but when Giles Greenwood came along they said, "Let him alone; he is a good man—we will not hurt him."

And so Giles Greenwood lived and so he died, and good people said, "Giles Greenwood has only gone from one heaven to another—his whole life was heaven."

The children listened almost without breathing while their father was telling his story, and it was a long time before one of them spoke. At length, George, who had sat with his eyes riveted on the fire, said, "Father, was it a *real* fairy that went with Giles Greenwood wherever he went, and made him do and see such wonderful things?"

"Yes, my son," said Mr. Inwood, "It was a *real* fairy. It was *love*, my son, love and good will to every thing that breathed. I know of no fairies that are half so good and real."

If ever you speak anything, think first, and look narrowly what you speak; where you speak; of whom you speak; and to whom you speak; lest you bring yourself into great trouble.

Ariadne.

On the rocks

She lay asleep; her golden hair, unbound,
Flowed in rich masses of bright wavy curls
Over her white robe to her little feet.
Half buried in the green and yielding moss.
One white arm pillowed that sweet antique head,
Whose straight, pure, delicate outline had no peer,
And a warm flush burned on the smooth round cheek,
Whose dimples, as she smiled in happy dreams,
Showed like the ripples of a glassy lake
With sunset glories on it.

As she breathed,
The radiant silken tresses o'er her spread
Heaved with the heaving of the swan-white breast
They but half veiled.

I knew her queenly brow—
The daughter of a king—the beautiful,
The peerless Ariadne—and I bent
To catch the perfume of the gentle breath
That issued from her ripe, red, parted lips.
But as I bent, the fringes—gold-tipped, long,
And brown as autumn nuts—that edged those lids
So fair and delicately veined, were stirred—
A moment quivered. Then her starry eyes
Beamed full upon me, darkly-blue and clear,
As is the cloudless sky of summer noon
Reflected in a shadowy woodland stream.
One hasty glance she cast around the spot,
And starting up, she scanned the shining beach,
Where the moist sand bore traces of a keel
Dragged o'er it hastily.

Then wild alarm
Paled her young face, and lightened in her eye.
She wrung her fairy hands, and cried aloud,
And the grey mountains and the silent vales,
The sounding shore with all its creeks and bays,
The air above her, and the woods beneath,
With thousand echoing tones gave back the cry
Of "Theseus! Theseus!" but no other voice
Gave answer to her wail. And now her gaze
Discerned upon the far horizon's bound
A bark, so distant that to other eyes
It might have seemed a sea-bird on the waves.
But she, the lost! deserted! knew it well:
It was her false love's galley.

How she wept,
And rent her golden hair, and beat her breast,
Let them whose love like hers has been betrayed
Find words to tell—my heart can give me none.

[For the Hesperian.]

DR. DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

THE DOCTOR IN CHINA—THEIR DROLL WRITING—
HEAVENLY MUSIC—TOO ACCURATE DRAWING—
ABLE ENGINEERING—SPAN-PING-SPAN'S UN-
LUCKY SHOES.

The Chinese, dear Propertius, are a wonderful people, differing in religion, person, language, habits, customs, music, and dress, from all other nations of the world. Of their religion, old Confucius has succeeded in making a most delectable confusion. Of their person, derived from the Mongols in their general cast of features, they are the mongrels of the human race. Of their language, heaven forbid that there should be another like it; for, having no grammar, it must be in verity a crammer: and while our alphabets are but mere symbols of sounds, theirs appear to be symbols of words, or ideas, rather. They think their written characters beauty itself; but to us, they have the appearance of an accidental heap of detached, smashed bees—wings, heads, legs, and bodies. They have a tea called "Emperor's toe," with a very thin leaf, which I do not think ever has made its first appearance on any foreign stage,—of which tea, if you take a handful and spread it evenly on fine paper, you may imagine gave them the first idea of their writing character. As to their habits, I must not touch upon them, or I should get knee-deep in book-writing upon them. Respecting their arts, there is no taking from them the merit of some of the most splendid and important inventions on record—block-printing, gunpowder, and the magnetic compass. With regard to block-printing, they are as great blockheads, in any adaptation of the art, as our barbers' wigs have the honor to clothe. Gunpowder is in no favor among

them, for their cavalry still prefer the child's bow and arrow—their matchlock being no no match for our ordinary firelock. The compass—yes, it is theirs, unquestionably; but how they ever compassed such an important discovery is beyond my compass of conjecture. Their customs are, like their language, a mass of incongruities. Their music—O, shade of Orpheus! Fancy a dozen young sucking porkies squeaking, a dozen front-door knockers knocking, a dozen earthen-ware plates breaking, a dozen panes of glass smashing, a dozen vain peacocks spreading their tails and screaming, and you have a fair description of an orchestra of their own making.

In 1816, when Lord Amherst endeavored to hammer out some kind of a treaty with them, he took with him, for the entertainment of their King of Heaven, the brother of the sun and moon, a splendid band of musicians, and after they had played before his tremble-and-obey majesty several of the most popular tunes, one of them appeared to have struck the august personage with a great desire for its repetition; but after several snatches of the airs played, not one was recognized as the right one. Lord Amherst then requested several bars of other pieces to be played, but not one was the right one. In the pause that ensued, some of the fiddlers began tuning their fiddles and the pipers to clear their pipes, when his dread majesty exclaimed, "Ju tsz, ché yáog—Ju tsz, ché-yáng"—That's it, that's it. What would the Lord of Thunderbolts (one of his titles) have said to the commencement of an opera of eight acts? Why, he would have been in a heaven of ecstasies. But enough of their musical genius. Now for another of their five arts—painting. A friend of mine, while there with me, had a beautiful water-color likeness of his wife damaged by the sea; and, to make the bad matter worse, some would-be chemical amateur recommended a solution to obliterate it; but it came out all spotted with the measles. Passing by the chwang or window of an artist, he read in the paper that likenesses could there be accurately copied; so without delay a bargain was struck, the cause of its requisition being carefully explained and understood: but, to the poor husband's mortification, he produced a fac simile of his salt-water-damaged wife, measles and all. A similar story is told of their inveterate character for accurate copying by one in Lord Macartary's train, a new dressing-gown being sent home with the old one sent to copy, patch for patch, tear for tear, rent for rent, absent button for absent button. But the best joke of all happened the year after I had sailed, when the first steam-ship (I forget its name) met their astonished gaze. Two ingenious fellows obtained permission to take drawings of its machinery, and very accurate they were. Such was their perseverance, that in two years time they had built one ready for sea, and had invited all the European and American savans to examine it previous to its launch. The Yankees first discovered several important defects—one the disproportion of the diameter of the piston-rod to that of the cylinders,

out of the range of 1-8 to 1-5. This and others they saw were fatal errors, but left poor John in the dark, nevertheless accepted his kind invitation to their launch the next morning. On the time appointed, countless thousands of admiring celestials assembled on the adjacent hills along the Hoang-ho to witness and celebrate the triumph of Chinese capacity for copying; but the wheels refused to obey the steam's bidding, and hung as immovable as the marble locks on the statue Venus. In vain was the brazen god Whum-quay-fo solicited. He had the brazen impudence to be inexorable. In vain were red rags and the feather of Confucius the Great applied and waved countless times: all would not do, and the American and English engineers who were present, with a little of their handicraft and knowledge set the thing a going, and at the same time pocketed as neat a sinecure of \$2000 each as ever fell to a Rothschild. But now to speak of their laws, the story of poor Shan-ping-shang, a piái tsíong, or cobbler, will be a good illustration.

[For the Hesperian.]

PERFECTED PRAISE.

A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D—N.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

"The Rev. Mr. Creaky, the oldest Fellow of his College, has just stepped into the living; so infirm that he can hardly attend to the few duties the place requires. He is now absent, on account of his wife's sister's illness, and a young man comes down from London to officiate on Sunday, in his absence; while the curate of the adjoining parish looks in, as he calls it, when wanted."

"Then let him be written to. But where is the butler you spoke of, to be found?"

"O! Mr. Faithly!" continued the assistant. "Well, perhaps the Doctor may know. 'As for the other servants, they are all new faces: but there is one, I think—George, the groom; he may know more of the state of things than I can tell you."

"I will have a talk with him, then, before I leave," said the stranger; "but where is the Doctor all this while?"

"He certainly is unusually late this morning; but his visits lie very wide apart, so that it is a difficult matter, sir, sometimes, to keep an appointment punctually," apologized the assistant.

"Ah! well, I'll look in again in about an hour. In the mean time I'll go down and insist upon quiet in the house; it is everything in the patient's favor."

"So the old haunted-house is taken at last," said a constant morning tippler, at the little bar of the Five Bells, where our stranger was first introduced to the reader.

"Aye, indeed!" said the landlord, "how's that? why, the house is in chancery!"

"Well I suppose it is too, still, for a master in chancery, as they call him, has come down from London and brought with him a host of

bricklayers and carpenters to put it in order, as it is to be his country home."

"Then the old miser's death has come to light, at last," said the landlord. "There have been some queer things, neighbor, in that house, happening in my time; and father before me used to tell some odd things of it; and I can count three mysterious disappearances connected somehow with that place."

"How's the Squire," abruptly asked the tippler.

"Plaguy bad, sure," was the answer. "The Doctor and the other medical man, who they do say is a monstrous nice man, and very clever, says he will only give him the day out."

"Ah, that stone fence and the ditch was a rasper, surely. I always said no horse could ever do it: I wish I had taken twenty to one on it. I say, Governor, you're all right and no mistake in that matter," inquired the beer soaker.

The landlord was silent; but his heavy, sleepy eyes lighted up with an expression of gladness.

"And how's the mare? dead, I s'pose."

"Yes," said another tippler, "I heard the farrier say 'twas the worst job of the two. The poor critter died the same night, and I suppose the Squire will soon follow; for Parsou Slowman was sent for; and he, and the two Doctors, and a lawyer, are all engaged up at the Briars. There will be rare work; for I heard old Master Faithly had brought a Catholic Priest with him, to give him the last unction, and absolution, as they call it; and Mr. Texter, the Methodist, was there afore them all. So if they three should meet, there will be a pretty kettle-of-fish."

"They needn't make much ado," said the landlord, "for the Squire has nothing to leave any of them. That I know for a sartinty."

Here their conversation was interrupted by a thin, spare man of genteel exterior, who inquired if the landlord was at home, and desiring a few words in private with him, the host took him into an inner parlor. The instant they were within, the stranger turned the key which happened to be in the lock, and after securely locking it, put it in his pocket.

"Excuse me, I must be cautious; I have something to say that may affect your character, perhaps your life, and I beg you will answer the questions I put to you, unreservedly and candidly."

"My life!" said the landlord, amazed: "sir, you take me so by surprise that I would rather consult my lawyer before I answer you anything."

"You had better not," said the other; "it may only involve you in endless trouble and expense, and so long as your answers are plain, whether you implicate yourself or not by them, I will guarantee you harmless. Do you know this walking stick?" continued he, withdrawing it from under his great coat. "You were the last person that old Wiley, the miser, was seen with—although that never came out in any of the inquiries made concerning his mysterious disappearance—and this stick proves it."

The landlord turned as white as a sheet.

"I do know that stick, well," stammered the landlord; "and I confess that I was the last person he was with, of all the witnesses, before his disappearance; but I call God solemnly——"

"Save your protestations," said the stranger, "till they are of use—with me, they are valueless. You know that the property of the Briars is mortgaged; that its owner is at the point of death; and that the mortgage,—unless something be done—will be foreclosed very shortly. Where are the deeds? I ask you the question, Where are the deeds deposited?"

"Believe me or not," said the landlord, with his eyes staring open, quite unusual in his physiognomy, "as you like, but I know no more than you do, anything about them, and if I did, what possible interest could I have in their concealment?"

The latter assertion seemed to satisfy the stranger as to the landlord's innocence for a time, but he resumed—

"Why did you keep the fact of your being the last person of the many who had seen him on the day he disappeared, a secret? And why did you not produce this?—his walking stick?"

"Before I answer that question," said the landlord, with the perspiration in big drops rolling down his face, "may I inquire how you came by that stick? I missed it on the very day he lent it to me to put through a large handkerchief of cauliflowers a relation of mine had given me; I asked him for it, to carry them more conveniently on my shoulder, and forgot to return it."

"Why did you not come forward and give this evidence on the first day of investigation?" The landlord was silent.

"The same guilty hand," resumed the stranger, in an emphatic manner, "that destroyed the miser, destroyed those deeds." Here he fixed his eyes intently upon the landlord; but whether he had resumed the mastery over his feelings, or was innocent of the matter, he winced not during his gaze.

"However, I have taken the house, and shall prosecute the inquiry on the spot. I am quite certain that no lawyer has those deeds, but that he was in fact, to a certain degree, his own guardian of such matters. It remains to be seen how my inquiries will end. In the mean time, if you attempt to leave the neighborhood I shall be authorized to arrest you on suspicion. If you are innocent of the matter, you will best show it by assisting me to unravel the mystery. If you are guilty, the mystery will not be a long one to me, be assured." So saying, he turned upon his heel and walked away from the house.

"Now I'd give the world to know," said the mistress of the inn, "what that gentleman wanted with my husband. There was a 'riddle-ma, riddle-ma-re,' as plainly written in his face as ever could be in a book. Never mind; a stronger man than he, couldn't keep one from a woman, and it'll go hard with me if I can't come Delilah over him in some of his dosey moments." So thought she, but she was much mistaken in her Samson.

CHAPTER IV.

"Mamma," said little Jessy to Mrs. Templeton, seating herself at their little breakfast-table, after rising from their morning's devotion—the Bible having been replaced in its usual position in the neat mahogany bookcase, "it is quite true, as you supposed, the poor old sexton is indeed an infidel."

"Ah, child," said her mother surprised, "how did you ascertain that?"

"Because," replied she, "he said if there had been a God he would not have allowed poor Jane to be so goaded by misfortune as to make her life unbearable."

A slight tinge for a moment suffused the pale, placid countenance of Mrs. Templeton when she heard Jane's name mentioned.

"I hope, little girl as you are," she at last replied, "you were not so imprudent as to question abruptly, an old man as he is, about such serious matters. Remember, my child, there is always a respect due to old age, in however humble a condition, even from the most exalted youth. Our beloved Queen was an illustrious example of this duty. When very young, she would never pass an aged person without bestowing some respectful regard."

The child artlessly confessed herself in fault whilst detailing their discourse; and received her mother's reproof for repeating, incautiously, any remark made in private conversation, but not without regret in having allowed the observation to escape her that gave rise to it.

"Yet you say," continued she, "he was not offended by your remarks in attempting to convince him otherwise."

"O, no mamma, I am sure he would have been glad to have talked with me about it much longer, if you had not called me away, if you remember."

"Well, my sweet child, there is no harm done, but only be cautious in future. The good wheat, even when sown by an inexperienced hand, may find room to grow by a kind Providence, although the ground may have been pre-occupied by seeds of tares. I cannot blame you altogether. I should like to speak to him myself."

"Do, mamma. Shall I fetch him this evening?—I know he would be glad to come," said the impulsive little creature: "for he says he would do anything for my good mamma, who was so very kind to poor Jane; and I should so much like to hear what you would say, and then, what he could say. I'm sure he couldn't help believing in the Bible if you were to have five minutes conversation with him."

"It is very natural for you, my dear, young as you are," replied her mother, "to overrate my powers. Infidels in old age are not so easily converted as you may imagine. The restraint religion puts upon our naturally evil inclinations, is a strong barrier to the discipline the gospel requires. They are continually puzzling themselves with the questions,—If there be a just God of the universe, why did he ever permit sin in the world? Why are we not allowed to enjoy every appetite of our senses without restraint, as other animals do? They might be answered: because his know-

ledge is much more enlarged to us, than to them. He has given to them but one life, and that a very uncertain one in its duration. Some small animals live only a day. Some greater animals often survive not much longer, being devoured for the sustenance of still greater than themselves. But to us, He has chosen to give another life—and one far more capable of enjoyment—and that, to last forever. But we are to do something for it—we are to endeavor to deserve it by cultivating and encouraging the growth of a power given to us that appreciates fully such enjoyment. Now, if God had given this other life to other animals, without this or any other condition, He would have shown himself a Being tainted with partiality; devoid of one of His brightest attributes—that of Justice—and if we know by our own experience that this great God is just, and wise, in the highest and most important of all matters concerning ourselves, surely we ought to give Him credit for being equally just and wise in superior concerns, whether borne out or not by a like experience."

"Mamma, dear mamma," interrupted the child, "I do so love to hear you talk. How very clever you are. I wonder whether I shall ever have as much sense as you have."

"My dear child, you think I am clever because I have read more, and meditated more on what I have read, than yourself. You will read, and listen to others, to very little purpose, if you do not habituate yourself to meditate on what you have read or heard, and you will find this meditation a very good test of books in general. Works of mere amusement supply very little meditation, and therefore are soon forgotten: while works of instruction, from the abundance of meditation they supply, improve our ideas, and enlarge our mental perception. When I have any new thoughts or ideas worth uttering, I can always tell at the time, to what author or speaker I am indebted for the birth or growth of them. And now, my child, let us hasten over breakfast and get to our studies."

We have noticed Mrs. Templeton's emotion at the mention of Jane's name. Their acquaintance was a singular one. Mrs. Templeton, in one of her charitable visits, had her attention thus attracted to this poor unfortunate creature.

[To be continued.]

The most fatiguing ill manners is that which proceeds from an excess of politeness.

Some are so foolish, as to interrupt or anticipate those who speak, instead of hearing them out, and thinking before they answer; which is both a breach of good manners and a mark of silliness.—*Wm. Penn.*

Never marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely.

Let not enjoyment lesson but augment affection; it being the basest of passions to value what we have not, yet slight it when possessed.—*Penn.*

THE HESPERIAN.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

MRS. V.—Our columns are always open to communications upon subjects which are of interest to women. We would be glad to have the *Hesperian* the medium through which woman's voice might be heard from one end of the State to the other.

INQUIRER.—We acknowledge no limits to woman's sphere, but believe that she should be permitted to occupy any position which her intellect, education and talents fit her for. Do not be frightened at this assertion. Believe us, my friend, you have nothing to fear from intellectual, well educated, common sense women. The light of the moon does not obscure that of the sun, and parallel lines can never meet.

J. H. D.—Subscriptions received, and the papers sent. Thanks.

WITNESS.—We cannot give place to your letters for the reason that they are not in the style that suits us. Our lines were cast in very pleasant places in Marysville, and of course we know nothing of the evils of which you speak; but we long since made up our mind that it is impossible in this life to please all. There is a class of people who are naturally and habitually grumblers, and to take from them the power to grumble would be to deprive them of the only pleasure of their lives.

HARRY.—Try again. You will do very well in time.

J. W. O.—We were very sorry not to meet you in Marysville. Will write you the first spare moment; are now very busy with fairs, and so forth. Shall be more at leisure after the Mechanics' Fair.

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Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

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[For the Hesperian.

THE DEPARTURE FOR CALIFORNIA.

BY O. T. SPROAT.

Go to the land of gold!
Go o'er the rolling sea!
Ye bear with ye rich treasures there—
A golden argosy.
Blessings, and loves, and prayers,
From yearning hearts and true,
From every cottage home and hall,
Where your happy childhood grew.
Go! plant the seeds of truth,
In that far land of gold!
Go! raise an altar unto God,
As your fathers did of old!
When, strong in glorious faith,
They crossed the roaring flood,
And built, in the howling wilderness,
A temple unto God!
And, when ye sing your songs,
And bow in earnest prayer,
Remember those ye leave behind—
The partners of your care.
Fathers and mothers dear,
Brothers and sisters true—
O! long and lovingly, they'll bear
Sweet memories of you!

San Francisco, Sept. 1, 1858.

[For the Hesperian.

Translated from the Spanish.

BY DRUNA.

Xelia sat beside her window
As the golden sun went down,
Sadly gazing through the lattice,
Whilst flowed on the busy town;
And there came, from by the river,
In the tall cathedral's shade,
This low song from unseen minstrel,
Song of counsel to the maid:
"Daughter of the lov'd Suldana,
Mourn no longer broken ties—
Beauty of our Andalusia,
Seek a lover in the skies!
There is one, whose love excelling
All affection here below,
Falters not when night grows darkest,
But grows deeper with our wo o.
"Fortunes fade, and worldly friendship
Vanish with the light of gold;
Let us seek a better treasure,
And a love that grows not cold.
Oh! there's but one friend forever
Whose affection will endure,—
Only Christ, on whom relying,
We may know our trust is sure."

EARLY ATTACHMENTS.

"It is a tale better, perhaps, untold—
A dark page in the history of mankind,
Which would be better wholly blotted out.
It grieves me much to speak of evil things,
Thou knowest—yet thou urgest me to speak,
Well, then draw near and listen."—*Lady Bulwer.*

MARION SOMMERVILLE was a nice, lively, good looking girl of eighteen, the heiress of the wide domains of Clarnsdell. An only child, she lost both her parents when very young; and, during her minority, which was, by her father's will, to extend only till the period of her marriage, she was under the guardianship of her maternal uncle. She was a good-natured girl enough; but, having been petted when a child, she had, what few women are unprovided with, a will of her own, which she exercised indiscriminately, according to the dictates of impulse. There was a want of determination too about her as regarded herself; she was too facile of purpose.

Even at the advanced age of eighteen, Marion still dwelt "with deep affection and recollection" on the happy moments she had spent at the village school of Anderton, some twelve years before. Although situated about twenty miles from her estate, Anderton was the nearest place where reading, writing, arithmetic, and needlework were taught in a genteel manner; and thither she had been sent, to the care of her deceased father's sister, an old maiden lady, for the purpose of being grounded in the rudiments of those polite accomplishments, prior to her being doomed to undergo the miseries of human life, at the rate of eighty, or perhaps a hundred guineas a-year, in an Edinburgh or a London boarding-school.

At the Anderton establishment there was a mixture of girls and boys; and, as is usually the case on such occasions, there was a deal of what children dignify with the name of "sweethearting;" which is neither more nor less than the girls—for they are always the first to make advances—putting themselves under the protection of those boys who happen to be in the daily habit of going the same way, or part of the same way, home. Marion's companion was a pretty little fellow, with curly auburn locks, two years older than herself, named Arthur Warrington; and, although it took him a considerable distance off his own road, he invariably accompanied Marion to the very door of her aunt's house. Marion felt proud of his attentions, and determined in her own mind never to quarrel with him, however much people might ridicule her for going with him. One day—one eventful day—having been rewarded by the schoolmaster with a half holiday, or, in other words, the schoolmaster having rewarded himself with a few hours' relaxation from his very arduous duties, Marion and Arthur thought they might, as they thus had plenty of time upon their hands, go home by Hardy's Mill, which was about two miles out of their usual way. Accordingly they set off through the fields in high spirits, gathering buttercups and daisies as they went; and it was late in the afternoon ere they arrived at the brink of the stream below the mill, which was crossed by a single wooden plank. With great glee Arthur ran across first, and then called to Marion to fol-

low him. Terrified not a little, she began to creep along the plank upon all fours, in a state of nervous trepidation; and when about the middle of it, her fears overcame her, she let go her hold and fell into the stream, which luckily was rather shallow in the summer-time. Instantly Arthur leapt in after her, and with considerable difficulty succeeded in bringing her to the opposite bank, "all dripping wet." With a feeling of gratitude, her first impulse was to throw her tiny arms around his neck, and sob out, "Dear Taddy, I love you much!"

When she reached her aunt's house that night, it was almost dark. Her aunt, Miss Wilhelmina Fizzig, had begun to entertain some fears for her safety, the servant maid having been despatched about six to the schoolhouse, to ascertain whether Miss Marion had been "kept in;" but, the dominie and his wife having gone out to tea, no one was visible but a little soot-bedizened girl, with her wiry hair done up in choicest whitey-brown, who acted as maid-of-all-work to the family; and she "didna ken naething about it." Thus was Miss Fizzig's servant compelled to return as wise as she went. Another hour having elapsed, during which Miss Fizzig had repeatedly pulled up her drawing-room window, and vainly peered out into the road for the purpose of obtaining the first view of the little culprit and the first tidings of her approach, the maid-servant was desired to leave off scouring the dishes in the kitchen, and to perform the same operation to the country round, and more particularly to the village of Anderton. These directions the maid-servant promised implicitly to obey; but, like Mrs. Maclarty, not being over-willing to be "fashed" with the performance of what she deemed superfluous labor, the more especially at a time when she was momentarily expecting a call from her *pro tempore* sweetheart, John Dowdle, who, when he had nothing better to do, made love to her purely for the sake of the supper and aquavite with which she was wont to regale him, made a feint of leaving the house by the front, but almost immediately returned by the back door. At eight o'clock she once more went out, and came in again instantly, carrying the information that "she couldna see Miss Marion," up-stairs to her mistress, who thus allowed herself to be egregiously deceived into the belief that "the faithful creature" had actually done as she had desired her.

In about half an hour more, the young lady made her appearance *in propria persona*. She was well rated by her aunt for her extraordinary want of punctuality, and for the consequent trouble she had occasioned; and, after Miss Wilhelmina Fizzig had scolded her trembling little niece to nearly her heart's desire, she caught her up by one of the arms, and nearly jerked it off in an attempt to impress with effect upon her mind the unparalleled evil of the deed of which she had been guilty. As for the frock and trowsers she had on, they were now rendered hardly fit for the meanest drudge to wear—at least so said Miss Fizzig, who concluded the evening's amusements by calling Marion "a little pest," and sending her supperless to bed. The next morning she was packed off to her uncle at Clarnsdell. From that time Marion had never seen Arthur; yet

she thought not of him but with delight, and ended by fancying herself desperately in love with him.

Having been invited to spend a day or two with a friend of her's, whose father's house was in the immediate vicinity of Clarendell, Marion rose betimes, and set out immediately after breakfast, accompanied by her waiting-maid, Barbara. Part of her road lay through the wood of Blantyre; and, when about the centre of it, she was not a little surprised to meet a young gentleman coming in the opposite direction. This was the more remarkable as the hour was so early, and the road not much frequented. He saluted her with a "Good morning, madam!" and passed on. There was something in the tones of his voice, ay, and in the features of his face too, which struck Marion as being familiar to her. She could not, however, bring herself to recollect where she had seen him. It was strange that an incident so commonplace as this could make any lasting impression upon Marion's mind; but so it was—she could not for the life of her banish the recollections of the form and voice of the stranger. It was unaccountable even to herself. He haunted her waking thoughts all that day, and her dreams all that night. The next morning it was still the same. Marion became silent and contemplative. Her friend, Miss Falkland, could not imagine what had come over her, but looked forward to an entertainment which her father intended giving the ensuing night as a thing to raise Marion's depressed spirits. And it did so; for at that entertainment Marion again beheld the stranger who had passed her in the wood the preceding morning. He paid her very great attention; and, when together, they were as happy a couple as were in the room that night. They invariably danced together, to the great annoyance and envy of sundry young ladies and gentlemen, who were sadly shocked at the monopoly.

Once, during a sprightly conversation with the gentleman of the wood, Marion smiled one of her sweetest smiles. He started. She gazed at him with astonishment.

"Pardon me!" he exclaimed; "but when you smiled then, you called up before me the image of a little girl I once knew."

"Indeed!" said Marion, while her heart fluttered as she spoke.

"Yes!" said the stranger with enthusiasm. "She was the sweetest, kindest, prettiest child I ever met with."

"And pray," inquired Marion, "what may have been the name of the little divinity?"

"Marion!" was the reply.

"What else?"

"Really, I cannot tell," said the gentleman, who, Marion felt assured, was no other than Arthur Warrington. "I never knew her by any other name than Marion."

"How odd!" exclaimed Marion, not wishing, as yet, to acknowledge her identity.

Shortly after this the party broke up, and Marion retired to her couch that night in much better humor with herself and everybody else than she had been for the last two days.

A week elapsed ere Marion Sommerville again beheld Arthur Warrington. She was strolling in the same wood in which he had so suddenly re-appeared; and, ere she was aware of any one's approach, Arthur was again by her side. He spoke; and Marion felt she loved him. His converse was chiefly about the Marion who had been his school companion in days gone by. He said that now being in a situation to marry, he should like to look upon Marion again; and if he saw in her the same being he had once seen, if he beheld the same perfection in the woman as in his boyish dreams he had ascribed to the girl, he would not hesitate to offer her his hand. He then recounted the adventure he and his little sweetheart had at the mill stream. Marion hung upon his account of it with breathless delight; and when he reached that part where

she had thrown her arms around his neck upon his rescuing her from the water, and was about to repeat the words she had uttered on that occasion, she stopped him, and looking archly in his face, asked whether she would not tell him what his Marion had said; but, ere he could return an answer either in the affirmative or in the negative, she came out with—"Dear Taddy, I love you much!"

Arthur Warrington, on hearing those words spoken in nearly the same tone of voice as his remembrance assured him he had once heard them before, gave an involuntary start as the pleasant truth flashed across his mind.

"And are you indeed my own Marion?" he cried; "then the visions of my boyhood were not delusive. Marion," he continued, more calmly, "I have no fine gilded words with which to woo you; but believe in my truth and my sincerity, when I address you in this plain and simple phrase—I love you."

And the affection Marion entertained for him was reciprocal—at least she thought so, and after a while she confessed it to him. Arthur was happy. He proposed and was accepted, with the full consent of Marion's uncle. At the end of the week, however, business of importance called him home; and he tore himself reluctantly away, promising to return in less than a month, which was the time fixed upon for the solemnization of their nuptials. Thus deprived of the sweet solace of communion with her lover except through the cold medium of the post-office, Marion's spirits, which during his stay had been in the highest possible state, now fell considerably below zero. She pined in thought for more than two days, during which

"Slumber soothed not, pleasure could not please."

During all that time, she looked eagerly for a letter from him her heart held dear, as the only thing that could raise her soul beyond the pale of calm indifference to every object around her.

On the third morning, the post-boy brought two letters for Marion—one was from Arthur Warrington. It was the first love-letter—certainly the first from Arthur Warrington—she had ever received. There was a strange flushing of her cheek, a fluttering at her heart, and her pulse beat quicker as she undid the seal, the impress of which was a dove bearing a letter, and the motto underneath was "*Répondez vite.*"

"What a mysterious feeling is that," says Lady Bulwer, in her talented novel of 'Cheveley,' "which we experience upon beholding, for the first time, the writing of the person we love addressed to ourselves! However commonplace the subject and the words may be, yet to us they have a meaning and a mystery the same words never had before, and never will have again. They are looked upon again and again, in every possible direction: we try to discover if our names are written more clearly or more tremblingly than the rest; and, in either case, our hearts are satisfied with the omen. Even the paper is scrutinized to its very edges, as though we had never seen a sheet of paper before, or as if that sheet of paper must of necessity be different and superior to any that had been previously made, like characters traced in milk, which are weak and invisible till exposed to the heat of the fire; each time we gaze on this mysterious paper, the warmth of our own imagination brings out a force and a meaning that was imperceptible before; then every word is kissed as passionately as if they were the lips that could have uttered them."

All this did Marion feel; and a full hour passed unconsciously away, ere she laid down Arthur's letter, and took up the other which the post-boy had brought. It proved to be an invitation to spend a fortnight with a friend at Lilburn—a little village thirty miles distant; and her uncle, observing the depressed state of her spirits, advised her to accept it.

Accordingly, the next morning, after writing to Arthur, she departed for Lilburn.

Mrs. Esdaile, the friend whom she went to see, had been the daughter of a most intimate companion of her mother; and having recently bestowed her heart and hand upon Mr. Esdaile, a gentleman who had once belonged to the army, but having sold out, he lived by those imperceptible means which many in this world live by; that is, his neighbors could not comprehend how he contrived to live in the manner he did without a profession, trade, or calling of any kind whatsoever, and he did not seem disposed to enlighten them on the subject.

It was the first time that Marion Sommerville had seen her friend since her marriage, and the reception she met with was warm in the extreme. When Marion arrived, Mr. Esdaile was not at home. Her friend said that he had gone a short way into the country. Marion was rather pleased than otherwise at his absence, as it afforded her an opportunity of hearing and telling those many little nameless circumstances which female friends, who have been some time parted, always have to tell.

After tea, Marion, at Mrs. Esdaile's desire, sat down at the piano and played over several of those airs with which they were both familiar. One song in particular, entitled, "I ne'er can love again," had been a great favorite of theirs, and Marion was called upon to repeat it more than once. The words ran some way thus:—

Alas, he's gone!—all hope is o'er;
No joy—no joy for me;
Within this blighted heart no more
May comfort ever be.
All that the world affords can bring
Not such delight as when
We pledged our faith beside the spring:
I ne'er can love again.

A suitor comes from distant land,
Where happiness doth live;
I cannot offer him my hand,
When I've no heart to give.
My rosy cheek, mine eyes so bright,
That won the praise of men,
Are faded, dim, and joyless quite:
I ne'er can love again.

The flowers are withering on the stem,
The leaves upon the boughs;
But I shall fall long, long ere then,
The sport of broken vows.
Oh! when I die, let me be laid
In verdant peaceful gloom—
Beside the spring let my grave be made,
Ne'er to know love again.

Ere Marion had finished the singing of this song for the third time, Mr. Esdaile and another gentleman entered the apartment unperceived by her. Seating themselves quietly on a sofa near the fireplace, "they spoke not, they moved not, they looked not around, but earnestly gazed" upon the fair vocalist, as if attention had been suddenly aroused within them, demanding at their hands the respect of silence. When the air terminated, they arose and drew near the piano; and Marion, in turning towards Mrs. Esdaile, for the first time observed them. They were instantly introduced by the lady of the house, as her husband, and his friend Mr. Walsingham. Marion thought she had never before seen so elegant a man as Mr. Walsingham. His figure was tall and commanding, his eyes dark and penetrating, his manner agreeable; and he possessed that peculiar beauty so grateful to the eye of the female sex, black whiskers. In the course of the evening, he rallied her upon the burthen of the song he had heard her sing.

"I trust," said he, "that the words, 'I ne'er can love again,' were not uttered by you in sober earnest, else I shall certainly insist on all unmarried gentlemen adding a drop of prussic acid to their nightly toddy."

Marion, in the plain simplicity of her heart, answered him in the most matter-of-fact manner possible, by saying that at the time she was singing a song she took no heed of the actual meaning of the words, but merely

looked on them as so many partners of the notes, without which it was almost impossible to give due effect to the air. When considered apart from the music, they were usually, she said, a collection of meaningless sentences, often amounting to the absurd, tagged together promiscuously.

Marion could not tell how it was, but she felt a sort of restraint in Walsingham's presence, which effectually put to the rout all her accustomed liveliness, and she could not converse with him in the same manner as she could with other people. Hers was a feeling of respect almost bordering upon awe. And yet Mr. Walsingham's conversation was comprised of nothing more than the merest commonplaces; certain it is, however, that some people have the art of bestowing on the commonest words an interest and a novelty of expression that others would fail of imparting to the most original ideas. Besides, Mr. Walsingham was in the best spirits imaginable, and seemed determined to gain the good graces of Marion. It is astonishing how the wish to please insures success; about the only wish, alas! that does insure its own fulfillment, and therefore I wonder that it is not a more universal one. That night, when Marion went to bed, her dreams were of Walsingham, and Arthur was forgotten. Notwithstanding the awe she felt in Walsingham's presence, it was evident that he had made some slight impression on her heart.

During her stay, Mr. Esdaile was polite and gentlemanly towards her, but his attentions were cold and commonplace when compared with those of Mr. Walsingham. So handsome and accomplished, too, as Mr. Walsingham was—at least she, from want of experience, considered him accomplished—there could be little wonder that Marion felt proud of his attentions. He was a daily visitor at Mr. Esdaile's, and in the evening—for it was yet but early autumn—they all strolled out together, on which occasions Walsingham was invariably the companion of Marion, nor did they usually think of retracing their steps till after the moon had risen. On their return to the villa, they had always music; for Marion could sing, Mr. Walsingham could sing, Mrs. Esdaile could sing, and Mr. Esdaile could sing a little—that is to say, he did not know a single note of music, but, having a pretty correct ear, he could lilt over a song after hearing it once or twice sung. Mr. Walsingham's knowledge of music was nothing very extraordinary, but he always contrived to sing a tolerable second when the person who sung the first was a young and handsome female.

Many a girl, older and more experienced than Marion Sommerville was—ay, and many a young man, too—have felt the powerful aid that moonlight walks and music, particularly duet singing, afford to the engenderment of love. It is not therefore to be wondered at that Marion herself should have fallen a ready victim to such mysterious fascinations, when, in addition, her always constant companion was a handsome man who strove on every occasion to render himself agreeable.

Walsingham praised her eyes, her hair—in deed, every feature she possessed—in the most enraptured manner; and for so doing, Marion deemed him a sensible, nay, a very sensible, man. She thought of Arthur; but he fell far into the shade when she attempted to compare him with her new-found friend Mr. Walsingham. Arthur had never praised her eyes, and as she felt well assured that they were exceedingly pretty, she began to entertain the idea that he was utterly insensible to their beauty. He had never even uttered one word of flattery. O! he was not for an instant to be put into competition with Mr. Walsingham. Yet for all this her better nature prompted her, and she resolved to keep the vows she had pledged to Arthur. Poor girl! unskilled in the world's ways, she did not know that an elevated and sincere affection despises the

arts of flattery, and that it is only a feigned love which delights in them.

There is, however, it must be owned, an extraordinary fascination in flattery, that makes its way even against the iron hearts of the votaries of long experience. There is nothing so likely to conciliate your good opinion of others, as to find that they either entertain or profess to entertain exaggerated notions of yourself. "A gift," says Solomon, "perverteth the wise;" and what gift so pleasing to the vanity of the human heart as that one which, after all, costs least to offer—FLATTERY! It is impossible if not ungrateful of you to judge impartially of those who have judged favorably of you. The smoke of the incense which they offer you rises up between you and them, and you see them through the colored medium of that cloud, with all their good qualities magnified, and all their imperfections dimmed.

The evening preceding the day which Marion had fixed on for her return home, she found herself suddenly left alone in the room with Mr. Walsingham. Conscious that this might be viewed as improper by any one who might enter, she rose to retire. Mr. Walsingham gently detained her.

"Stay, Miss Sommerville," he said, "I wish a moment's converse with you."

Struck with this appeal, Marion turned, and demanded to know his wishes. Walsingham covered beneath her glance; this action was but momentary, yet it did not pass unnoticed by Marion. She observed, too, a strangeness in his manner, and an unusual flush upon his cheek. He paused; and it was not till Marion had asked him a second time what he required of her, that he could summon fortitude enough to speak.

"I have long panted for this opportunity," said he, "and, believe me, it shall not be lost. Marion, it is needless to disguise my feelings—I love you! Then say at once, my own beloved, will you consent to become mine?"

As he uttered these words, he attempted to press Marion to his breast. She repulsed him indignantly: at the same time, quite overpowered with the abruptness of his offer, silent as a statue, she turned to leave the room. She caught the handle of the door and tried to open it. It was locked, and there was no key.

"You see," said Walsingham, smiling a ghastly smile, "every precaution has been taken; and, unless you consent to become my wife before to-morrow at noon, you cannot be permitted to leave this room."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Marion, "a prisoner! And by what right, sir, do you presume to detain me? I will alarm the house. Mr. Esdaile shall know."

"You may save yourself the trouble, my dearest Marion. My friend Esdaile and his wife are aware of my design, and they have purposely left the house."

At these words, Marion threw herself down upon the sofa in a paroxysm of disappointment, covered her face with her hands, and gave vent to her grief in tears.

Upwards of an hour elapsed, and affairs wore the same aspect. Marion was still a prisoner, and Walsingham continued pressing his suit with the most indefatigable ardor. Driven to the verge of desperation, Marion rushed to the window, with the fixed determination of throwing herself over into the gardens below; by which act she would, in all probability, have only maimed, not killed herself as she imagined she would, for the room in which they were was on the second story: but Walsingham, foreseeing such a proceeding on her part, had had the window carefully secured. Her efforts, therefore, to raise the casement proved unavailing, and she once more sunk down upon the sofa. Still Walsingham urged her to accept him as the partner of her future life, the sharer of her joys and of her sorrows; and he vowed he would be more to her than ever husband had

been to wife before—he would be always her adoring slave. Wrought up to a more than ordinary pitch of excitement by the conflicting powers of fear, grief, and despair, and perhaps believing in all that Walsingham had vowed, the poor girl at length yielded a reluctant consent to his proposals.

Early the next morning Marion rose, and was preparing for her departure—for she considered the forced consent she had given Walsingham as by no means binding—when Mrs. Esdaile entered her apartment, and expressed astonishment at her proceedings.

"It is quite impossible, you know, my dear," she said, "that you can return home until you have fulfilled the promise you last night gave to Mr. Walsingham."

Marion attempted to remonstrate with her on the injustice of such a proceeding, knowing as she did her engagement to Arthur Warrington. Mrs. Esdaile was inexorable, and poor Marion was compelled to accompany her, Mr. Esdaile, and Mr. Walsingham, to the house of a justice of the peace, where the indissoluble knot was tied. That evening, Marion fled from the house of her friend, Mrs. Esdaile, and returned home.

The object of Marion's being invited to Mrs. Esdaile's had been accomplished. Esdaile and his friend Walsingham were gamblers, and ruin was staring them in the face. The luck had gone against them. Reduced to such extremity, a desperate but lawful act, by which they could obtain a supply of money to enable them to redeem their recent losses, was all that remained to them. Marion Sommerville was an heiress, and Walsingham was unmarried. The snare was laid, and their victim was entangled in its meshes.

A day or two after Marion's return to Clarendell, Arthur Warrington arrived to fulfill the contract. Not a word did Marion whisper of her broken vows. She thought that Walsingham would never dare to claim her, and therefore was she silent. Better would it have been for her had she confessed all to Arthur, and thrown herself upon his mercy; but no, she could not summon resolution enough to do so, for the confession would, in some degree, implicate herself. With as much calmness, therefore, as she could summon to her aid, she went with Arthur to the altar, and there pledged her faith to him.

Arthur had taken a small but delightful cottage in the vicinity of the town in which his warehouses were situated, and thither did he carry his bride. Months rolled by in harmony and joy; and Marion, in the enjoyment of pleasant dreams, thought that Walsingham, having repented of his conduct, was determined to leave her unmolested. How much, therefore, was she surprised, when one morning a card was brought to her, the address of which she at once knew to be in Walsingham's handwriting. She opened it with no little trepidation, and read:—

"DEAR MARION,—There is a large oak tree growing at the extremity of your garden. Meet me beneath its boughs to-night at twelve. Fail not to come. I have much to say to you. Deny me this meeting, and Arthur Warrington shall know all. A court of law shall settle our disputes."

"Yours affectionately,

"EDWARD WALSHINGHAM."

At twelve Marion stood beneath the shadow of the oak. She had obeyed the summons of Walsingham from a fear of the threatened consequences. She felt she would rather make any sacrifice than that Arthur should come to a knowledge of her deceitful conduct. Ere she left the house, she had satisfied herself that her husband slept.

As the last stroke of the hour died away upon the breeze, Walsingham was at her side.

"Marion," he said, "I have sought this interview to tell you how greatly I am reduced in circumstances since the last time we saw each other." And he opened his cloak, and

showed that the dress he wore was in tatters. Marion recoiled from him. "Nay, shrink not," he continued. "Marion, this night you must fly with me. Beggar as I am, I claim you as my wife!"

"O, have pity on me!" said Marion. "Say, will nothing move you?"

"Yes, money. Give me money!"

"How much?" faltered Marion. "How much will you take to leave this country for ever?"

"Not all that you could give me would force me to become an exile from my native land. With all its faults, I love it still, and trust I never shall be compelled to quit it."

"And this man," thought Marion, "will be a haslik in my path until my day of death. If I give him money now, he may make the same demand again and again, accompanied with the threat of exposure if I refuse. Better at once to fly far, far from hence. Yes, it shall be so. On Thursday night," she added aloud, "I will again meet you on this spot, and bring a sum to satisfy your present need."

Ere then she hoped to be beyond his reach.

"On Thursday be it then. Here will we meet at twelve!"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the figure of a man, unbanned, rushed forward and confronted him. It was Arthur Warrington.

"Villain!" cried Arthur, choking with passion, "I know not who you are. It matters not; my vengeance must be satisfied."

So saying, he struck at Walsingham with his sword. Walsingham drew forth a pistol; but Arthur, dashing it to the earth, ran him through the body with his sword. Walsingham fell. Then Arthur, seemingly nowise horrified at what he had done, turned towards the half-fainting Marion, and said—

"Traitor! viper! hence!—hence from my sight forever!"

"Dear Arthur!" exclaimed Marion, embracing his knees, "I am innocent—indeed I am!"

"'Tis false!" said Arthur, as he disengaged himself from her frantic grasp and rushed from the scene.

In the morning, the body of Walsingham was nowhere to be found. That very night the cottage of Arthur Warrington fell a prey to the flames, and Arthur himself narrowly escaped with his life.

Shortly after these transactions, he wound up his affairs and left the country, unknowing of the fate of her on whom his almost constant thoughts had dwelt for many a day, and with whom he had expected his after life would have been happily spent.

... ..
We must pass over a period of twenty years, during which Arthur Warrington had amassed a considerable fortune in America, and had returned to his own native isle to enjoy it. He settled in England; for in Scotland, where his miseries had been, he knew he could not be happy. Besides, as a country, he admired England most. "For my own part," says a modern novelist, and we are inclined to coincide with the sentiment, "there is to me an indescribable charm in the calm, the quiet, the soft, the cultivated, and above all the home look of English scenery, which neither the gorgeous, Belshazzar-like splendor of the east, the balmy and Sybarite softness of the south, the wildness of the west, nor the frozen but mighty magnificence of the north, can obliterate or compensate for. England (the country, not the people), is merry England still. There is a youth about England that no other country possesses—not even the new world—for there the vast and hoary forests—the rushing and stupendous torrents—all seem like Nature's legends of immemorial time."

The lord of the manor, Arthur Warrington, lost no opportunity of ministering to the comforts of his tenantry, and of doing good to everybody: in short, he led the life of

"A good old country gentleman,
All of the olden time."

He was still a bachelor, or, as he was pleased to style himself, a widower; for the deceit which had already been practiced upon him by one woman, had engendered in him a dislike for the whole sex.

Within a plantation on his grounds, at the period of which we treat, two persons, of a vagabondish appearance, had reared a temporary habitation; and thither had they retired with their wives; their chief employment consisted in taking short excursions, and returning to their hut well stocked with game, poultry, and other provisions. The population of several of the hen-roosts belonging to the cottars around began daily to become

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less;"

and they had, in consequence, preferred several complaints to the steward on the subject; but, as Arthur Warrington, from mistaken motives of compassion, had given strict orders that the people in the plantation should not be disturbed, he could afford them no redress, although he plainly understood who were the depredators.

"I say, Walter," said the taller of the ruffians, as they sat by their peat fire one evening, after they had made an unusually large collection of delicacies, "don't you think the old fellow that this estate belongs to is afraid of us, that he lets us do as we choose, without taking the least notice of our proceedings?"

"I don't know," returned the other; "and, what's more, I don't care; for, if he or any of his servants were to attack us, blow me if I wouldn't serve out every mother's son on 'em with a brace of pistol bullets."

"Manfully spoken, Walter," said a woman with a very red face, the evident produce of ardent spirits and the heat of the fire, who sat on a stool at the farther corner, and who seemed, from the charge she took of him, to be his wife. "Manfully spoken; and I honor you for the sentiment. But," she added, rising, "it is time I were off to Melton for some brandy; for, as Macbeth says in the play, 'My courage is out.' Good-bye, Walter." She then saluted him, took a quart bottle from a shelf, and, concealing it under a faded red cloak which partially enveloped her limbs, left the hut.

"Now, why can't you be as bold and as fearless as Amelia?" said the ruffian who had first spoke, to a slender-looking woman, the only remaining inmate of the hovel. "Why, Amelia would go through fire and water to serve her husband, and why can't you do the same, instead of being the pale, heartless thing you are?"

This was spoken in a taunting tone of voice, and the poor woman did not seem inclined to venture any answer to it. All she did was to turn her black-lustre eyes upon her interrogator, and then burst into tears. It was plain she was afraid of him—one could read so in her look, and to him she evidently attributed all her misfortunes. But this mattered nothing now—for the grief that had been gnawing at her heart-strings had nearly completed its work.

"Come, Walsingham!" cried he who had been styled Walter; "leave your high-born lady there to weep in private. Sorrow and solitude go hand in hand, my boy. Besides, I have something to say to you, which is for your ear alone."

So saying, Walter passed his arm through that of Walsingham; and the amiable pair took their departure, without deigning to cast another look at the poor heart-broken victim of their machinations. No sooner were they gone, than Marion—for it was indeed the once proud heiress of Clarendell—put on her bonnet, and prepared to follow them. That there was some diabolical scheme *in petto* she felt assured of. The close observation of many years had enabled her to detect, by a glance

at Walter Esdaile's countenance, the inward workings of his heart; and she clearly saw that the communication he was about to make to Walsingham was not scrupulously exact in principle.

Throwing a peat or two upon the waning fire, and pulling to the door of the hut, she stood alone on the outside.

"The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;

The evening air passed by her cheek,
The leaves above were stirred;
But the beating of her own heart
Was all the sound she heard."

She listened, and after a moment she thought she heard a crackling sound, at a short distance, as if some one trode heavily among the underwood. She was not mistaken; and cautiously advancing in the direction whence the sound proceeded, she discerned two figures, who she doubted not were Esdaile and Walsingham. She saw them go on a little farther into the thickest part of the wood; and she could perceive Esdaile ever and anon turn round his head, for the purpose, perhaps, of observing whether they were followed; but she took care, by covering down among the underwood, not to betray herself. They passed on to a rude seat they had constructed beneath the boughs of a wide-spreading oak; and Marion followed as quickly, yet as noiselessly as possible, even to the very trunk of the tree beneath which they sat, and concealed herself behind it, so as distinctly to hear their conversation.

"But how," said Walsingham to his colleague, "is the thing to be accomplished? The fellow himself keeps at home of an evening; and besides, his servants are so cursedly honest, that there's no getting access to the house by fair means."

"My plan is this. I have discovered that he has given liberty to all his servants to go to a hall at Melton to-morrow evening; so that he will be alone in the house, and not a soul within call. It will then be an easy matter for either of us to enter by one of the lower windows, and make off with whatever valuables we can lay our hands on. That task be mine; while you will remain outside, ready to stab the fellow to the heart if he should pursue me; for, encumbered as I will be with the booty, it will be almost impossible for me to use my pistols."

"The plan is excellent," returned Walsingham; "but how gained you the intelligence regarding his servants?"

"No matter—I am certain of the truth of it. To-morrow evening at seven it will be pitch dark. Let that be the hour. I will leave the hut first, and you can follow me in about ten minutes afterwards, in order to prevent the suspicions of that lady wife of yours, who, I feel convinced, has her eye on us at every turn."

"Pooh! Not she—she *dare* not. She is too much afraid of her handsome husband. Ha! ha!"

"Well, then, to-morrow evening at seven be at your post, ready to strike to the earth my pursuer."

"It is settled," said Walsingham. "At seven o'clock, a stroke with the hand!"

"Must level with the earth the second person who shall pass from the house."

"'Tis well. Your hand. Now, let us return."

They rose from the seat, and proceeded onward through the wood in the direction of the hut.

All this time, Marion had been trembling behind the tree, fearful of being discovered. She could hardly believe her ears, when she heard the pair talk in so cool and deliberate a manner of their intention to murder a fellow-creature. And who was to be their victim? Evidently the possessor of the wide domains on which they built their hut, and to whose forbearance they owed their means of living.

From the many strange scenes that had met

her eyes, during the twenty years she had followed the fortunes of Walsingham, Marion was prepared for much, but certainly not for murder. She had seen her estates sold, and the purchase-money lost at the gambling table by her unprincipled husband; she had encountered want with him; she had borne curses from his lips, and blows from his hands; but all these bad deeds of his were trifles when weighed in the balance with the one to which he had but now given his ready acquiescence. Murder! She repeated the word aloud, and the very echo of her own voice startled her. Something must be done, and speedily, to prevent the completion of their base design. Once she thought of flying to the manor-house on the instant, and confessing all she had heard; but the next moment this was over-ruled by the thought that she would thus denounce, as an intended murderer, her own husband. At last she resolved to wait patiently till the next evening, and, by her presence at the manor-house, at the appointed hour of seven, shame Esdaile and Walsingham from the commission of the crimes they had meditated. Thus resolved, she rose from the ground, and hurried off by a cross path, in order to reach the hut before them.

Marion passed a sleepless night, and all next day there was a fearful anxiety hovering around her heart; but she happily succeeded in concealing it from her companions. The day drew towards a close, and the evening came on apace. As the clock struck six, she saw Esdaile depart, and shortly afterwards he was followed by Walsingham. Now was the time for action. Mrs. Esdaile, the virago of the past evening, with the illumined countenance, was fast asleep on a pallet bed in the corner of the hut, on which she had sunk down quite overcome with the strength of the remains of the brandy she had purchased the preceding evening at Melton. Everything was propitious; so, wrapping her mantle closely around her, she proceeded towards the manor-house. Concealing herself behind a snail on the lawn in front of the house, she had not remained long there before she saw Esdaile advance from one of the sides of the building, and walk past the very place where she lay concealed. Presently he was joined by Walsingham.

"The coast 's clear," said Esdaile, *sotto voce*, to Walsingham. "Conceal yourself behind yonder tree"—pointing to one a short distance off. "I have," he added, "succeeded in unclosing one of the lower windows of the right wing of the house, and everything shall shortly be ours. Now, to your post. Here is the knife."

So saying, he placed a dagger in Walsingham's hand; and, as Walsingham proceeded to take his station at the tree, Marion, on whom this conversation had not been lost, glided swiftly along, unobserved, to the right wing of the building, one of the windows of which, as Esdaile had said, was open. Without loss of a moment, Marion crept into the room, and she had just time to secrete herself in one of its darkest corners, when Esdaile entered, and carefully closing the window, made towards the door, which he opened, and Marion was again alone in the room. Her first intent had been to creep softly towards the room in which the only occupant of the house was, and, having locked him in, to carry off the key, thereby preventing him from discovering Esdaile and endangering his own life; but this the quick advance of Esdaile had prevented. She still resolved, however, to attempt this, notwithstanding the chance she ran of encountering Esdaile; and had already got the length of the centre lobby of the house, from which broad stairs to the flat above ascended, when she heard a noise in an apartment overhead, a shuffling of feet, a pistol fired, the sudden opening of a door, and some one rush along the passage above. She saw the flutter of a garment at the top of the stairs, and heard the sound of a voice with which she thought she was familiar. Then, and only then, came the wish of saving herself from discovery by

flight. It was almost impossible for her to retrace her steps the way she had come; for many winding passages intervened between the place where she then was and the window at which she had entered; but the large door at the end of the lobby promised her the ready means of escape. To this she flew. The key was in the lock. One turn of it, and she was free. Scarcely had she gained the outside, when a man was close upon her heels. She had ran forward but a few paces, when she heard a scream behind her, and the report of a pistol; and, turning round, more from terror than surprise, she beheld two bodies stretched upon the ground, writhing in the agonies of death. In pity she approached, and to her horror beheld the forms of her husband and his villainous companion. Foiled in his attempt upon the life of the owner of the manor-house, who had discovered him in the act of abstracting some part of his valuable plate, Esdaile had rushed from the house, glad to escape with his life; but his accomplice, Walsingham, having received strict injunctions from him to plunge his dagger in the heart of the *second* person who came forth from the house, had obeyed those injunctions to the letter, and stabbed Esdaile to the heart. A loaded pistol was in Esdaile's hand at the moment, which, as he fell, accidentally went off, and Walsingham was instantly stretched a corpse beside him.

Little more remains to be told. Marion lost no time in unfolding to the gentleman whose life had been attempted, all the particulars of the intended robbery and murder. He listened to her story with the utmost patience; and, when he had heard all, he was unhounded in his thanks towards her for having saved his life. He promised to befriend her, and he afterwards did so. The sound of his voice had seemed familiar to Marion; and when the blaze of light within his manor-house revealed his features to her, she almost fainted when she saw them, for she knew she again stood by the side of Arthur Warrington.

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Lord Bacon's mother was daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke: she was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works that displayed learning, acuteness, and taste. Homer the historian, mentions his mother, daughter of Sir D. Falconer, president of the College of Justice, as a woman of "singular merit," and who, though in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education. Mrs. Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence that first introduced her to Mr. Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel highly praised by Doctor Johnson. Schiller's mother was an amiable woman; she had a strong relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. Schiller was her favorite child. Goeth thus speaks of his parents: "I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines to my auditors; from my mother I derived my faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive with energy and vivacity." Lord Erskine's mother was a woman of superior talent and discernment; by her advice her son betook himself to the bar. Mrs. Thomson, mother of the poet, was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, with a warmth and vivacity of imagination scarcely inferior to her son. Boerhave's mother acquired a high knowledge of medicine. Sir Walter Scott's mother, Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Rutherford, W. S., was a woman of accomplishment. She had a good taste for, and wrote poetry, which appeared in print in 1789. Napoleon's father was a man of no peculiar mind; but his mother was distinguished for her understanding.—*The Teacher.*

[From the *Atta California.*

THE LOST PREACHER.

BY MRS E. S. CONNER.

"The Rev. Mr. Brooks perished in the snow on Salmon Mountain a year ago last February. A few days ago, his bones, watch, a twenty dollar gold piece and a package of tracts were found near a house on the north side of the mountain, telling the sad story of the good man's death. He had perished almost in the sight of shelter."

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"—*MATT. 25.*

Say, wherefore, Christian soldier, did thy faithful footsteps stray
So far from "busy haunts of men," on that lone, toilsome way?
'Twas not to seek the much-loved gold, not to add "laud to land,"
Nor e'en to die for science, in the martyr-heroes' band;
Nor for the wealth that holy Church hath on her vassals poured.
Nor for the fame that Eloquence hath in her temple stored;
But to the lonely dweller on the mountain's dreary height,
To hear the blessed word of god, the gospel's gleam of light:
To say to those who live afar from hook, or spire, or bell,—
"Glad tidings of great joy to man, 'tis my proud task to tell!"
Hadst thou no mother watching, praying for her much loved son?
Hadst thou no wife still hoping to behold the absent one?
Hadst thou no child still craving thy fond blessing to implore?
No friend who pined to greet thee in thine old home once more?
The winter sky shone on thee with its melancholy light;
The crisp snow 'neath thy footsteps sparkled fuscally clear and bright:
The storm-cloud came around thee,—the drifting snow fell fast,—
But cheer the, lonely traveller! Thy goal is spied at last!
Yes! with thine eyes still gazing, by the early break of day,
At that shelter unattainable, thy life-warmth passed away!
Thy course of usefulness cut off which so bravely had begun—
"Could I have died hereafter! But no! God's will be done!
And though thy dying struggle no human eye could see,
Who knows what unseen angels were ministering to thee!
Alas! all search was fruitless till eighteen months had passed;
But brothers' love hath found thee—thy fate is known at last.
The melting snow had formed a grave around the sheltered sod;
Beside it lay the precious words of prayer and love of God:
And time stood still beside thee, as it will on that Great Day,
When in the Judge's presence, worlds are marshalled in array:
The rust was on the dial—the rust of death on thee,—
But the immortal gem *within*, decay shall never see!
The gold lay still upon the earth, unchanged by frost or dew—
The earth, the gold, will perish, but thy soul will rise anew!
Thy bones, all bare and whitened, though lifeless, have a voice,
Which whispers to the mourners,—Lament not, but rejoice!
For thou hast died a soldier, in battle for thy Lord,
The guardian everlasting—proclaimeth thus His Word:
Thy "dried bones" shall be covered with righteousness on High,
For those who serve Good truly have only *once* to die!
Then waken to salvation and hear those words so blest:
"Well done thou faithful servant, enter now into thy rest!"

San Francisco, Sept. 3, 1858.

The following beautiful sentiment, we find in an exchange, without credit:

"There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some simple flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And cheer the passing hour."

"There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own."

Wit.

All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood;
And force mistake and ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.—*Bull*

THE BURDEN OF DRESS.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

Now I want a talk with the ladies. Go away gentlemen! You who gratify your whims at almost any cost, and complain of expensive wives and daughters; and you simpletons, who rise, and bow, and scrape, and offer your seat to silk dress in flounces, and can not see that modest, dignified old lady in calico standing at the door; and you severe lecturers, who must have your own coats cut in the latest fashion, and at the same time would like to pull off our pins, to make watches and pencils for yourselves—go away, the whole tribe of you! Leave me alone with my sisters, for I have somewhat to say to them.

Sit down, my friends, and let us converse, for I am one of you. I am no enthusiast, no ultraist, belle, nun, nor bloomer. I am a woman, that bears with you a woman's burdens; that weeps for your wrongs, and shares in your griefs. And I come to talk over with you an important subject of common interest—the matter of dress.

We are all daughters of Eve, and all inherit the fig-leaves of her disgrace; and although they may be much enlarged and frilled, and feathered, and flowered, and flounced—for women as well as men have sought out many inventions—yet they all point to the same origin. And, by the way, I have often wondered whether it was Eve that sewed the fig-leaves together for both herself and Adam. The Scripture says "they," but I fancy that—both consenting, which is sufficient for Scripture narrative—it was Eve who did the sewing; for her daughters have had to do it ever since. And we have set about it with our might, woman-like, and in trying experiments and exercising our fancy, we have doubtless overdone the matter. I do not wish to quarrel with the memory of our venerable mother, but I am quite of the opinion, that if we had done less sewing, and dressing, and fussing, we should have secured a larger share of both intellectual and moral development. As it is, the spare moments that the young man may turn to so good an account in self-improvement, the young woman must spend in making and mending both for herself and her brother. Would that she spent her time only on necessary clothing!

But the whole thing is done. Mother Eve is gone—peace to her ashes! She doubtless regretted her failures in life, more than we do, though, had she not made them, it is more than likely that some of her sons and daughters, the very ones, perhaps, who blame her most, would have done as badly as she did. We now find her legacy of fig-leaves coming down to us, with additions and exaggerations of nearly six thousand years, and it behooves us to be cautious lest we be crushed under this enormous burden.

You smile at this expression. You never felt the burden of dress? Come with me and I will show you those that do.

That poor mechanic's wife feels it, who thinks that herself and children can not appear abroad respectably without a certain amount of finery. She toils early and late, and sits up till the midnight of Saturday, to get some fancy article ready to be worn to church. But it is still worse when Sunday comes, and one or more of the family must remain at home, because they will not be seen out with a half worn garment, or a patched shoe, or in clothing that is somewhat unseasonable. And we fear there may be many in the still higher walks of life who sometimes remain at home on Sunday, be-

cause their spring hat has been delayed a little too long, or because their cloak is not yet finished. All this without any complaint about the unmerciful demands of dress. And would not any thing else that imposed such restraints, or touched our dearest interests so closely, be considered a burden?

See that poor girl, who must depend upon her own exertions for a living. She saves every penny most scrupulously from every other possible use, to devote it to dress. She takes up with the cheapest and poorest board, that she may have more to lay out in silks and velvets. She studies, and plans, and contrives, in order to make the greatest possible show with a given amount of means. She denies herself books, and charities, and amusements, and cannot afford time to read even the newspapers, all for this one great object—showy dress.

Some one replies, that people should not undertake to dress so much if they can not afford it. Let us see how it is with those who think they can afford it. In the morning they wait on the dress-maker, and milliner, and shoemaker, and merchant, and *lingiere*, to make all the necessary preparations for dress; and later in the day, with a due amount of consideration, and perplexity, and consultation, they array themselves in what they finally conclude to be the best calculated to create a profound sensation. Then they take their places in the parlor, to show their dress to their visitors, and talk it over with them; and in the evening they must go out to show it in the public assemblies—the opera, the theatre, or the ball-room.

The greatest difference is that poor girls spend some of their time in earning what they put on, while the others devote all their time to spending what some one else has earned. The latter sit up even later at night, have more heart-burnings and rivalries in the matter, and altogether manage to make themselves much more miserable over it.

"But then we who are neither rich nor poor, who occupy the golden mean, we certainly do not feel the burden of dress."

I would it were so, my sisters. There is one item that would be very much in your favor if you would have it so. Your husbands and fathers are supposed to be making yearly additions to the amount of their property. You might then, at any time, easily place yourself in that enviable position of having more than enough of the wherewith to gratify all your desires. But does not the mere mention of such a state of things suggest at once to your mind some elegant shawl that you have been wishing, or a more expensive set of furs, or a new robe? Do not your desires exceed your means as much as those of the more extreme classes do theirs? If so, your prosperity becomes one of your greatest snares; for it is allowed to create a morbid anxiety, ever reaching, straining, trying to obtain something more costly. And is it not so? Question yourselves closely. Are you quite satisfied with such articles and materials as you were pleased with last year? If you are, you have gained one important point, and are in some measure relieved of the burden of dress.

I see that you still feel inclined to find fault with that last expression. You insist that what you take so much pleasure in can not well be a burden. I don't know about that. I have somewhere heard of such a thing as "hugging the chain that binds." It is doubtless very pleasant to spend a week in discussing the style of your fall dress, and looking at beautiful and rich materials till

you are as nearly suited as may be. But is such a demand upon the time no burden?

I have heard it hinted that there are houses—I will not call them homes—where costly dress is obtained at the expense of nourishing food; where, as Cowper says,

"We sacrifice to dress till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry
And keeps our larders bare; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, pest, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."

Then, again, is it nothing to degrade all the finer feelings of our natures by giving thoughts about dress the preëminence? How many are there that see in the exquisite pencilings of the carnation, the richer tints of the dahlia, or the gorgeousness of evening sunset, only the reflection of something wherewith to deck the person! I well recollect walking out with a lady one summer evening, a short distance in the crowded city. During the walk we suddenly emerged from the shaded street into an open space, where we had a fine view of the sky. The moon, just in the full, was sweeping up her royalty, mellowing the deep blue of the night firmament, softening the gem-like radiance of the stars, and lighting up the snowy flecks of cloud that stretched across the heavens, as if vainly striving to hide from our view the inner glory. I was mute with admiration; but words came to the assistance of my companion. "How elegant!" she exclaimed; "do you know? these fleecy clouds always remind me of sheeny silk! I'd like to have a dress like that. I do so admire sheeny silk!"

There was a class of young ladies whose hearts were bound together by long years of social and intellectual communion. The time had come when they must separate and go to distant homes. With quite an outlay of expense and trouble they had arranged to dress uniformly at their parting soiree. Incidental circumstances occurring at the last moment prevented the entire accomplishment of their plans. Misunderstandings and accusations followed. Friends of the parties were involved in the dispute, and the final partings came not in love, but in anger. Ah, did those girls think upon the altar of what an ugly Moloch they sacrificed the tender friendship that had been the growth of years! Did they realize that the burden on their sad hearts—the burden that cast its ominous shadow far down the pathway of their young lives, was the burden of dress?

Again: does not personal piety suffer from the allurements of dress? Now, doubtless, the sanctuary of God is, of all places, the most unsuitable for a display of dress. Methinks, however, that the fashion of dressing much for Church pleaseth Satan right well. How is it with you who go there for worship, when you see articles of dress that challenge your admiration! Do they not suggest some plan for improving your own wardrobe? Does not your mind wander off in various speculations on the subject, that quite shut out the valuable truths that God meanwhile is sending to your ears? And will he not require it at your hands? Are you ready to bear this burden? And you, of another stamp, who pride yourself in plain dress, for which you take so much pains, and then go and sit in the place of worship to criticise the dress of others, do ye not become judges of evil thoughts, and thus crush out in your own hearts the grace of Christian charity? Ah, my friends, it is much to be feared that we shall, many, if not all of us, one day find the burden of dress greater than we shall be willing to bear!

"What do you propose then?" inquires

one patient listener. "We must dress in something. I suppose it is the changing fashions to which you object. You will doubtless have us all turn Quakeresses." Not at all! I think there are few people in the world upon whom the burden of dress weighs more heavily than upon the well-meaning but misguided Friends. The cut of the coat, and the shade of the shawl become matters of public and private gossip and scandal; nay, more, the very criteria by which the soundness of their theology, and the depth of the piety of their wearers is to be judged.

As to the fashions, though we think it would be a fine arrangement to imitate, in its abiding simplicity, the style of the ancient Greek and Roman ladies, we do not forget that we, a handful, are not the leaders of the ton. We do not expect to model the world over to our liking; but the great question is how to live in it as we find it, without being oppressed by the servile requirements of dress, either physically, mentally, or spiritually.

It has been beautifully said by some old author, that the best possible style of a lady's dress is that which can not be remembered after leaving her presence. Of course this rule can not be the criterion among gossips and fashion-mongers, who will scrutinize your dress, be it what it may. But the idea can be put in another form, which all of us can adopt—let your dress *attract* no attention.

Now, pray, dear ladies, do not get up that senseless plea of the necessity of some room for the display of taste. And what is taste? The rule that we propose will leave abundance of room for the development of that beautiful, but much neglected art—the harmony of colors and their fitness to different complexions. More independence of fashion will also allow us to retain many styles of apparel peculiarly fitted to us as individuals, the general effect of which would be pleasing, not showy. In reality, the rule must ever be—the less finery the better the taste, and the cultivation of a higher order of taste would soon follow the introduction of our principle—such taste as the best painters use, in clothing their female forms, where the drapery is made entirely subservient to the expression of character, and the details of dress are altogether secondary, and are not allowed to detract from gracefulness of mien and the outward expression of nobility of soul. We would not have the lady less lovely, but we would have her less vain. Is it not indeed shocking to all good taste for a fashionable woman to appear, as she too often does, like a perambulating clothes-rack and hat-stand, laden with a quantity of promiscuous specimen finery, from under which the face of the owner peeps, to see what people are thinking of the display! What really modest and sensible lady would place herself in such a predicament! Ah, when shall we see the time that virtuous women will no longer trick themselves out to attract the public eye, but leave such proceedings to those whose costly finery tells but too truly the shameless secret of its purchase! But have you considered this rule, my friends? Do you observe that whereas heretofore you have been anxious to procure such articles as well as call forth the remarks of your friends, this rule, if adopted, will induce you to avoid all observation? Nor should you make the remarks you hear your only criteria on this subject. You will be obliged to scrutinize your motives closely in the selection of purchases and the arrangement of your attire, and you will doubtless be much

surprised at the frequency with which the inquiry will arise, what will so and so think of this? and you find yourself inclining to the selection of the more showy or expensive article. And here please allow me one specific hint. Bright colors are to be avoided. Nothing attracts the attention sooner or at a greater distance. We know it is urged that our heavenly Father made the colors, and therefore we may wear them. So, too, He made fire, the most brilliant, glorious, and, to the untutored eye, the most attractive of all created things, but this is no reason why we should wrap ourselves in it.

Of course we take it for granted that the ladies with whom we are conversing are modest, and do not wish their dress to attract attention; but if, after all, you observe that it does attract attention in the street, and especially the attention of gentlemen, if you find the eye of the stranger repeatedly resting upon it, if only for a moment: that is a hint—take it. All this may seem an onerous task, and make the remedy appear worse than the disease. Not so, we trust. It always requires effort to change any habit, but the change once made, then comes the reward. You will be at rest, such a rest as perchance you never knew before.

The great beauty of this rule is the facility of its application to every case—its eminent practicability to every one who is determined to carry it out—a quality which I think can not be asserted of any other rule on this subject. Do you say that I am excluding the Bible rule? Not at all! *This* is the Bible rule! I know we are told that we must not be "conformed to this world." But what is conformity to the world? Is it not indulging the "lust of the eye," the "pride of life"—courting observation, not avoiding it? And some think we ought to make ourselves singular in our plainness, so as to suffer a sort of persecution on account of our dress. I confess that I do not find that in my Bible. What saith it? "In like manner that women adorn themselves in *modest* apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair, nor gold, nor pearls, nor costly array." Here is no particular cut prescribed, but it is not, *not*, nor with any thing that will attract attention.

Perhaps I may have pained some sensitive ears by those strong expressions, "shamefacedness and sobriety." But they are in our Bible, and they are addressed to us by our heavenly Father through his servant Paul; and the same sentiments again through the apostle Peter. These Scriptures certainly mean something, and they mean it for us, women—all women, but especially Christian women. It behooves us to find out what they mean. Nay, my sisters, let us not close our eyes against these divine messages. In the most tender loving-kindness have they been given us, and if we follow their teachings confidently they will lead us in the way of wonderful peace and rest, and that, too, in the very matters wherein we have had so many cares, anxieties, jealousies, and rivalries.

Contentment, that Godlike virtue, will then find its abode in our hearts, and shine out on our countenances to cheer those around us. We shall scatter away many a cloud that now rests on the brow of a beloved husband or father; and we may perchance, become a little more like the ministering angels to which we are sometimes likened; for I'm thinking that an angel tricked out in the adornments of a modern belle would be a monstrosity. We should be able to possess ourselves of mental accomplishments now beyond our reach, and thus, instead of hanging all the ornaments

on the outer walls to attract the attention of passers-by, we shall make the dwelling lovely within, where we can invite our friends to cheer themselves by the light of our intellect, or the warmth of our affections. We shall find time for the Lord's work, and may for the Lord's treasury, and the world will be the better for our having lived in it. Then we may hope to hear at last the "well done, good and faithful servant! thou hast been faithful over a few things"—enter thou into the joy of the Lord."—*Ladies' Repository*.

DO THY BEST.

A young painter was once directed by his master to complete a picture on which the master had been obliged to suspend his labors on account of his growing infirmities. "I commission thee, my son," said the aged artist, "to do thy best upon this work. Do thy work." The young man had such reverence for his master's skill, that he felt incompetent to touch canvas that bore the work of that renowned hand. But "Do thy best," was the old man's calm reply; and again, to repeated solicitations he answered, "Do thy best." The youth tremblingly seized the brush, and kneeling before his appointed work, he prayed: "It is for the sake of my beloved master that I implore skill and power to do this deed." Then with suppressed emotion, he commenced his work and caught from it an inspiration. His hand grew steady as he painted. Slumbering genius awoke in his eye. Enthusiasm took the place of fear. Forgetfulness of himself supplanted his self-distrust, and with a calm joy he finished his labor. The beloved master was borne on his couch into the studio, to pass judgment on the result. As his eyes fell upon the triumph of all before him, he burst into tears, and throwing his enfeebled arms around the young artist, he exclaimed, "My son, I paint no more!" That youth subsequently became the painter of "The Last Supper," the ruins of which, after the lapse of three hundred years, still attract annually to the refectory of an obscure convent in Milan, hundreds of the worshipers of art. So shall it be with a youthful preacher, who stands in awe of the work to which his Master calls him. Let him give himself away to it as his life's work, without reserve; let him do his best. Let him kneel reverently before his commission, and pray, "for the beloved Master's sake, that power and skill may be given him to do this deed." And the spirit of that Master shall breathe in the very greatness of the work. It shall strengthen him. His hand shall grow firm, and his heart calm. His eye shall not quail in the presence of kings. He shall stand undismayed before those who in the kingdom of God are greater than they. Years of trust and of tranquil expectation shall follow his earthly struggles; or if emergencies thicken as he advances, and one after another of those on whom his spirit has leaned for support fall from his side, he shall be as the young men who increase in strength. He shall learn to welcome great trials of his character. With a holier joy than Nelson felt at Trafalgar, he shall look up and say of every such crisis in his ministry, "I thank Thee, O my God, that Thou hast given me this great opportunity of doing my duty."—*Professor Phelps*.

Morning.

But mighty nature bounds us from her birth:
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
[Byron.]

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Sept. 15, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

THE CLASSICS.

There seems not to be with us at the present time a proper appreciation of classic literature. The haste to be rich, the love of gold and the earnest pursuit of it—all serve to occupy the mind and retard its progress.

Many really gifted minds dabble only in light literature. Not aware of their own strength, nor realizing their own ability, they pass their lives in almost entire ignorance of the high and noble powers which have been bestowed upon them. Would they but leave the shallow and muddy streams of light literature, and take one draught from the deep fount of classic lore, they would become so enamored that they would never leave it more. To advance the mind, and form a correct literary taste, there is no better way than to study the classics. The fixedness of purpose—the concentration of mind—the application necessary to ensure success in this study, all improve the mind and expand the mental faculties.

Classical studies also improve the memory—give vigor and power to the intellect; but, above all, they furnish an inexhaustible fund of knowledge. Here is food for all, and the taste of the most fastidious may be satisfied. The histories of the ancients form a fine study, which can not be exhausted in a lifetime. Their poetry is of the highest order, and their general literature is surpassingly beautiful, while in abstruse and metaphysical research they are scarcely equaled by the most profound thinker of the nineteenth century. Who can hold converse with those noble spirits “who, being dead, yet speak to us”—Homer, Pindar, Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, Cicero, or Virgil,—without being improved, and feeling that they are better for the companionship.

Study the classics, if you would improve your style; there you will learn how to clothe the noblest sentiment in the most graceful language. You will be purified and elevated by the companionship of the great and good; lofty aspirations will be aroused, and you will go on from strength to strength, seeing new beauties, deriving new pleasures at every turn, and gathering knowledge which is of far more value than gold, and which will well repay your toil and labor.

✻ We understand that the aggregate amount of receipts at the State Fair, recently held at Marysville, was very near \$30,000. This sum, it is understood, is not only sufficient to defray all the expenses of the exhibition, but will leave a handsome surplus in the hands of the Society.

FAIR OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The Fair is still open, and constitutes the chief attraction of the city, at present. Many visitors from all parts of the State are in attendance, and all seem to enjoy themselves highly. An addition of two wings has been made to the pavillion since last year. Flags of all nations decorate the exterior, while the stars and stripes float from the central dome.

As you enter, the interior presents a beautiful appearance. A large white marble fountain stands in the centre, from which are thrown small streams of cool, refreshing water, into the basin beneath, where numerous life-preservers of different styles may be seen floating about. Above this fountain is the dome; and, tastefully arranged on either side, are wreaths of evergreen, interspersed with flowers, flags, and banners. A banner on each side bears the names of *Franklin, Gutenberg, Fulton, and Morse*. Right before us is the stand occupied by the musicians, and the space behind is devoted to the exhibition of various kinds of work, from fine needlework to elegant specimens of cabinet ware. At our right hand is a wing devoted to Flora and Pomona. Here exquisite flowers and luscious fruits meet the eye at every turn. The display of fruits we consider a great improvement on the exhibition of last year. Surely, no country could rival this display, either in variety or quality.

In this department we find Mrs. M. P. Benton industriously engaged in copying from nature different specimens of fruit, with a skill and truthfulness which, to our unpracticed eye, seems almost miraculous.

Upon our left we hear the hum and buzz of machinery, and the first thing that meets our eye is the printing-press where Mart Taylor, with enterprise unheard-of, publishes, daily, the *Pavillion Gazette*,—a neat little paper, containing much information with regard to articles on exhibition at the Fair, and also treats upon various subjects of general interest. This department is devoted to machinery of various kinds. Passing along eastward, we enter the ladies' parlor, where, in full force, may be seen the different sewing machines, each urging its claim to public favor. Here, also, is a fine display of needlework.

The walls of this room are literally covered with paintings, drawings, and so forth. But we will pass on to the great feature of the room—Nahl's large paintings. Immediately before us is the large picture of the Royal Family on horseback. This is a striking picture, and altogether very lifelike. The horses are perhaps finer than they possess at the islands, with the exception of the old king's black charger, which is a very fine horse. The style of dress, and the ease and grace with which the women sit their horses, is true to the very life.

Turn we now to the left, and behold the other large picture, “The Emigrant's Family.” This represents a family crossing the Plains, at a moment when, after long weeks and months of toil and travel, privation and misery, a new calamity overtakes them, and the ox, the faithful animal that has borne them over so many weary miles, has sunk exhausted by fatigue and thirst to the earth. Already the glazy film of death has gathered over the eye. See with what anxious solicitude the old man

bends over the dying animal, and proffers in an earthen dish a portion of the little store of water which has been carefully saved along for the children. See the look of dismay upon that young girl's face, as with clasped hands she contemplates the scene; the look of horror upon the face of the young woman advancing by the side of the wagon; and study for one moment the perplexed look of that young man with hat brushed to one side of his head, which he vainly scratches for an idea that will help them in their present extremity; and observe the little terrified child clinging to his knee. See the wondering look of the little children in the wagon; but, above all, the suffering, yet resigned expression of the old lady's face, upon every lineament of which is traced deep sorrow, anxiety and care, and yet withal there is an expression which seems to say, plainly as words, “Thy will be done.”

Each figure in this picture is a study by itself; even the dog, whose ribs you can count as far as you can see him, as he lies stretched upon the sandy desert, his tongue lolling and the saliva streaming from his mouth, till you may almost fancy you see the poor fellow pant for breath; the barren appearance of the country as it stretches far off in the distance, with the skeleton bones of poor animals bleaching in the sun.

The only fault that can be found with this picture, (if fault it be,) is, that it is *too terribly lifelike*. It wakens the feelings, stirs the sympathies, and rouses all the nobler sentiments of the soul. But we have been betrayed into particularizing, which we did not intend.

There is one feature of the Young Artists' Department which we think deserves especial commendation. It is the several efforts to paint from nature, all of which, we believe, emanate from young ladies. Their good taste and judgment is shown in selecting objects peculiarly appropriate for a Fair held to display the wonders and resources of our State. One exhibits the California silkworm, in the various stages of worm, cocoon, and butterfly, with the shrub *ceanothus* upon which it feeds. Another has made her first attempt in oil, in painting a variety of fruits. Another has the California humming-bird, with its exquisite little nests. Others have given us vases of flowers, in all the gorgeousness of California beauty.

We hope these young ladies will continue their efforts, in company with our older artists, until all the beauties and wonders that belong to California, and have attended her progress, shall not only be chronicled in the pages of history, but pictured in the colors of the rainbow, from the wild flowers that carpet the hills to the glories of Mount Diablo, and the joys and sorrows of our pioneers in crossing the Plains.

But we linger too long; and, without even a peep at the picture gallery which is just opposite, we must close, and leave further observation till another time.

✻ NEW MUSIC.—“Sweet Minnie of the South,” a new melody—words by Mary Viola Tingley, music by Mr. L. T. Planel—has been laid upon our table. The words are very pretty, and the music fine. It can be obtained at Atwill's, 172, Kohler's, 178 Washington Street, and at Rosa's, 157 Montgomery St. Procure it, by all means.

HOLY MEMORIES.

It is Sunday evening, and the calm tranquility reminds us of the days that are passed—carries us in memory back to the days of our childhood, when we were yet sheltered by the parental roof, and listened to voices long since hushed in the silence of the grave.

How peaceful and quiet were Sunday evenings then! Even the wind seemed subdued, and spoke in murmuring whispers, as gently it moved the leaves upon the trees. All nature seemed hushed: and with brothers and sisters we gathered round the maternal knee, only too happy if we could get near enough to feel the soft pressure of her hand upon our heads, as she recited to us "Bible Stories." How many of us remember the history of Joseph, as we heard it from those revered lips! and was he not the first hero before whom our young imaginations bowed? And the history of Ruth—how were we struck with the devotion and tenderness of her character! and was she not the first heroine who found place within our hearts? O! happy days of innocence and peace, will ye return no more?—are ye indeed forever fled?

And when the evening shadows fell around, we gathered in the family room; and when seated there, our father opened the great "Family Bible" that lay upon the snow-white cover of the little table, and read to us the words of life. Ah! we can see him now, with his snow-white locks, and his glasses upon his eyes. And then, when the chapter was finished, he rose and reverently said, "Let us pray;" and as we knelt together in that family circle, the blessing which was asked seemed to descend; and when we parted to retire for the night, *love and happiness and peace* went with us.

How well we remember the first sorrow which ever befell us. For many days our mother had been sick; we had trodden the clean bare floors cautiously, that no sound might reach her ears to disturb her. The doors swung slowly and noiselessly upon their hinges, and the doctor and nurse conversed in low, indistinct whispers, while the anxious, troubled look and half-suppressed sigh of our father filled our young minds with undefinable dread and awe.

O! how well we remember the morning when, dressed in our clean calico dresses—the same which her hands had made, they led us into the room where lay all that remained of our dear mother. O! the thrill of agony which pierced our hearts, as we faintly comprehended our great loss: and how indelibly impressed upon our memory is the most minute arrangement of that room. The windows were open, and the soft breath of a June morning stirred lightly the snowy drapery of the windows before which our mother lay.

She was dressed in a simple robe of pure white; her hair, in which was mixed a few threads of silver, curling, as was its wont, upon her brow.

Near her, on a small table, lay her Bible, and folded within its leaves, her spectacles, just as they had been placed by her own hand when last she closed that precious volume. Her coffin of black walnut, with no ornament save a plain silver plate, upon which was marked her name and age.

The memory of that room is with us still—the very thoughts which came crowding upon

our minds as we stood and gazed in helpless agony and grief upon that beloved form which now for the first time took no note of our sorrow.

Not a sight or sound of that room have ever departed from us. The rustling of the rose and lilac bushes, as the wind swayed them to and fro beneath the window—the low, suppressed sobs of brothers and sisters—the bent form, the dewy eye and quivering lip—the deeply sorrowful, yet subdued, resigned expression of our father's face—the placid, but cold, pale, immovable face of our mother, her curls just stirred by the air as it entered the window—the peculiar smell of the coffin—even the little vase of flowers which stood upon the mantle-shelf—the framed specimen of needle-work, executed by our mother in her young days, and the two rude drawings which adorned the wall—all, all are with us still, as vividly impressed upon our memory as if but yesterday we saw them.

Memory! memory!—why are thy bells forever ringing in our ears? Wouldst thou recall us from the gay scenes of heartless pleasure and dissipation, and by the holy memories of the past, lead us into the paths of peace?

How many of the votaries of pleasure in this fair land—how many who now spend the sacred hours of the Lord's Day upon the race-course, in the gambling-house and the bar-room—how many who now utter the name of their Maker only in the impious and profane oath—have had their little hands clasped by the mother who is now a saint in heaven, and been taught reverently to pronounce "Our Father"? Holy Memories, be with them still; haunt their waking and their sleeping hours; follow them to the halls of pleasure and the dens of dissipation; speak to them alike in the lofty palace and the humble cabin, on the hill-top and in the valley, in the gulch and the ravine, and by thy power constrain them to leave the paths of destruction for the paths of peace.

Ring on, memory bells, ring on! find an echo in every heart: for few indeed they be who have no Holy Memories of home, and friends, and childhood's hours.

BE TRUE TO THYSELF.

Woman, be true to thyself at all times, and under all circumstances. Gnawing, pinching poverty may be thine; privation and want, starvation and death may stare thee in the face—temptation may assail thee on every side; still, be true to thyself—to the purest, holiest principles of thy woman nature. Sell not thy birth-right for a mess of pottage. Look up, and He who created thee "a little lower than the angels," will give thee strength.

Be true to thyself; to the promptings of thy inner nature. Resist the temptations which may surround thee, choosing poverty and want, and the sweet consciousness of innocence and integrity, rather than wealth and luxury, with guilt and shame.

Be true to thyself; so shall peace and happiness be companions of thy pathway upon earth. And when the scenes of earth are closed, and thou art ushered into the presence of thy maker, thou mayest hear the glad words: "Thou hast been faithful over few

things; behold, I will make thee ruler over many."

Be true to thyself, is written on all things—the flowers that bloom in beauty at thy feet and exhale their perfume on the passing breeze, speak to thee of innocence and purity, and whisper—be true to thyself. The little bird that carols gaily at thy window for a moment, then cleaves the air with its wings, and swiftly mounts far up towards the heavens, sings,—be true to thyself; behold, thou wert created for a high and holy purpose! Look up beyond the dark clouds of sorrow and temptation, where there are no clouds—but joy and sunshine forever.

Be true to thyself, murmurs the unseen angel visitant at thy side, and those who have loved thee upon earth but are gone to join the innumerable throng in heaven, bending over thee, whisper to thy spirit,—*be true to thyself.*

Be true to thyself, is the message borne to thee by the opening day and the closing shades of evening—upon the wings of birds and the breath of flowers; upon the passing breeze and the low, murmuring rivulet.

It is borne to thee by the voice of the innocent and happy—and lost, unhappy souls take up the cry, and from the dark abyss of despair, echo,—*WOMAN, BE TRUE TO THYSELF.*

IT IS HARD

To struggle on through life friendless and alone. To wreath the face in smiles when the soul is full of sorrow. To mingle with the giddy and the gay; to jest, smile and sing, when the heart is quivering with agony and pain. It is hard to meet the eye cold and averted, that has been wont to beam upon you with love and affection. It is hard to bear the sting of poverty, and the reproach of the proud. It is hard to see fond hopes one by one destroyed, till naught is left to beckon onward in the the path of life. It is hard to part with friends; hard to lay them one by one beneath the grassy mound, but harder still to know they live, yet "*not for you*"—that their friendship is withdrawn, their affection buried beneath the cold formalities of life.

Elegant Extract.

"Signs of promise," I see, are dawning upon you; and as beautiful in their appearing as is the rainbow; and as sweetly contrasting with the unfeeling world, as are its reflections against the dark and angry elements of the storm-cloud.

But, bear in mind, that the fruit of one's labor is not always seen—the 'buds' appear; expand; bear fruit and ripen for a better world—and oftentimes are only seen by the 'All Seeing Eye,'—*but which are developed in the day when the Lord shall come to to 'judge the world in righteousness.'*

[From a private letter.

We are indebted to the kindness and gentlemanly courtesy of Mr. CHARLES F. ROBINS, corner of Battery and Clay Streets, for the use of a glass case, in which to display at the State Fair some samples of the *Hesperian* printed upon satin.

THE PIONEER CELEBRATION.

To praise is a pleasure.

The celebration, by the Pioneers of California, of their annual festival, is an event of interest to all, but especially to one who has recently arrived in the State. Its ceremonies probably never passed with more enthusiasm and impressiveness than on Thursday last, enlivened as they were by the brightest sunshine of this sunshiny land. The hall was amply and elegantly fitted. The courtesy of the First California Guard (who appeared in their tasteful uniform) was appreciated by every visitor. The Independent National Guard made a noble and soldier-like display, while the body of Pioneers themselves were admirable types alike of the physical and moral sinew of the State. One gentleman, especially, in his bland and venerable years, appeared like the Patriarch of the Association.* The announcements (so often neglected or ill-done on such occasions) were pleasantly, courteously, and distinctly made by the President, Alex. G. Abell, Esq. The ceremonies were faultlessly arranged and conducted by the *Marshal* of the day, Capt. Johns, whose urbanity was as conspicuous as his manly gait, and truly *martial* bearing. The Band played airs as if their hearts kept time with their instruments, and the stirring Pioneer March deserved especial praise. The same enthusiasm was visible when the finely-harmonizing voices of the Quartette Club hailed "Our Union for ever;" and also sang some very appropriate words ingeniously adapted to the measure of the "Star-Spangled Banner," written by a lady of this city. The Rev. Dr. Anderson opened the graver portion of the exercises with prayer for us all as a State, as a government, and as a people—both now, and in the future—now "the grain, then the ear—afterwards the full corn in the ear." Frederick P. Tracy followed in an admirable address, worthy of permanent record for its eloquence and its sentiments, and likewise peculiarly relevant to the occasion in all its bearings. Laying full stress upon the benefits bestowed upon their fellow-men by the "Moral Pioneers" of every age, he urged a course of national and individual duty, justice, and integrity, which Aristides would have approved. He prophesied to the Pioneers of California the glorious future that would be theirs when along the Great Railroad, "the transit of the wealth of the world, like the turbid stream turned through our miners' sluice-boxes, should every where deposit gold as it passed."

The festival concluded with a poem by Edward Pollock, Esq., which contained many passages of poetic merit and remarkable energy, and the versification was generally smooth and flowing. But it bore scarcely sufficient relation to the Association. The aphorism, against which it argued with much taste, never having been brought as an accusation against the Pioneers, scarcely required refutation on that occasion. The graceful tribute it offered to the ladies was responded to with

due gallantry, although let us hope that pure disinterestedness,

"Stainless charity, immortal faith,
Soother of life and conquerer of death,"

are as often found in man as in woman. In conclusion, the Association has been peculiarly happy in the selection of their *day* of celebration—the anniversary of the admission of California into the Union. Any demonstration by Americans, either as individuals or as societies, that, although many, we are one—that our nationality is not circumscribed by land or sea—is a beautiful tribute to the Flag that waves in unison over the Rome and the Constantinople of the Atlantic and the Pacific.

"PEN AND INK."

TRIFLES.

Trifles light as air make up the whole sum of human existence. Little things promote happiness or discord. A kind and pleasant word is a little thing, yet it may fill a heart with joy, and cause hope and happiness to illumine the path of the sorrowing. A bow of recognition is a little thing, yet one feels better for giving the simple greeting, and another happier for having received it. A grasp of the hand is a little thing, yet it speaks the language of the heart overflowing with sympathy and kindness. Little acts make up the labors of a lifetime, and speak a language not to be mistaken. The tender inquiry for the sick—the bowl of gruel proffered by a kindly hand—the simple offering of flowers—all are little things, yet how gratefully they fall upon the heart of the sufferer, causing the languid eye to brighten and the feeble pulse to quicken its throb with a new hope and a new life. A smile is a little thing, but like sunshine it dispels the clouds that overhang the mental horizon. A tear is a little thing, yet it is the *concentrated extract of agony*, distilled from bitter experience and the wreck of hope, and too often speaks of the heart's desolation. Let us take care how we perform the little acts of life, for they go to make up the sum total for which we must give account.

ERRATUM.—On the first page of No. 9, in the Poem entitled "The Haunted Home," fourth verse, third line from the top, for "wealth," read *wrath*. We are always sorry when errors occur in our paper, but particularly so in this instance; for we consider Mr. Sproat one of our most talented contributors, as he is one of our most *reliable*. His articles, written in smooth, flowing language, never fail to convey a lesson to the heart, and his MS. is always so plain, neat, and clear, that it affords us *no* excuse for a typographical error. The "Departure for California," which will be found on our first page, is another gem from his gifted pen.

Any of our subscribers failing to receive the *Hesperian* regularly, will confer a favor upon us, by advising us of the same.

The Forest.

Within the sunlit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high.
Beneath the frowns of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent
The sweet wild flowers from blowing.—*Elliot*.

The following letter, though intended for our private eye *alone*, we take the liberty of publishing, that our friends may know the estimation in which the *Hesperian* is held in our mountain towns. Not more gratefully do we acknowledge the receipt of the "pecuniary consideration," than the kind tone of appreciation which pervades every line.

COLUMBIA, Sept., 1858.

Dearest Lady:—The time for which I subscribed for your very interesting family paper having expired, I feel desirous of renewing my subscription for the same without waiting for a "call." I take infinite pleasure, I assure you, in enclosing the within sum as a *pecuniary* consideration for its continuance. I regard the *Hesperian* as the purest and best literary journal now published in California. Its moral tone, and the healthy influence which it must exert, demands for it a wide-spread circulation, and a popularity which must be gratifying to its gifted editress. It is beginning to be fully appreciated, and I feel confident that the more it is read the more it will be sought after.

Hoping that others may follow my example, and present the *Hesperian* to their daughters as the paper which all California ladies should feel proud to read and patronize,

I remain, dear madam,

Your patron and friend,

P. GRAVES.

[For the *Hesperian*.]

DEAR J. P.:—What a funny way you have of getting a wife! Now why didn't you come down to the Mechanics' Fair, and Mrs. D— would have found you one before you could say "Jack Robinson!" As it is, who knows what kind of a wife you would like? Pugnosed or sharp nosed; one with black hair or with red; green-eyed or hazel? You are not like me—you're too easily suited. You must be of a very gentle disposition. As to myself, I am not very low in the world—being *five feet four*!—have not black hair; eyes are—forget what color—black, gray, blue or hazel—those are all pretty colors, you know—don't matter much *which*.

You certainly have great refinement—your love of good books shows it. Such evenings would please me much—if I didn't feel more disposed to spend the time in playing off jokes. But, after all, I'm afraid I wouldn't do! I *can* cook—but I *don't*, and I'd much rather not commence such business. I like to get into the culinary arrangements sometimes, just for a change, but as a permanency in that department, can't say it would be desirable—might depend upon circumstances, though. Being happily possessed of a contented disposition, I might even be so in cooking.

Then you wanted a good, sober little wife, who would keep her blessed head in the chimney corner all day when you were absent, and then give you a kind welcome home! O, you're a funny man, and no mistake! Let me tell you that no romping girl is going to be cooped up in that way. I would n't. I'd don a sun-bonnet, and over the hills and see you work; and I'd want a horse to *charge* round on. Then, when you'd go to a Fair or any place else, I'd want to go too—that is, if I cared any thing for you. City girls get tired of city lives, and of pale-faced city beaux, and like to see the

* We presume Mr. Yount, of Napa.—Ed.

fine-looking, noble miners, if they are intelligent; so, if you do n't like me, just come down, and I'll jog your elbow when you come to the right one. Better not cut those fierce whiskers, and I'll introduce you as Count Puffemupski-high—and then such times among the girls! I enjoy that kind of fun—do n't you?—especially if one do n't get the worst of it. Do n't you think I'm rather enigmatical(?)ly

Yours, SUE.

The following article contains so much of truth and beauty, that we copy it entire from the "*Mountain Messenger*:"—

"Write A Leader."

How simple the request, yet how difficult its fulfillment. With the injunction, write a leader, ringing in one's ear, what thoughts flit athwart the expanse of our imagination. How much we would like to write a leader, that might find a response in the hearts of the million. But then for a subject. Every theme has been exhausted. "Slang" would do very well, but Park Benjamin has left no chance for an obscure individual, like ourselves, to advance a new idea on that subject. For the time we felt like writing a leader on "American poets and American poetry." We wanted to pay tribute to the genius, the talent, the erudition of America's favorite poet, Edgar A. Poe. A moment's reflection convinced us that a reading people needed nothing of the kind, at our hands. "Wit" would do, had not a Holmes, a Saxe, and a Prentice launched their barks upon the waters of popular sentiment, heavily freighted with the same commodity. "Politics" might do, had not the columns of every newspaper, from Pembina to Key West, been filled with political articles. As a last resort, we were about getting on the old, and fruitful subject, "the weather." The latter would never answer for a leader. A few evenings since, while calling at a house, where a couple of the fair sex resided, we talked about the climate and weather until one of the young ladies went to sleep, and the other in a dreamy, disconnected manner, gave us her opinion that *varsovianna* was very good for soup; and that *vermicelli* was by no means as pretty a dance as the *mazurka*! We concluded that our auditors were wearied of our maudling attempts on the weather subject, so we bowed ourselves out, resolving never to use it again, either in conversation or as a leader.

True it is, "there is nothing new under the sun," but still the world is making attempts, and all are writing leaders. Our first parents received a leader from an omnipotent God, but its teachings were unheeded. The serpent, with subtle tongue, poured in the homed tale, and the credulous Eve took the draught. The world knows the balance of the story—a deaf ear to a goodly advice was the means of leading the twain out through Eden's gates. Even our own little Earth, with a rapid hand, is writing leaders on the limitless scroll of space. Our statesmen are furnishing the world with leaders, in the way of catering to the prejudices of the public will. Not least among the followers of the great principle of leading, is the mother who teaches virtue's holy rules to the prattling infant on her knee, hoping that its after life may be a monument to her early precepts.

Through life's various phases, each one of us is writing, or attempting to write a leader, in order that this, or perchance a future generation may have some memento of us when the mortal portion lies beneath the turf, and the immortal part has been wafted by unseen agents to unknown realms.

[For the Hesperian.

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES. FOUNDED ON A FRENCH DRAMA.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

(Continued.)

III.

Time's Changes.

Fourteen years have passed away. An elegant suite of apartments in the Rue de la Comédie, is the residence of Olympia, the favorite actress of the day. In the prime of youth, genius and beauty, all Paris is at her feet. Slander has never dared to breathe against her name, and the graceful, ill-fated queen, Marie-Antoinette, is her most ardent patroness. Rich, titled admirers have offered the outlay of whole estates for Olympia's acceptance, but their costly gems are all returned. Flowers alone—those unexceptionable gifts, which the most timid may present, the most fastidious receive, without hesitation—lend their perfume and their hues to make her boudoir a bower of fragrant loveliness.

One year before, this sovereign of all hearts, this darling of the court, this idol of the public, was an humble, unpretending student—the adopted child of a veteran actor, whom she accompanied daily to the theatre, and when there, seated in a remote corner, unobtrusively dressed, she observed the daily course of rehearsal, and silently awaited that "opportunity," which to many expectant hearts comes never in this world.

For years her faithful guardian has watched over his Christmas child—has expended every franc of his salary, beyond what was needed for their daily wants, in procuring for his charge every accomplishment that Paris could afford. For years he has formed her intellect by familiar study of the noblest of French literature, and made her mistress of the leading heroines of the classic stage. But, uniting in himself that not uncommon combination, pride and diffidence—with a daughter whose only recommendations are virtue and beauty—what chance has he to bring her forward!

Unexpectedly an opportunity occurs. Royalty has commanded the performance of "*Les Horaces*." Mlle. de Sainville is suddenly taken ill. There is no Camilla! Utterly in despair at the apparently unavoidable disappointment, the manager listens to the agitated appeal of St. Phar, who now sees the hope that has been his solace for so many years, about to be fulfilled. After an explanation to the audience, Olympia, hastily attired as the sister of the Horatii, is hurried to the stage by her old protector. Her beauty, youth, and modesty—the terror naturally consequent upon her new position, which gives to her manner an imploring persuasiveness—attract all hearts towards her. As the play proceeds, she loses her consciousness of the audience in the passion of the drama, and on her final departure from the stage in triumph, as she is rushing to meet her adopted father, she stumbles at the entrance over a prostrate form. The desire of years attained, joy has overmastered the veteran—he lies insensible at

her feet. From that hour, Olympia's triumph was assured—her father's happiness complete.

IV.

Prejudice.

In all this prosperity, was Olympia unmindful of her early life? No! Her heart still yearned for that beautiful, but wan face which had smiled upon her, but oh! how sadly, and taught her first to lisp the name of mother!

And she, also, poor and coarse in gait, rough in manner and language, though so tender in heart, who had protected and sheltered the penniless child when a mother's guardianship was powerless! This humble friend, this second mother, rejoiced in her foster-child's prosperity, accepted her lavish gifts, but with true common sense refused to be removed from the position to which she had ever been accustomed, and profited by Olympia's just liberality to establish her own children in the narrow limits of trade to which their habits, tastes, and associations enchaind them. From that good foster-mother Olympia learned her own mother's subsequent career; her grief at the loss of her child—her penitence—her return—her marriage. St. Phar used every exertion to track Olympia's mother; but in a distant province it was hard to gain a clue, after a lapse of years. "My mother," cried Olympia; "I hoped to have seen my mother once again! to have been able to console her age with the comforts of which she was deprived in youth. The first time I received a sum of money for my earnings, I thought, this will comfort my mother! The day after my success at the theatre, I said to myself—my mother! how she would share my triumph and my joy! Each night when crowds bewildered me with their applause, in vain I sought for eyes that would follow my every glance—for a heart that would answer every throb of mine. I sought a mother—she was dead!" But she had left a daughter; the energy of St. Phar, Olympia's affection, had conquered all difficulties. That daughter, that sister was found, married to a wealthy shoemaker in Paris. Olympia found an excuse to send for her, and then disclosed their relationship. Rose's delight was as unbounded as her admiration of her sister. But when Olympia offered to establish her brother-in-law, M. Michon, in a more lucrative situation—even to send her sister home in her carriage, Rose demurred. Even the pride of the Court, the admired heroine of the stage, could not conquer the rough cordwainer's scruples. If Rose wished to enjoy the society of her sister, she could only do so by stealth, on the pretext of supplying her with goods. The aristocratic tendencies of the young favorite tended, equally with her dramatic position, to close the humble but prejudiced door of the mechanic against her. As Rose, with an affectionate kiss, left the room to which the servants had escorted her as a favor, while admiring visitors stood in the hall, envying her privilege of approach, Olympia sat upon her chair desponding. While tears of wounded feeling fell from her eyes, she cried—"Such is prejudice! Oh! world! world! Let woman struggle against misery at

first, then against the harder temptations of luxury, of riches, or that dearer fascination, her own heart, the world questions the sincerity of her struggle—doubts the motive of her strife—despises her even when she conquers.”

V. Pride.

Among Olympia's admirers was one, the Count de Rudentz, whose devotion was untiring, enthusiastic and deferential. Olympia's heart began to “perceive a divided duty”; her father and her profession had hitherto engrossed it wholly; but, as she met the gaze of those sad, earnest eyes, and heard the thrilling tones of a voice which discoursed only the poetry of existence, she saw that life's goblet of happiness was at last wreathed with its crowning garland, LOVE!

It is true, no word of love had ever passed between them—her thoughts never wandered to the future or its prospects. The present was all to them; both seemed contentedly to dwell in

“That dazzling hope,
That on the margin of assurance trembles,
As loth to lose, in certainty too blest,
Its happy being.”

Count Charles de Rudentz, was the only son of the Countess. His cousin Emilius, a passionate admirer of the young Marquis de La Fayette, had followed that hero to America.

Charles resided in the castle of his ancestors, in the dark and ancient forests of Britanny, by the side of the noble, pious, but ascetic Countess. Feudal authority, and vassal obedience, in the sphere in which that lady reigned a despotic though petty sovereign, formed a scene whose horizon bounding visible space, seemed to the dwellers there to enclose the world.

When Charles was about eighteen, a circumstance occurred of little moment in itself perhaps, but in which the lad felt himself aggrieved, in a trifling, but sensitive point. He remonstrated with his mother. Her proud, impassible nature refused explanation—the impulsive boy gave way, for a moment, to the dictates of passion, and forgot the respect he had ever manifested to the Countess. She banished him from her presence, commanding him to confine himself to a turret at the farthest extremity of the castle. With the instinct of habit, he obeyed her order: when alone, the recollection of past years returned, and he felt that, though unjustly censured, it was his mother who had condemned him. Letter after letter of explanation and apology were sternly returned unanswered. At last, maddened by his solitude and her contempt, he wrote to her that if she refused forgiveness he would cast himself from the tower window. The Countess, forgetting how much of her own stern determination had descended to her child, regarded this as an idle threat; until, on the day after, as she passed the turret on horseback in the daily supervision of her estate, she beheld her son extended on the ground. No remorse, no maternal affection was expressed by that proud woman; her tears fell silently—her prayers were voiceless—but who shall say what penitence was hers, as she watched over her wounded boy!

From such an incident the characters of both may be defined. Perhaps this mutual develop-

ment of pride and indomitable will bound them more closely to each other. But who can tell how much the frequency of such scenes and such characters among the privileged classes in France, hurried on the great turbid stream of riot and revolution!

Years passed away, and Charles visited Paris, bearing his mother's tribute of homage and respect to Louis XVI. and the Queen. His ancient family, whose progenitors were princely, who had counted sovereigns for allies, whose members for three centuries had fought and bled for their country, and whose escutcheon lost no brightness when placed beside the royal lilies of France, was a passport to the highest favor in that brilliant court.

And this was the man who loved Olympia.

VI. Principle.

As Olympia sat alone after her sister's departure, the Count was announced. That sympathy which each had hitherto guarded from the other's scrutiny, found vent in the softened feelings of the moment. Almost before he was aware, Charles gave full utterance to his impassioned love, and implored Olympia to leave the stage and become his wife. Touched to the heart by his generosity, but true to the noble instincts of her character, Olympia detailed the incidents of her blameless but unhappy life—the stigma of her birth, the prejudice against her vocation.

“I honor you, Olympia,” replied the Count, “only the more for this noble confidence. Rumor had before revealed to me some of your history. It matters not to me. Since I first saw you, I have had but one object, one hope—to gain your heart! Proud in your triumphs, happy in your joys, sad in your sorrows, my existence has been one with yours.”

“Charles!” exclaimed Olympia, “the triumphs, the fame of my present career, hard-earned rewards for twenty years of sorrow and privation, are all as nothing weighed with your affection. Were you poor, obscure, gladly would I share my lot with you, who possess my first, my only love! But shall I bring to you—with your noble rank, your mother's pride of birth, the memory of the royal alliances of your house—shall I bring to you the disgrace of an illegitimate descent, of an oft (though unjustly) censured profession? No! you could not endure it; it would wear away your heart, would crush or embitter your spirit. You would regret our marriage—you would blush for your plebeian wife. Charles, that must never be! Our love is based on mutual esteem, and for that very reason it ever is and must be hopeless.”

“Am I intruding, my dear child?” inquired St. Phar, as he entered, after a gentle knock, unheeded by those within.

“My dear friend! my father! you are always welcome.”

“I have a favor to ask of you, Olympia, if the Count will pardon the interruption.”

“Speak, sir, I beg of you, or I shall think that I am the intruder,” answered the Count.

“A favor, and of me? What shall I do for you?”

“I am to take a benefit this day week, and benefits now-a-days often bring an actor in debt. But if you will act for me, my child, I am sure

of a crowded house. Will you make my old heart glad by playing the Roman daughter?—that character in which you achieved your fame?”

“Father, need you ask the question? Could I refuse you, to whom I owe all?—you! who would never receive from me any return for all these years of kindness and protection!”

“Olympia!” reproachfully exclaimed the Count, “you cannot decide against me so stoically. M. St. Phar, I appeal to you. You will at once see that the request is needless. I have offered to your adopted daughter my heart, my hand, my name. Do not you ally yourself with her to oppose my entreaties. Rather persuade her to consent, and at once to leave the stage.”

“Leave the stage! My Olympia! my pride! my glory!—the living exponent of Corneille, of Racine, of Voltaire, of Beaumarchais, of Molière!—my own pupil! my little Christmas child!”—and the veteran's voice sunk into a whisper as he uttered those last words.

“M. St. Phar! I can appreciate your artistic regrets. But at least,” continued the Count, “you shall not be a pecuniary loser. I will myself double the probable amount of the receipts of your benefit.”

“Excuse me, my lord,” asked the old man, slowly recovering his self-possession; “double the amount?—I do not understand you.”

“I will pay you double the amount of what your benefit would have reached, and Olympia will not perform.”

The veteran looked for a moment at the Count, and erecting his figure with a pride of which he was perhaps unconscious, replied:

“My lord, in your exalted rank you forget that actors may likewise possess self-respect. The public are our paymasters. We receive their money, and in return give them our labor, our talents, our laughter or our tears; and when they think the purchase advantageous, they add their applause. The fifteen sous which the workingman pays for his gallery ticket is given as a fair exchange—I receive it without humiliation: but the twelve thousand livres which you thus offer me is not a payment—it is an alms, and I could not receive it.”

“M. St. Phar, I—” interrupted the Count.

“No, Charles, no!” said Olympia. My father is right. It needed not his arguments to confirm me in my resolution. O! Charles, when I could remain deaf to your pleadings, do you think any other voice would have availed? No, Charles; our paths of life are wide apart: it is wilful blindness to think otherwise. My kind protector, set your good heart at rest. Your Christmas child will act Camilla!”

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The Night.

All is gentle—naught
Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.—Byron.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the Hesperian.]

THE TWO BIRDLINGS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

A little girl, whom I knew, had a pet Canary, of which she was very fond. They both sickened and died the same day, and were laid in one coffin—the little one holding the Canary in her hand on her breast.

Sweetly ye sleep, my beautiful!
Two birdlings in one nest;
Sweetly your voices trilled together—
Together now ye rest.
Was ever death so beautiful
As now it lies on thee,
My little cooing one, my dove,
Smiling so sweet on me?

Angels linked ye together—
Together with the flowers:
Ye with the flowers departed,
In the softened, twilight hours.
Each sung a song at parting—
'Twas such as angels sing,
Sitting upon the golden hills,
In the presence of the King.

[For the Hesperian.]

LOST AND FOUND.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Most of the incidents embodied in this little story are facts.

"Why, what a frightful bonnet!—Pray, where did you get the pattern? Among the Shakers?—or was it brought from Egypt? where it was found, wrapped up in a mummy case among the Pyramids, and worn by Zipporah, the wife of Moses! And then—your dress! Such sleeves!—It must have been worn by your great grandmother's mother, who, after it had got to be so old-fashioned that she was ashamed to wear it any longer, laid it aside for the special benefit of her posterity! Why in the name of reason don't you ask your mother to to buy something, at least decent and proper to be worn, by the best scholar, aye, and the best girl, too, in the school?—which means you, Amy Weston!"

These were the words of the lively Julia Clifton, to her schoolmate, Amy Weston, as she met her in the street one morning, on their way to school.

Amy blushed, and hung her head for a moment after being so suddenly accosted, but she soon recovered her self-possession, and said,—"You know Julia, my mother is poor, and cannot afford to dress me in fine clothing.—Besides she goes plainly dressed herself, and I would not be seen better dressed than my own dear mother—and she has always taught me to feel that no one is any better for being dressed in gay and expensive clothing; but each one is to be valued according to the *real* merit he possesses."

"Merit! fiddlestick! one of your old saws, Amy. Now, suppose you were acquainted with all the branches taught in our school, and had a heart so good that you never told a lie, or disobeyed your mother in your life; and suppose you and I were walking together in the street—you, in that old-fashioned, antediluvian, Quaker-ent concern of yours, and I, in my latest style of Parisian silk,—pray, which do you think would be most admired? or receive the most attention? Or if we should

step into a store to make purchases, whom would the clerk first address with "can I favor you with anything to day, Miss?"—and down come the goods, like an avalanche, from the shelves on to the counter.—I tell you, Amy Weston, that *bare, naked* merit, without a fine dress to set her off, stands but a poor show in this dashing, gold-worshipping, trinket-tricked world;—and you, with your fine qualifications and noble heart, might be left to toil and struggle, and *beg*, while false, and hollow-hearted, and shallow-pated *fools* would ride over you rough-shod. O! Solomon, with all his wisdom, was not the first, nor the last, who has seen "servants riding on horses, and princes, walking like servants, on the earth!"

Poor Amy's philosophy was half upset by her companion's lively sarcasm, and plausible reasoning; and she began to think that Julia's words might be, for the most part, true—her own feelings to the contrary, notwithstanding. But, when she thought how unhappy she had often seen Julia, just because her dress did not exactly fit, or because she happened to see another better dressed, or more admired than herself, she said,—"All you say may be true, Julia, but then happiness does not consist in being admired, or having others tell us that we are well dressed or beautiful."

"And, pray, what does it consist in then?" asked Julia. "O! I know what you will say. It is to sit moping at home with your book in your hand, or else hard at work, washing or mending; and never to go to a ball or a party, or any such place, in all your life. A fig for such happiness! For *my* part, I believe that life was given us to *enjoy*, and those who step *lightest* over it are the *happiest*—for, at best, 'tis but a bog,"—as old Queen Bess used to say.

"Going! going! this beautiful silk dress! just imported from Paris!—of the very latest style—just suited for a miss of sixteen! an elegant ball dress!—going at twenty dollars! Why, the silk of which it is made would cost double that—to say nothing of the making and trimmings—going! gone!"

Amy stopped. The sounds proceeded from the parlor of a house on Stockton street—the doors and windows of which were thrown open, and a large crowd gathered inside. The blinds of the room above were closed, but behind the lattice, Amy saw a girl weeping. Her face was bowed, and covered with her handkerchief, as her arm rested on the window sill. She sobbed violently for a moment, then, raised her head and removing her handkerchief from her face—could it be?—It was Julia!

In through the crowd of staring purchasers, Amy pressed—through the hall, up the front flight of stairs, and gently rapped at the door of the chamber. It was opened, and in an instant, Julia stood clasped in Amy's arms, with her weeping face half-muffled, and resting on her shoulder.

"O! I can never indure this humiliation," she said. "Father has lost all he was worth! we are all to move into a cheaper house!—all our furniture is to be sold!—and, Amy, would you believe it?—all my fine dresses with it!

Father says that will be of no use to me now, for I must give up going to balls and parties, and stay at home, and learn to keep house for him. I, who never did a day's work in all my life! How can I go into that nasty kitchen, and work like a common servant? O! I had rather die first!"—and Julia's tears flowed afresh.

"Be calm, Julia," said Amy. "Try to look on the bright side of things. I will run in every day and assist you so nicely in housekeeping! And then, your father will be so pleased when he finds that you have learned to prepare his dinner, all with your own hands—O! I know you will enjoy housekeeping so much!"

"Housekeeping!" said Julia, "I don't know anything about it; mother never taught me, and now she is gone,—and father's money is gone—O! I wish I was dead!"

'Twas evening.—In a little cottage on Mission street, in a neat parlor, was spread a table, covered with its clean white cloth and nicely prepared viands, around which sat Amy, and Julia, and her father. A smile sat on the face of each of them, and Julia's father, after a pause, said:—

"Did you know, my dear daughter, that I am no longer a poor man? but am richer now than ever I was before in my life. Rich—not in this world's goods—but in the heart's best treasures—love, hope, and faith! I feel that I have also gained you, my daughter; and you, too, have found a true friend, in our good little Amy. Here, with many others I can say, that I 'have been saved by my undoing.' For the first time in my life, my child, I now feel that money is not wealth!"

HERE AND THERE.

BY RICHARD COE.

Four little feet on the fender,
Warming each tiny toe,
Tell of an earthly parent's care
For his children here below.

Four little feet in heaven,
Pattering along the flower,
Speak of the good All-Father's love
When time with them is o'er.

Four little feet in heaven;
Four little feet below;
Who would not choose the former lot,
Though it filled his cup with woe?

Four little feet on the fender
Wean us from God above;
Four little feet in heaven
Draw us by cords of love!

MORNING.

Morning! what hour is like unto thine?
Thou scatterest from thy wing freshness and fragrance: thou revivest all nature from the death of night. Shall not a morning also come for the soul of man? Must he, when the day-star of life is set, forever lie in his dark and narrow cell? No: for some high purpose, known only to the Infinite mind, are we created! and not for the few brief hours of pain and sorrow which we pass in a perishing world. This our mortal existence must share the fate of yon bodiless vapor that skirts the horizon—melt away as if it had never been. Yet, man doubt not, tremble not; all nature, from the flower in the valley to the sun flashing over the mountain top, cries aloud: "Thus shall spring thy unquenchable spirit; and thus shall the morn of immortality burst upon the night of the tomb!"—*Decey*.

[For the Hesperian.]
PERFECTED PRAISE.
 A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D—N.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

She had taken up her abode in the house of the old sexton and his daughter, on the express condition that she might be as secluded and as secret as possible from all observation. While residing here, a settled gloom was fast hurrying her on to the borders of that fatal complaint so peculiar to females—decline.

Struck with Mrs. Templeton's and her little daughter's manner, as they one day passed the side window of the cottage, where she always sat in the day-time, she instantly cast off her reserve, and expressed much anxiety to become acquainted with her and her daughter. Upon being introduced to each other, they ultimately agreed to occupy a small cheerful cottage, belonging to the sexton, in a very secluded part of the village which overlooked the churchyard. Their mutual sympathy, reciprocal kindness, and unison of sentiments, long endeared them to each other, till one day, observing a ring Mrs. Templeton wore only on her birth-day, she suddenly fainted, and from that hour her health became so impaired, and her mental faculties so stunned, as it were, that she no longer took notice of surrounding objects; and before Mrs. Templeton was fully aware of the change, put an end to her existence by drowning herself.

A month after the coroner's inquest had returned its verdict of temporary insanity, Mrs. Templeton had received at her private dwelling, whither she had removed after the disaster, a small packet by the London, post containing a letter and an oblong thin box, secured by a thumb lock, and bound round with broad red tape, connected by a number of seals, each bearing the impression, "Do not disappoint me, if you would make me happy." The contents of the letter was as follows:—

"My ever dear Mrs. Templeton—

"I had thought, when directed by Heaven to make your acquaintance, and while enjoying the solace of your devotional conversation, I should in time be able to bear the burden of my sorrows, and atone for my past sins. Heaven knows how I loved you, and the large amount of gratitude I felt for your society and dear little Jessy's. But it seems my cup of sorrow was not yet full, and that I had added another sin—that of base ingratitude to you, my kind, my gentle, my amiable friend. To atone for this, I found to be impossible; your sight ever reproached me with it, and yet to fly from you was to forego all consolation and support. I have no other refuge but in death. Promise not to mention to any one, nor to open this packet, till your little angel is of the same age from which I date my fall—sixteen: Then give to her the trinkets; let her wear them on her sixteenth birth-day, and read to her the writings it contains yourself.

"I know you would do anything to give me one moment's happiness in this my last hour, therefore I die happy. Farewell, dear angels! Add in your frequent prayers always one for the unhappy, heart-broken
 JANE."

Beyond this, all was mystery respecting her, and all the evidence that could be collected at the inquest only amounted to this—that the

sexton had heard her often declare that each of her sorrows was enough to break as many hearts, had she possessed them.

"How's...a...your master...a...this morning?" said my Lord Chasemore to George, 'Squire Smith's groom, as he answered the ring at the gate.

"Better, my lord," answered the surprised groom, who had not seen him at the gate for many a day. "Better, much better; he has passed one or two good nights, and the physician thinks now he is likely to get over it."

"Who's this fellow, the physician...imagine?" said his lordship "Dr. Doolittle...suppose, attends him too?"

"Oh, yes, my Lord; but the physician it was who saved his life. He has been so attentive. He has scarcely left him an hour, my Lord, since the accident happened. He is in the house now."

"Is he...a...send up my card, and tell the doctor...should like to hear the state of the patient from head-quarters...a...if he will do me the honor of an...a...interview." His lordship was fond of a gossip and fonder of new faces, and thought he might as well while away an hour or so in this manner as in any other. So he gave his horse to his groom and walked in, appearing to be perfectly acquainted with the locale of the house.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance," said his lordship, on seeing the doctor. "What a queer old prig, and what learned goggles!" thought his lordship. "A...I hear...a...Frebody Smith owes his life to your skill. Close touch...a...suppose. Will he get over it? Should like to have been present. I'm told there were some...a...splendid leaps...a...quite marvellous.—Been to the place where the spill was. Friend Smith...a...must have been...a...a madman t' attempt it. Could have told him no horse would take it...a..."

"Excuse me, my lord, if my replies be brief. The patient is not out of danger, and requires yet every attention," said the Doctor, courteously, but rather impatiently.

"Aye, aye—I see. But did you see th' affair? A...suppose, being fond of the race, you came down on purpose to see it? Pity that...a...best sport is...a...marred sometimes by such accidents, and by...a..."

"Such inhumanity, I hope you are going to add," said the good Doctor, who seemed to lose no opportunity of saying or doing a good thing.

"Why...a...as to the inhumanity of the thing, every one...a...acknowledges it, and...a...perhaps deprecates it. But tell me, Doctor, how...a...could you get such blood and such pluck by any other means? Answer me that, Doctor—and you know the old maxim, 'th' end justifies the means.'"

"Excuse me, my dear lord," answered the Doctor, encouraged by these remarks; "excuse me if I answer your question by putting another. Would you be willing to forego the pleasure of a fine fat goose for a moderately well-fed one, at your table, if I were to convince you that, in order to become fit for your table, the creature would have to undergo un-

speakable torments, and to suffer the most revoltingly cruel pains?"

His lordship, not seeing the channel of the argument, although being somewhat of a gourmand, prompted by perhaps naturally humane feelings, in his drawling tone answered, "Most unquestionably...a...would; a...the very idea would take away all pleasure, and deprive me of all appetite."

"Then why, my lord," said the doctor, "do you and other patrons of the race uphold this inhuman sport, when the speed and pluck, as you call it, and which you so much admire, could be obtained without any amount of cruelty, and with almost perfect safety?"

"A...should be glad to know how," replied his lordship; "a...should be sincerely glad to know how it could be done without destroying the excitement of the sport."

"Instead of destroying the excitement, I would add to it," rejoined the doctor.

"Aye, indeed! Pray mention how. A...am all attention."

"It is a universally received maxim, I believe, that the best horses require the least whipping."

"Well...a...granted."

"Then deprive your jockeys of all injurious power of whip, spur, or rein. They would soon learn the very best arts of encouragement of the generous and noble animal. You would have then to win the prize the fleetest and the best-tempered horses, and you would make sure of it, and not leave it a doubtful matter, as I contend it now is, whether the pluck, whip, spur, or rein has the most merit in winning your stakes. Bring about this law, my lord, and you shall have, if you will, the pleasure of doing me the honor of instituting a Humanity Cup for one thousand sovereigns."

"Pon honor, you take me by surprise, doctor; but...a...fear't would not do, though 't is worth the trial," said his lordship thoughtfully.

"It is well worth the trial, my dear lord. Your races then all good Christians would take delight in; for I know so much of the animal, that it would partake as much of the pleasure of the sport as any of the lookers-on; whose attention would then be given to cultivate the good temper of a horse, which would become for other purposes of far greater value; for you know a horse of a vicious disposition no one would give a thank for."

"Well, there's...a...great deal...a...good sense in your suggestion, doctor—'t is well worth consideration. A...am much pleased in having made the acquaintance of so sensible and so good a man." So saying, he shook the good doctor by the hand, who then departed to the bedside of the patient, happy in the thought of having awakened some spark of thoughtfulness in what appeared a frivolous mind, where perhaps nature had once implanted humane feelings.

"Bless me!" said the doctor, "what's become of my watch? I surely had it when I saw my patient this morning."

"Yes," said the nurse, "I saw it while you

were examining his pulse. Have you been out of the house since, sir?"

"No, nurse—only to see Lord Chasemore. 'T is very extraordinary."

"Excuse me, sir," said the groom, opening the door of the bedchamber of the patient just as Dr. Goodman was leaving it—"Can I speak to you?"

"Yes, certainly," said the doctor, seeing the groom required a private hearing, and coming out on the stairs, shut the bedchamber door after him.

"Sir, what would you advise to be done? My master is too helpless to be spoken to. The house has just this moment been robbed of every article of plate in the pantry, and there's nobody at home but the cook and the nurse to speak to about it."

"Bless me!" said the doctor, "there's been some sharp London practice here. I this very moment was coming down to some of you, to desire the constable to be sent for, having just discovered the loss of my watch. Send for your village constable. Give me pen, ink and paper. Who's your nearest magistrate? How far does he live? Let him know the circumstance immediately. Send to the village inn; make inquiries if any stranger of suspicious appearance put up or called there this morning. You say your fellow-servants are out?—that looks odd!"

"O! here come the coachman and footman."

In one minute they were together.

"You need not tell us about it, George. We've been up to the street, and done every thing that could be done," said the footman.

"'T is a queer business, sir," said the coachman to the doctor. "Master always lost something or another at these here races and fights, but this time they've made a clean sweep of it."

"Where's the butler?" asked the doctor.

"Master has never had one since the last old man left, sir. He got tired of the goings on, and now, the footman, this young man here, does his work and his own too."

The Doctor cast a scrutinizing look at the individual, but saw nothing in his manner or looks to excite suspicion. He detailed with minuteness and natural self-possession the circumstance of the loss, and what steps he had immediately taken to discover the culprit. The whole village, he said, was in an uproar, and some suspicion was attached to a fellow who had slept at the Five Bells the two previous nights, whose appearance was well known, and who could be accurately described.

The remarkable coincidence of the loss of his watch at the same time as the robbery of the plate, did not escape the Doctor's notice.

"Who was Lord Chasemore?" he inquired, after a pause. He never heard his name before.

As the Doctor suspected, all that was known of him amongst them was, that about three years ago he was the constant companion of the Squire; he and his servant taking up their quarters in the house for weeks together. They never could get out of his man, where

his lordship's property was situated, or where his country-house or town-house was; all that he would disclose of his master was, that he was a great traveler—oftener out of England than in it.

One remembered well, that after a quarrel with his master, he and his man suddenly left, and that a great coat his master had bought, and worn only a week, as suddenly left with them, as well as a valuable diamond pin, much prized by their master—and that a pair of false whiskers and moustaches were found in his room.

The Doctor had accidentally heard that a retired lawyer had lately taken up his residence in the village, which before, *mirabile dictu*, was without one thought. In revolving the affair over in his mind, that he would just apprise him of the circumstance, he sat out for that purpose, after seeing his patient tended.

(To be continued.)

BAD GRAMMAR.—If there is anything in the world that is painful and disgusting, it is to hear a lady (!) in honiton and diamonds, transgressing the rules of Murray and Brown, with every third sentence she utters.

There is no excuse for such women—it is the duty of every lady in this nineteenth century to be able to *speak, spell and write* correctly, and if our social edicts were more stringent on these points, and less so in the matters of dress, we should have more refined, cultivated women, than society is at present blessed with. Not that we want our women metamorphosed into "blues," or that it is necessary they should be versed in the dead languages, and discourse very learnedly on geology, or trigonometry: and woman looks quite as attractive kneading buseuit at her kitchen table as she does in a chemical laboratory. Tact and good common sense are quite as valuable, in the practical needs of life as a "finished education," and a true loving heart will make a better wife and mother than a highly stimulated brain.

But an *ignorant, vulgar* woman is a disgrace to herself, particularly when she affects to be a lady, and pass for what she is not, which is usually attained most effectually through dress-makers and milliners.

We must be pardoned for offering a word of sincere advice to those pretty, graceful women one meets everywhere, and admires—until they open their mouths to speak. Devote a little less time to your flounces and French flowers, and do buy a grammar, and study it.—*Arthur's Magazine*.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure, that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He arose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you afraid?"

"No!" she immediately replied.

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that he who holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand, is my Father."

The Harmony of Colors.

Raphael was not more choice about his painting than we find the sun to be. As winter departs, the modest violet first blooms beneath a veil of leaves, which radiate back upon the fragrant little flowers all the heat that departs from it. As the snows disappear, blossoms of other flowers open, which display themselves more boldly; but they are blanched, or nearly so. In the passage from the last snows of winter to the first blossoms of spring, the harmony of colors is preserved—hill-sides and orchards are laden with delicate white, varied rarely by the pink upon the almond tree. Petals of apple blossoms floating on the wind, mimic the flakes of snow that were so lately seen. As the warm season advances, colors deepen, until we come to the dark crimson of autumn flowers, and the brown of autumn leaves. This change was meant not only to be beautiful—it has its use. Why are the first spring flowers all white, or nearly white? Because, when the winds are still cold, and when the sun is only moderately kind, a flower would be chilled to death if its heat radiated from it rapidly. But radiation takes place most freely from dark colors—from black, from the strongly defined greens, and blues, and reds. In hot weather, flowers and leaves so colored cool more readily at night, and form upon their surface the healing dew.

The delicate spring flowers are, therefore, of a color that is least ready to encourage radiation. For the same reason—because white substances give out least freely the heat that they contain or cover—arctic animals are white as their native snows. For the same reason, too, the snow itself is white. When cold becomes severe, snow falls, and hangs like a fur mantle about the soil. If snow were black, or red, or blue, it would still let some of the heat escape which is retained under its whiteness. The colors even of men darken in hot climates; in the hottest day they are made quite black. Black substances give out their heat more freely.

In regions subject to cold almost incessant, a short summer produces flowers of extreme vivid coloring. The summer, although short, is fierce, and the plants radiate fast that they may escape destruction. The dark verdure of the northern pines would cause them to lose heat with great rapidity. For compensation they are made to grow in pyramids that catch a cone of snow so cleverly as to great-coat them during the hard weather. Birch trees that grow in the same forest, rise among the pines like silver columns, and they are not shaped to catch the snow because they do not want it. They have their own light clothing of a brilliant whiteness.

We need not examine far into the wealth that is poured out in nature, before we discover that

"Such bounty is no gift of chance."

AN ELOQUENT THOUGHT.

Death still lays us in the grave, but it cannot chain us there to everlasting forgetfulness; it puts its cold hand upon every one of us, but a power higher than death will lift it off, and these forms be again reanimated with all the warmth of life and of sentiment. The churchyard has been called the land of silence (and silent it is indeed to them who occupy it); the Sabbath bell is no longer heard, nor yet the tread of the living population above them; but though remote from the hearing of every earthly sound, yet shall the sound of the last trumpet enter the loneliness of their dwelling, and be heard through earth's remotest caverns.—*Chalmers*.

THE HESPERIAN.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 15, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

FRIEND.—Thanks for your kind inquiries, and in reply, allow us to state that at present there is not the least danger of our health forcing us to relinquish our labors on the *Hesperian*. Our health has not been so good in seven years as at present. Perhaps you may form some idea how strong we are when we tell you that, with the assistance of our little daughter, we do our own housework—not even hiring a person a day now and then to do rough work. Believe us, Friend, plenty of cold water and exercise, both mental and physical, are of great benefit to the constitution. Have no fears about our working too hard. There is more danger of any of us rusting out than there is of our wearing out.

LELIA.—I am not at liberty to give J. P.'s name at present.

"KATIE."—"To write well is of practice."

ALPH.—Literature is too large a subject to be comprehended or treated of within the narrow limits of answers to Contributors and Correspondents.

T. G. W.—The Poem you ask for, you will find in Poems by N. P. Willis. It was one of his first efforts, and we think one of his best.

J. W. P.—We cannot answer without seeing the MSS. Yes, we have room for more contributors; the more the better; "Variety is the spice of life."

N. V.—Subscription received; papers sent; receipt enclosed.

D. T. H.—Subscription received; papers sent; receipt enclosed.

L. T.—Subscription received. Papers will go by the next eastern mail.

J. W. B.—Subscription received. Thanks. Papers will go forward by next mail.

J. W. P.—Subscriptions received and papers sent, all but No. 3, which we are entirely out of at present. As soon as we can obtain we will send. We expect soon to issue a new edition of Nos. 1 and 3; we will then be able to fill all orders. In the mean time we should be glad to have our friends send in their orders, as it will help us to determine how large an edition we shall need.

COL.—No, we are not a widow. We have one of the best better halves this side of the Atlantic, (at least we think so,) and one of the cosiest, happiest little homes on the Pacific coast.

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[For the Hesperian.

COMMON JOYS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"A man's best things are nearest him, and lie close about his feet."—TUCKERMAN.

The purest blessings earth can bring,
Are those we all may greet—
Scattered, like flowers, around our path,
And clustering at our feet.

The brooks, the streams, by which we played
In childhood's merry hours,
The fields of corn, the meadows green,
The groves, the birds, the flowers ;

The seat, beside the cottage door,
The pleasant garden shade,
The bench beneath the old elm tree,
For "whispering lovers made ;"

The parlor, with its pleasant hearth,
Where, winter evenings cold,
We met, with music, books and work—
Where many a tale was told ;

The faces, glowing bright with joy,
The tones that never die ;
Each old familiar thing and place,
That round our pathway lie—

All these are what we all may have—
The lowliest heart may greet :
These are the common joys, that lie
Scattered around our feet.

[For the Hesperian.

To Miss Lucia M. A****.

Upon presenting her with a set of Tablets with the names of two friends inscribed inside one of the lids.

Inside this tablet's spotless lid,
Are written two devoted names,
Who from thy Memory can ne'er be hid,
Whatever be their claims.

Bathed be thy brow in roseate light,
Thy arching skies as ever blue,
Thy foot-prints pressed on flowers bright
Thy journeying friends e'er food and true.

As him who writes this votive line,
A tribute true to friendship given,
Whose love is linked with "Thee and Thine,
"On Earth as 'tis in Heaven!"

RUTHVEN.

The Mystic Art.

Whence did the woodrons mystic art arise
Of printing speeches, and speaking to the eyes?
That we by magic lines are taught,
How both to color and embody thought.

ST. CECILIA.

BY THE REV. W. INGRAHAM KIP, D. D.

I.

The summer's day was declining at Rome. It bathed the Imperial city in a glory which is to be seen nowhere but under an Italian sky. The sunbeams fell upon the Pincian Hill, and glittered on the marble fronts of gorgeous palaces and the gayly colored awnings which were stretched over their doors and balconies. The groves around shared in the flood of light—it penetrated through the vines which interlaced the trees, brought out into bold relief the groups of statues of fawns and wood-nymphs, tinting them with a delicate rose-color, and even imparted a cheerful air to the stony pines which towered high above them. It darted across the Campus Martius, over the Pons Elius, and sparkled on the ripples of the Tiber as it glided through the city. The porphyro columns reflected back their varying hues—the fountains leaped upward as if to greet the coming of the sunbeam—and the rich light, as it rested on the silent city, seemed to envelop it in a golden mist.

Not then, as now, was Rome a city which was eloquent only of the past. In the third century it presented no ruined aqueducts and crumbling tombs, as the objects most worthy of interest, nor did pestilential marshes girdle round the walls of the Eternal City. Magnificent temples, theatres, and baths, were seen on every side, while around the gorgeous villas of her nobles were luxuriant groves, and the now desolate Campagna was covered with a teeming population. Yet at this hour all was still in the luxurious city. The effeminate people could not brave the sultriness of the day, and except a beggar sleeping beneath the shelter of a wall, or a slave here and there loitering in its shadow, there were no signs of life. Nothing was heard but the soft murmur of the fountains, or the faint monotonous hum of the summer insects as they circled round and round in the heated air.

The hours passed on, until the sun began to sink beneath the waves of the Mediterranean, and at last soft twilight rested on the city. Then it seemed to awake to life, and its varied and motley population poured forth from their homes. They thronged the public walks and crowded the marble colonnades. There were seen the patrician in his gilded chariot, surrounded by fawning parasites—the brutal Gaul—the effeminate Greek—the crouching Jew—the swarthy Ethiopian—all that strange assemblage which Rome had drawn from the four quarters of the earth. They had come forth to the wild revels which formed their evening amusement. And thus the brief twilight passed away, and the shadows deepened, until night and darkness spread their veil over the scene.

Far down in the city, by the side of the Tiber, in that section now called the Trastevere, a crowd was gathered around a dwelling from which Valerian, a young Roman of noble birth, had come to take his bride. At length the procession came forth. The bride, in the first opening of her beauty, for but sixteen summers had passed over her, was clothed in the long white robe with purple fringe, always

worn on this occasion ; she bore in her hands a distaff and spindle with wool, while before her was carried the torch of white thorn, and her two attendants supported her on either side. The train of friends followed. The gathering rabble, confident in its numbers, saluted them with those coarse jibes which characterized the license of the lower orders of the Roman populace, while some chanted the Fescennia, which Ovid mentions, those licentious rhymes which had come down to them from early days, and in which they were accustomed to indulge on occasions of this kind. And thus they reached the house of Valerian, where the door was adorned with garlands and flowers, and the bride, struggling with affected reluctance, was borne over the threshold. Then came the feast to the attendants, and the nuptial hymn, "O Hymen, Hymenæe Io!"

Yet in this case the reluctance was not affected. The bride was Cecilia, a noble Roman lady whose name has come down to us in the annals of the Church through more than fifteen centuries, her history forming one of the most beautiful legends which it has bequeathed. Her life and martyrdom are mingled up with poetry and allegory, with all those strange stories which in former ages were so attractive, and to which men then listened with the undoubting faith of children. At this late day it is impossible to separate historic truth from poetic fiction, nor shall we make the attempt. We shall give the legend in all its fulness of its ancient version, as poets have loved to narrate it, and with the scenes on which painters have for ages founded their representations.

St. Cecilia was the daughter of parents who had secretly professed Christianity. It was in the days of Alexander Severus, when the new faith was steadily advancing, yet had not left its safe obscurity to challenge a prominence which could only bring persecution. The strength of the civil power was still put forth to sustain the fainting energies of Paganism, and often through the Imperial City, as tumults gathered, was heard the popular cry—"To the lions with the Christians!" It was under these circumstances that St. Cecilia grew up in the faith, yet remarkable from her earliest childhood for her enthusiastic piety. Day and night she carried a copy of the gospel concealed within the folds of her robe, and in accordance with the spirit of those times, she made a secret but solemn vow of chastity, devoting herself to heavenly things, and shunning the pleasures and vanities of the world. Yet music was her passion, and in a flood of harmony she endeavored to breathe forth the feelings of devotion which filled soul. She composed hymns—the legend tells us—which she sang with such ravishing sweetness, that even the angels descended from heaven to listen to her, or to join their voices with hers.

Would you see this idea embodied as the loftiest genius alone could do it? Go to the Gallery in Bologna, and as you wander on, your attention will be arrested by the St. Cecilia, the glory of the collection. There she is, as the painter represented her, in all her heavenly beauty. Her lyre is dropping carelessly from her hand, and with a look of intense devotion she is gazing upward. You

see that her spirit is wrapped into ecstasy, not of this world. And there, far above the deep blue, the heavens have opened, and revealed a choir of angels, whose sweet and solemn anthem has arrested the attention of the saint. They are seen but indistinctly, as through a mist, for the artist has touched them with his softest tints. A group of saints is gathered round her, while musical instruments scattered about, fill up the foreground. It is a wonderful picture, and one which no artist that has ever lived, but Raphael, could have conceived or executed.

With her marriage came the time of her trial. In obedience to her parents she had accepted the husband chosen for her, yet Valerian was still in the darkness of the old religion. How then would he respect her scruples or her vow? Beneath her bridal robes she put on the coarse garment of penance, and as she walked to the temple, renewed her vow, praying to God that she might have strength to keep it.

"The day was come of her marriage,
She full devout and humble in her courage,
Under her robe of gold, that sat full faire,
Had next her flesh yclad her in an haire.

And while that the organs maden melody,
To God alone thus in her heart sang she;
O Lord, my soule and eke my body gie
Unspotted, lest that I confounded be."*

Yet her faith met with its reward. She told Valerian, that she had a guardian angel who watched over her night and day, and would suffer no earthly lover to approach her.

"I have an angel which that loveth me,
That with gret love, wher so I wake or slepe,
Is redy ay my body for to kepe."†

Won by her fervent eloquence, her husband not only was persuaded to respect her vow, but was converted to the true faith. And when he desired to see the guardian Angel of whom she spake, she bid him repair to St. Urban, the Bishop of Rome, who at that time had been obliged to seek refuge in concealment from the rage of his persecutors.

II.

On the Appian Way, about three miles from the gates of Rome, on what is now the waste and barren Campagna, is the opening to the Catacombs. Originally quarries from which the stone for the city was hewn, the passages cross and recross, winding in every way beneath the surface, following the direction of the soft rocks, until they form a labyrinth, to thread which would be impossible for any one not familiar with their turnings. At the advent of the Christian faith, as its first followers were always the lowest in the social scale, it was among the *arenarii*, or sand-diggers, the workmen in these quarries, that it gained some of its earliest proselytes. When, therefore, times of persecution came, they put their brethren in possession of these inaccessible retreats, and they became the place of refuge for the infant Church. There the living remained until the storm was overpast, and there the dead were laid to their rest, as we now find them, often with the emblems of martyrdom carved about their tombs.

It was to this place that Urban, the Bishop of Rome, had fled, and there, by the direction of St. Cecilia, Valerian sought him. As here and there he encountered the humble Christians, it was a startling sight to them to see the young noble in these winding passages, and difficult was it for him to persuade any one to be his guide, so fearful were they that he had come with no proper motive. At last, however, his object was accomplished, and he found himself in the presence of St. Urban. But we will let Chaucer describe the interview.

"Valerian is to the place gon,
And right as he was taught by her lerning,
He fond this holy man Urban anon
Among the sauntis' burials lurking;

And he anon withouten tarrying
Did his message, and wnan that he it tolde,
Urban for joye his hondes gan upholde.

The terez from his eyen let he falle;
Almighty Lord, O Jesu crist, quod he,
Sower of chast conseil, head of us alle,
The fruit of this samel seed of chastitee
That thou hast sow in Cecile, take to thee;
So, like a besy bee withouten gyle,
Thee serveth ay thine owen thral Cecile.

For this same spouse, she toke but newe
Ful like a fiers leon, she sendeth here
As moke as ever was any lambe to ewe,
And with that word anon thar gan apere
An old man, clad in white clothes clere,
That had a book with lettres of gold on hond,
And gan before Valerian to stond.

Valerian, as ded, fell down for drede,
Wnan he him saw; and he up caught him tho,
And on his book right thus he gan to rede;
One Lord, one faith, one God withouten mo,
One Christendom, and Fader of all also,
Aboven all, and over all every wher;
These wordes all with gold ywritten were.

When this was read, then said this olde man,
Belevest thou this thing or no? say ye or nay;
I beleve all this thing, quod Valerian,
In tother thing than this, I dare wel say,
Under the heven no wight thinken may,
Tho vanished the olde man, he knew not wher,
And pope Urban him cristened right ther."

And thus it was that Valerian returned to his wife. But as he approached her chamber, he heard the most enchanting music, and entering, beheld an angel, who was standing near her, and who held in his hand two crowns of roses gathered in Paradise, immortal in their freshness and perfume, but invisible to the eyes of unbelievers. With these he encircled the brows of Cecilia and Valerian, as they knelt before him; and he said to Valerian: "Because thou hast followed the chaste counsel of thy wife, and hast believed her words, ask what thou wilt, it shall be granted to thee." And Valerian replied, "I have a brother named Tiburtius, whom I love as my own soul; grant that his eyes also may be opened to the truth." And the angel replied with a celestial smile, "Thy request, O Valerian, is pleasing to God, and ye shall both ascend to His presence, bearing the palm of martyrdom." Thus, like the earliest disciples of our Lord, he was to receive his reward, but "with persecution." And when the angel had spoken thus he vanished.

It was soon afterwards that Tiburtius entered, and they found the reality of the promise. Perceiving the fragrance of the celestial roses, but not seeing them, and knowing that it was not the season for flowers, he was astonished. Then Cecilia availed herself of the occasion, to set before him the doctrines of her faith. She explained to him all that Christ had done for us, contrasted his divine mission and all that he had suffered for men, with the senseless belief of the ancient Paganism, and she spoke with such a convincing fervor, and such an heaven-inspired eloquence that Tiburtius yielded at once, and hastened to Urban to be baptized and strengthened for the contest which was before him. And thus all three were united in the faith, and henceforth their lives were spent in the discharge of its duties, giving alms, encouraging those who were persecuted, and burying the bodies of the martyrs.

III.

There is another scene in this history. Again the rabble crowds have gathered in Rome, but it is in the hope that they may see a Christian die; for maddened in their taste for blood by the exhibitions in the amphitheatre, they eagerly welcome any victims. They have collected around the tribunal of Almachius, the Prefect of Rome, and before it are arraigned Cecilia, and Valerian and his brother. And then they were commanded by the Prefect to desist from their works of Christian charity, but in the same spirit in which Polycarp had replied nearly two centuries before, they answered, "How can we de-

sist from that which is our duty, for fear of any thing that man can do unto us?" Yet, though death was near, their earthly work was not yet done, for the two brothers being committed to prison, in charge of a centurion named Maximus, it was found in a few days, that he too had yielded to their persuasions, and become "obedient to the faith." And then, all three refusing to join in the sacrifice to Jupiter, were put to death, and together received the crown of martyrdom.

Cecilia, having washed the bodies with her tears, and wrapped them in her robes, buried them side by side in the cemetery of Calixtus. But her own hour was drawing nigh. Once more she was summoned before the Prefect, and ordered to sacrifice, under penalty of horrible tortures. But she only smiled in scorn; while those who stood by, moved to pity by the fate which seemed impending over one so young and beautiful, entreated her to yield. But still she refused, until, affected by the mute eloquence of her steadfastness, more than forty persons were touched in their hearts, declaring themselves Christians, and ready to die with her. Then Almachius, filled with rage, exclaimed, "What art thou, woman?" and with something of the old spirit of her nation, she replied, "I am a Roman of noble race." "I ask," said he, "of thy religion?" and she said, "Thou blind one, thou art already answered!" More and more enraged, the Prefect commanded that they should convey her back to her own house, and filling the bath with boiling water, cast her into it. But the age of miracles was not yet passed, and as the three Hebrew captives came forth safe from the flames of the burning furnace, and as—a legend tells us—St. John was preserved in the caldron of boiling oil, so Cecilia was unharmed by her fiery trial. Then Almachius sent an executioner to put her to death with the sword. But his hand trembled, and after giving her three wounds on the neck and breast, he went his way, leaving her bleeding and half dead. And so she lived on for three days, spending her time in prayer and exhortation to the converts, and distributing to the poor all that she possessed. In her last moments she sent for St. Urban, and desired that the house in which she then lay dying, should be converted into a place of worship for the Christians. Then, full of faith and charity, and singing with her sweet voice praise and hymns to the last moment, she passed away to her reward. The Christians embalmed her body, and she was buried by St. Urban in the same cemetery with her husband.

IV.

The last request of St. Cecilia was complied with, the house in which she suffered was consecrated as a church, and the chamber of her martyrdom was regarded as a spot of peculiar sanctity.

"Her hous the cherche of Seinte Cecile hight,
Seint Urban halowed it, as he wel might,
In which unto this day in noble wise
Men don to Crist and to his seinte servise."*

But troubles gathered about the Empire—the barbarians of the North became masters of the city—and this ancient church fell into ruin. In the ninth century, however, it was rebuilt by Pope Paschal I. Tradition tells us, that while engaged in this work, he had a dream, in which St. Cecilia appeared to him, and revealed the spot in which she lay buried. Search was accordingly made in the cemetery of Calixtus, and there her body was found still undecayed, wrapt in a shroud of gold tissue, and round her feet a linen cloth dipped in her blood. Near her were the remains of Valerian, Tiburtius and Maximus, which together with hers, were deposited in the same church, now St. Cecilia-in-Trastevere. There they still show the little room, containing her bath, in which she was martyred. It is now

* Chaucer. "The Second Nonnes Tale." † Ibid.

* Mark x. 30.

* Chaucer.

used as a Chapel. and though the frescoes with which it was decorated are in a state of ruin from age and damp, yet the machinery for heating the bath, the pipes, and stoves, yet remain.

In the year 1599, when the church had again fallen into ruin, it was restored by Cardinal Sfondrati, and sumptuously embellished in the taste of the sixteenth century. The sarcophagus containing the body of St. Cecilia was opened with great solemnity in the presence of several cardinals and dignitaries of the church. Among them was Cardinal Baronius, who has left us this description of the body buried by Pope Paschal, when exhumed. "She was lying within a coffin of cypress wood, inclosed in a marble sarcophagus; not in the manner of one dead and buried, that is, on her back, but on her right side, as one asleep, and in a very modest attitude; covered with a simple stuff of taffety, having her head bound with cloth, and at her feet the remains of the cloth of gold and silk which Pope Paschal had found in her tomb. By order of Clement VIII. the relics remained untouched and inviolate; the cypress coffin was inlaid in a silver shrine and replaced under the altar. The re-interment was made a solemn day of festival. It took place with great pomp in the presence of the pope and clergy, while crowds from the neighboring towns assisted at the ceremony."*

Among those present on that occasion was Stefano Maderno, then in the employment of Cardinal Sfondrati as sculptor and architect. By his order he executed the celebrated statue of "St. Cecilia lying dead," to commemorate the attitude in which she was found. And there the statue can be seen to this day, one of the most expressive and beautiful sculptures which the seventeenth century produced. It is the figure of a female reclining on her side, perfect in form, the hands crossed at the wrists, the drapery beautifully modelled, the head enveloped in linen, while a golden circle round the neck conceals the place of the wound. And thus art has lent its aid, to express the feelings of devotion, and to perpetuate one of the most beautiful legends of the ancient Church.

— "Thy glorious life and passion,
Thou with thy garland, wrought of rose and lily,
Thou mine I, maid and martyr, Sainte Cecilia."

— [The Women of Early Christianity.

* Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," v. ii. 206.

FEMALE COURAGE.—There is a branch of general education which is not thought at all necessary for women; as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed, to some persons, courage may seem as unnecessary for women as Latin and Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves, and more acceptable to those with whom they live, than courage. There are many women at the present day, sensible women in other things, whose panic-terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them.

Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness must go with courage; and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigor of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist overcome that sickliness of sensibility which can only contemplate distress and difficulty. *There is no beauty in fear.* It is a mean, ugly, dishevelled creature. No statue can be made of it that a woman would wish to see herself like.

THE FADELESS SISTER GEMS.

BY HANNAH HEMLOCK.

Flitting and fleeting as the shadow in the pale moon's light, when obscured by swiftly-gliding gauze-like clouds, are the evanescent joys that spring up, like violets, along our terrestrial pathway.

Hope, buoyant as the morning lark, exultant mounts, and soars, and sings through the wide, untrodden ether of Imagination, until sober Truth casts her shadow over the bright visions of Fancy, and stern actuality takes the place of Hope's bright gossamer of variegated beauty and delight.

Through the beautiful and airy regions of Fancy, Hope, gaudy in her plumage, joyous in her song, and lavish in her promises, treads a giddy measure to lure its votaries on to the elysian fields of imaginative bliss; and with willing feet and eager heart, the devotee pursues the fleeting, ethereal nothing, until Experience waves her iron wand before his mental vision, and Hope's castles, toppling on their ideal foundation, come crumbling down, with a velocity that astonishes thought, and proves their supposed foundation of the eternal granite of immortal truth to have been nothing but the baseless fabric of a dream!

Nature spreads the landscape with a gaudy carpet of ten thousand variegated hues, and hangs the forest with her tapestry of green and golden foliage; the babbling streamlet laughs in the morning sunshine, and sings a soft, low lullaby to hush the song-birds' carol at evening time; beauty tints are scattered over the face of nature, and joyous sounds are heard from innumerable voices throughout the wide domain of nature's peopled and unpeopled vastness: but what are all these but so many fleeting shadows, which the stern reality of coming winter will dissipate, substituting in their place the rigid frigidity of his icy mantle, and the frozen touch of his benumbed fingers of veritable fact,—while he marks his icy footprints upon nature's beautiful carpet, scatters her thousand hues of beauty to the frozen winds of oblivion, tears her green tapestry to shreds and tramples it under his feet, hushes the laugh and lullaby-murmur of the streamlet with an icy gag, and fetters its joyous gambols with a chain of adamant. What are all these beauties, all these songs of joy, all these smiles of nature, but so many evanescences, to be marred by the palsy touch of Time's iron finger—jarred by the discord of inharmonious reality—and turned to frowns and tears by the rude storms of bitter experience? Nothing! nothing in fact—nothing of themselves. And yet, fleeting and fading as are all these outward beauties, harmonies and joys, there is a something connected with them that is as eternal as the throne of the Omnipotent.

Outward nature, with all her glories, may fade—must fade. Earth, with all her decorations, the sun with his golden glories, and the moon with her paler and softer radiance—must return, shall return to their primal state of chaotic confusion. Imagination, from her airy flight, shall trail her gaudy pinions in the dust of sober fact; and hope, driven from her perch upon the green-foliaged bough of promised bliss, shall drooping die, as dies the unfed bird within a cage of wire. And yet there is something connected with all these fading scenes that is not only eternal, but blissful. There are fadeless gems to be found, even here, where all seems so fading and fleeting: but these gems are found, not in the bowels of the mountains—they spring not from the ocean's utmost

depths—they live not in the fleeting air!—but from the unexplored mine of the noble soul—from the well-stored garnerings of the gifted intellect—from the profound recesses of the pure heart, they spring, and springing seize upon fleeting beauties and fading gems, and impressing upon them the hallowed die of thought, soul, and feeling, make them all immortal and fadeless; for, as Keats has feelingly sung,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The pearl may reveal its purity to the eye, the sapphire may shed its radiance, the diamond sparkle and gleam; but pearl and sapphire, diamond and emerald, must fade and grow lusterless. Time respects not earth's beauties; he levels with his relentless hand the gaudy-tinted flower, and the soft-singing warbler of the grove; his footprints mark decay upon all of human hopes, and human joys, that spring not from a source within the soul.

Generation after generation passes away, to be remembered no more. Friendships spring up in the smiling drawingroom of society, and die away, when descend their objects from the parlor to the kitchen or workshop. Passion and feeling, too, like all things else, grow tame and pulseless, or find but a dying echo in an uncongenial bosom. Such is life, with its hopes, joys, friendships, beauties, and imaginings. Such is the outward nature, with its beauties, harmonies, and perfumes. Such is all the scenes that surround us from without, in this mortal life—but a jarring discord, in the prelude to that harmony of existence, which will fall the more harmoniously upon the soul, from the discord that precedes it. Thus shall life's discords give zest to the divine harmony of heaven; thus shall life's sorrows make sweeter the bliss of beatitude; and thus shall life's disappointments make more delightful the eternally increasing and ever recurring pleasures of Paradise.

Truly it is so: there is something in the human soul that draws much of its sustenance from the world without; and yet, but two sources of inward joy, and harmony, and beauty, are left to the dull, plodding, changing and fading life-scenes.—These two are the only fadeless sister gems, Poesy and Love. Life has, in all its varied rounds and ceaseless changes, no other joys, no other beauties, no other harmonies, which meet with respect at the hand of time, death, and eternity, because these fadeless gems alone stand out in majestic boldness and grandeur, as things above the corroding power of time, the destructive energies of death, and the wasting effects of eternal ages.

Poesy breathes her dulcet sounds in the wooing whisper of the summer breeze; in the murmuring music of the gentle stream; in the rush of the leaping cataract; in the gentle purity of pearl and the lily; in the gleaming of the diamond, the crimson, and flesh tints of the vernal rose; in every drop of dew; in every waving leaf; in every beetling crag, and every blade of grass. But then its breathing is evanescent; it must be gathered into the garner of a pure heart, and treasured there, or it is gone forever.

Love sparkles in a smiling eye—dances in the moonbeams—twitters in the song-bird's lay—hovers over the streamlet in the sunbeam's flash—reveals itself in the clinging ivy, and the deathless twine of the honeysuckle—spans the heavens in the rainbow's arch—laughs in the music of the zephyr—and moans and woos in the soft accents of the cooing dove.

These are all life's fadeless sister gems. These, when garnered and treasured in the

pure soul, remain a thing of beauty, and a fadeless joy forever. Time, with knowing teeth, corrodes them not; and eternity, with ever-wasting, yet never-wasted sands, shall find them still fresh, and fair, and fadeless.

To the sensitive soul and appreciative mind, earth, life and time have no fadeless gems: but they have a thousand sources whence the heart can draw that something, fleeting in itself, which, carefully treasured, and kindly nurtured, will waken poesy and love in the soul, and bind them there, the fadeless amaranths of life, which are to bloom in ever-increasing beauty when life and time, imagination and hope, shall lie withered and forgotten amid the rubbish of a long-gone world.

Then let this life-scene fade. Who would have it thus remain? Let corroding time, destroying death, and wasting eternity, rid the space of all these changing, fading, evanescent things, which clog and annoy us here; and let us make ourselves—gathering them from all things bright and beautiful—a poesy and love which shall gladden the heart in all earth's trying scenes, and remain fadeless sister gems, while eternity strews illimitable space with the wreck of worlds, and scatter her ever-fleeting sands as dust upon the bosom of immensity.

Wouldst thou be happy above life's common lot, treasure in thy soul the poesy of nature, strengthened and nurtured by the poesy of immortality; garner in thy heart the deep love which belongs to the Creator, and from all his works drink in the elements that feed that love, and thus ever augment in thy soul,

"That thing of beauty, which is a joy forever."

It were well that mortals cultivate these two fadeless blooms of life to a far higher degree than is their wont, for they are not only the only fadeless gems, over which time, death, and eternity exercise no corroding or destroying power, but they are the first and purest ingredients that enter into a state of unalloyed bliss. Love is the natural element of heaven. It is love that binds the seraph throng to the throne of the Eternal, with cords stronger than a chain of adamant, and more enduring than a cable of gold. Love is the theme of the redeemed, and will forever so remain: by it their pure feelings find spontaneous tongues, and break forth in poesy in praise to God,—and poesy is as much the natural language of heaven as love is the natural element.

The pure river of life murmurs poesy in every gentle ripple; the breezes whisper love among the branches of that Tree whose leaves are for the healing of nations, in poetic numbers; the aromatic groves and floral-gemmed arbors sing songs of poesy, and whisper words of love to each other; and the zephyrs, which fan the brow of Omnipotence and waft celestial fragrance over the hosts of the redeemed, whisper poesy in every breath, and bear upon their gauze-like wings the love of truth and purity.

Love hath established her court, erected her bower, and collected her hosts within the precincts of that hallowed place where no language hath ever been heard, save the poetry of harmonious numbers; where never can discordant sounds jar upon the ear, and no unmeasured prose of thought, feeling, desire, or language hath ever been heard.

Poesy is not all written, nor is love all exhibited. There is poesy in the motion of the hand, in the gentle waving of the willow bough, in the murmur of the wavelet, in old ocean's swell, in the deafening roar of the Niagara, in the music of birds, in the smile of a sunbeam, in the thoughts of an infant, and in the feelings of the heart. Poesy is

everywhere—may be gleaned from every source; and if once gleaned and garnered, watered and treasured in the poetic soul, and the true heart, it will increase its harmony of feeling, quicken its glow of love, and assimilate the spirit to its Maker. Love is the ruling central sun of Heaven, and that individual who has not love in his heart would be wretched if introduced to the grand and sublime scenery and delightful employments of Paradise.

But there is enough even here to call forth our love. Who can fail to love the beautiful gems of earth, fleeting and fading though they may be? Who withholds his admiration of nature's loveliness, though it perish in one short hour, as if stricken by the dreaded breath of the blasting sirocco?

Shall we make life still more dark and desolate by neglecting to cultivate poesy and love in our hearts, and suffer the spirit to canker and corrode, while that sense of the beautiful, that love of the sublime, and that appreciation of the poesy of nature remains in our hearts; and shall we suffer all this love and poesy to fade and die, as dies the rose in winter's frosts, because we have not garnered and nurtured them, in our heart of hearts?

Some there are who lay claim to human thoughts and human feelings,—nay, who even boast the possession of human hearts, who scoff and deride the idea of love and poesy, and content themselves with the utilitarian interrogatory, "What are all these things worth?" To all such we answer,—to the soul of feeling, to the gushing heart, worth worlds of deep, and pure, and holy thought and appreciation: to such soulless utilitarian animals as you, who estimate worth by the amount of sordid gold it will bring when exposed for sale in the public market—worth nothing!

Poesy and love are not things to be estimated in dollars and cents—they compete not with gold in earth's market; they are to live in their purity deep in their soul—fadeless sister gems, forever!

THE OVERFLOWING CUP.

A company of Southern ladies were once assembled in a friend's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on earthly afflictions. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one real sad-looking woman, whose lustreless eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said, in a hollow voice:

"Not one of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will, if you desire," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish. I was always gay and light-hearted, and married at nineteen one I loved more than all the world beside. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lovelier one, or on a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sundown, one of those fierce black storms came on, which are so common in our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, still the elements raved. The whole savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my

babe, to reach a little spot, on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one loved a husband more—but *that was not trouble*.

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other as their little islands grew smaller and smaller.

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, cannot imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet—that *was not trouble*.

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retreating from it, until an All Powerful hand stayed the waves, that they should come no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted—yet *that was not trouble*.

"My babe was all that I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonized prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil, and at last, when heated with wine one night, he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My Heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before, but now it ran over. *That was trouble*, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will spare you from ever experiencing."

There was no dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history has taught them a useful lesson.

MENTAL REST.—On this point it is well to remember that change of occupation often has the same beneficial result as actual cessation from active thought. Variety of study is therefore advisable. It is also a maxim of rational wisdom, as well as divine precept, to observe the seventh day of rest. Cessation from ordinary bodily labor is thus enjoyed, and though inactivity of mind is not expected, there is the advantage, on the principle just stated, of a change of thought, and that to subjects of the highest importance to our welfare. Sir Matthew Hale, Dr. Johnson, Wilberforce, and many other distinguished men, of great power of mind and variety of pursuit, have borne testimony to the advantage of Sabbath observance; while striking examples might be given of the fatal result to health from neglecting the beneficent and wholesome arrangement of the seventh day of rest. This periodical time of rest from toil, and change of thought is beneficial to all classes of mankind, but more especially to those who are engaged during the week either in bodily or mental labor.

THE FATHER'S CURSE.

BY MINNIGRET.

The night was clear and cold; the north wind went wailing round the street corners with a hollow cheerless sound, piling up, here and there, huge snowbanks in the silent streets. Silent and deserted save now and then the jingling of sleighbells told of some late returner from a party, ball, or theatre, or the shrill cry of the watchman proclaiming the hour of midnight.

'Twas past midnight when a female form, but slightly protected from the piercing cold, passed with a rapid but uneven gait through an obscure street in the lower part of the city of Memphis, and entered a dilapidated building at the extreme end of the street. Poverty, gaunt poverty reigned within. The fire had long since gone out, and the wind came whistling down the chimney and beneath the door, scattering the ashes around the room.

There was a broken chair, a box, holding a few plates, a bunch of straw, covered with some carpet and an old shawl. This was all the furniture the hovel boasted. Yet, among all this poverty and misery, lived one to whom sorrow and care were unknown. Upon that miserable bed of straw, carefully covered, lay sleeping a beautiful child; and, as it slept, it dreamed, and a smile beautiful as an angel's caused the dimples to play around its mouth.

"O, God! I never thought a father's curse would be so hard to bear," exclaimed the woman, as she bent over the sleeping child. "I never thought, when I left my father's house in anger, that a child of mine would ever want for bread. God in heaven, hear my prayer! give me bread!—bread for my child! Let me not be his murderer."

"'Twould be but just, Julia," exclaimed a man who had entered unobserved, and stood closely muffled beside her.

"Who are you, that talks of justice?" asked she, slowly rising and turning towards the stranger. She had been very beautiful, but care and want had made deep inroads upon that beauty.

"Ah!" said the man, slowly, meditatively, "you have changed since we last met. I, too, have changed. There, does your memory serve you now?" and he dropped his cloak upon the floor.

"James Cleve!" exclaimed the woman, bitterly. "What would you here? Have you come to exult over the misery you have made? You have always haunted my pathway like a phantom of evil. What new calamity awaits me? Speak!" and she folded her arms, and haughtily confronted him.

"Julia," said he, "three years ago I met you at your father's home, blessed with every comfort a father's love could suggest, surrounded by many loving friends, and perfectly happy. I loved you, and I sought yours in return; you said you scorned the love of such as me, that my money was all that made me; and more, to my most inveterate enemy, to one whom I had sworn to hate through all eternity, you committed the treasure I had asked for, your wealth of love. I told you of my vow, and warned you not to share my hate—a hate that would haunt you through life, and after death, could I so will it. You listened to all I said in silent scorn, much as you listen now; and when I finished, you vowed, come what would, none other than Charles Benton should call you wife. You kept your vow, and married him. Now see if I have not mine. You married, and your father in anger, refused evermore to look upon his child. I, his friend and counsellor, upheld him in his determination. Benton was poor, compared with your father and myself; and, disappointed at receiving a portionless bride, and galled by your father's contemptuous treatment, he left the city, and sought employment elsewhere. 'Twas useless; I had been there before him, and gold is powerful.

Maddened by his ill success, he sought the gaming-table. He lost; through another I lent him money, and again he lost; and then he won a little, not enough to cover his loss, but enough to entice him to play again with the vain hope of winning back his own. I say vain hope, because his partner was my tool, and it was far from my plan to have Benton winner in the end. Thus have matter gone on for weeks and months; but the end has come; to-night when I left him in the gambler's den, a corpse lay at his feet, and he was branded murderer! What think you—have I not fulfilled my vow?"

Julia listened in silence, and, as he told of his deep-laid villainy, a deep crimson flush spread over her cheeks, and into her dark eyes sprang a wild, bright, fitful light, that made Cleve, accustomed as he was to their gaze, quail before the fierce consuming fire he had kindled there.

"James Cleve," said she, "though you have embittered my whole life; though you have blasted my joy and turned the gall of hatred, with which your own heart runneth over, into mine; though you have made me an outcast and a beggar upon the earth, yet I scorn and detest you still. Begone! and know that mine is no servile spirit to be crushed by your cowardly, treacherous scheming. My father, though you have estranged him from me, will not see me starve. I will go home; I will ask for bread, that I and my child may not die, and he will give it me."

Cleve smiled a cold, derisive smile.

"Julia, to-night I met your father, and I told him of Benton, where and how I had seen him last; and then I spoke of you, and he said,

"Tell me," said Julia, leaning eagerly forward, "did he say I might come home and bring my babe? Did you come to take me home? Oh! my babe, we shall not starve; we will soon be warmed and fed once more!" and she caught the child to her bosom and kissed it. "We will go now; we will not keep you waiting."

"Fool!" exclaimed Cleve. "He said your child he was willing to receive and bring it up as his own, but you he never wished to see; from the hour you left his door with Charles Benton you have ceased to be his child, and his curse should follow you forever!"

The rapid transition of thought and feeling from one extreme to the other was greater than Julia, exhausted as she was, could endure, and she fell upon the floor in a deep faint. Cleve summoned a lodger from another room, and telling her to inform Mrs. Benton that he would call again in an hour, left.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Benton opened her eyes and gazed around. Her attendants, thinking her looking for Cleve, delivered the message.

"Coming again!" said she, "I don't recollect;" and she raised her hand slowly, painfully to her head. "O, yes! I remember now. Yes," said she musingly, "it must be." And as soon as she was strong enough she got up and arranged the babe's dress as best she could, and laid it down again; and then she stood and gazed upon it, and then soft tender lines about her mouth went all away, and her features assumed a stony, determined look, and her eyes were cold and bright as the diamond's light.

At the expiration of the hour, Cleve returned.

"Ah! you are willing to let the child go," he exclaimed, as his eye fell upon it. "It is the best thing you could have done;" and he drew from beneath his cloak a child's cloak and hood, and laid them upon Mrs. Benton's arm; she put them on, and giving the child to him, caught up her own ragged shawl, and followed him out of the house, and was fairly upon the street before Cleve noticed her presence.

"Julia," said he, stopping, "you must not come—you cannot come!"

"I only want to see you take it in, and then I'll trouble you no more."

She spoke sadly, mournfully, although Cleve did not notice it then; yet, in days following, those words, that tone, often, too often for his own peace of mind, recurred to him; he only told her to fall behind, to follow at a distance; and as he opened her father's door, far down the street, he saw her standing in the clear, cold, moonlight. Half an hour later a female form glided rapidly among the trees that grew upon the banks of the Mississippi a short distance below the city; a moment, and its turbid waters flashed and parted, and, far down in the deep dark waves one of life's weary ones found rest.—*Waverley Magazine.*

Gold! Gold!

THE LARGEST LUMP YET FOUND IN THE STATE!—VALUE NEAR \$9,000.—The discovery of this immense boulder of gold and quartz near Columbia, by a Mr. Strain, proves that the day of great things is not yet over. This boulder, now on exhibition at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., in this place, is about 12½ inches in length, 10 in width and from 4 to 6 inches thick. It weighs 66 pounds Avordupois weight, and is variously estimated in value at from seven to nine thousand dollars. One side of the boulder is solid gold, from which surface, it graduates to quartz and gold. Its discovery was accidental, and though Strain objects to giving publicity to the locality of its discovery, it is pretty well known to be near the head of Santiago Gulch. Several valuable boulders and cheeps have already been found in this locality, but none before, equaling the present. There must be an undiscovered gold lode not far from this gulch.

What would be said of Fraser River, if gold like this was found there? California would soon become depopulated. Claims that would average twenty dollars per day, would be abandoned at once; and yet, here in Columbia and vicinity, we have many such claims, and we frequently hear of heavier strikes. Soon the water of the Columbia and Stanislaus River Water Co. will be coursing its way through a section of our county which will yield its millions, and for years will remunerate the labors of the miner. When quartz as rich in gold as many specimens now on exhibition will prove, are to be seen every day, and in various offices and saloons, we rationally arrive at the conclusion that in this department alone, we shall find the means of progressive business and fortunes. It is difficult to make people at a distance believe that Columbia—a mining community that has produced a yearly supply of gold, superior to any other in the State, for several years past, is still rich;—and yet, such is nevertheless the fact. In spite of fires, and misfortunes that would have entirely prostrated almost any other city, Columbians again confidently hold up their heads in expectation of "the good time coming!"—*Tuolumne Courier.*

Leaving Home.

Longfellow's pen-picture of the ever prevalent and natural inclination of the fair flower to leave father and mother, and cleave unto a husband, is beautiful and truthful:—

Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest Maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!

The Preacher's Prayer.

The following beautiful lines, written as an accompaniment to Mrs. E. S. Conner's poem of the "Lost Preacher," we copy from the *Alta California*, together with the note that accompanied them to that paper:

"I noticed in the *Alta* of Sunday, a poem by Mrs. Conner, the subject one of the heroic martyrs of the church, who died in his harness. It is well a poet sings his requiem. In the battle he fought, meek and lowly, yet with a high heroism that knew no fear in the prosecution of the work he had to do—there are few to be found to turn aside from the stirring tasks of daily life and commemorate the valorous martyr-death of the poor preacher.

I have written the enclosed as an accompaniment to Mrs. Conner's.

My name is withheld for the present, because being my first attempt at getting into print here, I'd rather take the sting of failure alone than have it multiplied by others."

Father of Heaven, if it is thy will

Thy servant dies, here on this mountain crest,
Freezing by inches with the icy chill

This driving snow sends thro' his numbing breast—
Thy will be done—thy servant knows no word
Beyond thy high command, His sovereign Lord.

In life's quick paths thou found'st me, striving on
Among my fellows for my worldly gain,
And thy voice spoke to me and bade me don
The Christian's armor, and fight my fight again
For the Lord's right, to win the world to love—
And thus to Thee—my high reward above.

Thou know'st how I've striven; how, where e'er
Thy word was wanting, I have borne its might;
No danger daunting; no distracting fear
Kept me from working for my master's right.
Where the poor groaned in want, or crime d-based,
Or hearts sought Thee, there I Thy standard raised.

Where the grim starveling stayed and wished for death;
Where dark despair had driven hope away;
Where the cursed lust for gold had weakened faith;
Where in foul rags the evil g-wanton lay;
Where crime brought hell to a life's closing even;
There have I brought Thy blessed word of Heaven.

Is my task done, oh! Father! have I fought
The good fight out? No more for me to do?
Is there e'en now a shining garment wrought
To deck this spirit's shape, when all anew
It wears the form of those thy lips approve,
And sings out hallelujahs of thy love.

Forgive, forgive thy bondsman, if one tear
Steals to his eye, for those his human heart
Has learned to love. Oh! Father, be thou near
To them in sorrow. Smooth the anguish'd smart
Of their deep agony, when they knew
I died alone—here—freezing—in this snow.

The blast blows fiercer—my sluggish, thick'n'ing blood
Steals slow and slower thro' my numbing veins,
And sleep is creeping o'er me—then Death—would
Some wanderers of these drear, bleak plains
Might hither stray and raise me from this death.
'Tis hard—no friend to take my parting breath.

No! I must die—Father, in thee my trust,
Cold grows each limb—I cannot see or feel,
Go back to earth, who gave, this useless dust.
Din for a moment must my spirit reel
Through the dark valley—but then—awake—aye, then
Shine forth in glory, as its diadem.

Let my soul wake in the blaze of thy throne;
Speak thy approval then. "Servant, well done,
Faithful servant, faithful and good,
Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Come on, grim monster Death—thou cam'st of yore
To him who died upon the cursed tree
For all, but broke thy sting and bore
Away from thee the palm of victory;
Come on—aye come—I feel my weak'n'ing breath—
I blind—pulse cease—black'ring darks the heath—
I fade—I die—not thine the crown, oh! death.

The eye was dim forever—limbs stiff and stark—
And damp locks drifting o'er the clammy brow
And features sharp and bloodless. Cold and dark
The north wind blustered o'er the gath'ring snow;
What earth gave, earthy, on her bosom lay—
But gone was that from God—where? Canst say?
San Francisco, Sept. 6, 1858. Z.

A few evenings since, a pious old lady, preparing to go to church, was seen to take a considerable quantity of gold from her trunk, and wrap it up carefully and put it in her pocket. She stated that it was her habit—that it kept her mind steady at her devotions, "for where the treasure is there will be the heart also."

[For the Hesperian.]

Report of the Committee on Paintings, Sculpture, &c.

To the Managers of the Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco:

The undersigned herewith submit the conclusions to which they have arrived in regard to the relative merits of the various pictures now on exhibition at the rooms of the Institute, and to which their attention has been called by the managers of the Exhibition.

It is not unlikely that in the awards made, and judgment exercised by the committee, mistakes may have occurred, and perhaps erroneous opinions been entertained, but for the especial benefit of the always existing few competitors ever ready to challenge a judgment which is not identical with their own, (and this peculiarly in regard to their own works,) it may be as well, perhaps, here to suggest that in the conclusions to which your committee have arrived they have been, it is confidently believed, entirely disinterested, and wholly unanimous; and it is submitted that the judgment of a committee so constituted, and acting, may safely lay claim to at least as much consideration as that which appertains to the opinions of interested and self-engrossed, but disappointed exhibitors. This much it has been deemed proper to say in anticipation of the carping, and querulous fault-finding usually attendant upon decisions made in matters of mere taste, and which are ordinarily incapable of being reduced to demonstration.

One great difficulty in arriving at an entirely satisfactory conclusion in regard to some of the works exhibited, has grown out of the fact that the pictures seemed to have been hung without regard to either choice of light, distance from the line, or the relative effect of different classes of pictures upon each other; and it is suggested for the good of the exhibition, the convenience of visitors, and the interest of the exhibitors, that hereafter more attention should be paid to the manner in which the various works offered are placed upon the wall.

Another difficulty arises from the fact that many of the drawings exhibited are misnamed and difficult of classification—Crayon being entitled mono-chromatic, and vice versa. —Mongrel compounds of chalk and crayon variously named of each—chalk called pastels, and hybrid mixtures of India ink, sepia and black lead, being variously denominated productions in either. In many instances copies are paraded as originals, and in nearly all cases your committee have been forced to rely upon their own conclusions in reference to the originality of the works upon exhibition.

A number of pictures of real, and some of unusual merit, have come under the observation of your committee, but which are here only briefly alluded to, for the reason that they are, in the majority of instances, either foreign productions, those which have been heretofore exhibited here or in the Atlantic States, or such as, from their peculiar character, could scarcely expect to meet with competition. Among such your committee would

name No. 595, exhibited by Thos. G. Hambly, Esq., representing a father and son on their pilgrimage to Palestine, by Madame Roussel of Paris, an artistic and sterling production, worthy of a much better position than has been assigned to it. A head of James Linen, by Officer, and a miniature likeness of Professor Mapes, of New York, by the same, are works more than merely creditable to the artist. The latter has been scarcely surpassed in the Atlantic States for delicacy of handling, force of character and expression, and exquisiteness of finish, and certainly has no equal in these respects in the exhibition. A portrait of Gen. Jackson—a copy—is excellent.

Two pictures by Nahl, heretofore exhibited at the State Fair, viz.: The "Royal Family," of the Sandwich Islands, and "Emigrants Crossing the Plains," have no competitors in their peculiar line, and are deserving of particular notice, as specimens of vigorous and bold designing, united with a free and masterly execution.

A chalk drawing of a female head, by C. J. Pendergast, No. 42, is an artistic and meritorious production.

No. 511, in oil, from nature, by Mrs. Ewald; No. 499, by Miss M. C. Gushee; and No. 85, by Miss E. Kennedy, all pupils of Mrs. M. P. Benton, deserve particular commendation. These, with others of a similar character, have not been treated as in competition, for the reason that they are claimed to be the work of pupils, and as such could not fairly be judged by the standard assigned to artists, and yet merit more consideration than they would receive in being even first among the juvenile productions.

An "Interior," in water colors, and three drawings, distinguished by a red card, No. 135, but embraced also amongst the collection No. 525, came under the same classification above alluded to.

A "Sea Scene," by Chas. D. Shed, is a meritorious production.

Of the Landscapes in oil—To No. 174, a view of "Mt. Diablo," by Norton Bush, the committee have awarded the first premium.

To No. 252, "View in Alameda county," by Mrs. Oakes, the second premium.

To No. 174, "Alone," by Norton Bush, the third premium.

As the works of an amateur, the productions of Mr. Bush claim a high rank, and would reflect credit upon many a professional artist; while the various specimens by Mrs. Oakes evince unusual talent, a strong feeling for art, and most commendable industry.

Of the portraits in oil on canvass, your committee award to No. 408, portrait of a "Boy," by Nahl, the first premium.

To No. 349, Portrait, by Officer—the 2d premium; and to No. 439, a portrait of Gen. Wool, by Shaw—3d premium.

In this connection, your committee would say that, in their judgment, at no previous exhibition in California has so various and choice a selection of portraits been collected, and that in this respect the present exhibition takes precedence over any that have come under their observation before.

In Water Colors—To No. 625, case of water

color drawings from nature, (California scenery,) by Burgess—the first premium.

To No. 423, Sketches, by H. Eastman—second premium.

To No. 57, Leaves, painted from nature, by Mrs. Gridley—3d premium.

In *Pastel*—To No. —, Fruit, by Mrs. M. P. Benton, 1st premium.

To No. 251, Miss V. L. Stevenson, 2d premium.

To No. 252, Portrait of a Child, by Mrs. Brown—3d premium.

Pencil Drawings—To No. 625, case Drawings, by Burgess—1st premium.

To No. 459, Drawings on Wood, by Eastman—2d premium.

To No. —, group of Flowers, by Burgess—3d premium.

Drawings in Crayon—To No. 233, Mrs. G. A. Collins, 1st premium.

To No. —, Soldier, with spear and shield, by J. D., a pupil of San Francisco College, 2d premium.

To No. 678, by Miss Catharine Downs, 3d premium.

India Ink Drawings—To No. 408, Miniatures, by Nahl—1st premium.

To No. 104, by C. W. Kittridge, 2d premium.

To No. 428, Female Head, by a pupil of Mrs. Benton.

Pen Drawing—No. 581, Ruins of Karnak, by S. Grob.

Monochromatic—To No. 351, Mr. S. A. Newton.

Colored Photographs.—In this department your committee have exercised extreme care in forming their opinions and reaching their conclusions. A masterly exhibition is made by each of the exhibitors to whom premiums have been awarded.

To No. 378, photographed by G. H. Johnson, and painted by Officer—embracing, among others, portraits of Judge Shattuck, ex Gov. Purdy, &c.—is awarded the 1st premium.

To No. 390, photographed by Vance, and painted by Wise—including, among a number of masterly efforts, portraits of Rev. M. H. McAllister, Com. Watkins, &c.—is awarded the 2d premium.

To No. 284, by S. W. Shew, with portraits of Dr. Bradley, Mr. E. V. Joice, &c., is awarded the third premium.

Colored Melanotypes—To No. 378, by G. H. Johnson.

Engraving on Glass, Steel, &c.—No. 408, a new and effective style of work on glass, and deserving of particular mention and a special premium.

Wood Engraving.—To No. 423, by H. Eastman—1st premium.

To No. 504, by Butler, 2d premium.

To No. 407, S. F. Baker, 3d premium.

Sculpture, Busts, &c.—To No. 55, bust of Gov. Weller, by Devine—1st premium.

To No. 88, Statuette, by Devine—2d premium.

Monumental Sculpture.—To No. 557, Sun Dial, by M. Deveran—1st premium.

To No. 310, Baptismal Font, by C. Lacy, 2d premium.

Maotelpiece, by Devine—1st premium.

Medallions, Bas Reliefs, and Cameos.—Special premium to P. Mazzara, who has no competitor, and makes a choice exhibition.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Oil Paintings.—To No. 409, by J. W. Eaton, 1st premium.

To No. 424, by Miss Rebecca Ross, 2d premium.

Water Color Drawings.—To No. 425, by Miss Anna Ross, 1st premium.

To No. 409, by F. W. Eaton, 2d premium.

To No. 241, by W. E. Dennis, 3d premium.

Pencil Drawing.—To No. 234, Miss Jenie Collins, 1st premium.

To No. 417, by Benj. Depars, 2d premium.

Crayon Drawing.—To No. 640, by E. H. Hooper, 1st premium.

Penmanship.—To No. 24, 1st premium.

To No. 28, 2d premium.

To No. 418, 3d premium.

Map of the United States.—To No. 134, 1st premium.

To No. 588, Map of the British Isles, 2d premium.

Among the pupils of the San Francisco College whose drawings exhibit unusual cleverness, may be named F. W. Eaton, — King, — Michels, — Depars, — Ransom, and — Coble.

A. J. GRAYSON, *Chairman*.


FRANK TURK,

JOHN HASTINGS, M. D.,

P. ORD,

GEO. H. RINGGOLD, U. S. A.

S. WOODWORTH.

 We have seldom read sentiments which seemed to us more sublimely beautiful than the following, from the pen of C. B. McDonald. While distant little mountain towns can produce such thoughts of beauty, let us not despair for California literature.

AGE OF LIBERTY.

An old man, tremulous with age and disease, stood in Parliament and declared that three millions of freemen were invincible by any strength of the oppressor. Then the British lion crept away with his paws all gory with American blood, and Liberty, famished and weary but not subdued, came down from the mountain and up from the swamp and stood upon the verge of a great republic, like the young Crusader returning from the hills of Palestine bearing relics of the Cross and the beard of the Saracen. And Liberty made a covenant with Death: that until the great cataract of the North shall have ceased its roaring, and the gulf stream of the South lost its mysterious way, so long Liberty shall not die.—C. B. McDonald.

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

If ever there be a time when angels beckon silence to one another, and, folding up their wings and leaning on their harps, look down on men and women with approval, it is when the young wife, first tempted to sin, sends from about her the toils of the tempter, and with an exultant cry of "victory and truth!" rests her cheek on the breast where her first young love was cherished, and bids defiance to the world.—C. B. McDonald.

Notices of New Publications.

"*Pearls of Thought*," from the press of Messrs. Stanford & Delisser, Broadway, N. Y. The religious and philosophical "Pearls" which this book contains, are gathered from various "old authors," and are admirably selected and well arranged. These "Pearls" have been collected from the writings of Jeremy Collier, Sir Thomas Brown, Bishop Hall, John Donne, Pascal, Fenelon, Owen, Feltham, Thomas Fuller, Francis Quarles, Jeremy Taylor, &c. They will furnish subjects of thought and reflection for all meditative minds; and spare moments of time may be spent pleasantly and profitably by stringing these "Pearls" upon the thread of the memory, where they may be ready for use at any moment. This interesting and valuable book is for sale at the book-store of J. G. Gilchrist, 127 Montgomery St.

"*Ursula, a Tale of Country Life*." This, the latest work of Miss SEWELL, author of "Amy Herbert," "Ives," etc., is from the press of the Messrs. Appleton, Broadway, N. Y., and has met with a flattering reception. It is written in an easy, home-like style, which makes it quite interesting. There is nothing sickly or sentimental in it: on the contrary, there is a genuine appreciation of what is good and true in the character of ordinary mortals. The characters are not overdrawn, but truthful and life-like, and full of an interest which carries the delighted reader on from page to page, through the entire work. This is also for sale at the house of J. G. Gilchrist, 127 Montgomery Street, who always keeps on hand a large supply of books, stationery, etc., and where you may find kind and obliging attendants to wait upon you.

We have received a copy of a neatly gotten-up little work, entitled "*Local Lyrics*," by Mart Taylor. Mr. Taylor is an improvisatrice of no mean powers, and the book abounds in local "hits" and humorous fancies. It can be had at most of the periodical depots in the city.

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, and others wishing their works noticed in the columns of the *Hesperian*, will please address Mrs. F. H. DAY, editress *Hesperian*, San Francisco, Cal.,—as we design giving this department more time than we have done heretofore, and will make thorough and complete reviews of new works.

We have received the seventh number of the "*Nevada National*," George W. Roberts, editor. It is an excellent paper, and we wish it much success.

We have also received the third number of the "*Hydraulic Press*," B. P. Avery, editor. We welcome it to our sanctum, and bespeak for it the favor of an appreciative public.

THE SABBATH.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Apart from vanity and sin,
How calm the Sabbath stands,
As if our Father held it in
The hollow of his hands.

How calm! a vestibule before
Of work-days and of care,—
O, let us ope its golden door
Upon the hinge of prayer!

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

FRIDAY MORNING, October 1, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We live in an age of progress—an age in which the faint, feeble rays of Science, which but dimly dawned upon the past, are gathering strength and fast approaching the splendor of meridian day;—in an age when the light of Science is traveling with lightning speed to illuminate the most remote and darkened corners of the earth.

The page upon which is chronicled some mighty achievement of the mind of man is scarcely dry, before another and more glorious is heralded forth to the world, and in rapid succession are chronicled deeds and names which shall live while time endures.

Man every where rejoices in the light which illumines the present, and turns with exultant hope to the rich promises foreshadowed for the future.

The laying of the Atlantic Telegraph has been every where received with demonstrations of joy. Men see in it the sign of civilization, with rapid strides, advancing to cover the universal world, and hail it with loud acclamations of joy and triumph.

But amid all their rejoicings, they seem to have lost sight of the great fact that WOMAN has gone hand in hand with man in this great work. That woman, by her aid, has given to science this great achievement—this new victory; and to-day is presented to the intently gazing eyes of admiring worlds the beautiful tableaux of WOMAN STANDING HAND IN HAND WITH MAN, HIS EQUAL, indissolubly united by the great law of Heaven as by the Atlantic Cable. Much as we rejoice in the progress of mind, and the triumph of science, we rejoice more in the emblem which is presented to our consideration by the present position of President Buchanan and England's Queen.

Separated they are, 'tis true, by a sea which neither can compass or annihilate; yet are they united by a bond which cannot be divided save at the expense of both. Each rules a world, emblematic of the spheres which have been appointed unto man and woman, the rule of each conflicts not with the other, yet are they EQUAL, hand in hand advancing, mutually extending, mutually receiving aid.

Great Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the emblem, which now, even in our day, Thou dost hold up to the astonished gaze of myriads of thy creatures, and which reveals to us who watch upon the house-top and anxiously inquire, "Watchman, what of the night?"

Signs of the dawning of a new day, when woman, no longer enslaved and degraded by the galling chains which ignorance, darkness

and barbarism forged for her, shall stand forth in the liberty wherewith Thou hast clothed her; the acknowledged equal of her brother man in the advancing march of mind and science, as she is the acknowledged type of civilization throughout the world.

Celebration of the Laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

The laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable was celebrated in San Francisco on Monday, Sept. 27th, with much pomp and splendor. All kinds of business was suspended, and the people seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion with a warmth and zeal seldom manifested. The procession, which was grand and imposing in the extreme, was composed of all classes of the community—the Governor, and officials of the State, professions, arts and sciences, laborers and mechanics—all were represented there.

A procession in San Francisco presents a strange sight, representing every clime and nation, every tongue and people upon earth. After marching through all the principal streets in the city, the procession was received in front of the Oriental Hotel by about three thousand children dressed in gala robes, proudly bearing their national colors, and singing a national air.

After which, Col. E. D. Baker, the orator of the day, delivered in his own happy style, one of the most poetic and beautiful addresses ever delivered upon this coast. He was followed by the poet of the day, W. H. Rhodes, with a poem written for the occasion, which was well received; but as we publish both poem and speech elsewhere, they need no comment at our hand.

In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, and the festivities were closed by a magnificent display of fireworks upon the Plaza. No accident occurred to mar the harmony of the general jubilee; and at a late hour the citizens quietly retired to their rest.

ORPHANED.

How much of desolation that one word implies. What heart-agonies it reveals for those who have seen the cold earth close over the only disinterested friends that they may ever know, have not been without sorrow. Orphaned—no maternal bosom upon which to lay the aching head, when the cares and sorrows of life press heavily. No father to counsel and advise, and by his superior wisdom and experience aid on over the rugged pathway of life.

Speak kindly to the orphaned. Have they faults,—judge gently of them, considering what thou might have been without thy mother's sympathy or thy father's counsel. Are they sad and discouraged—make haste to speak the kind word of sympathy and encouragement. Are they poor—take a little from thy well filled coffer and bestow it upon them. Are they in sorrow and distress—oh, take of the oil of gladness, and with thine own hands pour a few drops upon their sad, sorrowing hearts. Does the path of life to them seem lonely and sad—take them tenderly by the

hand and lead them unto Him who hath said "I will be a father to the fatherless."

So shall ye have peace upon earth, and when at last summoned before the Judge of all the earth, upon thy ravished ear shall fall the blessed words, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me."

WHAT WOMAN CAN DO.

A short time since we heard that the women of Weaverville, themselves, designed building a church, and now we understand the glorious work is finished and already have its walls been consecrated by Prayer to the Living God; and this is woman's work. They carried around the subscription, contracted with workmen, and absolutely built the church by their own energies.

Where was the like ever heard of before? Ancient history affords no parallel, and modern history—full as it is of tales of woman's heroism and devotion—still records no instance where, with her own hands, SHE HAS BUILT AN ALTAR UNTO GOD. Surely, the sight of that spire, pointing heaven-ward, will fill the mind of every beholder with reverence and holy aspirations; and as the sound of that church-going bell falls upon the ears of the multitude, they will listen to the call and reverently go forth to the house of prayer. Our heart swells with emotion when we consider that to the altar that *women's hands have reared*, will be brought young children to receive the holy waters of baptism. Before this altar shall be pledged the vows of loving hearts, and here for many generations yet to come shall kneel hungering, thirsting souls, who shall be fed with the bread which is "His body," and freely given to drink of the "Waters of Life."

The following eloquent words upon this subject are from the pen of C. B. McDONALD, and we gladly make room for them:—

THE GENTLE BUILDERS.—There is a great excitement among the ladies of Weaverville; they are going to have a church built, themselves being the builders. They are going to hew allegorical beams and dig an imaginary foundation to a rock firm as St. Peter, and then they intend to request their husbands and gentleman acquaintances to attend to the practical details. We hope they will not tire of the enterprise; it is possible for them to design and cause to be built, an edifice in which they and their children may worship together until a darker spot in the shadow of the spire betokens rest for the builder. Or if they remove, others will come and feel a holier presence about the altar which women built. The head of the Infidel will be uncovered, reverently, as he goes under the shadow of the projecting roof. The feeble hands of woman meant to roll the door-stone from the sepulchre, had not the potent arm of a risen God swung the great door on its hinges of air. Build, gentle builders, build till the spire of your village church points, like a prophet's index finger to the Throne, and until the first morning light that breaks in the valley shall reveal the signal of the Cross set by woman's hands.

A Talk With The Hesperian.

DEAR HESPERIAN: Are you inclined to listen to a few confidential remarks?—fragmentary; perhaps somewhat unintelligible, and, yet, a whisper of sound experience; of sentiments which belong to the heart, and which thrown upon a cold and thoughtless world, would be regarded as a weakness unworthy the masculine notice of manhood, and absurd in the estimation of modern female accomplishment. What are the blessings of earth; the sorrows of life to these? What are its hopes and its fears?—or what the sunshine and shadows of human existence? or the refined and appreciative mind, which recognizes the beautiful and the good wherever Nature's bounteous hand may choose to display them? A gold-headed cane, senseless wit, or a driving business is equivalent to the ambition of the first; while the possession of a fashionable trimmed person, and abilities for flirtation and a "model" and brainless beau, would prove the *ultima-thule* of the wishes and enjoyments of the latter!

In the perusal of your paper for some months past, I have become convinced that such is not the character of the *Hesperian*. Here is a refuge for those who *think*, for those who *feel*, and for those who *reason*. It is the summer-house where "buds of promise" are fostered; where the flowers of genius can obtain refreshment, expand and grow warm and beautiful in the cherished rays of a congenial sun. It is the *observatory* from whose commanding heights, the inner soul may gladly look out and survey the extended scenery of earth and of heaven, and from whence it can inhale the living truth of a new inspiration and of a new life. Beautiful scenery in Nature is similar in its influences to a congenial spirit: the one stimulating to high aspirations and purity of thought, while the other aids one in bearing the burdens of the journey upward. The first elevates the soul to its own standard; the second strengthens by encouragement, and soothes the sorrows of life with holy sympathy. With Wisdom and the voice of Instruction for a guide, they will together form the "Life-boat" that is destined to bear many a weary and disconsolate heart safely through the storms and adversities of mortality.

Not long since, I saw a young mother weeping over the smiling slumbers of her fatherless child! Only two years had elapsed since the young couple—husband and wife—had left the home of their childhood, and had sought the golden shores of California, in health and strength, and with glowing hopes and fair prospects for future happiness. But the "rains descended, the floods came, the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell!" Shattered and broken were the hopes of the disconsolate wife, as with a broken altar, she bowed alone in the presence of Him who suffereth not a hair of the head to fall unnoticed. "It seemed hard," she said, "that, relying upon Providence, she was doomed to suffer the keenest pangs of earthly bereavement to which humanity is subject, and this, too, at the time when the happiness of young and

thoughtless love was just ripening into mature affection, and when a husband's love and a father's protection was most essential in the formation of a home among strangers." Surely, thought I,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform!"

I am not one of those who are ever ready to smooth over the casualties and disappointments of life with the reflection that it is an "overruling Providence," as I look upon mankind as composed of responsible beings, and often by their own doings entailing the natural and impending judgment. Yet, God sometimes "chastens those whom He loveth;" and in the present instance I could not but think that, in the falling tears, which like pearls were wrung from the wounds of a pure and confiding heart, there existed a panacea that ere long would heal all sorrows,—if not in the material, or chrysalis form, then assuredly in that of the immaterial or spiritual.

In looking around me, I find that similar incidents to the one related above, are not uncommon. They are varied, it is true, in circumstances and relation; but in all, there is a sundering of ties, a withering of hopes and a flood of afflictions, that engage the deepest feelings of the soul, and that loudly call for the sympathy and condolence of friends. If mankind would interest themselves in administering to the wants of the afflicted, in pouring the balm of consolation on wounded spirits, and in searching out the grand secret of social happiness, instead of devoting so much time to frivolities that are as fleeting as they are trivial, then would there exist a harmony in the actions and government of men in consonance with the grand and beautiful workings of Nature.

To this end, if I am not sadly mistaken, the *Hesperian* is dedicated; and I cannot believe without its beneficial results.

"When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us."

Columbia, Cal., Sept. 11, 1858.

OMIKRON.

[For the Hesperian.]

Whence Came The Metals.

A most liberal and kind mother is Nature; and yet, a great economist withal. While she gives abundantly, she wastes nothing, loses nothing. Her means are always adequate to her ends. Progress is her law, and protection her aim.

A perfect governess is Nature. She provides for all contingencies, and her agents are ever faithful to their trust. Each ultimate atom, or material molecule is a tiny servant—ever restless, ever busy—never stopping short, nor over stepping bounds. A host, mighty in numbers, but governed with ease, for each performs its separate and perfect work. A type of human perfection is the little molecule. Endowed with a mystery indwelling, surrounding and emanating from it—the mystery of affinity—it seeks its like, and, true to itself, is never false to anything.

"Like seeks like," and the congregated monads arrange themselves into forms of

beauty—types of perfect human society—and gay crystals spring from shapeless mineral masses. But not content with their crystal palace, the monads aspire to higher labors; by new combinations they build up other forms, and the little moss-spire springing from its tuft of green leaves marks the home of *Vitality*. The life principle, seated on the throne Affinity has erected for it, imparts new powers to the monads, and they build a *Temple* in image of Nature's God, and the Mind dwells therein. Affinity, *Vitality*, Mind, the triad of perfection. Thus Nature's monad-servants build Palaces, Homes, Temples, because they work harmoniously.

Nature makes self-sustaining institutions. The mind-temple has its guardian. The first is *Sensation*, the guardian of individual identity; the second, *Instinct*, curator of repairs and replenishments; and the third, *Reason*, superintendent general; a mighty trinity standing on earth and touching Heaven.

Nature in conferring self-sustaining powers, placed the appliances therefor, within reach, without thrusting them upon us. Barely within reach; we must exert ourselves to grasp them; we learn our powers, and new wants call for new exertions, and strength grows with exercise, and the mind, in the glory of its expansion, soars from earth and feels its *real home* in a higher land.

Barely within reach are the means of supplying our wants; and difficult of access as they are removed from the recognitions of mere animal nature, and pleasing in proportion to their remoteness.

The primitive man found in the spontaneous fruits of the earth the means of sustenance, by wandering from hill to valley in search thereof. But *love* bound the strong man to feeble beings unable to climb heights and encounter thorns, and he determined to make himself a *home*. Then commenced the fight with matter—a stubborn contest—but *Mind* triumphed, and fruits grew where man chose to plant them. A skillful general is Mind, and he soon enlisted one species of matter to war with another,—and the *Metals* became his great allies. But it required ages of labor to open negotiations with these subterranean kings who dwell in the dark recesses of the pyroplastic rocks. This brings us to our subject, "Whence came the Metals?"

(To be continued.)

V.

WE have received from the manufacturer, John Davis, samples of his Erasive Soap, made from the California soap root. This soap is entirely free from alkaline properties, and we find it excellent in removing grease from broadcloth, silks, and so forth.

It is a theory of mine, that those gifted with truly humorous genius are more useful as moralists, philosophers, and teachers, than whole legions of the gravest preachers. They speak more effectually to the general ear and heart, even though they who hear are not aware of the fact that they are imbibing wisdom.—*Joseph N. Neal*.

ORATION

DELIVERED BY COL. E. D. BAKER,

In San Francisco, Sept. 27,

ON OCCASION OF THE PUBLIC CELEBRATION OF LAYING THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Fellow-Citizens.—Amid the general joy that thrills throughout the civilized world, we are here to bear our part. The great enterprise of the age has been successfully accomplished. Thought has bridged the Atlantic, and cleaves its unfettered path across the sea, winged by the lightning and guarded by the billow. Tho' remote from the shores that first witnessed the deed, we feel the impulse and swell the paean. As in the frame of man the nervous sensibility is greatest at the extremity of the body, so we, distant dwellers on the Pacific coast, feel yet more keenly than the communities which form the centres of civilization, the greatness of the present success, and the splendors of the advancing future.

The transmission of intelligence by electric forces is perhaps the most striking of all the manifestations of human power, in compelling the elements to the service of man. The history of the discovery is a monument to the sagacity, the practical observation, the inductive power of the men whose names have become famous and immortal. The application to the uses of mankind is scarcely less wonderful, and the late extension across a vast ocean ranks its projectors and accomplishers with the benefactors of their race. We repeat here to-day the names of Franklin, and Morse, and Field. We echo the sentiments of generous pride, most felt in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, at the associated glory of her sons. But we know that this renown will spread wherever their deeds convey blessings to the human race that, like their own works it will extend beyond ocean and deserts, and like these works will remain to late and successive generations.

The history of the Atlantic Telegraph is fortunately familiar to most of this auditory. For more than a hundred years it has been known that the velocity of electricity was nearly instantaneous. It was found that the electricity of the clouds, and that produced by electric excitation, was identical; next followed the means for its creation, and the mechanism of transmission. Its concentration was found in the corrosion of metals in acids, and the use of the Voltaic pile; its transmission was completed by Morse in 1843, and it was reserved to Field to guide it across the Atlantic. Here, as in all other scientific results, you find the wonder-working power of observation and induction; and nowhere in the history of man is the power of Art—action directed by Science, knowledge systematized—so signally and beautifully obvious. I leave to the gifted friend who will follow me, in his peculiar department, the appropriate description of the wonders of the deep seaway; of the silent shores beneath; of sunless caverns and sub-marine plains. It is for others to describe the solitudes of the nether deep. Yet who is there whose imagination does not kindle at the idea that every thought which springs along the wires vibrates in those palaces of the ocean where the billows cease to roll and light fails to penetrate?

From "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean" the pearl that heaves upon the breast of beauty is dragged to the glare of day. There, the unburied dead lie waiting for the resurrection morning, while above them the winds wail their perpetual requiem; there, the lost treasures of India and Peru are forever buried; there, the wrecks of the Armada and Trafalgar are foreverwhelmed.

What flags and what trophies are floating free,
In the shadowy depths of the silent sea!

But amid these scattered relics of the buried Past, over shell-formed shores and wave-worn crags, the gleaming Thought darts its way. Amid the monsters of the deep, amid the sporting myriads and countless armies of the sea, the single link that unites two worlds conveys the mandate of a king or the message of a lover. Of old, the Greek loved to believe that Neptune ruled the ocean, and stretched his tri-

dent over the remotest surge. The fiction has become reality; but Man has become the Monarch of the Wave, and his trident is a single wire!

Fellow-citizens: The scene in which we each bear a part to-day is one peculiar, it is true, to the event which we celebrate: but it is also very remarkable in many and varied aspects.

Never before has there been on the Pacific Coast such an expression of popular delight. We celebrate the birthday of a nation with signal rejoicing; but vast numbers who are here to-day can find no place in its processions, and perhaps wonder at its enthusiasm; we celebrate great victories, which give new names to our history and new stars to our banner—these are but national triumphs: but to-day the joy is universal; the procession represents the world—all creeds, all races, all languages are here; every vocation of civilized life mingles in the shout and welcomes the deed. The minister of religion sees the Bow of Promise reflected under the sea, which speaks of universal peace; the statesman perceives another lengthening avenue for the march of free principles; the magistrate can see here new guards to the rights of society and property, and a wide field for the spread of international law; the poet kindles at the dream of a great republic of letters, tending towards a universal language; and the star of science finds a pledge that individual enterprise may yet embody his discoveries in beneficent and world-wide action.

The mechanic walks with a freer step and a more conscious part, for it is his skill which has overcome the raging sea and the stormy shore; and Labor, toil-stained and sun-browned Labor, claims the triumph as his own in a two-fold right. First, because without patient, enduring toil, there could be neither discovery, invention, application, or extension; and again, because whatever spreads the blessings of peace and knowledge, comes home to his hearth and his heart.

Surrounded, then, as I am, by the representatives of all civilized nations, let me express in a few brief words some of the thoughts that are struggling for utterance upon your lips as you contemplate the great event of the century. Our first conviction is that the resources of the human mind and the energies of the human will are boundless and illimitable: from the time when the new philosophy, of which Francis Bacon was the great exponent, became firmly written in a few minds, the course of human progress has been unfettered—each established fact, each new discovery, each complete induction is a new weapon from the armory of truth: the march cannot retrograde; the human mind will never go back; the question as to the return of barbarism is forever at rest. If England were to sink beneath the ocean, she has planted the germ of her thought in many a fair land beside, and the tree will shadow the whole earth. If the whole population of America were to die in a day, a new migration would repeople it; not with living forms alone, but with living thought, bright streams from the fountains of all nations.

O! Science, thou thought-clad leader of the company of pure and great souls, that toil for their race and love their kinds—measurer of the depths of earth and the recesses of heaven—apostle of civilization—handmaid of religion—teacher of human equality and human right—perpetual witness for the Divine wisdom!—be ever, as now, the Great Minister of Peace; let thy starry brow and benign front still gleam in the van of progress, brighter than the sword of the conqueror, and welcome as the light of heaven!

The commercial benefits to accrue to all nations from instantaneous communication are too apparent to permit much remark; the convenience of the merchant, the correspondence of demand and supply, the quick return of values, the more immediate apprehension of the condition of the world, are among the direct results most obvious to all men; but these are at last mere agencies for a superior good, and are but the heralds of the great ameliorations to follow in their stately march.

The great enemy of commerce, and indeed of

the human race, is war. Sometimes ennobling to individuals and nations, it is more frequently the offspring of a narrow nationality and inveterate prejudice. If it enlists in its service some of the noblest qualities of the human heart, it too often perverts them to the service of a despot. From the earliest ages a chain of mountains, or a line of a river, made men strangers, if not enemies. Whatever, therefore, opens communication and creates interchange of ideas, counteracts the sanguinary tendencies of mankind, and does its part to "beat the sword into the ploughshare." We hail, therefore, as we trust, in the event we commemorate, a happier era in the history of the world, and read in the omens attendant on its completion an augury of perpetual peace.

The spectacle which marked the moment when the Cable was first dropped in the deep sea, was one of absorbing interest. Two stately ships, of different and once hostile nations, bore the precious freight. Meeting in mid-ocean, they exchanged the courtesies of their gallant profession; each bore the flag of St. George, each carried the flowing stripes and blazing stars—on each deck that martial hand bowed reverently in prayer to the Great Ruler of the tempest: exact in order, perfect in discipline, they waited the auspicious moment to seek the distant shore. Well were those noble vessels named—the one *Niagara*, with a force restless as our own cataract; the other *Agamemnon*, "the king of men," as constant in purpose, as resolute in trial, as the great leader of the Trojan war. Right well, O gallant crew, have you fulfilled your trust! Favoring were the gales and smooth the seas that bore you to the land; and O! if the wish and prayer of the good and wise of all the earth may avail, your high and peaceful mission shall remain forever perfect, and those triumphant standards, so long shadowing the earth with their glory, shall wave in united folds as long as Homeric story shall be remembered among men, or the thunders of Niagara reverberate above its arch of spray.

It is impossible, fellow-citizens, within such limits as the nature of this assemblage indicates, to portray the various modes in which the whole human race are to be impelled on the march of progress by the telegraphic union of the two nations; but I cannot forget where I stand, nor the audience I address. The Atlantic Telegraph is but one link in a line of thought which is to bind the world; the next link is to unite the Atlantic and Pacific. Who doubts that this union is near at hand? Have we no other *Fields*? Shall the skill which sounded the Atlantic not scale the Sierra Nevada? Is the rolling plain more dangerous than the rolling deep? Shall science repose upon its laurels, or achievement faint by the Atlantic shore? Let us do our part; let our energy, long dormant, awake! Let us be again the men we were when we planted an empire. We are in the highway of commerce; let us widen the track: one effort more, and Science will span the world. While I speak, there comes to us, borne on every blast from the east and from the west, high tidings of civilization, toleration and freedom. In England the Jews are restored to all the privileges of citizens, and the last step in the path of religious toleration is taken. The Emperor of Russia has decreed the emancipation of his serfs, and the first movement for civil liberty is begun. China opens her ports and commerce, and Christianity will penetrate the East. Japan sends her ambassador to America, and America will return the blessings of civilization to Japan. O, human heart and human hope! never before in all your history did ye so throb with promise for the race; never before did ye so rise to the inspiration of a prophet in the majesty of your prediction.

Fellow-citizens: we have a just and generous pride in the great achievement we are here to commemorate. We rejoice in the manly energy, the indomitable will, that pushed it forward to success. We admire the skillful adaptation and application of the forces of nature to the uses of mankind; we reverence the great thinkers whose observation swept through the universe for facts and events, and whose pa-

tient wisdom traced and evolved the general law. Yet, more than this, we turn, with wonder and delight, to behold, on every hand, the results of scientific method everywhere visible and everywhere increasing; but, amid the wonder and delight, we turn to a still greater wonder—the human mind itself! Who shall now stay its progress? What shall impede its career? No longer trammelled by theories or oppressed by the despotism of authority—grasping, at the very vestibule, the key to knowledge, its advance, though gradual, is but the more sure. It is engaged in a perpetual warfare, but its empire is perpetually enlarging. No fact is forgotten, no truth is lost, no induction falls to the ground; it is as industrious as the sun—it is as restless as the sea—it is as universal as the race itself. It is boundless in its ambition and irrepressible in its hope! And yet, in the very midst of the great works that mark its progress, while we behold on every hand the barriers of darkness and ignorance overthrown, and perceive the circle of knowledge continually widening, we must forever remember that man, in all his pride of scientific research and all his power of elemental conquest, can but follow, at an infinite distance, the methods of the Great Designer of the Universe. His research is but the attempt to learn what Nature has done or may do; his plans are but an imperfect copy of a half-seen original. He strives, and sometimes with success, to penetrate into the workshop of Nature; but, whether he use the sunbeam, or steam, or electricity—whether he discover a continent or a star—whether he decompose light or water—whether he fathom the depths of the ocean or the depths of the human heart—in each and all he is but an imitator of the Great Architect and Creator of all things. We have accomplished a great work; we have diminished space to a point; we have traversed one twelfth of the circumference of our globe with a chain of thought pulsating with intelligence and almost spiritualizing matter. But, even while we assemble to mark the deed and rejoice at its completion, the Almighty, as if to impress us with a becoming sense of our weakness, when compared with his power, has set a new signal of his reign in heaven. If to-night, fellow-citizens, you will look out from the glare of your illuminated city into the north-western heavens, you will perceive, low down on the edge of the horizon, a bright stranger, pursuing its path across the sky. Amid the starry hosts that keep their watch, it shines, attended by a brighter pomp and followed by a broader train. No living man has gazed upon its splendors before, no watchful votary of science has traced its course for nearly ten generations. It is more than three hundred years since its approach was visible from our planet; when last it came it startled an Emperor on his throne, and while the superstition of his age taught him to perceive in its presence a herald and a doom, his pride saw in its flaming course and fiery train, the announcement that his own light was about to be extinguished. In common with the lowest of his subjects, he read omens of destruction in the baleful heavens, and prepared himself for a fate which alike awaits the mightiest and the meanest. Thanks to the present condition of scientific knowledge, we read the heavens with a far clearer perception. We see, in the predicted return of the rushing, blazing comet through the sky, the march of a heavenly messenger along its appointed way and around its predestined orbit. For three hundred years he has traveled amid the regions of infinite space. "Lone wandering, but not lost," he has left behind him shining suns, blazing stars and gleaming constellations, now nearer to the Eternal Throne, and again on the confines of the universe. He returns, with visage radiant and benign; he returns, with unimpeded march and unobstructed way; he returns, the majestic, swift electric Telegraph of the Almighty, bearing upon his flaming front the tidings that, throughout the universe, there is still peace and order—that, amid the immeasurable dominions of the Great King, his rule is still perfect—that suns and stars and systems tread their endless circle and obey the Eternal law.

When Pericles, the greatest of Athenian statesmen, stood, in the suburb of the Kerameikus, to deliver the funeral oration of the soldiers who had fallen in the expedition to Samos, he seized the occasion to describe, with great but pardonable pride, the grandeur of Athens. It was the first year of the Peloponnesian war, and he spoke amid the trophies of the Persian conquest and the creations of the Greek genius. In that immortal oration he depicted, in glowing colors, the true sources of national greatness, and enumerated the titles by which Athens claimed to be the first city of the world. He spoke of constitutional guarantees, of democratic principles, of the supremacy of law, of the freedom of the social march. He spoke of the elegance of private life—of the bonnetousness of comforts and luxuries—of a system of education—of their encouragement to strangers—of their cultivated taste—of their love of the beautiful—of their rapid interchange of ideas; but, above all, he dwelt upon the courage of her citizens, animated by reflections that her greatness was achieved "by men of daring, full of a sense of honorable shame in all their actions."

Fellow-citizens: in most of these respects we may adopt the description; but if in taste, in manners, if in temples and statues, if in love and appreciation of art, we fall below the genius of Athens, in how many respects is it our fortune to be superior? We have a revealed religion, we have a perfect system of morality, we have a literature based it is true on their models, but extending into realms of which they never dreamed. We have a vast and fertile territory within our own dominion, and science brings the whole world within our reach. We have founded an empire in a wilderness, and poured fabulous treasures into the lap of commerce.

But amid all these wonders, it is obvious that we stand upon the threshold of new discoveries, and at the entrance to a more imperial dominion. The history of the last three hundred years has been a history of successive advances, each more wonderful than the last. There is no reason to believe that the procession will be stayed, or the music of its march be hushed: on the contrary, the world is radiant with hope, and all the signs in earth and heaven are full of promise to the race. Happy are we to whom it is given to share and spread these blessings; happier yet if we shall transmit the great trust committed to our care undimmed and unbroken to succeeding generations.

I have spoken of three hundred years past—dare I imagine three hundred years to come? It is a period very far beyond the life of the individual man; it is but a span in the history of a nation, throughout the changing generations of mortal life. The men grow old and die; the community remains, the nation survives. As we transmit our institutions, so shall we transmit our blood and our names to future ages and populations. What multitudes shall throng these shores, what cities shall gem the borders of the sea! Here all people and all tongues shall meet. Here shall be a more perfect civilization, a more thorough intellectual development, a firmer faith, a more reverent worship.

Perhaps, as we look back to the struggles of an earlier age, and mark the steps of our ancestors in the career we have traced, so some thoughtful man of letters, in ages yet to come, may bring to light the history of this shore, or of this day. I am sure, fellow-citizens, that whoever shall hereafter read it will perceive that our pride and joy is dimmed by no stain of selfishness. Our pride is for humanity; our joy is for the world; and amid all the wonders of past achievement and the splendors of present success, we turn with swelling hearts to gaze into the boundless future, with the earnest conviction that it will yet develop a universal Brotherhood of Man.

We acknowledge from Mr. Planel, the receipt of some new music. Poetry by Mary Viola Tingley. Music by Mr. L. T. Planel. It is for sale at Mr. Kohler's, 178 Washington St. At Atwell's, 172 Washington Street. Also at Mr. Rosa's, 157 Montgomery Street.

POEM

PRONOUNCED BY WM. IL. RHODES,
Before the Citizens of California, September 27, 1858,
ON THE OCCASION OF
Celebrating the completion of the Ocean Telegraph.

Behold our Country, clasping every clime,
Shielded by oceans, boundless and sublime!
Behold her Eagle on his pinions soar,
To guard the continent from shore to shore!
Behold her rivers, lakes, and mountain chaïns,
Her golden places, and salubrious plains,
Her towns and cities peopling every vale,
Her commerce wafted on by every gale:
Through every ocean, see her navies sweep,
And roll their thunders o'er the vassal deep!
Whate'er in war can succor or befriend,
Arms to attack, or bosoms to defend:
Whate'er in peace, a nation can refine—
All, great and blest America, are thine!

God of our fathers, 'tis to Thee
We owe each blessing given!
We therefore bend the willing knee,
And crave the smiles of Heaven.

Far o'er the high mountains, across the blue sea,
California! thy sisters are calling to thee;
I hear the full chorus exultingly roll,
Till the psalm is echoed from tropic to pole.
Why shout the glad millions in frenzied delight?
Why peal the loud cannon, in glory and might?
Why blaze the bright bonfires, on hill-tops afar?
What illumines each city, till it gleams like a star?
Why wave the broad banners? Why rolls the deep drum?
What hero has triumphed? What foe is o'ercome?
What nation is vanquished? What altar thrown down?
What monster has waded through crimes, to a crown?

It is no victor's mailed heel
That shakes the prostrate earth;
'Cased in his helm of triple steel,
A butcher from his birth—
It is no king's victorious march,
With terror in its train;
To build with skeletons, his arch
Of triumph o'er the slain!
No! no! 'tis none of these that wakes
The world's united tone,
And swells the anthem, till it shakes
Each tyrant on his throne:
'Tis but the triumph of the Mind,
The victory of Art,
That thrills the soul of all mankind
And throbs in every heart!
PEACE is the Conqueror to-day,
And holds her jubilee;
Her brow is crowned with ocean spray,
Her empire is the sea.
Her lips are touched with heavenly fire,
Like Israel's bard of old;
Her arms—the world-encircling wire—
Shall every clime enfold;
Then with the Lightnings in her hand,
Throned o'er the land and sea,
Her tongue shall speak the great command,
"MAN, EVERYWHERE, BE FREE!"

Old Johnny Bull, one summer's day,
Called Jonathan, his son, from play,
And with a stern, forbidding brow,
Said, "Johnny, I've a lecture now;
And let the lesson ever prove
The depth of my paternal love.
You're a big boy—nay, almost grown,
And 'tis high time some care was shown
To mould your manners, still uncouth
And rough, as when you were a youth.
You are too boyish in your play,
And fly your paper kite all day;
You whistle sticks from morn till night,
And that is very impolite;
You are too fond of fire-arms,
And constant fill me with alarms;
You are too curious and sly.
In other people's business pry;
Besides, you're always in a hurry,
And do things in the greatest flurry.
To make your manners very fine,
Just look at me, and copy mine!"

Said Jonathan to Mr. Bull,
His heart meantime with frolic full,
And thinking of poor Pat, forlorn:
"Dear Father, I confess the corn."

"My boy Ben will fly his kite,
In spite of kieg or crown;
But, then, its rods are all so bright,
It woos the lightning down!"

"'Tis true, Steers whittles all the time,
Whilst others are at play;
But lo! the product of pastime,
The yacht *America*!"

"Colt is too fond of squibs uncrined,
And pistols he prefers;
But, in return, he gave the world
Revolving cylinders!"

"Again: you scold me on the ground
Of curiosity;
But Brooke pail-pried, until he foned
The bottom of the sea!"

"And, finally, you rate me high,
For galloping like a horse:"

But thoughts now plumed with lightnings fly,
Winged by Professor Morse!

"Farewell, Papa! I can not yield,
Though your advice be fine;
I'm hurried now—but my son FIELD
Ere long will drop a line!"

The line has been dropped, the cable is laid,
That anchors the East to the West;
Old Time has been vanquished, Old Ocean dismayed,
And the Lightning been cradled to rest.
Far down, 'neath the billows, her wings have been furled,
Where the mermaid sings in the sea,
And whispers, "THE LIGHTNING GIVES PEACE TO THE WORLD
BY LINKING THE HOMES OF THE FREE!"

[For the Hesperian.]

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

FOUNDED ON A FRENCH DRAMA.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

(Continued.)

VII.

The Horatius and Curatius.

Time had passed since that decisive interview between the Count, Olympia, and her adopted father. The night of St. Phar's benefit had arrived, but in the meantime Olympia had heard nothing of the Count. Although she saw that such a positive, entire separation was better for both, being the annihilation not only of hope, but also of suspense and despair, she was not void of a natural feeling of regret at his prompt obedience to a wish, which her principles had forced her to utter, while her heart writhed in the struggle.

She sat in her dressing-room, attired in the graceful drapery of the Roman maiden. Rose, anxious to be near her sister in the hour of professional triumph, had made her way to the theatre, unobstructed by her husband, under the pretext of carrying a box of slippers to be tried on; for the democratic disciplinarian did not object to the custom of the court favorite, although he reprehended her vocation. The stealthy interview of the sisters afforded delight to each. Rose's inexperience of the technicalities of the theatre, as well as of the intellectual gratification of a sublime tragedy, rendered her comments and her wonderment, alike amusing and touching. All who are familiar with Corneille's great play, know that in the first three acts, Camilla is rarely seen, and only utters a few words. But in that brief space, Olympia's eyes, as she returned the rapturous greeting of the audience, caught a glance from a box near the stage,—she could not be mistaken—it was Charles! Yes, there he sat, his eyes fixed upon her—not with that look of love, of admiration, which had been her heart's best treasure, but with a strange expression of passion, indeed of wildness, that made her tremble, she scarcely knew why. Her self-possession nearly failed her, and with difficulty she concluded the scene. Her agitation had not been unmarked by her father, who received her trembling form and listened to her anxious whispers as she left the stage. Alive to her feelings, and fearing for the peril of that professional fame, of which, as her guardian, he was justly proud, he aroused her energy by reminding her that the presence of one whose opinion she so highly valued, should be a double incentive to exertion,—that she should strive that night to surpass all her former efforts. He had touched the right chord. The inspiration of genius vied

with that of love, as she rushed upon the stage, uttering those impassioned words, those sublime imprecations, which the present generation has beheld illustrated by Rachel. The classic poet of France perhaps never so truly conquered the conventionalities of the drama of his age and nation, as in the invectives uttered by Camilla against her brother, for the murder of her lover in obedience to that stocial, almost unnatural patriotism, illustrating the early ages of Roman history.

The fifth act, in which Horatius is arraigned for the murder of Camilla, had commenced—and Olympia in her room sought at once repose and her sister's presence. She found Rose much agitated at the performance she had witnessed, but still more so at some information which she had received, and which she felt assured materially affected her sister's happiness. In the interim between the previous scenes, Olympia's footman had knocked at the dressing-room door, and in evident perturbation had related to Rose, what the dread of his mistress's anger would probably have prevented him from confessing. An ardent, but rejected admirer of Olympia, had suspected that she was not only indifferent to him, but interested in some rival. By diligent inquiries, he had ascertained that Count Charles was the object of her regard, and being ignorant of the real state of his position, endeavored to supplant him. For this purpose he had bribed this footman to suppress all letters or communications, of which he might be the bearer from the Count to Olympia. The large bribes had overcome the servant's fidelity, and it was not until this last night, on receiving at the theatre door a second letter from the Count's own hand, and beholding his wild agitation, that he trembled at the consequences of his perfidy. These letters he now offered to Rose. She at once dismissed him, promising to intercede for him on the morrow, and anxiously awaited the termination of Olympia's performance; rightly judging by that affection which often supplies the place of tact, that the perusal of those letters would unnerve Olympia for the final scene.

As soon as she beheld the hand-writing a dread overcame her, while her imagination saw Charles still gazing at her. The first letter, full of protestations of ever-during affection, of another offer of his hand, drew tears from her eyes; but when she opened the second, she uttered a cry of agony, and, as if unable to conclude, besought Rose to read it, or she would think her senses had deceived her. Rose's terror scarcely exceeded Olympia's, as she read:

"Maddened by your continued silence, if you act this night and send me no reply, I shall feel that you never loved me. The great object that made life dear to me, thus torn away, I will listen only to despair. I shall go to look upon you for the last time, and then bid farewell to the world, to my mother, and to you!

While Olympia sat appalled, bewildered, gazing upon these words, the play had terminated. The enraptured audience insisted

upon the re-appearance of their Tragic Muse: the Queen herself had also graciously expressed the wish, which from her was a command. The managers, actors, St. Phar himself, transported by the enthusiasm of the moment, hurried Olympia upon the stage, unconscious of what she did, with the letter still grasped in her cold, rigid hand. As peal after peal of applause echoed round the house, while the stage was strewn with a floral shower, the actress's lips convulsively moved. Involuntarily the vast crowd paused to listen—no sound came forth, but at that instant the report of a pistol was heard within the building. With a heart-shriek of agony, Olympia grasped her father's hand, and crying out, "Oh, Charles! Charles! father! we have killed him!" fell senseless on the stage.

(Conclusion in our next.)

[For the Hesperian.]

A Visit to the Old Homestead.

BY O. T. SPROAT.

A few months ago, I made a visit to the old homestead, and O! how natural everything looked! The great elms at the door appeared just as they did ten years ago. The lilacs, under the window, where we used to play hide and seek, among the thick, green leaves, were just the same. The woodbine, that clambered up the gable end of the house, and rustled at my chamber window, was there still; and I even fancied that I could see the humming-bird's nest, that was built among its leaves. The old well, with its mossy covered stones, and the great weather-beaten sweep and pole, rising high in the air, from which the "old oaken bucket" used to dangle, from which the water dripped on the stones beneath, and fell with a tinkling sound on the ruffled face of the pool below—stood there, just the same. The old watering trough, from which the cattle used to drink, was there; and the little rivulet by its side, where I used to set water-wheels, when a boy, and construct mill dams that were a wonder to behold—was hurling and tinkling there still. The great, flat, stepping-stone, with grass growing all around the edges and worn smooth by the feet of many generations, lay there, before the well-curb. The old barn with its weather-beaten walls and heavy eaves, where the swallows built their nests; and with its great doors which used to swing so heavily in the wind, was standing just the same; and the old stone wall and the grass of the yard in front looked just as it did ten years ago.

I went up through the front path, to the house, and opened the door leading into the hall. Then, first, I began to experience that feeling of desolation that all feel, who come to the home of early childhood after long absence, and mark the changes that Time and death have made. The hall looked empty and gloomy; and the old-fashioned chairs seated in a row by the stair-case, had a set, sad look, "ranging along the wall in funeral array." I entered the parlor. The great, brass clock, in the corner, was ticking its sad, slow beat—one,—two,—three,—four; and I could feel my

own heart keeping time to it,—one,—two,—three,—four—I looked towards the fire-place. There in the chimney-corner, was my father's great arm chair. When last I stood there, he was seated in that spot;—his lips quivering with emotion as he bade me farewell,—“God bless you! God bless you, my son!” O! the sound of that voice! how it rung through that room still! I could still hear it, as it echoed—“God bless you! God bless you, my son!”

From the parlor I went into the chamber—my mother's chamber.—She had long been an invalid, and that place had been very dear to me. Every thing bespoke her presence: there by the bed side, stood her chair—the covering, of embroidery, wrought by her own hands; the footstool beside it, also of her own work; and the patch-work quilt, all of her own making. On the table lay her work-box; her bible, with the faded ribbon marking the place where she last read. I opened it, and read—“A little while I am with you; and again a little while I am *not* with you, because I go unto the Father!” I could read no more! The page was dim and hazy, through the mist of blinding tears!

In the hall, on the upper landing, near the door, hung the cage with my mother's pet canary. O! how its wild, mellow warbling notes used to fill that place with music! I spoke to it—“poor Dickey! sweet Dickey!”—Did the poor thing understand me? It answered me; but O! with so sad a song! It was like a low, sad requiem, for the departed dead!

I next went into my sister's room. Sweet Ida! She was the idol of my earthly home—my other self! How we used to roam around that old farm together, pulling wild flowers; gathering wild strawberries in the meadows, and watching the haymakers at their work.

Her herbarium lay on the table, with the flowers we had culled together. There, in the meadow brook, had I gathered that lily, while she stood on the bank, begging me “not to go too deep into the stream;” and when I returned, with my prize in my hand, how she thanked me, with—“God bless you! God bless you! brother Charley.” O! what love and sisterly affection rang through all those tones! But now, she too was gone; and away, among southern flowers, there bloomed and withered none sweeter than sister Ida!

With a pained heart I left the room, and, tracing my way back through the empty hall, I left the home of my childhood; feeling that all which once made it so lovely and attractive, had gone from it forever!

NEVER LIVED IN IT.—An Irishman, who was sentenced to be hung, engaged his coffin, a very expensive one, as was customary. Unfortunately, a day or two before the time appointed for his execution, he was reprieved, and, consequently, having no immediate use for his coffin, Pat decided to leave it on the hands of its maker, utterly refusing to pay the “little bill” which poor Murphy presented.

“Come out here, you thafe o' the world!” roared the indignant Murphy, “and be hung like a decent and honest man, and pay for yer coffin!”

“Arrah!” responded Pat, “sure, ye spalpeen, I'll not be afther paying for a house I never lived in!”

[For the Hesperian.]

MEMORY AND HOPE.

The night was clear, the air was keen,
The ground was covered thick with snow,
And far above, the glittering sheen
Of Heaven's bright orbs would come and go.

I felt old Boreas' stinging bite,
As shrieking through the sash he came,
And saucily addressed my light,
As if she were an olden flame.

Half drunk with fun, the jolly god
Bore the light snow-flakes from their bed,
And rushing up the narrow road,
Whirled fiercely round the traveler's head;

Who, just returned from Congress Hall,
Was quite unable well to shift,
While striving Buncombe's speech to call,
He could not, some how, see the drift.

Ha! how the laughing stars, so mild,
Watch the mad frolic from on high;
They seem to say: A favorite child
Is privileged to tease and coy.

I dropt the curtain on the scene,
And back within my chamber turned,
When burst the doors that stood between
My callous heart and brain that burned.

With recollections of the past,
Aroused, enkindled from their sleep,
The sweetest breeze, the harshest blast,
The day to sing, the night to weep.

Allotted by the mighty King,—
All pass before my shrieking eye,
Nor first the sorrows bear a sting,
While every joy upheaves a sigh.

As hooded monk and mail-clad knight,
Upon their patron's natal eve,
With gorgeous pomp and solemn rite
The illuminated castle leave;

Commanding all the numerous train
That forms the lordly retinue,
They file upon the darkened plain,
From whence in silence they may view

The vestal silver lamps that shine
Depended from the casements high,
Nor is there movement in the line
Until they flicker, leap and die.

So, from the portal of my mind
Leads covered hope and steeled despair
An innumerable host, that wind
Beneath the gateway-torches' glare.

The arsenal of thoughts and deeds
At last forsaken—all apart,
Each nature on the other feeds—
Heart looks on mind, mind searches heart.

“Ha! good Rodolpho: did'st thou mark?
Some cursed menial yet remains;
I see her 'mid the light—nay, hark!
Hear'st thou her desecrating strains?”

“Haste, good Rodolpho, give thy steed
The freest rein, and to me bring
The audacious wretch; with greatest speed
Her carcass to the dogs we'll fling.”

“Stay, my good knight,” old Lubin cries,
“I'm sure my lord his word withdraws;
You form and voice is from the skies,
Our lady smiles upon thy cause.”

Why did I fail the form and voice
Of childhood's innocence and peace
To recognise? But now rejoice!
Hope argues from them, doubts cease.

Blest Heaven, we see that ere the soul
Is quite divorced from Faith and Truth,
Before remembrances are whole,
An angel trims the lamp of youth.

With cruel throbbing pulsed my head,
My brain with thousand vagaries teemed,
As, worn and weary, on my bed
I threw my panting self and dreamed.

Amid my native hills I roam,
I hear the brooks, I taste the breeze;
Disposed at once to joy and gloam,
I mark each scene of childhood's gleams.

Mysterious presence by my side!
And stranger still in that I know
It is my love, and joy, and pride,
That close attends where'er I go.

Full recognition with the morn,
My longing, anxious spirit had;
'Twas then I knew that face and form,—
I know it now, and—I am sad!

DECHADO.

Washington, D. C., March 9.

HO! SENTINEL, HO!

We fear that Mr. Ewing, editor of the *Folsom Dispatch*, is sleeping at his post, for he credits to the “N. Y. Sunday Atlas” that beautiful article, “A Fallen Monarch,” when every sentiment it contains is a glow with the warmth and affectionate enthusiasm of a California heart, and bears unmistakable evidence of the genius of a McDonald. We have not room for the entire article, so must be content with the closing paragraph. Listen, brother Ewing: do you not recognize the voice of C. B. McDonald, our brother of the *Trinity Journal*?

“If about to write our last page amid the thickening shadows of life's twilight, we should like to be left alone in the little room on the remains of that great tree. We think that in an hour so solemn, amid associations so grand, we might utter a good night to the world, which, like the fabled song of the expiring swan, would atone for all foregone disturbance.”

We have received from the publishers, the “*Atlantic Monthly Magazine*,” it is well filled with choice literature, and we would commend it to every family in California as a periodical that is pure and elevating in its tone and character, and calculated to instruct as well as amuse.

We have also received the first and second number of volume six of “*The Home*,” edited by Mrs. H. E. G. Arey, of Buffalo. This is an ably edited and well conducted monthly magazine; its pages are full of interesting literary matter.

Coming as it does, from our *old home*, it calls up many pleasant recollections, and we welcome it as a *dear old friend* to our sanctum. It should find a place in every home circle—but particularly do we recommend it to all Buffalonians. It is only one dollar and a half per year, and it is worth five times that to receive it from the place we once called home, and around which, even now, our thoughts linger with affection and pride.

A GOOD WITNESS.—Lawyer—Did the defendant knock the witness down with *malice prepense*?

Witness—No, sir; he knocked him down with a *flat-iron*.

Lawyer—You misunderstand me, my friend; I want to know whether he attacked him with any *evil intent*.

Witness—Oh, no, sir; it was *outside the tent*.

Lawyer—No, no; I wish you to tell me whether the attack was at all a *preconcerted affair*.

Witness—No, sir; it was not a *free concert affair*; it was at a *circus*.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.—We advise every little grammarian, just entering on Murray, Brown, Smith, or any of the thousand grammars in use, to commit to memory the following lines, and then they never need mistake a part of speech. Who the author is we do not know, but he deserves immortality. With but one exception—"Thirty days hath September," &c.—it is the most poetical effusion we ever met with:

1. Three little words you often see,
Are Articles—a, an and the.
2. A Noun's the name of any thing,
As school, or garden, hoop or swing.
3. Adjectives tell the kind of Noun.
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.
4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.
5. Verbs tell of something to be done—
To read, count, sing, laugh, jump or run.
6. How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.
7. Conjunctions join the words together—
As men and women, wind or weather.
8. The Prepositions stand before
A Noun, as in or through a door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise,
As oh! how pretty—ah! how wise.
The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

[For the Hesperian.]

The Cloud and the Angel's Face.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Little Peter was seven years old when he lost his mother. It was his first sorrow, and sad was it to go to his lovely chamber that night, and see no mother's sweet face, so full of love, beaming into his own; and hear no pleasant voice, saying, "Good night! Sweet dreams to you, my son! May God and his holy angels guard you!" Then he thought of his mother, laid away in that quiet churchyard, and his tears flowed afresh, as he thought, "I shall never see her any more, or feel the touch of her dear hand, as she smooths back the hair from my forehead, and, with a kiss, says, 'God bless you, my son!'"

After weeping a long time, the poor, little, tired boy went to sleep. He dreamed that he was walking in the garden; and a voice like that of his mother came sounding, very sweetly, close above him, and it said, "Look up, my son!" Peter looked and saw a dark cloud, just above his head, at the spot whence the sound seemed to come. The cloud looked very dark, and Peter was frightened; but, after a few moments, he thought he saw a faint light behind the cloud, and in the light he could see a face, like that of an angel, bright and beautiful. It was like his mother's face—only a great deal brighter. Peter clapped his hands and said, "Mother! O! mother, speak to me!" Then a voice, soft and musical like his mother's, spoke from behind the cloud and said:—

"My son, I am close to you! Listen to what I have to say! I can no longer be with you as I once was, and you will no more behold your mother as you once beheld her. No, all that was mortal of earthly mother is laid away in the dust. But my spirit is with you still, and shall be with you wherever you may go. You will have many sorrows, and sometimes your way will seem very dark—black clouds will hang over your head, like that which you

now see above you—but remember, my son, that *behind every cloud is an angel's face*. That face is always looking at you—always guarding you—and you can always see it, if you will be patient, and keep your eye steadily fixed above, looking *beyond* the cloud. And you will hear voices, if you will only listen for them—and they will be angels' voices; and they will be ready to cheer and encourage you all your life through. Listen, now, and you shall hear their song!" And Peter listened, and he heard sweet voices singing,

"We are ever hovering o'er thee—
Little pilgrim, come!
We will lead thee—we will guide thee,
Safely to thy home!"

It was late in the morning when little Peter woke; and he rubbed his eyes and began to wonder whether he had been dreaming, or whether he had really talked with his mother that night, and heard the angels sing. But, he thought, "It can be no dream. Dreams do not seem like that which I had last night. It must have been my own dear mother, who talked to me—it was her face that I saw, only a great deal brighter, like an angel's face. And then she told me always to look beyond the cloud, and I shall always see such a face. I will do it," said Peter, "and if it is a dream, I shall know it. I shall not see the face."

So, after many days, Peter's father fell sick, and he thought, "O! if he should die, what would become of me, a poor, friendless little boy!" And Peter cried himself to sleep that night—all the time praying to God that his father might not die. In his sleep he looked, and, behold, there was the cloud—but he could not for a long time see the angel. The cloud was very black, and Peter could see no light and he began to think, "Oh! it was all a dream—there was no angel—only a great, black cloud!" But, presently, he saw a light; and then, a face, peeping from behind the cloud, and then a sweet, clear voice, singing:

"We are ever hovering o'er thee—
Little pilgrim, come!
We will lead thee—we will guide thee,
Safely to thy home!"

Then Peter knew it was no dream he had had, but that they were real angels' voices that sung behind the cloud.

And, ever after, when he was a man, and troubles would come upon him, and the clouds above him were very dark, he would say, "O, there are angel faces and angel voices behind the cloud, and their song is,

"We will lead thee—we will guide thee,
Safely to thy home!"

ALMOST HOME.

Every one must have observed lately the remarkable number of *sudden deaths*. A Christian merchant leans upon his wife's arm to walk across his own bed-chamber, and falls motionless at her feet. A beloved pastor, fresh from the blessed scenes of penitence in his church, is stricken with the paralysis—exclaims—"this is death," lies down on his pillow, and soon sinks gently into "the sleep that knows no waking."

A venerable professor is snatched from his theological class before he can speak to them his fatherly farewell. Even now, while writing this paragraph, I hear that an old church-member fell dead a few hours since, among the flower-beds of his own garden.

From all these new-made graves, a solemn voice whispers, "be ye also ready, for now is your salvation nearer than when ye believed."—He who writes, and those who read this brief article, may be *almost home*.

On board ship every one is watching and waiting for land. Day after day, week after week, there has been nothing around them but old ocean's blue and melancholy waste. They are thoroughly homesick for the shore. How they watch the log, as it is drawn up dripping on the deck! How they wait for the uplifting of the lead! How, through the darkness, when night comes on, their eyes strain for the first glimmering of the lighthouse lantern over the dark rolling waters! "Land ho!" is the cry that will lift the sick man from his berth. It well nigh breathes again the breath of life into the wasting consumptive. Nearer land is nearer home. Nearer home is nearer hearts—nearer happiness.—Every swing of the ship lifts them onward toward the wished-for haven.

Methinks we have heard many cries of *land ho!* lately. Why should it startle us? Why alarm us? It only means to the Christian *almost home*. It means that the sea sickness of life's voyage will soon be over. It means that the load of care will soon be taken off our shoulders. It means that sin will lose its wretched hold on us; that grief will ere long wring from us the last tear, and affliction will soon send its last heart-ache. It means that the building of God, eternal in the heavens, is almost in sight. Our eyes shall soon see it, built up with architecture of massive light! Our feet shall soon stand within the gates of pearl. Upon our ears shall soon swell the seraphic chorus of the redeemed. We shall behold the Lamb in the midst thereof, and be forever with the Lord.

Brother voyager to heaven! write at the foot of every day's journal of life, "*almost home*." Hush the anxious worryings of your soul with these sweet, soothing words, "*almost home*." Tell them to your complaining spirit. And as a mother comforteth her weary infant toward night fall, with the constant assurance, "*we will soon be there*," so our beloved Master is continually saying to us, "*be of good cheer, we are almost there*."

"One sweet, solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I've ever been before.

"Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

"Nearer the bound of life,
Where I lay my burden down;
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown."

The Clouds are Coming Down from the North, White with Fear!

"That little expression is full of the rigors of ice-land, and of the threatening of uprising storms. We have never since seen a cloud rising from behind the northern hills without remembering that stentorian warning—'*THE CLOUDS ARE COMING DOWN FROM THE NORTH, WHITE WITH FEAR!*' Search the records of all writers, living or dead, and you will find no sentence of more appalling alarm. It reminds one of the watchful mountaineer shouting from an Alpine crag to the advancing traveler, warning him that storms have broken from their arctic caves and are rattling their frozen shrouds among the hill tops. How great must be the wrath of septentrion tempests, to drive forth the gathering vapor, pallid with fear! How sublime the fury of the storm-god who would tear the frosty veil from about the secret places of his domain, and fling the fragments down the fugitive winds, hoary with terror!"
—C. B. McDonald.

[For the Hesperian.]
PERFECTED PRAISE.
 A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D——N.

(Continued.)
 CHAPTER VI.

The old sexton was seated in his quaint arm chair one evening after dark, after his toil was over. His daughter had gone to the nearest town for provision for the following day. He was alone, and there was something in the solemnity of the hour that insisted upon reflection in spite of himself. A deep crimson flush would pass over his face at intervals, succeeded by a deadly pallor. His brow would be often uplifted as by sudden surprise, and as often depressed as by a scowl of scorn or defiance. In spite of the soothing influence of his pipe, which had been thrown aside, one could plainly see by these outward works of perturbation that all was not right within—that the busy monitor, conscience, was determined to be put off no longer with the answer, "not at home" to his repeated knockings. It was plain that he was not exactly the man many in the parish supposed him to be. He had grown rich, as by a marvel. He was the owner of as many as a dozen houses in the neighborhood, and had lately, to the surprise of every one in the vicinity, concluded the purchase of one of the richest farms in the place. Nevertheless, he continued (a greater marvel still) to hold on to his occupation of grave digging, and showed no symptoms of relinquishing the ignoble employment. Some said he had lately a good deal of money left him; others thought he smuggled, some how, on a large scale, and others suggested that his prosperity might be owing to some grave proceedings, which none but the grave could disclose. He had evidently been examining the Bible, for it was open at the 11th chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, and if he thought on little Jessy's conversation with him, the passage "thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes," must have called up a train of reflections that his friend, Tom Paine, would have enough to do to quiet. Perhaps this was so, for his friend Tom, as he loved to call him, lay open, cover upwards, close beside it. If it be true, thought he at last, that I have a soul destined to become immortal, what must I do to save it? Who can I consult about the matter? Not this mere child; it would ill become me to raise doubts to displease her happy ideas of christianity. Alas, for the vain sophist, a simple, single argument of the child had already, he felt, undermined an aged fabric of unbelief! Shall I apply to Ampletext, the Methodist? I think there's no doubt of his real belief; but then away goes my sexton's place—not that I care much about that—but I should get the scoff and jeer of the whole of the church people. Then I doubt if our curate, poor fellow, is in earnest, for I've heard him often say that if his old father had made him a butcher, he would have been a happy man—living, or starving as he does, upon £60 a year for himself, his wife and seven children, I don't wonder at it.

Then there's our Rector, the renowned fox hunter, the holder of nine livings and the curator of 6000 souls. How he would stare if I were to put the question to him, "what must I do to be saved?" Is he a true believer? Not he, indeed, with all his college learning. We should have more than one sermon a Sunday if he believed in his own great responsibilities, and that not galloped through morning, afternoon, or evening, as it may be—and to be certain which, to leave the people to apply at the Five Bells, to know whether their nap is to be taken at the church, to please their wives, or at the Bap, to please themselves. He has enough to do to think about his nine livings, not to give a thought about my living or that of any of his parishioners. Can such men believe in the religion they profess, when they thus abuse the liberal benefits it confers upon them? Then, again, our Bishops, in general, the heads of the christian church, how do they adorn the doctrine of the lowly Jesus?—with their very servants clothed in purple and fine linen—faring sumptuously every day, while the poor Lazarus, our curate, for instance, is waiting at his gate in vain desiring to be fed with any of the crumbs that fall from the rich man's episcopal table. Except a charity sermon now and then, a confirmation of young church-goers, and a consecration of a new church, what do the people hear of their going about doing good? In the present times they are most known by their mammon rapacity, unseemly altercations on baptismal regulations and rubrical ceremonies. If they have any belief in the faith they profess, would these things be the result of it? It is very plain that theirs is a practical unbelief of every part of the doctrine, especially of the maxim it inculcates. To whom much is given, much will be required. How could the lowly Jesus, were he to visit again this earth, regard such an institution? Surely, if the religion were true, it would be better administered.

His meditations were here interrupted by a knock at his door. In a moment, hurrying friend Tom out of sight and parading the holy volume more conspicuously, "Come in," said he, aloud.

"I have come to consult you about the roof of our cottage, Mr. Handy," said Mrs. Templeton; "I find it lets in the water. I had it patched up a little myself, when I first observed it, not liking to trouble you if it were a trivial matter; but now I am convinced it will damage the house, if it be not looked after more closely. You have a beautiful little room here; how is your daughter? Is she out? Is her health any better?"

The old man thanked Mrs. Templeton for her kind inquiries, and that lady observing the Bible open, remarked: "and you have the best of companions, I see, here," pointing to the Bible.

The sexton was silent.

"Without that volume a palace would be but a prison, and with it a prison is a palace. I have found it excellent support under all afflictions—the very best remedy for the very worst ills. It makes the wisest prophesies

clear to the simplest minds. It gives strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and milk fit for new-born babes. Here the rich must learn how poor they are, and the poor how rich they may become—the faint, that the race is not always to the swift, and the weak that the battle is not always to the strong. That a crown of gold on earth is not a crown of glory in Heaven. When I ponder over its marvellous pages in my solitary hours, my soul seems to wing its flight to the foot of that bright throne where thousands of happy spirits are hymning praises to their Redeemer, who were once like you and I, but who, by means of these blessed pages, have been hro't out of darkness into his marvelous light. There I learn why I am afflicted, that I may, under the trial, bear such fruit as may endure unto the end, that I may be saved, and not be that which beareth thorns and briers, and so is rejected, and whose end is to be burned. There, too, I learn why I am tempted, that He may know whether I shall fall, like our mother Eve, through unbelief of the promise, although surrounded by manifestations of it, or succeed like our father Abraham, through firm belief of the promise, even after the only means of performing it were cut off from me, so that being faithful unto death I may be meet for the crown of life—that I may add with St. Paul, 'I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of Righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing.'"

(To be continued.)

♦♦♦
Paddy and the Echo.

"Patrick, where have you been this hour or more? You must not absent yourself without my permission."

"Och, niver more will I do the like, sir."

"Well, give an account of yourself; you seem out of breath."

"Faix, the same I am sir; I niver was in such fear since I came to Ameriky. I'll tell ye all about it, sir, when I get my breath wonst again—"

I heard ye telling the gentleman of the wonderful heco, sir, over in the woods, behind the big hill; and I thoct by what ye said uv it, that it beat all the hechecs uv ould Ireland, sir; and so it does be the powers! Well, I jist ran over to the place ye was speaking uv, to converse a bit with the wonderful crather. So said I—'Hillo, hillo, hillo!' and sure enough the hecho said, 'Hillo, hillo hillo!—you noisy rascal!' I thoct that was very quare, sir; and I said hillo, again. 'Hillo, yourself,' said the hecho, 'you begun it first!' 'What the duce are ye made of?' said I. 'Shut your mouth,' said the hecho. So said I, 'Ye blathering scoundrel, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, that ye isn't, I'd hammer ye till the mother of ye wouldn't know her impudent son.'"

"And what do you think the hecho said to that, sir! 'Scamper, ye baste of a paddy,' said he, 'or faith if I catch ye, I'll break every bone in yer ugly body.' An' it hit my head with a big stone, sir, and was nigh knocking the poor brain out of me. So I ran as fast as Iver I could, and praised he all the saints I'm here to tell you uv it, sir."

THE HESPERIAN.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER, 1, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Good prose articles are in much more demand than poetry. We have been completely flooded with poetry during the last month.

J. M. L.—Very happy to hear from you. The subject you speak of will be very appropriate for our pages, and we doubt not very interesting to our readers; please send it along.

OMIKRON.—Your article was received too late for last number. It appears in this.

N. O. P.—We can not give you the information you desire.

MOLLY.—Try again; do not be so easily discouraged.

C. B. M.—Many thanks for the interest you take in our welfare, and for your kind advice: we will try to profit by it.

INVESTIGATION.—We never consider it a trouble to answer a letter or give any information that may be in our power. Our time is so occupied that we may not always be able to give attention as soon as we could wish; still, we gladly improve the very first moment of time to execute any commission that may be on hand.

D. L. D.—Subscription received. Many thanks.

REV. MR. S.—Grass Valley.—Do not forget us; we look for something from your pen anxiously.

N. B.—We want good canvassing agents in every city and town in the State.

FRIEND.—We have much to encourage us, for which we are very thankful, and although we have some things to contend against, which annoy and try us, we do not feel inclined to complain, for our faith is strong in the cause which we have espoused. We believe that patient perseverance will meet with and receive appreciation and reward from the hands of a California public.

CALIFORNIAN.—We would rather have contributions from California than any other part of the world. We believe that there is much mental wealth in California, yet undeveloped, and long for the time to come when the mental productions of California shall astonish the world, as much as her mineral and vegetable productions have already done.

Teachers of Colleges and Schools, wishing to advertise with us, can do so on very reasonable terms.

Ministers and Teachers of Schools will be furnished with the *Hesperian* at a reduced price.

We have several articles on hand to which we have not yet had time to give attention. We have made some arrangements which will, we think, enable us to bring the *Hesperian* a little nearer to our *beau ideal* than we have been able to as yet.

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TERMS.—The Waverley Magazine is published weekly by Moses A. Dow, 5 Lindall Street, Boston, Mass. Two editions are printed, one on thick paper for Periodical Dealers, at 6 cents a copy, and an edition for mail subscribers (on a little thicker paper, so as to come within the low postage law) at \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months, always in advance. Clubs, by mail, six papers six months, \$5.00. Paper stopped when the last number paid for is sent. A new volume commences every July and January. But if a person commences at an number in any volume, and pays for six months, he will have a complete book, with a title page, as every paper is complete in itself.

When a subscriber orders a renewal of his subscription he should tell us what was the last number he received, then we shall know what number to renew at without hunting over our books. Otherwise we shall begin when the money is received. Persons writing for the paper must write their names, post-office, county and state very distinctly. Those who wish their papers changed should tell where it has previously been sent. Postage on this paper is twenty-six cents a year, payable in advance at the office where taken out.

Clubs must always be sent at one time to get the benefit of the low price. We cannot send them at the club price unless received all together, as it is too much trouble to look over our books or keep an account with each one getting them up.

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All letters and communications concerning the paper should be addressed to the publisher.

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Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

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[ORIGINAL.]

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY MISS S. W. ALLYNE.

What is life? A beautiful gem
Given by God to the children of men—
A jewel dazzling with brightness and light—
Full of joy, if spent aright.

What is life? 'Tis a happy day,
Illumined ever by the sun's bright ray;
Full of gladness—full of delight—
Full of happiness, if spent aright.

What is life? 'Tis a glorious season,
Given by God to enoble man's reason;
Full of thought and full of might—
Full of nobleness, if spent aright.

What is life? A harvest season
In which to gather the fruit that's given
To perfect body, mind and soul,
The noblest of powers to unfold.

What is life? A time to defend
The highest, noblest rights of men;
A time to think—to act—to do—
To prove thyself most nobly true.

What is life? A time to love
Deeply and truly the works of God;
To learn great lessons from nature so true,
And thy mind with her rich spirit imbue.

What is life? A time to speak
Kind, generous words to thy brother so weak;
To love his spirit, and that to raise
Up to its Maker, and Him to praise.

What is life? A time to show
Thy love for God on earth below,
By ever looking through sin and wrong
Up to the light of His pure throne.

[For the Hesperian.

I DREAMED OF THEE.

I dreamed of thee, and caught thy smile,
Like angel's gift sent down from heaven—
I dreamed of thee, and felt the while
My heart to sinless raptures given!

O, that I thus might ever sleep
In dreams of love's idolatry,
And never wake to pine and weep
O'er pensive, sad reality.

Ah! cold reality!—you cheat
Our brightest hopes—our joys you sever;
But in the land where spirits meet,
Love's airy dreams shall last forever! V. V.

[For the Hesperian.

MABEL STANLEY;

Or, Literature and Housekeeping.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"So Charles Stauley has gone and thrown himself away upon that little 'blue' Mabel Marley. Upon my word there is no accounting for taste, but I did think Charlie had a little common sense," said Arthur Linwood, as he threw down the morning paper in which he had just read his friend's marriage.

"Arthur, what are you making all that fuss about?" said his sister Hattie, as she poured the coffee at the breakfast table, and gently reminded Arthur that he need not help the muffins with a fork; "Mabel Marley I always thought a very good girl, and I think Charlie has been remarkably fortunate to get her."

"You do, indeed," said cousin Frank, with a slight tinge of sarcasm in his tone; "you know when she was here last summer she wrote for no less than three periodicals. What do you suppose are Charley's chances for domestic comfort with a woman who writes for a magazine? By ginger! it is *too bad*; and then his nature is so domestic, he would enjoy so much a neat, orderly home, with the cosy easy chair drawn near the fire, and the slippers ready for his weary feet after the labor and toil of the day."

"It is no use talking," interrupted Arthur; "Charlie has thrown himself away, and I would not be afraid to bet my best horse he will find it out before three years go over his head."

"I wish I were a man," said Hattie, "so I might take that bet, and the horse *too*," she said archly, "for you will surely lose. But women are not allowed to bet any more than they are to write. However, I know Mabel to be a girl of good sense, and she understands house-work as well as any girl of her age, though, 'tis true, her father's circumstances and their small family did not require that she should do a great deal."

"We have an invitation to spend a few days with them at their new home," continued Hattie, "and as it is only fifty miles from here, I propose that we all go and make them a visit. Then, perhaps, you will be better able to judge whether Charlie has drawn a prize or a blank in the lottery of life."

"Agreed," said Arthur; "when shall we set out? What say you, cousin Frank?"

"I have nothing to say," replied cousin Frank, "except that you will have to excuse me, for I have no desire to travel fifty miles to

meet a lady who will, perhaps, receive us in her *robe de chambre*, with ink on her fingers, and her shoes slipshod, to say nothing of the house being all sixes and sevens. No, no! I think too much of Charlie to subject him to such a mortification so soon."

"Now don't you back out too, brother Arthur," said Hattie, "for I wish very much to go. It is a long time since I have seen Mabel, and it will seem almost rude for us to refuse their invitation at this time."

"Well, Hattie," replied her brother, "we will go upon one condition; that is, that you shall not try to screen Mabel's short-comings, nor help her tidy her house, or strive to make me change my opinion until I am convinced that I am wrong."

"Very well," said Hattie, "I am sure that you will change your opinion of your own accord. For surely Mabel's writing an article now and then for the paper need not interfere with her domestic duties."

"That is not the thing," exclaimed cousin Frank; "a woman that writes is good for *nothing else*; her paper absorbs her mind as well as her ink—in fact there is *nothing to her*. I like to see a woman occupy her own sphere, and not be straining after something she can never reach."

"There you are again, cousin Frank," exclaimed Hattie, "always harping upon *woman's sphere*. Who shall determine the bounds of woman's sphere? Not man, but God, who created her in every respect man's equal. If he is the strongest physically, she certainly is the strongest morally; and as for crusty old bachelors setting bounds to woman's sphere, I don't believe in it. She will occupy whatever sphere her education and talents fit her for, the lords of creation to the contrary notwithstanding. However, I have no time to argue the point now; I only wish that you would hurry and get married. I long to see the model wife that you will select."

"There's one thing you may be sure of, she'll know how to cook and wash dishes, (and he kept at it, added Hattie sotto voce.) And she will keep the house in such order that I shall always be proud to have my friends come and see us."

Hattie was about to say *we shall see*, but Arthur interrupted her with the interrogatory, "When do you propose to start on our journey?"

"Just whenever it suits your convenience, brother Arthur," replied Hattie, "I am ready at any time."

"Suppose we start in the morning, say at six o'clock; the roads are good, and we can

drive through in time to take tea with Charlie and his bride."

"Delightful," said Hattie, clapping her hands, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, "I can scarcely wait for morning to come. But as I have some little preparation to make for my journey I must away, so good bye till we meet at the breakfast table."

The morning dawned clear and cloudless, and long ere it was six o'clock the horses were neighing and pawing before the door, impatient to be gone.

If Arthur Linwood had a weakness, it was for fine horses, and now his best span are in harness before the light summer carriage, which is to carry him and his sister to the home of Charles Stanley.

Breakfast was hastily disposed of, and then away they go. The city, with its din and bustle, is soon left behind them, and rich fields of waving grain present themselves to view. The breeze comes to them laden with the breath of flowers and the perfume of new made hay. Little birds are singing gaily, while their young are chirping and twittering upon the branches of the trees. All nature seems to rejoice, but we cannot linger to describe the beauties of the scene.

It was near five o'clock when our travelers reached their destination, and checked their horses in front of the neat little cottage which had been chosen by Mr. Stanley with an eye to economy as well as comfort.

Seated around the tea table in a little arbor a short distance from the house, they espied their friends, who hastily approached to greet and bid them welcome.

"This is a pleasure I scarcely dared to hope for," said Mabel, as, with girlish frankness, she threw her arms around the neck of her friend. Not less warm was the greeting extended to Arthur by Mr. Stanley.

"Come in, come in," said he, "and refresh yourselves a little, and then we will go to the arbor, where we were just about taking tea."

So saying, he ushered their guests each into a room, where was plenty of cool, refreshing water, and clean towels. The rooms were plain in the extreme, but scrupulously clean, and possessed an air of cheerfulness and comfort not often met with in buildings of more pretensions.

Refreshed, they left their rooms and accompanied their kind host and hostess to the table, which had been spread in the arbor, as Mabel said, because it was "too hot to eat in the house," and besides, it seemed so romantic to eat with the green leaves all about them, and the sweet little birds singing in the boughs overhead.

Arthur gently pulled Hattie's dress as Mabel said "romantic," and looked at her in such a way, that she knew he was thinking of their conversation of the day before.

They were seated at the table, where Mabel, dressed in a simple robe of white, presided with an ease and dignity which would have done credit to one of more mature years.

"These are excellent biscuits," said Arthur, as for the third time he helped himself from the huge plate of snow-white biscuits before him.

"I am glad you like them," said Mr. Stanley; "they are Mabel's first attempt in our new home. I thought they were very fine, but then I might be partial, you know."

It was now Hattie's turn to let Arthur know that she was thinking of their previous conversation, which she did by reaching under the table and treading upon his foot, in a manner which showed that she was perfectly regardless of corns. She caught her brother's eye, and knew that she was understood. But the next moment Arthur praised the sweetmeats, and then learned from the delighted husband that they were put up by Mabel's own fair hands. The color rose to his face, and he dared not meet his sister's mirthful eye.

The meal over, they returned to the house, where the utmost order and neatness prevailed. After a short time spent in converse with her friends, Mabel asked to be excused, giving as a reason for so doing, that she was maid-of-all-work, and her kitchen needed her care.

"Let me accompany you," said Hattie, springing to the side of her friend.

"As you like," said Mabel—"if you are not too tired after your ride."

And so the two friends went to look after the commonplace duties of domestic life.

Mabel's kitchen was a fair representative of herself, neat and orderly; and as she prepared to mix her biscuit for the following morning, Hattie wished that she could call Arthur, and let him see for himself Mabel's own hands mixing the cakes for breakfast. But she remembered her promise, and concluded not to try to overcome her prejudices.

The two friends soon put by the evening work, for Hattie did not hesitate to roll up her sleeves and assist Mabel: and as they worked, they chatted pleasantly upon the past, the present, and the future.

"By the way," exclaimed Hattie, after a short pause in the conversation, "do you write anything now-a-days for publication, or will your new duties prevent your writing?"

"O! no, indeed," replied Mabel; "I can write a great deal early in the morning, before it is time to get breakfast, and then when Charles is away I busy myself with my pen, and it whiles away many an hour which would otherwise be very sad and lonely. The last tale that I wrote won a fifty dollar prize, and I am now writing one that I think will be far superior to that."

"I am glad you have had such good success; but does not Charlie hate to have you write?" said Hattie.

"No—by no means. Charlie has far too much good sense to be jealous of my pen, and too much confidence in me to feel uneasy at my partiality for the heroes which my own fanciful brain creates. No," continued Mabel, "I do not feel satisfied with that question concerning Charlie. It seems to imply more than it expresses; for I consider that a man who would object to his wife writing a little now and then, would have her sink her individuality in him—have no mind of her own; a mere automaton slave, subject to his bidding. He would tell her what dress to put on in the morning, how many potatoes to cook

for dinner, and where to hang the discloth. The man that can stoop to such things is base and mean as any *creeping* thing. I could not *respect* such a one, much less give to him the all-absorbing love I give to Charlie. No! thank heaven, such a disposition has not my Charlie. He respects himself too much, ever to degrade his nature by trampling under foot the rights of the sex to which his *mother*, his *sister*, and his *wife* belong; and I *revere* and *love* him for the noble attributes of his mind, as well as for the generosity and kindness of his disposition."

"You are indeed fortunate," replied Hattie, "and I for one am glad to know that your marriage will not interfere with your intellectual tastes, nor deprive the world of your beautiful thoughts."

The work was now completed, and Mabel and Hattie returned to the parlor, where they found the two gentlemen engaged in pleasant conversation, which, they said, however, they were glad to have interrupted by the entrance of the ladies. Mr. Stanley rose, and opening the piano, asked Mabel to favor them with some music. Without affectation, or waiting to be urged, she seated herself at the piano, and played and sang, accompanied by her friend Hattie, several popular and favorite airs. The hours of the evening passed rapidly away in the enjoyment of rational and cheerful conversation, enlivened now and then by Mabel's performance upon the piano, and at a late hour they retired to rest.

Arthur and his sister remained two days with their friends, in which time Mabel, although she had the entire charge of her house upon her hands, did everything that would add to the entertainment and pleasure of her guests; and had Arthur been less prejudiced, he would have seen much to admire: but, as it was, he looked with suspicion upon Mabel, and all her efforts to add to the comfort of her household did not serve to convince him that it was possible for a woman to love literature, and not entirely disregard the claims of her family. And when at last they took their departure from the hospitable mansion of Mr. Stanley, and Hattie eagerly inquired of her brother, "What do you think now of Charlie's prospects of domestic happiness?" his answer was characteristic of one who,

"———convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still"—

"I have seen nothing as yet to cause me to change my mind. To be sure, Mabel is *now* trying to do her *best*; but wait three years, and then see. When the novelty of her new home has worn off, her old tastes will return with ten-fold strength. Then poor Charlie will be the sufferer."

"We shall see," thoughtfully replied Hattie. The rest of their journey was performed in silence. They reached their home in safety, just as the sun was hiding himself behind the western hills.

Three years have elapsed since the occurrence of the events above recorded. Hattie's father has removed two hundred miles farther towards the setting sun, so that the intercourse with their friends, the Stanleys,

has been very much interrupted until the last six months, when it ceased altogether. Much surprise had been expressed to one another on account of the silence of both Mr. Stanley and his wife; but, the morning upon which our story again opens, the mystery had been partly solved by Arthur, who, in looking over some old newspapers, discovered the name of Charles Stanley among the list of "severely wounded" by a railroad accident. He lost no time in communicating the sad news to his sister, who, with characteristic energy and kindness, proposed an immediate visit to their friends, that they might learn their exact circumstances, and in what way they could serve them best; for they well knew that in this world's goods the Stanleys were poor—his earnings, when he was well and able to work, being barely sufficient to support them, and pay an annual installment towards the purchase of their cottage, over which hung a mortgage until the payment of the last installment. When they considered all these things, they felt much anxiety and uneasiness lest the accident should have involved them in pecuniary trouble of a serious nature.

They made the journey as quickly as possible, and when at last they stood upon the little porch which formed the entrance to the cottage, they hardly dared to rap, so apprehensive were they that strange faces would meet their gaze, and strange voices relate to them the history of their friends' misfortunes. But when the door was opened, and through traces of much care and suffering they recognized the well-known face of Mabel, their joy knew no bounds, and they hastily but quietly urged to know the condition of Mr. Stanley's health.

"He is better, thank God," reverently said Mabel, as she led them into the house. "He was badly injured; both his legs were broken, which confined him to his bed for a long time; since which, a brain fever, superinduced by mental anxiety and distress, attacked him. For nine days he was constantly delirious, and his life almost despaired of. The fever is checked now, his reason has returned, and the doctor promises that in a few more weeks he will again be able to resume his business. Pray make yourselves at home," continued Mabel, "and excuse all ceremony. I must return to his bedside, for he may need me."

As Hattie and her brother glanced about the house, which still wore the same air of neatness which was so perceptible on their former visit, and observed that there had been no sacrifice of the articles of comfort and ornament with which they were then surrounded, they were surprised, and naturally conjectured that some friend had come to their timely aid.

When Mabel returned from her husband's room, she said, "I cannot let you see Mr. Stanley to-night; for to-day he would insist upon knowing something of his business matters, which I have been explaining to him, and he seems quite fatigued. In the morning he will be rested and refreshed, and will, I know, be glad to see you."

Mabel hastily prepared supper, dividing the time between her husband's sick-room, her friends and her kitchen.

"Do you still do your own housework?" inquired Hattie, as they took their seats at the table. "I should think it would be too much for you, with the care of your sick husband."

"Yes," said Mabel; "I could ill afford to keep a servant, with Charles sick."

There was a slight tremor of her voice, which her friends did not fail to remark, and which revealed to them that Mabel had, as they suspected, struggled hard with poverty, privation, and perhaps even want. But they forbore to question her of her circumstances, correctly judging that her sensitive nature would be pained by such inquiries, and trusting to time and circumstances to put them in possession of the necessary information to enable them to render her such assistance as she might most require.

The next morning the visitors rose early, and Hattie busied herself in assisting Mabel in her household duties, until Mabel announced that Mr. Stanley felt somewhat better after his night's rest, and was now quite anxious to see them.

Arthur and Hattie lost no time in following Mabel into the room of the sick man, whom they found propped up with pillows in bed, looking more like a ghost than himself, so much had his sickness reduced him—so pale and wan had he become.

He warmly welcomed them, expressing some surprise that he had not heard from them for so long. Arthur explained in few words their entire ignorance of his misfortune until the day before they set out to visit them.

"But now that we are here," exclaimed Arthur, "let us show our good will by assisting you in some way. Pray tell us in what way we can serve you best and most." Then kindly taking the hand of Mr. Stanley, he said, "Charles, I hope you will use no reserve with me, but let me assist you in any way in my power."

"Thanks to my angel wife," said the sick man, "we want for nothing. But poor Mabel! she is almost worked to death. I wish she could be persuaded to take some rest."

"O, never mind me," said Mabel, as she glided from the room; "I am rested now."

The husband followed with loving eyes her retreating form, then turning to his friends, said: "Listen, and I will tell you what Mabel has done; for you know that my illness cut off my income. The thought of that nearly distracted me. I saw no way to live save by an appeal to our friends. But Mabel—angel woman as she is—has supported by her own exertions her sick husband. Besides giving me the most constant, untiring attention, she has even earned enough money to pay the usual installment upon the house and lot, which fell due yesterday, and which, had it not been for her, would have been entirely lost to us, and we should now be seeking among inferior tenements a shelter for our heads."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Arthur, overcome by what he heard.

"How did she accomplish all this?" asked Hattie.

"That is just what I tried long to find out," replied Mr. Stanley, "for I was so sick that I

do not remember what took place around me; but she confessed to me yesterday that she did it by the joint efforts of her pen and needle. When she could, she wrote articles, which she sold to different papers and magazines. When she could not write, she did sewing, which she took in from the neighbors, and which paid very small wages, but still much better than nothing to people in our straitened circumstances. Besides, she has been my constant nurse, never leaving my bedside save to perform the needful work of the house."

"Noble! generous woman!" burst from the lips of Arthur.

"I tell you, my friend," continued Mr. Stanley, "I feel that I can never be sufficiently thankful for such a wife. Before I married, my own mother objected to Mabel on account of her literary tastes; and after our marriage, many of my friends seemed to extend to me their *sympathy* rather more than their congratulations. The event has shown that I was not mistaken in judging Mabel to be an EARNEST, TRUE WOMAN."

"O! I am so thankful!" said Hattie. Just then Mabel entered the room, and Hattie and Arthur showered upon her blessings and congratulations.

"Do not say one word," she replied. "I have done no more than my duty; and O! I was so thankful that my work was such that I could sit by my husband's bedside, not having to be separated from him more than a few moments at a time."

A few days saw Mr. Stanley rapidly recovering from his illness; and Arthur, having satisfied himself that where a wife was so efficient, the aid of a stranger was unnecessary, parted from his friends with many protestations of affection, and with Hattie set out on their journey home.

"What do you think of Charlie's chances of domestic happiness now?" inquired Hattie of her brother.

"Think?" replied he; "why, I think that Mabel is a woman of ten thousand!"

"No, not quite so many as that," said Hattie.

"There are plenty of women who would do just as Mabel has done, did circumstances require. See here," continued Hattie, "suppose we stop and make cousin Frank a visit. He must live somewhere near here, and though he has been married nearly two years, there has never one of our family seen his wife."

"That is well thought of," replied Arthur; "he lives only about five miles from here."

The horses carried them rapidly over the ground to a small village, where, upon inquiry they learned their way to a stately brick mansion, which proved to be the residence of cousin Frank. Their ring at the door-bell was answered by an untidy looking Irish servant girl, who replied to the inquiry whether her mistress was at home or not—

"Faith, an' I s'pose she is," at the same time standing with the door knob in her hand.

"Will you have the kindness to see," said Arthur, "and tell her that some relatives of her husband's would like to see her."

"Thin sure, I should think it's himsilf ye'd be afther saying, and I'll be afther call-

ing him from above." So she disappeared, leaving our travelers standing in the doorway.

Cousin Frank soon made his appearance, and recognizing immediately his old friends, conducted them into the house; apologizing as he did so for the "upset condition," as he called it, of his home, by saying that his wife had never had the care of a house before, and it came rather hard to her as yet. Seating his friends in the parlor, he left in quest of his wife; and as it was some time before she made her appearance, they had ample time to take a survey of what they had been introduced to as a parlor, but which, as Hattie said, it would take a scholar to tell exactly what it was designed for.

The floor was covered with an elegant velvet tapestry carpet. Some articles of furniture were superb in their pattern and finish, and sitting close beside them were some old boxes and specimens of old pine furniture, while upon the rich carpet, close beside a child's magnificent silver rattle, rested an old, greasy gridiron.

"What can all this mean?" exclaimed Arthur, after hastily gazing about the apartment.

"It means," replied Hattie, who, with woman's intuition, comprehended the whole at a glance, "that cousin Frank married a *fashionable* girl and a *belle*."

Before she could say more she was interrupted by the entrance of cousin Frank and his wife, whom he introduced to his friends with some appearance of chagrin. She was dressed, or rather wrapped, in an elegant robe de chambre; her hair hung in disheveled masses about her face and neck, having evidently been guiltless of a comb for that day, to say the least. The elegant Brussels lace that surrounded her neck was soiled and rumpled. She however gave her relatives a warm welcome, and joined her entreaties to her husband's, that they would remain and make a visit.

"Do not object," she said, as Arthur was about to excuse themselves from accepting the invitation, "I never put myself out for my company, the true way to make them feel at home, I think. My house is always just about so;" and she looked around with an air of great satisfaction.

Poor cousin Frank meanwhile looked as if he would sink into the earth.

And Hattie, who now began to feel a little of her old wickedness towards cousin Frank returning, said, "Why, cousin Frank, I had forgotten that you married a literary lady."

"Oh dear, no!" gasped cousin Frank, "I did no such thing."

"Oh, excuse me," said Hattie, glancing about; "I thought the house looked literary."

"No, by no means," drawled the wife; "I hardly read anything, 'tis so tiresome. Ma used to say she did not think reading so many books did any body any good, and I am of her opinion."

There was no resisting the entreaties of cousin Frank and his wife, and Arthur and Hattie consented to remain a day or two with them.

If the appearance of the parlor had excited their wonder, the other portions of the house did so much more. Every thing presented the most indescribable confusion. Even the bureau in Hattie's room seemed groaning beneath the heterogeneous mass placed upon it. There were silk fringes, combs, laces, and tin ware, artificial flowers and feathers, sewing thread of all descriptions, children's toys and tallow candles, silks and velvet ribbons—in fact, a little of everything; and Hattie wickedly offered her brother ten dollars as an inducement for him to take a correct inventory of the articles on her bureau.

Cousin Frank had one child, whose appearance was in keeping with every thing else. "I do not take care of him myself," said the mother, "it is so tiresome; and the nurse is not very particular about baby's clothes."

At the table the same want of order was visible; and as Hattie related their visit to Charles Stanley, and descanted upon the good qualities of his wife, she thought she once or twice saw the color come and go in cousin Frank's face.

One day had passed, in which the cries of the child had constantly assailed the ears of the guests; which, together with the quarrelling and noise of the servants, and the confusion and disorder everywhere apparent, had determined our friends to leave for home the next day at all events. In the evening they sought cousin Frank, and made known to him their determination.

"I am sorry," said he, "that you cannot enjoy yourself here; but the truth is, my wife has no taste for household matters."

"Pray, tell me what she has a taste for?" exclaimed Hattie. "You say she is not literary?"

"No, no—not that!" said cousin Frank. "To tell the truth, she was not brought up to work at home, and now she feels that she cannot; and her servants take advantage of her mild disposition, and do just as they please."

"Mild dispositions," said Hattie, "I believe are sometimes so more from indolence than any thing else. Excuse my speaking thus plainly, cousin Frank, for you promised to show us in your wife a '*model woman*,' and your house was to be a *pattern* for all of us. To tell the truth, I don't like the model, and don't believe I shall follow after the pattern. But it is just what I expected. I have heard old bachelors talk before, and this is not the first time that I have seen the result of their wisdom."

"Do not say another word," said cousin Frank, imploringly, just as his wife entered, declaring that something had gone wrong with the servants. As her husband left to settle the difficulty, she said to Hattie, "I hate this housekeeping. I have been trying to persuade Frank to board, but he don't like to give up the house. But I mean he *shall*. I don't care how much the servants break and destroy, nor how much things may be out of order. When he gets *enough* of it, he will be glad to board."

The next day, Arthur and Hattie took their

leave of cousin Frank's disagreeable home, with real feelings of satisfaction.

"Upon my word," said Arthur, as he snapped his whip at his horses, "what a strange choice cousin Frank has made, for one who always seemed to be so particular."

"That is the very kind that always get 'come up' with," said Hattie. He married a girl that looked well in the parlor of an evening, and who has neither intellect or energy enough to care for any thing on earth save the indulgence of her own indolence; while Charlie Stanley's wife has intellect that enables her to comprehend any position in life, and energy sufficient to make her a valuable help-meet to her husband. I hope that you are now convinced that a woman may be well educated, and even possess literary tastes, without being entirely unfitted for domestic duties; and also, that the want of intellectual taste in a woman does not necessarily imply an appreciation of domestic duty."

"I believe you are right," said Arthur. "When I look for a wife, I shall try to make choice of an intellectual, well-educated, *common-sense* woman."

"And such a one," said Hattie, "I shall gladly welcome as my sister."

Useful Receipts.

BOILED BREAD PUDDING.—Pour a quart of boiled milk or cream upon a pound of grated or thinly-shaved bread. Let it soak thus for an hour or two, and then mash it and mix it finely together; add four or five beaten eggs, two cups of sugar, a little lemon juice or essence of lemon, or a little mace powdered with fine sugar. Bake it two hours. Add raisins, or a flavor of wine for boiling, and let it boil four hours.

AN INNOCENT PLUM PUDDING.—Ten or a dozen soft crackers may be broken into a quart of good milk or cream. Let it stand thus all night, and in the morning rub the whole through a cullender. Add eight eggs, a pound of sugar, a cup of molasses, a cup of wine, a table-spoonful of salt, the grated rind of a lemon, half a tea-spoonful of mace, a quarter of a pound of citron, a pound of currants, and a pound and a half of stoned raisins. Let it be boiled five hours, and served with cold sauce of braided sugar, and butter, and white of an egg. Leave out the suet, cloves, nutmeg and brandy, that render plum pudding so deleterious.

SUNDERLAND PUDDING.—Make a batter as for a batter pudding, and bake it in small cups. Fill the cups two-thirds full, having wet them previously with sweet cream.

RICE PLUM PUDDING.—Half a pound of rice, half a pound of raisins, half a tea-spoonful of salt; tie in a cloth and boil it two hours and a half. To be eaten with sweet sauce.

BAKED RICE PUDDING.—Swell a large cup of rice, in milk or water, (milk being preferable,) add to it when swelled, a quart of milk, five eggs, two table-spoonfuls of brown sugar, or a cup of molasses, a little mace or cinnamon, a tea-spoonful of salt, and a cup of rich cream; bake it an hour and a half. If the rice is put into cold milk unswelled, and baked immediately, bake it three hours. It will be a very good pudding with two eggs, or with the cup of cream left out. Raisins may be added if desired.

[For the Hesperian.]

THE TREASURES OF MEMORY.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Oh! many and rich are the treasures that lie
In memory's magic hall!
And a light from the dim old Past, coming down
Through the misty night, is around them thrown,
And glimmers upon them all.

We walk among them, and scarce can see
Through the mist of blinding tears;
There are gems of beauty, cankered by rust,
And rarest jewels covered with dust—
The treasures of vanished years.

There are faces, and voices, and glances, and songs,
Sung in life's early day;
There's a father's blessing, a mother's prayer,—
"God save my child!"—as she breathed it there,
And gently passed away.

There's a house by the brook, with its rustic porch,
And the shady elms at the door;
There are children's voices that sung there with glee,
And one—Oh! how sweet was its melody,
Ere death swept the harp-strings o'er!

There's the meadow-path where we loved to walk,
When the toil of the day was o'er,
With one beside us—Oh! how we yearn
For the loved and the dead, who may not return,
With smiles to greet us more!

Oh! many and rich are the treasures that lie
In memory's secret cell!
And voices come sounding sad and low,
From the shadowy realms of the "long ago,"
Like the songs from some fairy shell.

"The Garment of Praise for the Spirit of
Heaviness."

"It sometimes seems more than I can bear!" said a young, slender woman, as her pale face was at the window, watching the departure of her husband. He went to seek business, and on this errand he had daily gone forth for weeks. On this morning he did not look at her with a smile, saying, "The fortune *must* come!" as he often had said, to keep up her spirits. When he kissed her, he kissed her silently, and a dull anguish in his eyes told her that hope had wearied in its strong citadel, and despair was slowly beating down the cheery spirit into a cold, blank world.

Charles Price was a skilful workman in jewelry. A few weeks previous he had removed from Boston, hoping the air of New York would better agree with his wife's health. The times were very unpropitious to business of all kinds; but, of a hopeful and energetic nature, Mr Price never dreamed for a moment that his active hands could ever be unemployed. He had always been poor, but his strong arm had won all the comforts that he had really cared for. He valued internal treasure beyond external, and his ardent thoughts were never bent upon making money, as the phrase is. He had studiously kept out of debt, and had laid up a little sum every year. All this was now gone. When he sat down in the evening, after the babe was hushed to its sweet sleep, and took up his beloved authors to read to his waiting wife, the books no longer delighted him as of old; the reading was not interrupted by eager discussions, and his dark-eyed love did not lean her elbow on his knee, and look up in his smiling face, as she pressed her point, and at length made it clear; nor did he see the intelligent light flash over her features, as she caught some truth from him. When he read now, he read continuously, to keep rigorously out of sight the great black cloud that swooped down upon him when he had time to think; the bright fire and clean hearth were not the blessed and assured look of

other days: they only suggested the fear that his delicate Ruth, and only boy, might suffer because he was not earning bread and warmth for them.

When her husband's form had fairly disappeared from her pained, loving gaze, Ruth, for the first time, felt that the waves were rising up, up, until they overwhelmed her heart. She had never been used to poverty, for she had lived with a wealthy relative until her marriage. As she had seen all their little means melt away, it had rather amazed her; but there had been no anxiety about the future in her feelings, for she had lightly said to herself, "I must be amazingly economical for a while, until we have plenty of means again!" and then, with a child-like pleasure, she turned her thoughts to her present possessions, and the live-long day was employed by her ingenious fingers in making something very new and beautiful out of something old. When Charles came home, and expressed his rapture at her schemes with theatrical emphasis, she was fully satisfied and happy, and declared that the experience through which they were passing was a most excellent thing, and of course it was meant to do them good. But this time had gone by; Charles had grown paler day by day; evil and discouraging spirits pressed him hard; exulting spirits had left his side; his buoyant nature seemed wholly changed. The Lord, in His providence and permissions, had so arranged external circumstances that they should act upon his spiritual being, and draw forth from his inner life the lurking enemies which might retard his heavenward journey. Had the curtain of the spiritual world been lifted, he would have seen his familiar angels afar off, apparently, and himself struggling through a dread society of cruel spirits, who sought to sap away all angelic vitality. His soul was making acquaintance with a *temptation-combat*, and the anguished tide of battle rolled through his spirit with terrific force. He saw the wicked in great prosperity; he saw suffering woven into human destiny with an unflagging zeal; he saw the Great Disposer gazing upon His tortured children with un pitying eye; a sea of doubt encompassed him perpetually, and the brisk step of a few weeks ago, was changed to the slow tread of a weary, weary soul. Sleepless nights had greatly impaired his physical health, and every exertion he made to better his fortunes, was made against a depressing conviction that it was of no use; he felt as if the Almighty would press him to the wall—would take from him every hope for this life and the life to come.

It was this vast, undreamed of change in her husband, that smote the heart of Ruth, until she sank upon her knees in bewildering grief, and lifted her cry to heaven to ask the meaning of all this. She knelt there with passionate unrest, with a passionate lack of resignation; she knelt there, not because her being was filled with the sweetness of prayer, but because long habit had rendered it natural to her to cast herself upon her knees and look up to heaven, when sorrow came; and she had always risen with a celestial sunbeam on her path. Now, she felt as if she had been patient under their pecuniary trials; she thought she had borne enough; that the enemy might be satisfied without laying his hand upon her life, her heart's very life. Her joy was gone; her husband's heart could not support hers, or make her blest; he was kind and attentive, but there was no warmth in his being. The once-smiling, passionately-loving glance now turned upon her with stony patience; his rare words were only answers. A nameless dread seized

the wife as she thought of all this; if his affection declined, then it were death to her indeed. "How can I bear it?" she asked; and then her appealing eyes looked up, and she implored, "O, my God, help me to bear it,—Oh, my God, help me to take this sorrow to my heart as I ought,—Oh, my God, help me to cease thinking that there is no sunshine on my way now,—Oh, my God, baptize me with holier fire,—Oh, my God, bend and break my soul until I bow before Thee, and am willing to be a loving minister to him, to my child, to all others!"

Ruth ceased her spoken prayer, and still kneeling, laid her flushed cheek upon the chair and thought. The problem began to grow more clear, as angels poured a tide of life and light into her mind; she saw that she needed this great darkness over her home, to make her more efficient in the vineyard of the world: she had half-forgotten that God gives his children messages to all whom they can in any way reach. But Charles! why should he be deprived of his greater power of reaching other minds? He whose beautiful words of truth had done so much good? He was shorn of his strength,—a silent, wordless, hopeless man. As these thoughts weighed upon her, she rose hastily, and going to the cradle, sought for a draught of heaven in her babe's innocent looks. She kissed her soft lips, the bauteous little hand, and then, with a still hasty action, as if she would keep evil spirits away by a useful deed, she took up her sewing and diligently busied her fingers upon it. After awhile, a strong impulse led her to open the "Arcana."

She fell upon the subject of temptations. Ah, then it became clear to her; strange she had never thought of it before; she felt sure now that her good husband had entered upon the fiery ordeal which the regenerating must encounter, sooner or later. With this conviction, an infinite patience descended into her heart; she was able to look off upon the distant heaven-landscape that lay farther on, and smiles lay on her lip, as she dreamily saw her beloved, not as he now appeared under the cloud, but as he might appear when he emerged from it. Her heart did not now ask for the old fond tokens of affection; she was able to turn from herself to the crying needs of the soul that walked in darkness over the bottomless pit. "I will go with thee!" she murmured; "my life and strength shall be given to cheer thee, beloved! Oh, that thou could'st lean on my heart, and see the Father's House in the distance, as I do!"

As angelic charity fell in a bright flood over Ruth's soul; she wished she could do some good to some one that very day and hour. The opportunity came, as it does time and again, without being noticed. An intimate friend of her school-days entered; she was a handsome, fashionable woman, very worldly, and yet not altogether forgetful of the cravings of her better nature.

Ruth started forward with an expression of ardent affection to meet her friend: a light from the best corner of her soul, shone in Mrs. Montgomery's eyes as she clasped Ruth in her arms and said, "Ruth, that sincere look of yours is worth more to me than the professions of all the friends I have."

They sat down, and Mrs. Montgomery said, "Ruth, I knew that you removed to the city two months ago, but—well, are you happy, Ruth?"

"I am entirely content," responded Ruth, and she spoke truly.

"Tell me the secret!" said Helen Montgomery, with an eager, abrupt accent, after looking around the room and contrasting its plainness with her own sumptuous home.

"Why," said Ruth, "you will see no power or charm in the secret. I am content, because I feel and know that all the circumstances surrounding me are exactly fitted to bring me forth into ultimate beauty and glory,—not in this world, perhaps, although I pray to walk under increasing light here; but if I bend my whole soul to my present fate; if I willingly and appreciatingly drink the bitter draughts that are given for my soul's health, my Heavenly Father can crown me with a finite joy from His infinite life, and this joy will not be for a day, but for all time."

"And life satisfies you, Ruth? You were a joyous dreamer of bright fortunes, once!" The intelligent eyes of her friend looked straight into Ruth's. Helen Montgomery was a gay, witty, pleasure-loving woman, and the world would have wondered if it had seen the earnest soul beneath, that had ever been bared to Ruth with its nobleness and great follies. "You are content you say; are you happy?"

"Perhaps happiness is not the word to express my feelings just now," said Ruth, with a smile; "but my heart seems a well of hope inexhaustible. I am pleased to live for the future in the present. To-day I feel a kind of joy in meeting trials which have come for good—to-day I embrace poverty with a loving smile,—'cares for the morrow' have transiently departed, and utter trust is with me now. I seem to stand in a clear, bright world, and I thrill with a blessed conviction that 'all is well.' But mind, Helen, the clouds will doubtless return to me, yet I think faith will not leave me yet."

"Will it ever leave you?"

"I cannot tell. I am young; I am impure; I am not an angel, and may have to pass through great sorrows ere I become one." Ruth would have spoken more exultingly once, but the state of Charles's mind made her ponder; he was good, and had most earnestly striven in the way of regeneration, therefore she might yet despair.

"Ruth," Helen asked with her accustomed frankness, "do you do your own work?"

"Yes!" replied Mrs. Price, with a smile.

"Don't you despise it sometimes? Your tastes and intellect would lead to other pursuits."

"I do once in a while hate it," said Ruth. "I feel as if I have a soul above buttons," she laughed with a girlish ring in her voice. "These incessant cares for the material seem sometimes to narrow my whole being. I long, with a wild unrest, for higher duties. But when I feel aright, I am satisfied with my position; I can find many occasions to fulfil noble duties; my little home seems permeated with a broad sunshine, and fitted to carry out the vast and glorious plans of a higher Intelligence. So Helen dear, I have a good many little battles to fight, and yet, I am not weary of the life-conflict."

"Oh, I wish to heaven I felt as you do!" said Mrs. Montgomery: she buried her face in her hands and wept, violently, then more quietly.

"Does your husband love you, Ruth?" she asked, suddenly lifting up her head.

"Yes!" replied Ruth, simply: her quick intuitions had caught at the truth, that her brilliant Helen was an unloved wife.

"Does he love you as he did when he married you?" pursued Helen, in a tone of reckless candor that seemed as if it would not brook insincerity.

"Yes!" replied Ruth again. "I know that his love has deepened. I would not ask to be more beloved!"

Helen sat with her hands tightly clasped. At length she said, "Ruth, my husband has

ceased to love me altogether: I weary him! O, my God! that I should have lived to see this hour!" The unhappy wife's upraised face was filled with agony and defiance. "Sometimes," she continued, wildly, "I feel as if I *shall*, I *must* go mad! Oh, I loved him so idolatrously,—my proud spirit was a slave to him. But—" and a strange, bitter smile curled her lip, "that is past or I should not speak of it now. I do not love him now, but the cold ice here,"—she laid her hand upon her heart—"is seldom melted by tears. I am daily vibrating between two decisions,—to stay with him or separate from him. My life is an incessant anguish; I cannot bear his hard coldness, and I cannot brave the appellation of a separated wife. I cannot bear that the idle world should rend apart the folds that have concealed my loves and agonies. I am a gay woman, you know,"—she smiled very bitterly;—"others come to me that they may laugh and be merry."

Ruth smoothed Helen's hair with her soft touch, and tears fell freely, but she only said, "You must stay and spend this day with me, Helen: my husband will not come home until night, and we shall have a quiet time all to ourselves!" Mrs. Montgomery permitted her bonnet to be removed, her collar to be gently arranged, and a little bench brought for her feet. These offices of love soothed her; she felt like a weary child who had reached a precious haven. Mrs. Price had not urged her friend to stay, at first, welcome as the sight of her was, for her scanty dinner of mush and milk presented itself to her mental vision; but now she did not care about it at all, nor did Helen, when it was set before her. The long day wore on in ceaseless conversation. Before night came, Helen took a new view of her husband's unkindness—of himself. She regarded him as a candidate for heaven or hell,—as one whom she had never *tried* to influence for good. The long burning volcanic passions of her soul seemed as if wept away; she promised, with a new light in her eyes, to cast the thought of separation from her mind for a year, and to try a gentle, patient course with her husband. Helen had allowed herself to flirt, to be a belle, particularly under her husband's eyes, that she might seem to be revenged for the loss of his admiring love. This she promised to stop, and her hand lay in Ruth's as she spoke, and a prayer lay in her soul also. When she departed she said, "You have had an angel's mission to me to-day, Ruth: God bless you!"

Ruth's soul was peculiarly bright and strong when her husband came home. He did not speak as he entered. In reply to her inquiring look, he raised his right hand with a mute gesture, and dropped it. O, how that action went to the heart of Ruth! She turned hastily to the closet to conceal her tears, but in a few moments she said, "I have had such a blessed day, Charles! Mrs. Montgomery has been here. Do you believe, she said she started out to look up a seamstress, and I told her I was the very lady in question, if she had no objection; so I shall have plenty of work from her. That seems so nice, so providential."

The wife glanced at her husband's face, to see if conversation seemed irksome to him, and satisfied that it was not, she gave the history of the day, leaving out her sorrow and prayer at its beginning. It seemed to him as if some beneficent sun shone upon the icy sterility of his life, while he dwelt in the sweet presence of his chosen one; but the darkness that encompassed him was too dense to be dispelled by any but the Divine

Sun. Thus weary months passed by. Mr. Price at length obtained business, but that did not give him peace; the conflict lay deeper. It was not a war with circumstances altogether; outward trouble was the key that had unlocked a gate leading far inward. Ruth grew very thin and pale, and her large eyes were full of unshed tears in his presence. She had not once permitted herself to weep outright before him; her brave heart supported her with ever cheerful words when he was by, but after the door closed behind him, she sunk sometimes wearily into a chair, murmuring, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

There is a period to every suffering, and the overshadowing cloud passed by. New life, joy, and heavenly vitality descended into the being of Charles Price. He had fought his terrible spiritual foes inch by inch; he had cried mightily to the God whose mercy he had doubted, and He had brought him into a large place. Life grew very, very glorious to him, and his purer vision now saw the necessity for the great anguish which he had experienced. He was by temperament a brain-worker rather than a hand-worker. He perceived most clearly now, that thoughts and words had been given by him as his dower to the universal good, but "great, good deeds" had too often been lacking. Beautiful, humble deeds now strewn his daily path like pearls, and angels loved to read in them the outer covering of the thoughts and words that were still given to his fellow-men. He bent his thoughts into a distasteful channel; he gave his strong mental energies to business, with a deep purpose of acquiring honestly the means of ultimately to the outermost extreme his desire of doing good; he felt that he could safely do this, for his wife's pure and intellectual tastes would not permit his highest faculties to rust. Charles Price was fitted for a literary man, but his education and poverty rendered literary pursuits utterly impossible. His wife and child would of necessity have starved, if he had selfishly yielded to the strong proclivity within him. Ruth's health was uniform, but very delicate, and she could not toil without shortening her life. Therefore he said within himself, "I will be a student in heaven! I will work where I ought on earth." And their lives were very beautiful, even on earth. Helen Montgomery did not win her husband's love again, but her efforts to do so did her own soul good.

S. A. W.

VERMIN RIDDANCE.—Half an ounce of soap boiled in a pint of water, and put on with a brush while hot, infallibly destroys the bugs and their eggs. Flies are driven out of a room by hanging up a bunch of plantain or fleawort plant, after it has been dipped in milk. Rats and mice speedily disappear by mixing equal quantities of strong cheese and powdered squills. They devour this mixture with great greediness, while it is innocuous to man. When it is remembered how many persons have lost their lives by swallowing, in mistake, mixtures of strychnine, ratsbane, corrosive sublimate, which are commonly employed for this purpose, it becomes a matter of humanity to publish these items. House ants ravenously devour the kernels of walnuts and shellbarks, or hickory nuts. Crack some of these, and place them on a plate, near the infested places; and when the plate is full of the ants, throw the contents in the fire. Cockroaches, as well as ants, are driven away by strewing elderberry leaves on the shelves and other places, frequented by these troublesome insects.—*Hall's Journal*.

More Rags from the Crimea—Poetry and Florence Nightingale.

At the paper mill of Messrs. William Clark & Son, in this town, among the rags recently received from the Crimea are many labels, which were upon the bundles of linen when sent out from England, stating the name of the person who sent them and the place of residence. Attached to one of these labels was found the following beautiful tribute to Florence Nightingale, the beloved and honored of America as well as England.—*Northampton (Mass.) Gazette.*

Lady! in our England's story
There are names, we proudly say—
Names of women now in Heaven
Still our own, tho' passed away;
But in all the shining record
Which the angels love to read,
Few can claim the earnest homage
By our hearts to thee decreed.

Lady! when to weeping households
Word of thy devotion came,
High and lowly called thee angel,
Wives and mothers blessed thy name.
Where the rectory roses cluster;
Where the whitened cottage peers;
In the old memorial mansion,
Eyes were filled with thankful tears.

Lady! when the wounded soldier
Lifts his head and looks on thee,
Hope will come and softly whisper,
"I may yet recross the sea."
Yet return his mother's kisses,
As she shudders at his scars,
Yet behold a face still dearer,
Seen in dreams beneath the stars.

Lady! then hast left, for duty,
All that gives to life its charm,
And we pray that God may keep thee,
With thy sisters, safe from harm!
Ever shall thy name and story
Cause the heart a blissful thrill;
When our warfare long is over
And our beating hearts are still.

Should this meet the eye of Miss Nightingale, let her know that there are thousands of hearts beating high in admiration of her heroic praiseworthy conduct, sacrificing the comforts of an English home to attend to the wants of our brave wounded sailors and soldiers.
M. A. HUMPHRIES.

Brosely, Shropshire, Dec. 5, 1854.

CASTING THE GREAT GOLD BAR.—The *Marysville Express* describes the process of casting the \$50,000 bar of gold at the late State Fair:—"When the weight of this mass of metal, and the difficulty of handling the crucibles containing it is taken into consideration, it will rarely appear to have been no slight undertaking. At 12 o'clock the bullion was placed in the furnace, and after having been subjected to an intense heat for an hour and a half, Mr. Sidow, the melter of E. Juth, announced that the metal was fused. Then came the difficult and trying part of the operation. The crucible with its valuable contents, must be taken from the glowing furnace. The heat, upon opening it, was intense, and the weight of the gold had settled the crucible deep in the burning coal. Mr. Sidow, however, proved himself equal to the occasion; and taking his circular tongs, he stood immediately over the furnace, and grasped the crucible. For a moment it resisted all his efforts, and he was obliged to desist; but recovering himself, he again grasped it, and exerting all his strength, slowly lifted it from its fiery bed. One unsteady movement, a slight trembling of the nerves, and the metal would have been scattered in the furnace; but, in spite of the overpowering heat, his strength did not fail him, and the molten mass was safely poured into the mould. In one hour after this mass of one hundred and thirty four pounds left the crucible, the assay was completed by Mr. Van Wyck."

At the half centennial celebration of the New York Historical Society in 1854, and after celebrated orators and savans had responded to all the regular toasts but one, T. E. Tomlinson, Esq., the youngest member present, was called upon to answer to the last toast, which was announced by the President, Hon. Luther Bradish—"Woman, although last in our toasts, yet ever first in our affections." To this sentiment Mr. Tomlinson made the following impassioned response:—

"WOMAN!" if first in our affections, should not be last in our toasts. She has fallen into my arms, and I shall uphold her with all the chivalry of the feudal ages. Woman is a theme worthy of the poet or orator! Did not Homer, the blind bard, sing of woman? And when we read of Hector, beating thick battle on his sounding shield, or holding aloft young Astyanax trembling at his nodding plume, do we not revert to the beauteous Helen—sad Andromache?

Did not our orator-historian to-day, from whose hand centuries seemed to fly—did he not pause to play celestial music to woman?—did he not say, that of all things beautiful of earth, the veil of her spirit was most beautiful?—that in our briery life, she was the lily, or—I forget, for the flowers were all emulous; the gentle daisy lifted up its head, the violet breathed a newer fragrance, and the rose angrily blushed woman's pride, and woman's loveliness. She is greater than the historian; he but records the past, she makes history; her gentle hand bends the twig that gives inclination to the oak; on the infant brow she stamps the character of the nation. It was only when luxury crept into the domestic circle, and stained the fire-side, when there were no Spartan mothers, no Roman matrons, that Rome and Sparta fell.

Woman is the type of civilization: in savage life a slave, in refined a queen! What distinguishes this nation most, what impresses the noble of other lands that the American is the more delicate, the higher refinement, is, our veneration for woman. She can go, unharmed, all through our vast country—her guardian angel, the spirit of the people.

I cannot read the future—the horizon is obscure—the firmament is not clear. Who can tell what will grow out of the conflicts of the Old World, and the anxieties of the New? This I believe, that as long the American People preserve their respect for woman—and respect follows worth—the American Republic will live. This I know, that if the mothers of the nation are good and pure, the sons of the nation will be strong and free.

Woman! Empire is thy hand. Lead forth from beyond the mountains, from the far Pacific, out of the virgin bosom of the peerless West, the young States, and they will come to our union as mighty as our own, without a canker to consume their youth, without a cloud to darken their destiny.

Power in arms, or song, or eloquence has made man immortal. His origin enshrined the muse of Milton. Woman's is greater than his. Man is made of the dust of the earth, woman of the image of God. She is supreme, good or evil. Did not Cleopatra lead captive, conquerors? Who but Eve could have destroyed Paradise, where day was ecstatic joy, and night calm as the approach of gentle music; when the couch was the fragrant embrace of flowers; where the rich, luscious grape fell without the wooing; where the very mountains rose in their sublimity to extend their shade over man's repose? Though the chosen angel of

the "Destroyer," still her name is stamped in the decalogue,—“Honor thy father and thy mother.”

What eloquence so exquisite as Ruth's:—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"

In song, who more impassioned than Sappho? In prophecy, who more aspiring than Miriam, with harp and timbrel, by the shores of the sounding sea?

Her destiny overshadows man's—his fate trembles in hers. Napoleon tore from its heaven his morning star, Josephine; and St. Helena, in retribution, arose in the ocean.

Did not Mary, the mother of Washington, fashion his great mind and breathe her stainless purity into his greater heart?

More eloquence than tongue can tell, more glorious than pen can write, the simple words: Mother, Daughter, Sister, Wife! "Mother,"—how sweet from the gleeful girl! how holy from the trembling voice of age! To the dying captive, to the bleeding soldier, to the great man, to the malefactor on the scaffold, thy name, "Mother," comes radiant with the light of young Eden day!

Wife, is thy better self; Sister, thy loveliest peer. Daughter, sunshine dancing on thy knee.

In heathen mythology, Jove was the parent of wisdom, that sprang a goddess, all created, from his immortal mind. In Christian Religion, the Virgin was the mother of our Lord!

Woman has ever been divine. With the ancients, the symbol of plenty, of beauty, of purity and wisdom. Minerva all perfect; Ceres with her sheaf of wheat; Diana with her bended bow; Venus arising from the crowning foam of the great sea. With us of the New Testament, she has been chosen as wife and daughter for the expression of miracle—at the marriage feast, when the water blushed to wine; and when He bade the daughter of Jarius arise and walk. "Faith, Hope and Charity abideth" most in her who touched but the hem of His garment and was made whole; and in the widow, who, with her mite, gave most to her Lord.

Yes, woman is divine. How many orisons ascend to thee, Virgin Mary! Woman is divine even in her fall. Do you not remember that our holy Lord bowed to the earth, wrote upon the sand, and would not look upon her shame, her degradation, or her punishment.

ROWING BY LADIES.—A correspondent of the *Cheltenham (Eng.) Examiner*, calls attention to the practice now becoming fashionable at the Pittville Spa, of ladies taking boat exercise on the lake. He says: "There is no exercise that I know of more calculated to expand the chest and give a healthy tone to the system generally, than that of rowing. Followed in moderation, it is an amusement which ladies, and particularly young ladies, would do well to patronize. It calls into healthy action the whole muscular system, without inducing that degree of fatigue which the same amount of exercise in any other way is apt to engender." It is no uncommon thing, we (*Cheltenham Examiner*) understand, to see parties of ladies thus amusing themselves by the hour in "padding the light canoe." The Emperor of France spends a couple of hours every day at Fontainebleau, rowing, his Majesty's physicians having recommended that form of taking exercise.

Conviction of ignorance is the doorstep of the temple of wisdom.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

FRIDAY MORNING, October 15, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

The present number of the *Hesperian* completes its sixth month. How swiftly time has fled! And yet, the six months past have been full of anxiety and earnest solicitude—months in which we have met with, aye, and overcome, many unlooked-for trials and difficulties.

In the first place, we did not consider that we would be called upon to bear and answer for the sins of an unprincipled adventurer in female form. We did not realize that the sins of the guilty could be so heavily visited upon the shoulders of the innocent. We did not think that our little enterprise, begun in sincerity and honesty of purpose, could be in any way identified with the fraudulent scheme of a woman we had never even seen. True, as a woman we felt deeply the reproach which her conduct had cast upon our sex, knowing as we did that Californians placed a high estimate upon the character of woman, endowed her with attributes only a little lower than the angels, and yielded to her the most implicit confidence. It was hard for us to feel that a stranger had come in and by her deceit and dishonesty deprived us of our birthright; and when the weighty burden of her sins was laid upon our own shoulders, no wonder that we bent and staggered beneath the undeserved weight, and felt it harder to bear, because laid upon us by those with whom we had labored for many years, and whom we felt should have known us better: and that nothing might be wanting to add to our sufferings or try our patience, there was added to the already crushing weight the keen sense of injustice done us by our fellow-creatures.

As we struggled on from day to day, the sky of our future obscured by the dark clouds of suspicion and distrust, and as we realized ever more and more, that to one claiming the name of woman we were indebted for our trials, there arose within us a determination strong as life to redeem that name from the reproach of deceit and dishonesty cast upon it by one who claimed the name, but, alas! possessed none of the attributes, of true womanhood. This determination has gathered strength until it has become, as it were, a part of our very being; and if our feeble efforts, and constant, untiring exertions, can avail to wipe away the dark stain, we shall feel, (tho' we should accomplish no other purpose,) that we have not lived or labored in vain. We call upon our sisters in every part of our beloved State—old and young, rich and poor, high and low—to lend us their aid, that by a united effort we may cast off the reproach

which has attached itself to the name of woman in California.

Six months ago, when we first started in our editorial career, we were not prepared for, and did not expect, the entire duty to devolve upon us; but circumstances suddenly deprived us of our companion, and threw the undivided duty upon ourself. We had scarcely recovered from this shock, when the Fraser River excitement broke out, with such force that it threatened to carry all before it. In dismay we beheld some of our contemporaries hurried off by the resistless tide, and lost amid the rushing waters; while some, nearly wrecked, suspended for repairs, and others barely kept afloat by the assistance of subscription buoys. But as the fierce storm in its raging fury passes through the forest, bending and breaking the strong elm and uprooting the noble oak, while the tiny weed which grew at its roots escapes unhurt, so the *Hesperian* escaped comparatively unharmed by the fearful storm of Fraser River.

We have spoken of some of the trials which beset our path during the past six months: there were many others of which we may not speak. But they have gradually given way before us; gradually the sky has assumed a clearer, brighter hue; the lowering clouds, which hung portentously over us a short time since, have rolled away, and even now bright gleams of sunshine flit across our pathway, revealing rich promises for the future.

To our brethren of the press we are deeply indebted for the interest they have manifested in our welfare, and the many kind words of encouragement they have spoken from time to time. They have strengthened and nerved us for duty, and will ever be held in grateful remembrance.

To our patrons we would say, that the *Hesperian* has fallen far short of our desires or intentions. Several numbers have gone forth with which we were not at all satisfied, and which caused us pain and regret. Could our friends have known the many cares and anxieties which were pressing heavily upon us at the time, or known the exact circumstances in which we were placed, we feel that they would readily excuse our short-comings.

With regard to the future, we will say we hope to do much better, as we are in a great measure relieved of care and anxiety, and are now placed in circumstances which will enable us to give more time to the editing of our paper than we have hitherto been able to do.

From our sisters in various parts of the State we have received encouragement, not alone in words, but of that substantial kind which enables us to-day to say the *Hesperian* is doing well—far better than we should have thought it possible for any paper to do that had so much to contend against. Continue to send us your aid; let us feel assured of your sympathy and encouragement, and we shall grow strong for the work before us, and every effort will be put forth to make the *Hesperian* worthy of your patronage, and a welcome guest at your fireside.

To all who have extended to us their encouragement, we would express our grateful thanks, hoping that they will still continue to

look favorably upon our efforts, and aid us by their kindly influence.

To those who said, when we first started, "If your paper succeeds we will subscribe," we would simply state that we have passed the ordeal, and, unless some event beyond the control of mortal agency occur, the *Hesperian* may be considered a permanent institution.

MOUNT VERNON FUND.

After the eloquent appeal made by Mrs. CONNER in behalf of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, which appeared in number eight of the *Hesperian*, any thing from our pen must seem superfluous, and yet we cannot refrain from calling attention once more to this truly laudable and praiseworthy object. It is one in which every woman should nobly do her part, not "grudgingly or of necessity," but cheerfully, thankful that she is called to add her mite to the advancement of so glorious a work.

Some have already responded to the call made by Mrs. Connor, and sent their contributions. But there are many more from whom we have not yet heard, whose names we feel should be identified with this "Labor of Love."

Mr. Wentworth has been for some weeks past engaged in soliciting subscriptions for this noble cause, and although he has succeeded remarkably well, still the amount of funds in hand are by no means such as we should feel willing to see credited to California—the youngest and GOLDEN STATE.

That we have a pride in this matter we do not pretend to deny. We believe it is a pride that ALL should feel.

We know that the name and memory of WASHINGTON is as much beloved and revered in this State as any other, and we also know that the patriotic fire is burning with as strong and pure a flame within the heart of every American on these far shores, as when he trod the ground once hallowed by the presence of Washington. Time and distance have not subdued it—poverty and suffering cannot quench it. It is the fire that is "never quenched," but burns with a steady, unwavering flame upon the altar of every true heart.

Women of California—magnificently attired in your costly robes of silk and velvet, glittering in gold and jewels—stop and think; consider for one moment the hardships and privation endured by the heroic women of revolutionary times. They shrank not, but freely gave their needful flannel undergarments to be converted into cartridge-bags, and moulded their spoons into bullets, with which to purchase liberty and ease for you. Their table linen they made into shirts for the suffering soldiery, whose every footstep, as they waded, with naked and lacerated feet, through the deep, cold snow of a rigid winter, was marked in blood. Contrast the nature that could willingly and cheerfully make such sacrifices, with your own sordid selfishness; then hasten to sacrifice to the noble cause for which we plead, the price of one paltry yard of ribbon, one trifling trinket or worthless gewgaw.

So shall you become worthy to be called

COLUMBIA'S DAUGHTERS—and so shall you be made worthy to have your names registered as assistants in this "labor of love, and your children, with their children's children, when they make in future years their pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, will turn to the volume and proudly say, pointing to the name, 'That was my mother!'"

Mr. Wentworth, who has been appointed by Mrs. Conner agent for the Fund, leaves in a few days to solicit subscriptions in the interior. For the sake of the cause, we earnestly commend him to the kind attentions of the press and the people generally.

If every woman in the State would consider the appeal as made to *herself individually*, and give her subscription, even though it were no more than the "widow's mite," to what an enormous sum would the fund be swelled, and each one would enjoy the pleasing reflection that she had done "what she could." At the same time the offering of California would be such a sum as would be worthy of the State which scorned to repudiate her debts, even though she knew them to be *unjust and unlawful*.

While we particularly address the women of California, we would gently hint to the gentlemen that subscriptions from them will be gratefully received and duly credited.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—For the benefit of those housewives who may find their houses infested with those terrible pests, cockroaches, we would say, that after long experience, close observation, and many experiments, we have concluded that where ever redwood is used for cupboards, pantries and so forth, there, sooner or later, will be found cockroaches in an any quantity. We have even found them infest a wood-box where redwood was occasionally thrown for fuel, and where no crumb or particle of food was ever permitted to fall, and that too, when a pine wood pantry in which were kept various articles of food, stood near by and remained entirely unmolested. Discard redwood from your kitchens and you will soon be relieved from the presence of those miserable pests. What the particular attraction about redwood is, we cannot say,—that is a subject for scientific investigation.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.—Those who are not too lazy, and would like to witness a beautiful scene, we would advise to go to the top of the hill at the corner of California and Mason streets, and look down on the city after candle-light; and if the bosom will not heave with gratitude, why then in that individual's bosom there will be found no room for the beautiful.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—In the hurry of getting out our last paper, we forgot to credit to the *Evening Bulletin* the Oration delivered by Col. E. D. Baker, and also the Poem pronounced by W. H. Rhodes, on occasion of the public celebration of laying the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. We regret this the more, as the proprietors of that journal put themselves to some trouble to oblige us with an early copy.

PROGRESS.

Six thousand years have passed o'er earth,
While Science, like a stripping, bore
The trophies of its timid birth,
In various forms, from shore to shore;
But now her latest, mightiest child,
Which Franklin viewed and Morse caressed,
With glory ripe and undefiled,
Is laid within the ocean's breast!

The mighty lightning herald sleeps,
Till human touch awakes its fires,
To send, beyond ten mornings' reach,
New tidings, ere a pulse expires!
'Tis laid! Old ocean feels a thrill
Throughout her time-sealed bosom now,
And yields to man's victorious will
The crown long placed on Neptune's brow.
Boston Traveller.

PROGRESS.

One event treads fast upon the heels of another. The news of the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable has scarcely been recorded, ere we are called upon to chronicle another event, the very mention of which sends a thrill of joy through every Californian's heart. The Overland Mail has arrived, bringing us ten days' later news from the Atlantic States. We are no longer isolated from our old homes. We feel already as if we were nearer, by many thousand miles.

The laying of the Atlantic Cable is a small matter to us, compared to the arrival of the Overland Mail. In it we see hope for the future—a promise that the iron horse will soon thunder his way across the unbroken plains. We are thankful for the Overland Mail as it comes to us now, but we would willingly exchange the toot of the coachman's horn for the shrill, wild shriek of the locomotive.

Give us a railroad across the plains that will bring to us a teeming population and develop the resources of our country. Then give to us the electric chain, by which we may transmit our thoughts to our loved ones at home, and we shall be the happiest and most prosperous people upon earth.

GOOD WILL.

We are frequently asked why we do not condemn in our columns certain men and measures; why we do not take part in the great battles that are being waged around us; and in reply we would say, that we believe woman's mission should be like that of the meek and lowly Jesus—one of peace and good will to men. Weapons of warfare illy become her slender frame, and hot, scathing words of anger, recrimination and abuse should never emanate from woman's heart. Baneful as are their effects upon those upon whom they are showered, much worse are they upon him with whom they originate—degrading the higher nature, callousing the finer feelings of the soul—for it is an incontrovertible fact that we can not do good to others without being ourselves benefited, for the virtuous feelings of the soul are strengthened by exercise, even as our physical frame is strengthened by exertion. But if the good principles within us grow by exercise, so also, it must be remembered, do vicious feelings and evil passions; and the individual who cherishes feelings of

revenge, hatred and unkindness to any of his fellow-creatures, is letting the dark shadow fall upon his own soul, and if permitted to remain there, even for a short time, it will eat like canker, and destroy the soul's best and noblest attributes.

We have often thought that the scene presented upon the field after a battle was beautifully illustrative of woman's mission. Not while man strives fiercely with his brother man is she seen—not with clamor and noise, bearing fire and fuel, does she come; but quietly, bearing water and oil, and lint, and soft linen bandages, to soothe, heal, and bind the bleeding, festering wounds. This, this is woman's mission, as much on the great battlefield of life as on the actual field of strife. This is woman's mission, and the wife acknowledges it as she whispers to her husband, "never mind, my dear, forgive and forget; to err is human, to forgive divine." The mother acknowledges it as gently she checks the bickerings of her little ones, and repeats to them some tale that subdues the dark passions, and brings their little spirits forth to revel in the sunshine of happiness and peace.

Not with tumult and noise and strife should woman come, but as all—

"Most blessed things come silently, and silently depart:
Noiseless steals spring time on the year, and comfort on the heart:

And still, and light, and gentle, like a dew, the rain must be,
To quicken seed in furrow, and blossom upon tree."

Not with fire and sword, with flame and smoke should woman come, but bearing water and oil, that she may quench the fire of passion and revenge, and heal the wounds of the goaded and angry spirit.

This is the reason why personal articles of an unkind nature cannot find admission to the columns of the *Hesperian*, because we think we recognize our mission to be one of peace and good will to our fellow-creatures.

✎ In justice to our worthy contemporary of the *Folsom Dispatch*, we give place to the following:—

NOT OUR MISTAKE.—We would say to Mrs. Day, the worthy editress of the *Hesperian*, that in crediting the article, "A Fallen Monarch," to the New York *Sunday Atlas*, we did not make the mistake ourselves, as we copied it from some California paper which had it thus credited. We cannot say that we recognize the voice of C. B. McDonald, or any other California writer, in the article; but it is just such an article as would be written in the older States, on information of a printing office being built upon the stump of a large pine, while California people think nothing of such curiosities.

AT NIGHT.—As you wander through the deep, dark woods, of a calm summer's evening, and see the slanting moonbeams stealing between the foliage of the evergreen trees and all nature so still that the *footsteps of Silence* can almost be heard on her nightly round, what thoughts will people the inmost recess of the soul and "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name!"—*Mountain Messenger.*

SUNDERED TIES.

How many in California are mourning over sundered ties—not alone the ties which death has sundered, but those which were sundered when saying farewell to home and friends, they embarked for California! Although the time set for their return to the old home, has long since passed, still they tarry on the golden shore, lured on by the phantom hope which ever beckons onward, too often, alas, luring her followers into paths where disappointments loom up on every side.

Some have been so unfortunate as to make no more than enough for daily needs, and to-day, are just as poor as when they landed on Long Wharf—having nothing with which to pay the expenses of a journey home—and this may not be attributed to any fault of their own.

It may be they have toiled early and late, and eat the bread of carefulness, but "luck," as they express it, has been against them.

Fire and flood have pursued them and mercilessly swallowed up their hard earnings. Yet with energy and perseverance, unheard of in any other clime, they still toil on, *hoping* for better "luck." Looking anxiously for the arrival of the mail, that may, perchance, bring them some word of the loved ones at home; only too happy if here, too, they are not destined to disappointment.

There is another class who yet linger on the shores of California. They are those who have been more fortunate, and who now have business on hand that requires their constant care. To relinquish it even for the short space of time necessary to make a visit to the old homestead, would involve more of a sacrifice than they feel able to make. Besides, they have become attached to California: they like its mild, bracing climate, and wisely consider that it is as good a place for a home as any other.

They write and send for their families to meet them here. In many instances the request is cheerfully complied with. But alas! in too many cases, the wife feels that she cannot leave father and mother; or she cannot leave the luxuries and comforts of her old home for the trial and privations which she imagines await her in California: in her selfishness forgetting that her husband, for her sake, and the sake of her children, has for years endured privation and trial of which she can have but a faint conception.

Another plea which is sometimes brought forward by this class of individuals is, "the unsettled state of society in California;" and the worthless plea, that the women are of a low standard.

Would those who advance these worthless excuses, but come and see for themselves, —showing a little of the devotion which characterized Ruth, by saying to their husbands: "Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people,"—they would be agreeably surprised by finding that society is not quite so bad as they imagine. They would also find, among California's daughters, many whose virtues they might be proud to emulate

—whose example of self-sacrificing devotion is as worthy of praise as it is of imitation.

Terrible indeed is the sundering of home ties, even for a time, but when year after year is permitted to pass away without a renewal of the old friendships, there ensues lonely heart-aches; yearnings for loved ones, for sympathy and affection; deep, earnest longings of which the world knows nothing; and which those only can appreciate, who have mourned over SUNDERED TIES.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—Mr. Benjamin P. Kooser has retired from the editorial chair of the *San Andreas Independent*, and intends going to the Eastern States. He is a forcible writer, and his loss will be seriously felt by the editorial corps in California. Mr. Kooser came to California in 1846.

While he has our best wishes for a pleasant and prosperous journey, we cannot repress the hope that he may soon return to take up a permanent residence in California.

Mr. Samuel Seabough, a practical printer, and a good writer, succeeds Mr. Kooser in the conduct of the *Independent*. He has our best wishes for success in his enterprise.

The *Butte Record* is no longer a daily, but comes to us in the form of a weekly. Its pages are richly laden with choice reading matter and important items of news. The editor, Mr. Crosette, is a gentleman who writes with much ease and grace. In typographical appearance, the *Record* is fully equal to any of its cotemporaries, and it should meet with that success and generous support which it merits from the hands of the public.

The *California Home Journal* is the name of a new literary paper that has lately made its appearance in San Francisco. It is edited by Mr. J. C. Duncan, with his usual taste and ability. Published weekly at 158 Montgomery street. Terms, five dollars per year.

The *Evening Telegram* is the name of a new paper just started in San Francisco. It is a small sized journal, but verifies the old proverb, that "good goods always come in small parcels." It is published every evening, (Sundays excepted,) at the south-west corner of Clay and Sansome Sts., by W. M. Hinton & Co. We strongly suspect that the talented Mr. Mantz, is the Co., than whom, no more capable or efficient individual could be found; combining as he does, literary talents of a high order, with that kindness of heart and urbanity of manner, which ever betokens the true gentleman. He cannot fail to make the *Telegram* a welcome guest at every fireside. The want of such a paper has long been felt, and we doubt not that popularity and success fully equal to the desires of the proprietors, are in store for it. It is furnished at the low price of 12½ cts. per week.

Unforeseen circumstances have rendered it impossible for our able and interesting correspondent V. to furnish us with the continuation of "Whence came the metals," for this number. It will appear in our next.

REMEMBER.—Strain the bow and the arrow swerves; such is the case with the mind.

In the *Red Bluff Beacon*, of October 6th, we read with deep regret the Valedictory of the editor and proprietor, Mr. J. S. Butler. It is always hard to say the parting word, but particularly so to those who, by their kindness of disposition and honorable, manly conduct, have called forth our esteem and regard. To Mr. Butler we are indebted for many kind words, and acts of gentlemanly courtesy and attention, and although our appreciation of his kindness has found no expression in words, still are those memories clustering warmly around our heart, and there will they ever be gratefully cherished. We did not think so soon to extend the parting hand and say the sad "good bye."

In his valedictory, Mr. Butler says:—

With this number ceases our connection with the *Beacon*. There is solemnity in the contemplation of the close of everything.

The child, on leaving home to attend school abroad, feels the first pang of loneliness in life. The close of its stay at school is another solemn epoch in the history of every youth. Associations have been formed, that it is almost like breaking his or her heart to tear asunder.

Those of us who have undergone the affecting ceremony of taking by the hand kindred and friends, on leaving home for California, know how solemn are the partings of families and friends when the time has arrived for them to separate, and go out to battle with the world, each for himself. The miner, in California, after several years' residence in the mines, is loth to break up his old associations, to give up friends and acquaintances among the rocks and cañons, to assume a new character even in the gay circles of fashion and pleasure.

So it is with the editor of a country newspaper: he feels bound by a thousand ties to his readers, to whom he has accustomed himself each week to chat familiarly, until the habit has become a necessity. He feels, if absent a week from his post, that something may have been neglected whereby the rights of his patrons may have been compromised, for he has, from habit, assumed a feeling of guardianship over them, and that it is his duty not only to see, but to ward off even the appearance of danger.

Is it a wonder, then, that in dissolving those relations we should give way, for the time being, to a feeling of loneliness? We think you will say, "let him enjoy his melancholy."

We often find in the *Sonora Herald*, sentiments of rare truthfulness and beauty. Mr. O' Sullivan wields no feeble pen, as all who read his paper can testify. Many of his articles are characterized by a thoughtful earnestness which touches the soul, and betrays in the writer, experience and close observation of human nature. How many of us, who in sorrow and disappointment have exclaimed, "It might have been!" will realize the truthfulness of the following article from his gifted pen?—

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—To those who have reached the meridian of life, and who feel age growing on them apace with silent but rapid steps, and yet no great achievement accomplished, no high and noble aim reached, how melancholy must all retrospection and remembrance of the past be. Life's pilgrim thus looking back, sees the promises of youth wrecked and shattered on adverse rocks; the hopes of early years thwarted; the bright pictures of happiness which the warm heart and glowing mind portrayed,

vanished like a dream. And thus looking back from the stand-point of the present, into the irrecoverable past, many there are who, as they sigh o'er their lost years, *think with regret of what might have been.* Admonitions unheeded, opportunities lost, time wasted, affections betrayed, and friendships severed, all rise up before the mind's gaze to account for the barrenness of the pilgrimage and the disappointment of youthful anticipations. Had wisdom guided every day of these early years, life might have been profitably spent in acquiring knowledge and fitting the youth for the accomplishment of noble purposes and worthy deeds in manhood. But they have been wasted in idle dreams, in trivial undertakings, in aimless wanderings from the straight path, until the gerdon which should have been long since won, seems farther from the grasp than ever.

[For the Hesperian.]

ALMOST HOME.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"Are we not almost home?" said a sad, soft, faltering voice—that of Minnie Gray—as she leaned on the shoulder of her husband, in the carriage that was taking them from the railroad station to their quiet home in the valley. "O! I am so weary, weary! Are we not almost home?"

"Yes, dearest! We are just now crossing the little bridge over the meadow brook; and, you know, just beyond it is the pine grove, and the hill; and then we shall be at home."

"O! bless you, bless you for the words, Henry! And now, how does every thing remind me of other days! How we used to come to this little brook to gather flowers, and sit on the bridge and arrange them, and make pretty nosegays to carry home to mother, who would smile upon us so lovingly! O! it was a smile worthy of one, just then going home to live with the angels. Henry, it seems but as yesterday since she departed, and now I am going home, too—TO DIE!"

The young husband dropped his head, for he felt the truth of those words, and they struck through his heart like barbed arrows, till he shivered and turned pale for their anguish.

"But I shall live again!" and Minnie suddenly raised herself up; "I shall live again! Rejoice, Henry, that your bride—your wife is in Heaven!"

Henry turned and gazed upon her; never before had she appeared so lovely. Her hat had fallen from her head, from which the long, raven tresses floated loosely in the evening wind; and the sunset, as it gleamed through the trees, fell on her pale, earnest face, which was lighted up as though it had been an angel's. Henry felt, for a moment, as though lifted up above his deep sorrow; but soon the great shadow of his grief fell again like a weight on his heart, and he sat sorrowful and in silence.

And, now, they had passed the meadow brook, and through the pine grove, and come to the summit of the hill that looked down on their home—lying so cosily beneath the shadow of the great elms, and surrounded by broad-spreading meadows. Minnie's heart leaped at the sight, and she clapped her hands for joy.

"Look! Henry, Look! the dear old place, just as we left it two years ago, to go to the far west. O! it is just the same! only the apple tree, at the corner, is a little taller; and the honeysuckle, over the end window, has reached now quite to the roof; and the walls have a darker brown, otherwise it is just the same. And, see, there is Charley, driving the cows home to be milked; and the great barn doors standing open, for they have just come in with a new load of hay from the meadows; and, O! how sweetly comes the smell of the freshly cut clover, as it is wafted to us on the breeze! O, Henry! was there ever a sight so sweet and lovely!" and the poor little Minnie forgot her weakness and her weariness in the joy of that moment.

And now they had rode up to the front-yard gate, and stopped under the great elm that shaded it. A tiny form was seen darting in from the piazza, through the door into the house, and presently a child's voice was heard—"O! grandpapa! Minnie has come! she is in the carriage at the door!" And then an old white haired man came out, and Minnie, as she was lifted from the carriage, threw her arm around his neck, with a great cry of joy, exclaiming—"Come at last! come at last! dear father!"

"Yes, my child," said the old man, as he bore her between his arms and those of her husband, and laid her on the little couch in the parlor, by the window covered with honeysuckles. "Yes, my child, and I rejoice to see you at home once more! O! we have counted the hours as they passed, since we knew that you were coming, Minnie, my dear darling!"—But when he looked in her face, O! so changed! and marked the ravages that sickness and weariness had made, the old man's heart melted within him, and he turned his face towards the wall and wept!

"Don't weep! father, O, don't weep! but, rather, rejoice, that I am going to a better country.—Better far, than the wide west, with all its broad rivers and streams, and green, flowery prairies! You have often told me about that country, and now I am going thither to enjoy it. I shall there 'behold the King in his beauty,' and feast in the 'ivory palaces,' with angels, and walk the city whose 'streets are pure gold!' O! don't weep, dear father!"

But the old man *did* weep, when he thought of one so young, and "so much like her mother," going so soon to be gathered with her kindred.

That night, a dark-winged angel was seen hovering o'er that lonely dwelling; his countenance was "like the lightning—very terrible," and his voice "like the Son of God!" And at midnight there was a cry heard—"Behold the bridegroom cometh!—go ye out to meet him!"

That aged father arose; and as he stood by the bed-side of "one beloved," behold! "he saw the heavens opened," and the angels of God, ascending, with one among them that he knew, up through the gates of a jasper-walled city! And he heard the voice of "harpers with their harps," and one that he loved was among them! And he heard another voice, saying, "Blessed are they who are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb!"

And he knew that Minnie had arisen!—She had GONE HOME!

[For the Hesperian.]

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

FOUNDED ON A FRENCH DRAMA.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

(Continued.)

VIII.

Calm and Storm.

The Count, after the commission of that mad act, was conveyed to his home, and thither, in indescribable distress of mind, Olympia and her father followed. For weeks his life was despaired of; the danger of the wound, which was a serious one, was materially aggravated by the fever consequent upon that intensity of passion and agitation which had prompted the deed. After the paroxysms of delirium had entirely passed away, a low fever ensued, attended by utter prostration, mental and physical, only varied by the deepest despondency. Night and day, Charles' hand in hers, Olympia watched every movement, every glance, every murmured word; he uttered but one—her name. Eagerly did she gaze into the eyes of St. Phar, of the physician, of the attendants, to see if any expression of hope might raise her own drooping heart—but in vain. At length the physician, who was one of those truly eminent men in his profession who combine the friend with the adviser, and study the diseased mind as well as the ailing body, desired Olympia and St. Phar to attend him to the drawing-room. There gently and delicately he alluded to the motive of the Count's rashness, and honestly confessed that all his skill was of no avail; the hand which had been the innocent, unconscious cause of the malady, could alone effect its cure. "My science is powerless; you, madam, alone can save his life." One who loved so dearly as Olympia could not be deaf to such an appeal. The sacrifice she had forced her heart to make, the obstacles offered by his wealth and rank, were all forgotten, as she impetuously exclaimed, "Charles, my beloved, you will live then! I will be your wife!" The physician's judgment proved correct. Animated by the prospect of Olympia's affection, the Count gradually recovered, sufficiently to be removed to a neighboring village for the benefit of the change of air; and there, quietly and unostentatiously, Olympia and he were married.

Time passed. The Count recovered. One of the first acts which marked his approach to convalescence was to write briefly to his mother; and as his strength returned, he again wrote a full history of his love, of Olympia's conduct, of his marriage, imploring his mother's forgiveness for the concealment of his attachment, her sanction for his bride. Still no answer was returned. By medical advice, the Count and Countess traveled to a then celebrated spring, known as the Eaux de Bourboune, whence the Count dispatched his last appeal to his mother. There they lived for some time a monotonous, but placid existence, varied only by excursions to surrounding picturesque spots, and by the occasional visits of those who sought the waters for health or amusement. St. Phar, still in Paris,

was kept well informed by Olympia of all the minutia of their uneventful lives, and rejoiced in the calm "stream of human happiness" which his child enjoyed.

But a change soon came. The Count's cousin, Emilius, had returned from America, with La Fayette, and after enjoying for a month all the fascinations of Paris, doubly attractive from the contrast they offered to his trans-atlantic career, set out in pursuit of his cousin. Rumor had put him in possession of the events that had recently transpired. But the republican ideas of equality which had proved sufficiently powerful to induce him to visit America, and aid in the good cause, lost their force and romance when applied to his own individual pride of rank and birth. He strove to believe, regardless of any consideration of morality, that the association of the Count with Olympia was not a matrimonial one, and, on his arrival at Bourboune, found that his belief was shared by many of the noble visitors there. With good breeding, however, he restrained any expression of sarcasm or contempt, when Charles introduced him to the Countess de Rudentz; but as soon as Olympia had left them alone together, he began to remonstrate with his cousin. Great were his astonishment, and at first his indignation also, at hearing the truth. But as Charles proceeded to relate the entire progress of his love, and developed the noble disinterestedness and purity of Olympia's character, Emilius did her full justice, although, true to his race, he lamented the alliance. The Count, learning from him the derogatory suspicions which had been floating around them, felt that the private marriage, their subsequent retired life, only served to corroborate the rumor. Justice, therefore, must at once be done to his wife. Awaiting then the hour when the guests usually assembled previous to dinner, he formally introduced his wife. As he led her into the drawing-room, a traveling carriage was at the hotel door, waiting for a relay of post-horses. Its occupants, a lady and her maid, had retired to an adjoining room in the mean time, for refreshment. The event was one of too frequent occurrence to excite remark, and Charles was too much pre-occupied by his own feelings even to glance, as he passed the window, at the arms upon the panels. With honest pride and exultation he emphatically introduced the young Countess de Rudentz to his cousin Emilius and his other friends. Emilius by his marked deference and respect, delicately but unmistakably acknowledged his error; and after a few words, the Count announced that he would shortly proceed with his wife to the castle of Rudentz, where, in ten days, he invited those present to partake of the festivities in honor of his marriage. As the guests accepted the offer with compliments and smiles, a tall, stern woman, of noble presence, richly, but gravely dressed, advanced to the centre of the astonished group, who had been too much absorbed to observe her entrance through the open door. "Count de Rudentz," said she, "you are at liberty to conduct your wife to the castle, for your mother has left it forever." So saying, before the hearers could recover

from their surprise, she passed down the stairs, and when Emilius, who was the first to recover his self-possession, hastened after his aunt to pay his respects, the crack of the postillion's whip was heard, and the carriage drove away.

(Conclusion in our next.)

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the Hesperian.]

THE DEATH-ANGEL.

"My Beloved is gone down into his garden to gather lilies.—*Solomon's Song.*"

He walked among the lilies there,
The angel pure and bright;
His face was dazzling like the sun,
His eyes like stars of light.
His robes were stained, but not with wine,
Sad was his look that day:
He walked among the lilies there—
He bore my flower away.

He walked among the lilies there,
The angel swift and strong;
The flowers all withered at his touch—
Sadly he moved along.
One flower there was of fairest hue,
Just opening to the day;
He laid it on his bosom there—
He bore my flower away. G. T. S.

THE BLIND LITTLE GIRL.

"O! how delightful it must be to have a servant, and sit and be waited upon all day, just like Emma Clinton," said little Laura Mason to her mother. "The other day, as Jane and I were passing by Mr. Clinton's new house, I peeped through the garden gate, and there, in the parlor window, sat Emma with her servant Bridget; and, mamma, I wish you could have seen how she made Bridget go and do just as she said. If she told Bridget to go and bring her flowers, Bridget had to go. Bridget must dress her doll, and comb her hair, and do a thousand other things for her ladyship. I suppose she wanted to let Jane and me know what a fine lady she was, and how she could afford to keep a servant, while we had to go trudging along, carrying our great heavy satchels all the way to school. I declare I never was so vexed in my life. O, mamma, how I wish you were rich, and could keep servants, and a carriage, and that we could go to balls, and have a fine house to live in, just like little Emma Clinton."

Mrs. Mason looked steadfastly at her daughter and said, "I am sorry, my child, to see you manifest such feelings towards little Emma Clinton, only because she lives in a fine house, and has servants, and a carriage to ride in. Let me tell you, my daughter, that the little girl whom you so much envy, would be glad, at this moment, to exchange situations with you; and would give up all her fine things for the privilege of running, like you, free in the streets or fields, and going with her satchel on her arm to school."

"Then I wish she would do it," said little Laura. "I am sure she would soon get sick of it; and, as for me, I should like nothing better than to live in a fine house, and have servants just as she does."

"And be blind too?" asked Mrs. Mason. "Blind!" exclaimed little Laura. "Mamma, is little Emma Clinton blind?"

"She is," said her mother. "Listen to me, Laura, and then we will see if little Emma is after all so much to be envied."

"Emma's father came early to California. He succeeded in business, and soon became very wealthy. He built a fine house, and Emma was a darling and happy child. How often have I seen her, as I have been passing, gliding up and down the avenues, and singing and skipping like a fawn along the garden paths that surrounded her father's fine dwelling. But the fire of June, '52, came. It was, you know, in the night. Emma and her little brother, Charley, were sleeping in a room by themselves, in the east wing of the house. When their parents were awakened, that portion of the building was already enveloped in flames. They then opened the door and rushed into the room. Emma had crept out of bed, and was groping amid fire and smoke, and trying to save her little brother. She had just snatched him from the bed, and was trying to make her way to the door, as her parents rushed into the room. She had only strength enough left to lay him in their arms, and then fell senseless to the floor. Her father caught her up and dragged her from the burning building. But Emma was shockingly burned. Her hands and face were disfigured, and her eyes scorched and blinded by the heat. She recovered, after a long time, from the wounds which she had received, but her sight was never restored again, and little Emma Clinton will always be blind.

"And now, my daughter, would you be willing to exchange situations with little Emma, and live in a fine house, and have servants to wait on you, and never, never see again?"

"Oh! I would not for all the world!" said little Laura. "I am sure I should lose my senses, if I was obliged to live all the time in the dark, and never be able to go out and run over the fields, and look at the flowers and the sky, and see you, mamma, and papa, and little brother George, whom I so much love."

"All this," said Mrs. Mason, "little Emma has to endure; yet she is gentle and patient, and has this to comfort her, that she incurred this terrible affliction in trying to save her little darling brother, Charley, from the flames." G. T. S.

THOUGHTS WANTED.—We tell you, reader, that man has lived to a purpose who has penned for a paper three lines of stirring thought. Let the clergy, then, and all persons of intellect, leisure, or a heart for good, make it a weekly task to compose a few lines which paint some burning thought as it leaps from the brain—a thought which shall kindle up humanities in the living, now scattered over land and sea, and will continue to do so, may be, until the last wave of time has been lost in eternity's ocean.

ANGUISH.—There is unspeakable anguish in the thought, that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them; for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings; for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God has given us to know!

[For the Hesperian.]
PERFECTED PRAISE.

A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D—N.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

"I wish I had heard some of these remarks before," said the sexton. "My faith, ma'am, would have been so much the stronger: for it is not very strong, I confess, at the best of of times."

'Tis never too late to mend," replied Mrs. Templeton; "but what are your doubts?—Pray, mention them."

"Why, ma'am, I was just thinking, when you came in,—Can the Scriptures be so strictly true, when I see many of the authorized expounders of it by their manner of life practically denying what they call its truths? When I see every body traveling to a certain place in the same direction, I am pretty sure that they are going the right road; but when I see as many, and perhaps more, going in contrary directions, why, then I begin to doubt if there be such a place, and whether my own way may not as soon bring me to it as theirs."

"Let me answer the first part of your observation," said Mrs. Templeton. "You must allow that the abuse of an authority is no argument against its use. We are told that the Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat, and all whatsoever they bid us observe, that we are to observe and do; but we are not to do after their works, for they say and do not. Because they abused by their life the doctrines which they preached, handed to them by Moses, the multitude are not to suppose that they were not those of Moses, or that no such person as Moses ever lived. Now as to your second observation: If I were to see a multitude constantly journeying on in the idea of reaching a certain place, and each taking a different direction, a natural curiosity some time or other would impel me to ask whither they were going. I should be told, probably, that they were seeking a happier and more promising land to dwell in than the one they now inhabit. That being my desire also, my first inquiry would be whether such a land existed."

"Exactly, ma'am; that's what I should do," interrupted the old sexton.

"And the manner in which I should set about it would be this: I should make every inquiry to know whether any one now living ever had himself seen this place. I should at first be wholly indifferent to the opinion of all persons who had not seen it, however learned and clever they might be as travelers and geographers. Failing in this, I would then be open to the written testimony left by any one who affirmed he had himself seen it. I should take care closely to examine the character of this person, to know how far his veracity might be taken. I should then see as far as I could judge, whether the account was a consistent or probable one. Next, whether any part of the journey thus recorded towards this desired land, could be corroborated by the testimony of any living witnesses: for if geologists have left descriptions of places where

gold may be found, and in nine instances out of ten gold has been found, the testimony to me would be conclusive that gold still would be found there. This would almost amount to a positive certainty; and if, in the course of investigation, I should discover that many had met with obstacles sufficient to endanger their lives to elicit the true path;—nay, more, if the person who had visited the land itself, and had described its desirableness, and had left a dozen followers impressed with its truth, and that they had forsaken all they held dear, and had forfeited their lives in the pursuit, and that they had left evidences by their writings that they were no blind enthusiasts, and had assured their followers by their firm, dying conviction, that, if they journeyed on patiently in the path they had described, if they did not reach the place in this life, they would thereafter, because their head and chief, having visited it, had given them himself evidences of it, and had made them eye-witnesses in his own person of such a truth,—I must say that I must be bereft of all sense not to become a convert and a follower in this road. Now I need not tell you that this place is Heaven,—that the Being who has visited it is Jesus Christ,—and that the dozen followers who have thus borne witness of the right way are his disciples."

"Allow me to ask, madam," said the old sexton, "what will become of those living at a distance from this excitement of the travelers, who have no desire for a better place than the one they now occupy?"

"Are you quite sure," replied Mrs. Templeton, "that there is any individual of any nation or tribe, that imagines that he is born like the beasts that perish, only for this life, and that the wonderful gift of speech and the superior power he possesses over them, were given for mere animal purposes? I believe, as a proof of this position, that no nation has ever been discovered amongst savage life that has not some idea of some belief in a future state, and that the part he acts in this life will be scrutinized by some power in the next. What a world of injustice, cruelty, oppression, and wrong would this be, if there were no retribution hereafter! But how it harmonizes with a divine institution, when we know that every good deed that is unrewarded here will be justly acknowledged hereafter, and that every wicked one will meet with the due punishment it has escaped in this life. But I am keeping you standing, all this while, and perhaps exhausting your patience; so I will take my leave. You will send some one to look to the roof, the first opportunity," said Mrs. Templeton.

"It shall be done directly, ma'am, and I am very much obliged by your important conversation; and I hope, please God, to profit by it."

The door had no sooner closed, than the sexton fell on his knees, uttering the prayer of the publican—"God be merciful to me a sinner!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"I have not the slightest doubt that the landlord Goodcheer is at the bottom of it all,"

said the lawyer to Dr. Goodman. "I will write by this evening's post for the cleverest inspector of the metropolitan force to come down here and make an investigation. I make no doubt your humane lordship is one of the gang. In the mean time, your suggestion of removing the patient to some more quiet locality shall be attended to. I have his affairs in my hands—at least, I am his solicitor, and perhaps as capable of acting for him as any other. His affairs are in a wretched state, mortgaged to more than half their value, and the mortgage would before this have been foreclosed, but the person, the former inhabitant of this very house, who advanced the money at my recommendation, persisted in keeping the deeds in his own hands, and nothing has been heard of him or the deeds, or anything of his prospects, for the last ten years."

"How very extraordinary," said Dr. Goodman. "I suppose you have made every search for him."

"Left not a suggestion untried, however extravagant. The ponds were all dragged, this house nearly pulled down, advertised him in every paper in the United Kingdom, placarded every wall, done everything—but notwithstanding all has been done that human power and ingenuity can devise, nothing has resulted but heavy suspicion on one man, an inhabitant of this place, on whom I have had my eye for some time. This man, when he first entered the place, was as poor as any drunkard can be. When he had been scarcely a year in the neighborhood, he and young scapegrace, your patient, were always getting drunk together—a nuisance to the neighborhood—when suddenly this fellow, of whom I spoke, turns suddenly an altered creature—turns sober, becomes rich, and now owns two cottages in the place, besides the house he inhabits; and if report speaks truth, the young squire, your patient, is largely indebted to him. Now I know the resources of the place, and I am convinced this good fortune could not accrue to any one like him so suddenly by fair means, for I know almost the whole of his family to be poor and incapable of assisting him in their lives, or by any riches after their death. However, I am now upon the spot, and shall be able to prosecute inquiry without interruption. I have left my business to my partner, and intend to take up my residence in the place, to enjoy the *otium cum dig.*, when I shall be happy to entertain you, doctor, if you are long enough in the place, and this inquiry will afford me sufficient occupation, as I begin to think my forensic acumen a little at stake. I never had a similar case that baffled me yet, and it shall go hard with the culprits if I do not succeed ultimately."

"I wish you every success in your very laudable inquiry, and shall be delighted to hear the result of your able investigations," said the doctor: "in the mean time, my own loss of a watch is of minor consideration, for it was too old to be of much worth."

"That shall be forthcoming, if any exertion of mine will avail."

"I have been about to ask you several

times, is not my patient's name Smith? I have heard him called by some other name."

"His family's name is Asburt. He pretends to have taken this name upon some accession of property. I wish that was to be depended upon, for I would soon convert it to another purpose than that of dissipation. No, I believe it is one of the aliases that a certain class of men take occasionally for sinister purposes."

After politely thanking the lawyer, the doctor left.

[To be continued.]

WORTH, NOT WEALTH.

BY LOUIE GLEN.

"Will you go with me to make a call this afternoon?" said a young married lady to her friend, Miss Josephine Danvers.

"That will depend upon whom you intend to call."

"They are old acquaintances of yours and mine; I mean the Nevins family."

"O, Henrietta! how can you? They are not our set!"

"What do you mean? I think them highly respectable; the father is an honorable man, and a gentleman. I don't know many his equal."

"That may be, Retta, but you know he is only a teacher."

"Yes, I know he is principal of a boarding-school for boys, and is said to be very successful in training the minds of youth; his talents are acknowledged to be of the highest order; but, Josie, if you only have repugnance to teachers, Mrs. Nevins and her daughters are not of that proscribed class. Come, go with me; they are not common people, by any means; and I'm quite certain you will like them."

"You are talking strangely, and I wonder at you for calling on any and everybody; you don't seem to care if you lose your caste or not. I should think Mr. Murray would object to your keeping up such acquaintances!"

"Not he; Charles respects the Nevins as much as I do, and is also well pleased to see them at our house."

"But their house is quite down town—no one of any pretensions lives there; and the house, (they say,) is ancient as the hills. Why, even your coachman wouldn't respect you if he was ordered to draw up before such a house."

"I should consult my own wishes before that of my coachman; but, Josephine, you need to visit them."

"That was when we were children; I own I liked them—however, one must have a little respect for prevailing customs."

"Yes, when those customs are harmless; but is it not wicked and absurd to drop the acquaintance of a family, (and that family of the highest respectability and real worth,) just because a few shallow-brained, purse-proud people have laid a dividing line beyond which none must venture, on pain of losing caste? Dear Josie, it is unworthy of you; let your aim in life be higher than to court the favor of a few of fashion's votaries, to the exclusion of the truly great—of whom are the Nevins. The young ladies are lovely and interesting, and infinitely more worthy your time and attention than the gilded butterflies who flit around you. I'm sure, if you will reflect, you'll say so too."

"There, Mrs. Murray, stop your sermonizing; next you will want me to shoulder a

bundle of tracts, and go into every filthy attic to distribute them; or maybe you would recommend that I quit civilized society, and distinguish myself by establishing a *select circle* among the squaws of the far west, and transmitting to you the glorious intelligence from week to week that *they* are 'lovely and interesting.'"

"Don't talk in that way, if you please; the missionaries have my approval and best wishes, but that has nothing to do with the subject we were discussing. I wanted you to rise above those foolish conventionalities that would prohibit one's visiting a very genteel and worthy family, because they don't live in a modern house, and its location is *down* instead of *up* town."

"O, that isn't all my objection; the eldest daughter married a mechanic, and Clara Day told me that Mark Pelham is engaged to another of the daughters; and you know he is only a clerk in uncle John's store."

"My dear friend, don't let us despise our ancestors; I presume *they* were not always 'merchant princes,' but have risen by their industry and economy to the stations they occupy; but I have spent too much time. Will you ride with me? do,—you'll not regret it."

"Excuse me, Henrietta, I really don't wish to quit the circle I am in, and *they* are so exclusive. I'm certain the Nevins would not be tolerated in our set, though I'm sure I have nothing against them personally."

Mrs. Murray was unsuccessful, and took her leave; and now we will just listen to a conversation that occurred in the dining room of Mr. Danvers.

"Father, can you explain to me what Mrs. Murray meant this morning when she said, 'don't let us despise our ancestors.'"

"First tell me, my daughter, what led to the remark?"

"Why, you see, she wished me to go with her to call on the Nevins, and I objected on account of their not living in style, and not belonging to our set; and also, that one daughter had married a mechanic, and another is engaged to a clerk."

"I am grieved that you should have made these remarks about so excellent a family. Their son-in-law is highly esteemed and respected by men of high rank; and, though he is a mechanic, and I a merchant, his income is thousands where mine is hundreds! He has four hundred men constantly employed, and has as many orders from foreign governments as from his own; his fortune in a few years will be immense. You said one daughter is engaged to a clerk."

"Yes, to Mark Perham, uncle John's clerk."

"Let me give you a little of my early history. From the age of seventeen I filled the station of a clerk in a retail dry goods store, where, by close application to business, I in a few years was taken as a partner in the firm, from which I rose, by slow degrees, to what I am now; but, speaking of Mark Perham: your uncle told me, not long since, that next spring Mark is to be one of the firm; then he will soon be not a clerk, but a 'merchant prince'; and if he always remained a clerk, Mr. Nevins may be proud of his son-in-law. I only wish he were mine instead."

That night Josephine Danvers could not sleep; a struggle was going on in her mind; her good and evil genius alternately prevailed, but, before morning, her resolution was framed. She would no more make *wealth* and *station* the only requisites in her visiting list, but came to the conclusion that "Worth makes the man!"

Angel Whisperings.

Letters! loving letters! What wonderful power do these little marks upon your white leaf possess. They awaken the sleeping intellect; they set the heart all aglow; they bear us into that world where space and time are unknown,—into that bright world of life and light where "thought brings presence and love conjoins."

Welcome, thrice welcome, loving letters! ye bear on your broad pinions kindred spirits, and sweet and close communion do we hold. One of the sister band now comes to me; my eye rests for a brief moment upon its little marks, and I leave my quiet home in the valley, and am borne to distant climes. Now I behold the green hills stretching wide and towering high. The mountain air fans my cheek. Beneath my feet is spread a carpet of velvety green spangled over with strange flowers, all bright and new; a gentle hand pressed mine, and then words fall upon my ear,—"What a world of beauty has our Father made for us! Even his flowers seem conscious of life and capable of joy. How knoweth each individual family of just what color to give out? and through what secret channel cometh their sweet fragrance?"

This world of beauty is the drapery which our Father hangs around the inner world of life and light. And beautiful though these curtains are, it is delightful to look within their rich folds; for there we see these earthly forms glowing in heavenly beauty; and there too, we see the inimitable Painter, who giveth to each flower its color, and filleth the secret channel with fragrance. O yes, it is delightful when earth's drapery is drawn aside, and we are permitted a nearer approach to the great source of all beauty, of all life. But when this nearer view is permitted, if we would partake fully of its joys, we must not be idle lookers-on, gazing in wonder and admiration, congratulating ourselves with the delight of the eye. We must pass within this living kingdom of light, first as obedient subjects, learning the will of the mighty ruler there, and hastening to do as fast as we learn. Then the glorious light of this inner world brightens. It opens and expands itself in greater beauty, revealing more and more its interior life. When we drink of the wine of this kingdom, and eat of its bread, we are no longer obedient subjects, learning and doing the commands of a king, but we are all children of an all-perfect Father, who loveth as earthly parents never can. Then His law is inscribed in our hearts, and we are in that heavenly freedom of doing whatsoever we will; for His will is our will, and His way our way. We are at home, partakers of that peace which the Father giveth to all that love Him. A new meaning is constantly breaking upon our vision. "The everlasting hills stretch out before us, clothed in living green." No winter blight is here. The canopy of heaven is starred with gems of wisdom, and in the midst sparkles the "Immortal Fountain." "And whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst no more, for it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." "And the spirit and the bride say, come; and let him that heareth say, come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker." L. H.

The heart is a cup that is empty till it overflows. We have nothing to enjoy till we have something to impart. He only lives who is not a reservoir but a fountain.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

[From the *Mountain Messenger* of July 10th, 1858.]

THE HESPERIAN.—The last number of this excellent paper has been received, and we unhesitatingly pronounce it one of the best publications that has ever appeared in our golden State. Were the large majority of the journals on the Atlantic side conducted with the care and ability of this, we should take far greater pleasure in reading them. We are fully satisfied that if the HESPERIAN does not meet with a full and remunerative support, it will be because the public lack the appreciation of a good paper.

[From the *Red Bluff Beacon* of July 7th, 1858.]

THE HESPERIAN.—This excellent literary semi-monthly paper, comes to us regularly. It is the very best literary publication in the State—indeed, it is conducted with signal ability by the editress herself, and her contributors are of no ordinary class. We hope the enterprise may meet with that success that its merits deserve. No family in California should be without it.

[From the *Trinity Journal* of July 10th, 1858.]

THE HESPERIAN, under the able editorial strength of Mrs. DAY, continues with unabated interest. Ladies in Trinity should obtain her paper; it is entirely a woman's enterprise, and is the most refined publication in the country.

[From the *Sacramento Statesman*, June, 1858.]

Mrs. DAY is a most estimable lady, and the HESPERIAN is a charming literary paper. We bespeak for her the good will of all wherever she goes.

[*Marysville Daily Express*, June 6, 1858.—JOHN R. RIDGE.]

Mrs. F. H. DAY.—This lady is now the sole conductress and editress of the HESPERIAN, at San Francisco. Mrs. DAY is at present in this city, on business connected with her paper. She is a very intellectual and refined lady, a most beautiful writer for the press, and will make the HESPERIAN an excellent literary journal. We hope she will receive encouragement in her enterprise at the hands of our citizens. The ladies in particular should patronize an undertaking so nobly and so competently began by one of their own sex. Let the females of California have an organ through which they can make their sweet influences felt more widely on this golden-shored Pacific. We present to them the editress of the HESPERIAN as a lady in every respect worthy of their confidence and esteem.

[*Marysville Daily News* of June 8th, 1858.—GEN ALLEN.]

Mrs. F. H. DAY.—This lady, who is now the sole editress and manageress of that new and charming literary paper, the HESPERIAN, has been spending a day or two in our city, and left yesterday for Oroville. She is, as brother Ridge correctly remarks, "a very intellectual and refined lady, and a most beautiful writer for the press." For our own poor part, we admire the HESPERIAN exceedingly, and hope it will reap a rich harvest of patronage. Mrs. DAY has resided in San Francisco almost since the infancy of that city, and is a most charming as well as exemplary lady.

[*Sanora Herald*, June 26th, 1858. JAMES O' SULLIVAN, Ed.]

THE HESPERIAN.—The fourth number of this excellent literary treasury is before us. It is now edited solely by Mrs. F. H. DAY. Its columns are filled with sensible editorials and choice selections, and it should find a welcome in every family circle in the State. In the field of polite literature the HESPERIAN has as yet had no compeer in California. In its pages we have ample evidence of the cultivation and inculcation of a pure literary taste. We wish it a successful career.

[From the *Nevada Journal* of June 10th, 1858.]

Mrs. DAY knows how to edit a paper suitable to the wants of the country, and we believe the people know how to patronize, pay for and appreciate it. Success to the HESPERIAN!

[From the *Sierra Citizen* of August 7th, 1858.]

We have the HESPERIAN for the first part of August. This periodical appears to be prospering, and it may become a permanent publication. The reading women of California should do much towards encouraging an enterprise which is conducted by one of their sensible and womanly sisters. If you desire to bring your minds down to the end of a pen, select a press devoted to the HESPERIAN is, to the "cultivation of the good and the true, the memorable and the beautiful."

[From the *Polynesian*, Honolulu, S. I.]

We have received the first five numbers of a semi-monthly "Journal of literature and art," published in San Francisco, of which Mrs. F. H. DAY is the talented and accomplished editress. It affords us pleasure to say, that it is the purest in tone, the kindest in manner, of any journal designed for the family circle that we have lately seen; and its benign, softening influence upon the heart can not fail of being felt, alike by the gray-haired sage, who, warned by experience, is nursing his aspirations for a bolder flight, when the curtain has dropped on the present, and by the bright-eyed child whose clear and silvery laugh mocks at experience. It is chiefly addressed to women, depending upon their influence as mothers, wives and sisters, to spread and inculcate a taste for whatever is lovely, is good and is true, in principle and in practice.

Terms are \$4 per annum, per single copy. We are not aware of any agency of the HESPERIAN in Honolulu; and yet we deem it immensely more deserving of patronage, than many a flash journal that finds a passage and a circulation here.

[From the *National Democrat*.]

THE HESPERIAN.—We observe that the editress of this promising literary journal, Mrs. DAY, is obtaining at her station in the literary department of the State Fair Pavilion, a liberal number of subscribers. She is acting bravely and nobly in her efforts to build up a pure and feminine literature upon this coast; and most proud we are to see her sustained by the intelligent ladies and gentleman now visiting the State Fair. It is a hard task for a lady of cultivation and fine feminine feelings, to thrust herself forward among a jostling crowd, however respectable that crowd may be, and doubly, therefore, do we honor Mrs. DAY for her courage and her devotion to the noble work in which she is engaged. Her efforts are most worthy of encouragement, for her journal is indeed ably conducted. In every circle, where there is a true woman, the HESPERIAN should be found, for most truly does it reflect what is noblest in the female heart, and the purest in feminine aspiration. Let it not be said, that the pioneer among the daughters of California in so praise-worthy an undertaking, failed for the want of that encouragement she was entitled to expect at the hands of thinking men and women.

[From the *Mountain Messenger* of Sept. 4th, 1858.]

While visiting the State Fair, recently, we were so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of a lady whose memory we shall ever love to cherish, and whose words have found a resting place on the tablets of memory. The accomplished editress of the HESPERIAN, Mrs. DAY, is the person we refer to, and the one deserving the admiration and

cordial support of all her sex. Her mission is one of the noblest ever engaged in, being nothing more or less than to elevate the women of California to that high position which they occupied ere a *Weekes* came among them to cast a stigma on the name. Nobly, fearlessly, untiringly has she performed her part thus far; seeming to ignore fatigue, trials and vexations, she has passed through the ordeal of cynical criticism, and to-day may be said to be above its shafts. Press onward in your strong determination, little one, for anxious eyes are watching your course and strong arms will bear you up in it.

[From the *Southern Vineyard* of August 28th, 1858.]

THE HESPERIAN of August 15th, comes as the gifts of woman should, modest and unassuming, with freshness on its every page. THE HESPERIAN is published semi-monthly, at \$4 per annum. The present number contains twelve pages of original matter.

The character and style of writing is such as to make it a valuable addition to the periodical literature which circulates throughout our State. It is a paper which should find its way into every family in California. To the young females as well as matrons, we say that four dollars and the time devoted to its perusal are amply repaid by its contents.

[From the *Los Angeles Star* of August 21st, 1858.]

THE HESPERIAN, No. 7, has been received. Its well filled columns denote industry and talent on the part of the editress, Mrs. F. H. DAY. We are glad to see this publication continued with so much spirit and enterprise, and wish it success, for it deserves it.

[From the *San Francisco Daily Times* of Sept 18th, 1858.]

THE HESPERIAN.—The tenth number of this literary semi-monthly journal, has been laid upon our table. The excellent judgment and refined taste displayed in the production of this periodical, renders it deserving of a large and highly remunerative patronage. The woman who presides over its columns is eminently qualified for the public duties which she has assumed, in addition, as she tells us, to the entire domestic charge of "one of the cosiest little homes on the Pacific coast." By her own blessed hearthstone, she writes truly and warmly to her reading friends. There is no morbid relish for repeating stale advice observable in her compositions. If she has counsel, it comes from experience, and is told without affectation.

[From the *Butte Record* of Sept. 18th, 1858.]

When all of us, rich and poor, dwelt in tents and log huts, we were excusable for not paying much attention to literary matters; we were too busy getting gold and trying to keep comfortable, to spend time or money in mind ministering. Our old excuse has worn out long before our habits have, and we are now wanting a reason for not patronizing such truly meritorious literary papers as are being issued on this side of the continent. The most worthy of encouragement of any strictly literary periodical printed in the State, is the HESPERIAN, edited by Mrs. F. H. DAY, a most worthy lady, and pleasant writer. We have no means of knowing what success this excellent semi-monthly is meeting with, but if it finds a place on every family table, its value is being properly appreciated; and if it has but a meagre circulation, a highly instructing and entertaining periodical is shamefully neglected, and a talented woman's efforts are wasted upon an unworthy community. We commend the HESPERIAN to all our lady friends, especially, and urge them to subscribe, and save enough out of their "pin money" to pay for it.

THE HESPERIAN.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER, 15, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

SHASTA.—We have not had time to look over your articles. We will do so very soon.

MOUNTAIN FRIEND.—Thanks for the interest you take in our welfare. Contributions from your pen will be very acceptable. Send in your copy soon.

V. V.—Your article was unavoidably crowded out of the last number; it appears this week. Please let us hear from you often.

P. S. W.—Your subscription received, and papers sent. Thanks.

V. O. V.—Subscription received: papers will be sent by next mail.

Some of our contributors seem to think that if their articles reach us a day or two before the day of publication, that they are in ample time. Now this is a great mistake. We want our articles in immediately after the issue of the paper; for no sooner is one paper out than we begin to make up another, and consequently articles that are not in early have to lie over till the next number.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We would inform those who subscribed for only six months, that with this number of the *Hesperian* their subscription expires. Unless they send in word to the contrary, we shall consider them as wishing to continue the paper. They would oblige us by renewing their subscript on as early as possible.

Agents for the Hesperian.

Sacramento.....Geo. J. Lytle, Kirk & Co., E. D. Davidson
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Oroville.....Garnham & Lockwood, G. J. Leland
Nevada.....Geo. W. Welch, J. E. Hamlin
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Agents wanted in all the towns and villages throughout the State.

Letters enclosing remittances and communications for the paper should be addressed to the Editors.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a State, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife, a mother—two magical words—comprising the sweetest sources of man's felicity. Theirs is the reign of beauty, of love, of reason. Always a reign! A man takes counsel with his wife; he obeys his mother; he obeys her long after she has ceased to live, and the ideas which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions.

Theodore Parker says,—"He who goes through a land and scatters blown roses, may be traced next day by their withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it and scatters rose seeds, a hundred years after leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for his monument, and as a heritage for his sons and daughters."

FOLLOW IT.—Saxe gives the following advice to the rising generation:

In going to parties just mind what you are at,
Beware of your head, and take care of your hat,
Lest you find that a favorite son of your mother,
Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other!

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TERMS.—The Waverley Magazine is published weekly by Moses A. Dow, 5 Lindall Street, Boston, Mass. Two editions are printed, one on thick paper for Periodical Dealers, at 6 cents a copy, and an edition for mail subscribers (on a little thinner paper, so as to come within the low postage law) at \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months, always in advance. Clubs, by mail, six papers six months, \$5.00. Paper stopped when the last number paid for is sent. A new volume commences every July and January. But if a person commences at any number in any volume, and pays for six months, he will have a complete book, with a title-page, as every paper is complete in itself.

When a subscriber orders a renewal of his subscription he should tell us what was the last number he received, then we shall know what number to renew at without hunting over our books. Otherwise we shall begin when the money is received. Persons writing for the paper must write their names, post-office, county and state very distinctly. Those who wish their papers changed should tell where it has previously been sent. Postage on this paper is twenty-six cents a year, payable in advance at the office where taken out.

Clubs must always be sent at one time to get the benefit of the low price. We cannot send them at the club price unless received all together, as it is too much trouble to look over our books or keep an account with each one getting them up.

Any one sending us Four Dollars can have one copy of the "WAVERLEY MAGAZINE," and either of the following works for one year by mail: Graham's Magazine, Harper's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, Putnam's Magazine, Ballou's Pictorial.

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All letters and communications concerning the paper should be addressed to the publisher.

The Way to Subscribe.—The proper mode to subscribe for a paper is to enclose the money in a letter and address the publisher direct, giving individual name with the post-office, county and state very plainly written, as post-marks are often illegible.

THE HESPERIAN,
A Journal of Literature and Art.

A Semi-monthly paper, conducted by

Mrs. F. H. DAY.

This Journal is designed for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and for the cultivation of a literary taste. It will present to the public original productions from among our own citizens, upon subjects most nearly connected with our homes and manners, as a people. It will carefully select information from abroad, with a special view to our necessities as a community. It will address itself to Woman, since the conductors rely much upon their own sex for aid, and will scrupulously avoid anything demoralizing in its influence. It will attempt just and fair criticism, and will expect the same. Every effort will be put forth to render it worthy of the patronage which it respectfully solicits.

Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

All communications to be addressed to Editress "Hesperian," 111 Washington street, San Francisco.

TERMS OF THE HESPERIAN:

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FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE GOOD AND THE TRUE, THE MEMORABLE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

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[For the Hesperian.

HEAVENLY VISITANTS.

The human heart is like heaven; the more angels the more room.—*Fredrica Bremer.*

Open thy heart! let angels come,
And live and reign within;
Love, hope, and peace shall drive afar,
The alien hosts of sin.
That joyful heart shall be like heaven,
Where blessed spirits come;
Thousands of them may enter there,
And yet there still is room.

Open thy heart! and welcome all,
The good, the pure, the true.
In blessing others, thou shalt reap
A double blessing too.
Out of the fulness of thy love,
To all a share be given;
And all thy soul shall be like god,
And all thy heart like heaven,

G. T. S.

WHEN POOR IN ALL BUT HOPE AND LOVE.

When, poor in all but hope and love,
I clasped thee to my faithful heart;
For wealth and fame I vowed to rove,
That we might meet no more to part!
Years have gone by—long weary years
Of toil, to win thee comfort now—
Of ardent hopes—of sickening fears—
And wealth is mine—but where art thou?

Fame's dazzling dreams, for thy dear sake,
Those brighter than before to me;
I clung to all I deemed could make
My burning heart more dear to thee.
Years have gone by—the laurel droops
In mockery o'er my joyless brow:
A conquered world before me stoops,
And Fame is mine—but where art thou?

In life's first hours, despised and lone,
I wandered through the busy crowd;
But now that life's best hopes are gone,
They greet with pride and murmurs loud.
Oh! for thy voice! thy happy voice,
To breathe its laughing welcome now;
Wealth, fame, and all that should rejoice,
To me are vain—for where art thou?—*Norton.*

THE SABBATH.

Poor sons of toil! oh, grudge them not the breeze
That plays with Sabbath flowers; the clouds that play
With Sabbath winds: the hum of Sabbath bees;
The Sabbath walk: the skylark's Sabbath lay;
The silent sunshine of the Sabbath day.—*Leigh Hunt.*

[For the Hesperian

BAHIA BENDERES.

There are some wild spots upon the western shores of Mexico; so wild, indeed, that they are as little known to our people, or most of the Mexicans themselves, as they were at the time of the conquest of the country; extensive ranges of coast, abounding in resources of wealth and indigenous products, which only await the hand of industry and enterprise to develop: but, thinly inhabited by aborigines, they are seldom visited by the stranger white man. Of such a portion of this coast, I would now give you a little description of my adventures while coasting there in a small canoe, with two Indians (natives,) for my companions and crew.

About the 14th of May last, after supplying our little shallop with the necessary articles of water, dried beef, beans, and tortillas, (the staff of life in Mexico,) for a week's allowance, together with my gun, fishing tackle, &c., we shoved our boat from the beach of San Blas, hoisted her tiny sail, and bravely put to sea, just as the morning breeze had sprung up from the west; my pilot, "Capt. Juan," an elderly and honest-looking native, using his paddle as a rudder, whilst the other Indian attended to the sail; myself reclining in the centre and bottom of the canoe. Thus we proceeded on our course to the southward, with feelings of mingled doubt and confidence at our temerity, whilst gazing upon the receding shores, and listening to the distant roar of the surf, now gradually dying upon the ear as we advanced farther and farther out upon the wide, wide sea.

The scorching rays of a tropic sun came mercilessly down upon our heads, as it ascended toward the meridian; an inconvenience against which we had not provided, and which might have been obviated by the aid of a few palm leaves. At length that glorious orb went down in the sea, leaving the air cool and balmy, and followed by a gorgeous display of colors seldom beheld in Northern latitudes. With the sun's departure the breeze died away, leaving us becalmed and tossing about far out upon the wave. Darkness at length closed around us, shutting out the distant sight of land, whilst the pale stars in the quiet sky were reflected in the smooth bosom of the ocean. This silence as of death was only occasionally broken by the melancholy songs of my Indian sailors, whilst my thro'ts were wandering far over the sea to distant friends and home.

A shark or some other fish would attract our attention as it darted like a meteor silent-

ly through the watery deep, leaving a phosphorescent light in its wake. Amid this darkness and eternal solitude of the ocean, how insignificant one feels in a frail little boat resting upon its sleeping bosom, at the mercy of its terrific force when aroused by the storm; and at such times how much do we feel dependent upon that Divine Providence into whose hands we are placed, and who ever directs and rules our fate. With these reflections, and after lighting a cigarito with my Indian friends, we gradually fell asleep, and slept as soundly as though on the deck of a man-of-war.

I was awakened at early dawn by the rowing and paddling of my two boatmen. The little sail was taken down, for not a breath of air was stirring, and, to use a sailor's phrase in all such cases, we had to get up a "white ash breeze." A distant point of land to the southeast of us was just discernible, towards which our prow was now directed. This point is called *Punto Miler*, the northern point of Banderes Bay, and upon which we designed making a landing.

The morning was clear and pleasant, and the sun rose in all its splendor from the bosom of a mirrored sea. Numerous Noddy and other Terns were now to be seen leisurely and gracefully hovering over the waters in search of their morning's repast; whilst long lines of the Booby Pelican (*Fusca*) came skimming low over the water from toward the land, bound out upon a fishing excursion: and close following in pursuit came similar lines of elderly and dignified looking Gray or Sea Pelicans, keeping as good time with their wings as a file of well trained soldiers. Anon the unruffled sea would be broken by the bounding high into the air of some huge and strange monster of the deep. Among the most conspicuous is a flat shaped fish, something like the Skate, called by the sailors Devil Fish, and by the natives here *Jacon* or *Montiri*. This species is frequently noticed in these waters, and never fails to attract attention when seen turning summersaults in the air, and falling with such force upon the water as to cause a loud report.

Amid the general novelty of this quiet scene, I was at first a little surprised on noticing some land-birds pass us; among which I saw a Ground Dove, and two or three brave little Humming Birds, which shot by us as swift as arrows all going sea-wards from the main land, looking strangely out of place upon the wide waste of waters over which they had ventured; recalling to mind Mrs. Hemans' song, "Bird of the greenwood," &c. But by

that strange instinct possessed by the smallest creatures of nature's handiwork, they were wending their way in a straight line, in the direction of a cluster of three beautiful islands, known as the "Tres Maria," (or the Three Marys.) Though at a distance of eighty or a hundred miles from this point, and not visible to the eye, yet, by that peculiar gift called instinct, these delicate creatures sought these distant isles, confident of finding there a genial climate, and a land of forest and flowers, possessed by them.

About 3, P. M., our little boat began to near Point Miter,—a slight breeze had sprung up, from the north-east, as usual, and we were sailing along in handsome style towards it. As we continued to near the point, an immense wall of breakers presented themselves, together with sharp rocks, that stood out like sentinels, encircling the shore, which seemed to forbid all possibility of a safe landing. But the steady eye and the accustomed arm of Capt. Juan inspired confidence. He was an old cruiser in these waters, and knew every little cove and corner on the coast, from San Blas to Manzanillo. Many a *green turtle*, and many a bushel of their eggs, had he taken at this point in times gone by. On we sailed, apace, now beginning to feel the heavy "*land swells*," as we approached nearer and nearer the frightful scene—now passing through intricate passages, between islets of bare and jagged rocks, over which the sea was breaking and foaming with terrific grandeur,—and then amid waves rolling mountains high, breaking with a deafening roar upon rock and shore—our craft a mere speck in such a scene, winding through the uncertain passages, known only to the brave old pilot. At length, amid the tumultuous roaring of waters on every side of us, and the shrieks of sea-birds, frightened from those heretofore undisturbed resting-places, we shot safely into a smooth little bay, with a coral beach as white as snow. Upon this we soon landed,—breathing free once more, while looking back upon the dangers just passed.

Point Meter is rather an isolated spot, seldom visited by the natives, except in the turtle season, when it is resorted to, for them and their eggs, which are considered a great luxury by the Indians along the coast. The turtles crawl up upon the beach, to deposit their eggs in the sand, during the night, when they are easily taken, by turning them on their backs, which prevents them from again reaching their natural element. We found three natives, with their canoes, already here for that purpose; but they had been unsuccessful so far, as the season for the turtles to make their appearance at Point Meter had not fairly commenced. These natives were not a little surprised at our sudden appearance among them; but Capt. Juan soon acquainted them with my object, and we all lighted the never-to-be-neglected paper *cigarito*.

The beach is covered with broken fragments of white coral washed up from the sea—also sea shells—immense shells of lobsters, or crawfish, of a purple color,—besides the shells and bones of turtles, which have been accu-

mulating here for ages. Numbers of the little *pirate crab*, which the natives call "*chocholas*," were crawling about over the beach, having ensconced themselves in the deserted shells of snails, and other small shells. These little leech scavengers devour the offal cast up from the sea, or any other filth that may come in their way, and are found on all this coast within the tropics. Their peculiarity is in living in shells belonging to other fish, foreign to themselves, from the most diminutive perriwinkle to a tolerable-sized conch. As soon as his body becomes too large for one, he seeks another larger, and so on until he finishes his growth,—thus displaying every variety and size of shells, crawling over the beach.

After satisfying my curiosity in examining the different wonders to be found upon the beach, I shouldered my gun and went in pursuit of game, taken Juan with me. Passing through a little forest of stunted trees, we emerged into an undulating prairie, with here and there a brushy thicket or ravine. We were not long in discovering several deer on different parts of the plain, seeming quite unconcerned at our appearance among them, in fact everything,—hares, rabbits, quails and other birds, appeared as tame as if domesticated; this however may not seem strange, as they are seldom hunted,—the Indians having neither gun, or bow and arrows for their destruction.

I found here, the beautiful species of Mexican quail, with a buff colored plume, so handsomely figured in Mr. John Cassen's Ornithology; this variety, I believe is found as far north as the Colorado. After maneuvering awhile upon the open plain, in a hunter-like style, I succeeded in getting a shot at one of the deer, and though badly wounded, he bounded off to the nearest thicket, where he remained concealed until I gave him another shot, which settled him. Delighted with our success, Juan placed him upon his back, and though a large buck, packed him into camp, leaving me to come at my leisure. There seemed to be plenty of game here of the several kinds peculiar to the country. The *curasaw*, called by the natives "*choncho*," a fine game-bird of the gallinaceous family, is abundant and easily shot. In general appearance it resembles the wild turkey, and is but little inferior to it either in flavor or size.

A smaller bird, of this variety, is found very plentiful on this coast, from Central America to the Gulf of California, and is called by the natives "*chá-chá-la-cá*," from their peculiar note, which by emphasizing the two first and last syllables, it may be imitated; this is repeated quickly by the bird several times in succession, creating a harsh sound, not unlike the gobbling of a turkey, and mornings and evenings it may be heard in every direction of the forest, thus leading the hunter to his retreat. There is a *lusus naturee* in the formation of the trachea or wind pipe of this bird, which I believe does not occur in any other animal; it extends down the neck to the usual place of entering the body, but continues outside of the breast

bone, under the skin, to its (the breast bone) furthest extremity, then returns and enters the body in the proper place—thereby making it double in length. This peculiarity is only found in the male. After shooting a few of the above mentioned birds—which were indeed too tame to make it much sport—I started for camp.

Getting out of the woods once more, upon the plain, I was enraptured with the beauty and splendor of the scene around me. Bahia Banderes lay upon my left, in all its placid loveliness, reflecting from its smooth waters the dark and forest-covered mountains upon its southern side, whilst the ocean lay before me in its most Pacific mood, with here and there a rocky islet dotting the sea, far away towards Cape "*Coriente*." Upon this magnificent scene, which no pen can describe, the sun was about sinking in the western sea, leaving his gorgeous reflections upon cloud and mountain. The scene was better felt by me than I can describe it, and I wished in my heart for some genial spirit to have enjoyed it with me. After reaching camp once more, with as much game as I could pack, the Indians soon prepared our supper in their own primitive way, which with good appetites we enjoyed "With right good cheer in the wild woods here." My skill as a hunter had put me in high favor with my companions. Cigarito after cigarito was smoked, until finally, spreading our blankets upon the smooth beach, we were soon lulled to sleep by the monotonous roar of the sea.

On the following morning, after drinking a cup of chocolate, we "shoved our boat from shore," and again put to sea. The morning was calm and pleasant, and we passed without difficulty the heavy, rolling surges, once more into the open sea. The three native turtle-hunters had already preceded us. Their canoe, which we could only occasionally get sight of, as it rose and sank with the huge "*land-wells*" before breaking upon the shore, now seemed to be in rather a dangerous proximity of rocks and breakers; but they are so expert with the canoe that an accident seldom happens. After a few hours' rowing and paddling, we rounded the point, and steered our course down the Bay of Banderes. This bay can hardly be called such, as it is more of a large open roadstead, at least fifty miles in extent, with high, dark-looking mountains, that reach down to its shores upon its southern side, terminating in an extensive valley on its eastern extremity, through which a small river flows. Upon its northern side the mountains are not so high, more barren in appearance, and do not approach so near the waters' edge; whilst Cape Coriente stretches far out upon its south-western borders.

There are numerous little inlets upon the southern side of this bay, in which good landings can be made, though the water throughout is of great depth; but there are places where good anchorage can be found. At length a gentle breeze from the north-west induced us again to spread our little sail, and we went smoothly on before it down the bay.

Suddenly, and unexpectedly, we descried a

vessel lying at anchor, immediately in our track, and soon ran down to her, which proved to be the whaling schooner *Eagle*, captain Claxton, from San Francisco, and whom I had met a short time before in Mazatlan. The meeting was as much of a pleasure as a surprise to both of us. He invited me on board, and I spent a pleasant hour with him—glad to converse once more with a countryman, in my own language, upon these wild shores of this interesting land. Giving him most of the game I had killed at Point Meter, we again set sail down the bay, with the understanding that he would meet me at my camp before he left.

The day grew on apace, the breeze gradually freshened, causing our little bark to skip gaily over the now rippling waters; and as the shades of evening were settling upon the coast, we were slowly nearing the south-eastern shores of the bay, beneath whose dark, forest-covered mountains we were now seeking some friendly little nook to run into, in order to spend the night. This much-desired event at length presented itself, and we sailed into a quiet and secluded little inlet, with smooth water, high granite rocks, and towering forests upon each side, whilst a mountain brook was heard murmuring among the rocks, as it approached to mingle its waters with the briny wave.

The last rays of departing day were deepening the gloom of this solitary spot, as we hauled our little boat upon the beach, in preparation for our night's repose. To my great surprise, I found that this lonely place was inhabited, for we were soon joined by its denizens, consisting of two or three Indian men, two women, and three children. The latter ran back frightened to their huts as soon as they discovered me, as I suppose they had never seen a white face before.

My Indian "companions de voyage" soon kindled a fire; and after cooking and eating our suppers we stretched ourselves upon the ground for our night's rest. The musketos perseveringly disputed the possibility of my chances for sleep; but at length imitating the example of the natives, by covering my head with the blanket, I managed, though nearly smothered, to pass the night tolerably well.

Early next morning, I took my gun for a stroll up the ravine, to amuse myself shooting cha-cha-la-cas. The woods were so dense as to preclude the possibility of much of a ramble. I had not to go far, however, by the side of a clear little brook, before finding the game, a number of which I bagged.

On my return I passed by the huts of the natives, which are built of palm leaves, an article in general use upon this coast for building. A girl about sixteen was down upon her knees, grinding corn upon a *metate* for *tortillas*, whilst her mother was attending to the cooking of them and the beans. The children all disappeared as soon as they saw me coming, as did also the shabby-looking, half-starved dogs, which very nearly resembled the sneaking coyote. Upon the whole, they presented a squalid and impoverished appearance, but little differing from the Dig-

ger Indians of our own land. I presented the girl with a pair of cha-cha-la-cas, and with a smile, which lighted up her melancholy looking face, she thanked me with the usual salutation of "Mil gracias, Señor."

Bidding adieu to these poor wretches, who seemed to be starving in a land so favored by nature, we again took to our boat, paddling down the coast close along the rocky shore, beneath the shade of the towering mountains and forest. I was delighted with the beautiful scenery that was here presented. The branches of the trees, clothed in perpetual verdure, hung gracefully over the surface of the water. Among the most conspicuous and beautiful is the Royal Palm, that here abounds in all its pristine glory; its tall, straight stem, crowned with long, feathery branches that are ever nodding and quivering in the breeze, causing a feeling of admiration and pleasure to the beholder. This species bears clusters of hard, oily nuts, about the size of hens' eggs, called by the natives *coquitos*, or little cocoa-nuts, from which is extracted the palm oil of commerce. The natives sometimes use it in cooking, and for greasing their hair.

About twelve o'clock we reached another little inlet or cove, with a smooth beach, upon which we landed. This is called Camisto, and was the place of my destination—my voyage now ended for a while. I had been here before, a few months previous, on the schooner *Roscoe*. The same palm-leaf huts were standing that we had left here, and every thing looked quite familiar, with the exception that it now seemed deserted, only one of the huts being occupied, by the "guardian spirit" of Camisto, who is an elderly, fine looking man of Spanish and Mexican descent. He at once recognized me, and welcomed me back again to his lonely forest home.

The scenery around and about this little nook is peculiarly picturesque and wild. A small mountain stream enters it, running over a rocky bed. There is but a small valley. Both mountain and valley are covered with a forest whose luxuriance can only be seen in a tropical clime.

In wandering alone in these gloomy woods, beneath their dense canopy of foliage and vines, of every kind, shape and form—so dense, indeed, as to almost shut out the eye of day—at times listening to the strange and melancholy notes of strange birds, which you can not see—in such a place one becomes burdened with a feeling of sadness, and the heart sighs for home.

The person whom I wished to see here was far in the interior, and not wishing to make a journey over the stupendous mountains that divided us, I persuaded the old man, the "guardian spirit of Camisto," to go for me, bearing him a letter. I was to await his return. In the mean time I dispatched the canoe I came in, which returned to San Blas, and employed others in its place, in which I made several little voyages up and down the coast exploring—always returning to my lonely abode at "Camisto." And thus, days and weeks passed, whilst living this "Crusoe" kind of life, before my messenger returned.

And during his long absence, though the natives visited me often, yet my spirit at times felt lonely and wandered far away to friends and home—the main objects that make life joyous and happy—and hope I may be excused for indulging my feelings in the following lines:—

Oh! how sad,—how drear,—how lonely,
Is my heart, at close of day,
Thinking of those loved ones only,
Those loved ones, far, far away.

When gazing on the setting sun,
Going down in yon distant sea,
I think of thee, my wife and son—
O, dost thou sometimes think of me?

When wandering on this beach of sand,
Listening to the murmuring sea,
I think when thou wert near at hand,
Gathering pearly shells with me.

When on the "Roscoe's" deck we stood,
(Oh, how long the time doth seem!)
We first beheld this silent wood,
Now seems to me a happy dream.

The "Night Jar's" mournful wail is heard
At twilight, on yon far-off tree,
And all night long this lonely bird
Sings to me, dear love, of thee.

'Tis hard to part from those we love,
And in a foreign land to roam;
The stars may shine as bright above,
Yet 'tis not like my own dear home.

Though songs are heard from every tree,
Mid flowers, with their fragrant dew,
Yet all their sweets are lost on me,
When I am far away from you.

And Nature, with her tropic smiles,
Wooes me to her shady glens;
But stale my heart within me lies,
When far away from distant friends.

WANDERER.

VOICES FROM THE COUNTRY.—We have a regard for these little newspapers which lie upon our desk as we write this paragraph—for these voices from the country. They are fresh voices, breathing, most of them, the purity of the mountain air, and the poetry and romance of fruits and flowers and minerals, for there is poetry and romance in all. They are voices speaking from a hundred little towns far removed from the dust and turmoil; the fierce daily strife; the oppressive strain of big cities; and they bear with them the charm of *quiet* to sooth nerves which are ever on the rack; to relieve minds which are ever worn with mechanical thought. Some of these voices come to us like peaceful tones from a hermit's cell, fraught with an acute philosophy; others bear with them sweet messages of beauty and of sentiment; others again are freighted with a humor which is not drawn from brains distracted with a thousand cares, but genuine and inspiring; while not a few give us the views of sharp critics upon matters which, with those to whom they are habitual, lose all significance. We like all these voices; they are to us sunshine, warmth, beauty; they come as a Sabbath offering, to relieve the dreary *sameness* of the week. And when we see attempts upon the part of ponderous daily sheets to frown down or to snub the interior newspapers, we think that an infusion of a little mountain vigor into to their own dull and nerveless carcasses, would be of benefit both to themselves and the community.—*Spirit Of The Times.*

[For the Hesperian.]

CHARITY REWARDED.

BY DR. D.—N.

"What wail is that upon the air,
Piercing the silence of the night?
Hark! 'tis nearer and more near—
In the window place the light.

Perhaps some traveler's wished-for speed,
In the deep, untrodden snow,
Fails him at the hour of need,
While o'er him winds all howling blow.

Unbar the door, withdraw the latch;
Make the dying embers glow;
Under our hospitable thatch
Welcome the stranger from the snow."

Thus spake the matron of the house,
And thus to her the sire replied:
"Why should you thus my anger rouse?
We for our own can scarce provide.

"One single loaf is only left—
Our cupboard has no other store.
Soon shall we be of hope bereft,
If thus the storm and tempest roar,"

"'Tis shelter only the wretch wants,
And if for food, God will provide,
How fierce the storm, my heart it pants
All from this furious blast to hide,"

He said, appeared then at the door,
Covered with snow that hid his form,
An old man, feeble, lame and poor,
To claim a shelter from the storm.

"Here let me die," the old man said,
"And end my weary, wretched life;
Here let me lay my aching head—
Here let me end all weary strife.

"Heaven will reward your charity;
These tattered garments may not be
Such as they seem, and should I die,
O keep them to remember me."

The matron wondered when she heard
The strange request of the old man;
The sire smoked on, but not one word
From either of their lips there ran.

For many a day he lingered on
Without a word, without a sigh;
She nursed him as her only son,
Often 'mid quarrels that ran high.

At last, when in his coffin laid,
They bore him from their humble cot;
And many a prayer the matron said,
To which the sire responded not.

His garments in an out-house laid,
Where none but she would ever see,
Were left to moulder into dust
As any filthy rags might be.

But oft to her recurred the thought—
They're not what they appear to be,
Perhaps clothed one who once was not
Poor always, but of high degree.

One day, while cleansing out the place,
Her eyes directed to his coat;
She thought, in fancy, she could trace
The corner of an old bank note.

She eagerly her scissors plied,
Aid with amazement almost dumb,
Under each well-sewed patch espied
Notes to a most surprising sum.

That house you see there on the hill
With gardens and orchards round about,
And all the land the laborers till,
Were purchased by the old man's coat.

Good deeds should never be deferred,
For charity, when truly given,
Oft brings with it a kind reward
As well on earth as does in Heaven.

ST. BARBARA.

Ital. Santa Barbara. Fr. Sainte Barbe. Patron saint of armours and gunsmiths; of fire-arms and fortifications. She is invoked against thunder and lightning, and all accidents arising from explosions of gunpowder. Patroness of Ferrara, Gnastala, and Mantua. Dec. 4. A. D. 303.

The legend of Santa Barbara was introduced from the East, about the same time with that of St. Catherine. She is the armed Pallas or Bellona of the antique mythology, reproduced under the aspect of a Christian martyr.

"There was a certain man named Dioscorus, who dwelt in Heliopolis; noble, and of great possessions; and he had an only daughter, named Barbara, whom he loved exceedingly. Fearful lest, from her singular beauty, she should be demanded in marriage and taken from him, he shut her up in a very high tower, and kept her secluded from the eyes of men. The virtuous Barbara, in her solitude, gave herself up to study and meditation; from the summit of her tower she contemplated the stars of heaven and their courses; and the result of her reflections was, that the idols of wood and stone worshipped by her parents could not be really gods—could not have created the wonders on which she meditated night and day. So she contemned in her heart these false gods; but as yet she knew not the true faith.

"Now, in the loneliness of her tower, the fame reached her of a certain sage who had demonstrated the vanity of idolatry, and who taught a new and holy religion. This was no other than the famous doctor and teacher, Origen, who dwelt in the city of Alexandria. St Barbara longed beyond measure to know more of his teaching. She therefore wrote to him secretly, and sent her letter by a sure messenger, who, on arriving at Alexandria, found Origen in the house of the Empress Mamea, occupied in expounding the Gospel. Origen, on reading the letter of St. Barbara, rejoiced greatly; he wrote to her with his own hand, and sent to her one of his disciples, disguised as a physician, who perfected her conversion, and she received baptism from his hands.

"Her father, Dioscorus, who was violently opposed to the Christians, was at this time absent: but previous to his departure he had sent skilful architects to construct within the tower a bath-chamber of wonderful splendor. One day St. Barbara descended from her turret to view the progress of the workmen; and seeing they had constructed two windows, commanded them to insert a third. They hesitated to obey her, saying, 'We are afraid to depart from the orders we have received.' But she answered, 'Do as I command: ye shall be held guiltless.' When her father returned he was displeased; and he said to his daughter, 'Why hast thou done this thing, and inserted three windows instead of two?'—and she answered, 'Know, my father, that through three windows doth the soul receive light—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and the Three are One.' Then her father, being enraged, drew his sword to kill her, and she fled from him to the summit of the tower, and he pursued her; but by angels she was wrapt from his view, and carried to a distance. A

shepherd betrayed her by pointing silently to the place of her concealment; and her father dragged her thence by the hair, and beat her, and shut her up in a dungeon;—all the love he formerly felt for his daughter being changed into unrelenting fury and indignation when he found she was a Christian. He denounced her to the proconsul Marcian, who was a cruel persecutor of the Christians: the proconsul, after vainly endeavoring to persuade her to sacrifice to his false gods, ordered her to be scourged and tortured horribly; but St. Barbara only prayed for courage to endure what was inflicted, rejoicing to suffer for Christ's sake. Her father, seeing no hope of her yielding, carried her to a certain mountain near the city, drew his sword, and cut off her head with his own hands; but as he descended the mountain, there came on a fearful tempest, with thunder and lightning, and fire fell upon this cruel father and consumed him utterly, so that not a vestige of him remained."

"ASKING PA."—I am not pleased with a paragraph which I read, to-day, in a paper of extensive influence and high moral tone. This exceptionable paragraph plainly intimates that if "pa" refuses his consent to his daughter's marrying the man she loves, then she is justified in marrying without this "consent," "at any sacrifice!"

Is that girl capable of securing to her husband a life of happiness, who can so far forget or ignore her moral obligations to her parent as to outrage his feelings when he is most solicitous for her welfare?

She who fails to see her duty to her father will soon lose keenness of vision in reference to her husband's happiness, if the circumstances which affect his happiness conflict with her inclinations. No matter what the civil law says about it, her obligations to regard her parent's feelings is as binding now as it was ten years previous. And the man who could counsel the violation of those feelings, lover though he be, is not a safe depository for a woman's heart.

We have known many to act on the suggestions which this paragraph gives, and in after life either domestic bitterness and distrust turned their lives to gall, or trial and misfortune quenched the fire of their hearts, till they wished the grave to cover their woes. Then they cried in agony, "Thy judgment is just—thy laws, O God, are righteous!" Then they remembered their sin, and *their* advice was—"wait: if it is good for you to marry that one, your father will, after a time, see it, and consent. But *never* marry in opposition to his expressed wish." Girls, listen! Be not deceived!—*Sunday Times*.

SORROW.

Hear me! for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gathered shape; for it may be
That while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.—*Tennyson*.

[For the Hesperian.]

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

BY AN OLD RESIDENT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

How coldly we turn from the determined whine, or loud complaint, of the man who has been the victim of most horrible misfortunes and impossible accidents, or the fat, sleek, well-to-do woman who tells one, as fast as words can be uttered, that she has six children, and her husband has "*broket de leg.*" Why do we, who are somewhat acquainted with the way of the miserable, feel so indifferent? Because we know that it is the hypocrite, not the true sufferer, who calls upon us for aid. Few can tell as truly as those who, like the one who writes this article, have been, or now are, at the head of some department in a large establishment, where employment is found for hundreds of industrious men and women. As a matter of course, among so many there are some whose lives have been marked by strange vicissitudes, or severe trial, and even misery. Sometimes cases of the most singular character and deep deceit, come to the knowledge of the Superintendent. I have thought that a few incidents, known to myself, with the real name concealed, might give some unfortunate courage to try again, or induce the more fortunate to look twice before saying once, "I have nothing for you to do." So little will sometimes comfort so much, that if only one daughter of care is cheered, or one child of wealth is aroused to a healthy excitement towards the less fortunate, I shall feel that I have done, at least, a duty that is repaid.

The recital of some of the stories of everyday life that I shall endeavor to supply, as briefly as possible, will each one possess the charm of truth—they will be facts and nothing else.

"There is a girl at the door of the first room, wants to see you, Mrs. B——."

"Well, George, I will see her in a few moments; tell her so, and then take your parcel up stairs."

On going to the door I saw a short, red-haired, freckle-faced, sick-looking girl; her dress was hardly clean, and of the poorest kind. She handed me a note; it was from a clergyman I knew full well; he was one of the most benevolent men I ever saw or heard of. The note stated that the bearer had been long confined in the alms-house by sickness, was without trade, money, or friends, but she was as virtuous as unfortunate, and if he, the writer, seemed troublesome, I must thank myself, as I had always responded to his call for help before. Now I will confess there was something so almost revolting in the looks of the squalid being before me, that it needed all my faith in the good man's judgment, and the salve of his flattery, to sooth my feelings into something like calm attention to her story. My girls, I felt, were proud of the character of our establishment, and very jealous of every new comer, and singularly neat in their dress and appearance; in short, as opposite to the poor creature before me as a boot-black and a Broadway beau. On my asking her how it was that she came to me without any knowledge of our

business, she gave me her history, and I entreat every woman worthy of the name, who may read this simple but truthful page in the life of sorrow's child, to remember "such are with us always"—look carefully lest you pass one by.

"My name is Clara Smith," she replied to my interrogatories; "I was born in this city; my father died when I was very young; I don't remember him; my mother worked hard, and kept herself and me till I was ten years old, then she died; she was ill for several weeks, and endured a world of pain; her brother is very well off; he keeps a large store in Pearl street; perhaps you know Mr. McGain; well, he is my uncle; my mother sent for him, and told him how bad she felt at leaving me an orphan, to the mercy of a world of temptation and want; at last she implored him to promise her that he would take me into his family; this he promised my dying mother he would do; he said, 'she shall fare like my own girls.' My mother could not speak, but she looked in his face. Oh, how sweet she looked! She smiled, and died! I had no one then to help or care for me, nor have I now. When my uncle took me to his nice house I soon saw how his girls were treated—not at all like me. I had to run of errands, to work beyond my strength, to feel cold, hardship, and hatred; the kitchen was the only place I ever saw any comfort in; hard and dirty as the work was, I would not have minded it if Mrs. McGain had only spoken kind to me, but that she never did; and though the daughters knew that I was their cousin, yet they treated me quite as bad as she did. My uncle often spoke to me, and would have done something better for me, but I soon saw he did not like to do what would make his wife angry. I thought all this hard, but I did not know what was coming. One day, I had hardly any shoes, and it was the middle of the winter, our washing was large, and the floor of the kitchen was very wet, my feet felt like ice, but I knew it was useless to complain; after four days perfect agony of pain and cold, I was taken in a moment with a fit—I don't know what kind—but when I came to myself Mrs. McGain was crying and raving; that stay in the house I should not, for I would kill her with fright, and out I should go. My uncle did all he could to quiet her, and I was taken to my bed in the garret; there I laid for some days, then my uncle came; he said he was very sorry, but he thought I would soon get well, and, as the day was fine, he would take me for a ride. Bridget got my clothes on me, and, with their help, I was got into the carriage. I was so ill that I felt like dying, and begged my uncle to take me back. He said, 'yes, soon, Clara, only be a little patient.' Like a flash of lightning, I thought, 'he is taking me to the poor-house.' I told him so, and he said he could not help it, but he would come and see me every week. We can't die when we want, or I should have died then.' I am certain I don't recollect any more 'till I woke one day, so it seemed to me, and found myself in bed, surrounded by so many sick people that I knew

all about it, and began to cry aloud. The doctor heard and came to me, and tried to comfort me; he said I would get well, and then I would get along first rate; that he would take every care of me, and I must keep still and hope for the best; and so I did, but the fever came again, and it was winter before I felt strong enough to walk any distance. I told my good doctor that I wanted to go and see my uncle, for I knew he would help me if I could only see him, but I could not get his consent. At last he said, "If you go remember you can come back here if you need, for you are not well." He gave me two tickets to ride in the stage, and I cannot tell you how my heart beat when I set my foot on the stoop of my uncle's house; the tears ran down my face as I pulled the bell, and I even thought they would feel pleased to see me alive again. Just then the door opened; the servant was a stranger, and I was about to pass her, when the parlor door was opened, and Mrs. McGain came out. The instant she saw me, she screamed out—"Put her out of the house!—I am afraid of my life!—put her out this minute!" I stood for a while in the street, almost crazy. What could I do? I prayed for help; I thought of the dreary sick ward in the hospital, and felt I should soon fill one of its cots. I returned to the good doctor. This was four months ago. Two weeks since, the doctor said as I felt so bad at remaining there, I might go out and try some easy place. I went to the Rev. Felix V., and he sent me to a poor woman to get board, but she could not take me; but another person in the same street who keeps boarders said she would trust me two weeks' board, but no more; and to-day my time is out, and I cannot get a place. I have very few clothes but those I have on, and no one will take me as a child's nurse, looking as I do. This morning I went to Mr. V., and he sent me to you. I saw my cousins and their mother at church last Sunday, but they did not notice me. O! Mrs. B., what shall I do?—what can I do?"

"My poor girl," I replied, "you shall do well. I will teach you our business myself, and give you the money for all the work I can do for you at the noon hour; and if you are all I think you are, you shall soon have every comfort. To-night I will inquire about the people you are now with, and also call upon the kind clergyman. I shall expect you to-morrow at seven in the morning. Be punctual."

On the day and hour appointed, Clara made her appearance, and I gave her some of the work most easy to do. Being very busy, I could help her but little, and the girls who sat near her did not seem disposed to aid one who was any thing but attractive; so at an early hour I told her she had better leave for the day, but to come at the usual time in the morning, and to tell the woman I would be answerable for her board and washing for the present.

After she was gone, I related part of her history—enough to move every one to help her on the morrow. Noticing the very awkward manner in which she sat at the frame

she was working on, I asked her the reason. She told me that she had an open blister on the back of her neck, and the woman she boarded with had promised the night previous to dress it; but she had not had time, and in the morning it was impossible for her to do it, and the pain had obliged her to sit as she had. I quickly removed the handkerchief, and washed and dressed the neck and shoulder of the sufferer. She was industrious, sweet tempered, and careful. In a short time she was well dressed, boarded in a neat, respectable family, and finally married a person worthy of the love of such an excellent woman as Clara Smith. The relatives, if such they deserve to be called, soon found her out, when they saw that she no longer needed help, and sent to her to call on them. The answer she sent was, that after all she had borne from them, she could not again visit them. If they were sincere and called on her, she would try to forget their unkindness, and return their call. This they did, for, like the heathen, they worship the rising sun.

LITERARY MEN AND THEIR WIVES.—I do maintain that a wife—says Sara Coleridge—whether young or old, may pass her evenings most happily in the presence of her husband, occupied herself, and conscious that he is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her and cast his eyes on her from time to time; that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away for ever. Wieland, whose conjugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says, in a letter written after his wife's death, that if he but knew she was in the room, or if at times she but stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Some of the happiest and most loving couples are those who, like Wieland and his wife, are both too fully employed to spend the whole of every evening in conversation.

In the weary and unending routine of editorial life, there is a picture of the future which comes at times to brighten the coloring of our day-dreams. It is some day to stand an acknowledged sentinel on the watch-towers of Progress—to herald the increasing light, and in garnering the treasures of thought for others, to grow wiser ourself, till, gifted with experience, to call forth with our pen a response of heartfelt greeting, we may be a welcome visitant in every mountain home. Then long years might we linger in this golden land ere our "valedictory should be written;" and in the evening of life, looking back on no sentiment expressed, which we could wish blotted out, tread calmly down into the "Valley of the shadow of Death."

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lieth down to pleasant dreams."

[Yreka Union.]

LIFE ECHOES, IN THE OLD FOREST.

BY MAY VIOLA.

You are romping in the old forest away down behind the house, with brother Harry and little sister Sue. The daisies, violets, and cowslips, are just peeping up from among the short, dark, grass blades, and you joyfully welcome them, and with Sue, you twine a wreath of these pretty, heart-gladdening flowers for dear mamma who is sick. Whilst you are busy at that, Harry is trying the strength of an old grape-vine swing, for he is going to let you take a turn, and when you have done so, Harry, like a good fellow, having sent you up just as high he could, you take little Sue in your lap and tell her to hold tightly to the sides of the swing; and away you sail, the wind playing all kinds of offan with your curls, whilst Sue laughs out in merry glee. But soon the swing moves slower, slower—and Harry says you are "letting the cat die," till your feet scrape the ground, and you find that he has run off, but his voice is soon heard calling "Netie, Netie! just bring Sue, and see the birds' nests that I have found up in these trees." You run, thinking that it must be very beautiful, and are sorry when you find they are up so high that you cannot see into them. You beg Harry to just climb up and peep in, and if you were only a *little bit* bigger, and Sue wouldn't tell, you'd try it yourself. Harry runs up the tree like a squirrel, and describes the little speckled eggs, and tells you how the nest is made. But you must look at just one egg;—Harry holds it up, and you and Sue clap your hands joyfully, when lo! it falls to the ground and the tender shell breaks. You are all very sorry, and fear to tell mamma, but Sue would do so anyhow—therefore you confess it. She takes your little hand in her own and talks kindly about it; telling you that you should never disturb the birds or their nests,—how good God has been to gladden our hearts through life, by flowers, and birds, and their songs; and how beautiful they have made their nests, with no teacher but Him who notes the falling of the sparrows. You go away, loving her more for her gentle words, and thinking how good God must be to love little birds and little children so much. Sue asks you if God doesn't watch the old birds only, and the angels take care of the little ones? You don't know, but you'll ask mamma about it. You think may be they do, for your brother Charley who died, is an angel now, and he always loved little birds so much.

That old forest has been a capital place for fun and happiness ever since you can remember. That's where Harry, who is four years your senior, always got walnuts in the autumn days, and shook hickory-nuts from the tree, which old Jerry carried home in a great coffee sack. You always went with them, but could only stand back at a distance, watching them and holding your bonnet on as the wind came whizzing by, each blast blowing more yellow leaves to the ground. Then in the winter—with your mittens, cloak and nice warm hood

—old Jerry would sometimes help you through the snow, when Harry went to set a partridge trap. Then, in the blackberry time, you took hold of one side of the large tin pail, and he the other; each with a cup in the other hand, and on a Saturday afternoon would go a black-berrying. Then there was often a pic-nic there, to which you went with your parents, and Harry, and Sue. Then 'twas such fun to play "hide and seek" with Rover, the big dog; and to roll over the soft grass, and sometimes to cautiously slip off shoes and stockings, and wade and paddle in the brook; and to make play-houses with moss chairs and sofas; and to walk on large, old logs, and often to hide in them; and to call out and hear echo answering.

Oh, that was a grand old forest, and those, joyous, innocent days.

Then, once they had a camp-meeting there, and you thought it fine to see people living in tents, and cooking in the woods. It was just like the gipsy story your mother had read to you about the little girl who was stolen away; and you thought that if they lived as nicely as the camp-meeting people, you'd like to have them steal you away. It would be such fun to ride about in their old wagons, and then, to live in a tent!—and besides, how much talk it would create—how mamma would wish she had given you more of that good maple sugar, when you were with her; and how Harry and Sue would wish for you.

But then you feared that they wouldn't have as good victuals among the gipsies as they did at camp-meeting—or any singing—nor doughnuts, like those your mother baked or fried on Saturday afternoon, and which you carried to eat between times, and to give to other girls.

Harry used to make hickory whistles, and pop-guns in the forest; and shoot squirrels, whilst you stood aside and put a finger on each ear till the beautiful creatures fell to the ground. You thought it very cruel to kill them, notwithstanding you loved squirrel gray so so much.

Sometimes when you were in the dark forest, alone, you would think of little Red-riding-hood, and wonder if that was the kind of woods through which she went home. Then you'd get frightened and think of wolves, and wonder if there were any wolves about there, and imagine how awful 'twould be to go home and find your mother devoured, and a big wolf peeping out of the window, with a night-cap on, waiting for you! So you'd gather up your apron full of flowers, and holding the string of your hat tightly in your mouth, scamper off to the house, carefully looking out for wolves on your way, and being more cautious than Riding-hood was. But there's no danger. You're soon at mamma's knee, and your curly, tired head, nestled in her lap, and with a word of love—a smile—and mother's dear old song, you're soon lost in sleep and dreams.

Happy, innocent, careless childhood—how sweet are thy hours!

Prosperity gives us friends, but it is adversity which tries them.

[For the Hesperian.]

Sabbath Morning at the Old Homestead.

Oh! well I do remember them!—those calm, and bright, and holy Sabbath mornings. How heavenly the sun shone on that day as it did on no other; how the birds in the old apple tree, at the door, sung their mellowest, sweetest songs of worship; how the bees, among the honey-suckles that grew over the window, buzzed so drowsily; and the cattle, under the great elm tree in the lane, lay chewing their cud so listlessly in the shade; and everything without bespoke such peace and quietness.

And, then, within doors, all was so calm and still. In the front hall, on the mat, lay the old house-dog in the sun, now and then raising his head to catch the flies that disturbed him, and as he looked you in the face as you passed, seeming to say, "Hush! hush! my master is within, don't disturb him. Don't you know it is the Sabbath day?" Even the noisy, frolicsome children seemed to feel the influence of that spirit of quietness which reigned everywhere; and as they gathered in the front porch, before meeting time, their voices were hushed, and their manners quiet, as you never saw them on week days.

In the great, square, front room, the windows of which were covered with honey-suckles and woodbine, how cool and still it was! Now and then, a sunbeam would find its way through the thick leaves, as the breeze stirred them, and danced and quivered on the white sanded floor. The old clock in the corner, ticked slower and more solemn than it was wont, as if it knew it was keeping 'holy time;' and the large green parrot in the cage by the window, did not dare lift his voice, or utter a scream, to disturb the quiet of that blessed Sabbath morning.

By the window, in his old-fashioned arm chair, sat my father. Before him, on the stand, lay open the great holy Bible, with its big print, and wonderful pictures, which had been my delight from boyhood up. And many a sweet text, and blessed word of promise was there to cheer and comfort the way-worn pilgrim. Why does the old man bow his head and wipe the tear-drop from his eye, as suddenly some passage meets his view, dear and hallowed by the memories of those who have gone before? How do old familiar faces, long since gone down to dust and silence, suddenly stand beaming there before him, as he turns over the sacred page! "Emma, my daughter, thou hast been in thy grave these twenty years—but how art thou speaking to me now!—I will not leave you comfortless—I will come unto you. If ye loved me ye would rejoice because I go unto the Father."—And she, the companion of my youth—my Mary—how does her voice come calm and holy, sounding through these words: 'Be of good cheer. Yet a little while and he who loveth you will come, and will not tarry.' Blessed promise! And now the chariot is almost here: I can hear it rumbling on the 'tops of the mulberry trees.' The bridegroom will not much longer tarry."

And so the old man communes with the

loved ones gone, until his heart become, like Abraham's tent of old, "filled with the angels."

O! the blessed recollections! the sweet remembrances! that cling around that bright spot in the past, causing it to seem like a well in the wilderness, or a green oasis of the desert—those calm, and bright, and holy SABBATH MORNINGS.

G. T. S.

A correspondent of the *Hydraulic Press* writes ably on the subject of cruelty to animals. We are glad to see this subject treated on. Cruelty to animals is quite too common a thing at the present day, and we wish that many voices might be lifted up in defence of the poor dumb animals, until the brute in human form, who has not sufficient kindness in his nature to prevent his cruelly treating a poor dumb animal, shall be prevented by the fear of man. We have always thought that a man who would cruelly treat an ox or a horse, or indeed any animal, would beat his wife and starve his babes; and we think so still. If he has not enough human feeling in his bosom to heed the patient, imploring look of the beast, that has no power to express itself in words, he has no right to the name of MAN, and it were insult to the noble animal to call him brute.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MR. EDITOR: I was grieved to-day to behold a man cruelly beating a dumb brute—a patient, suffering ox; and I was forced to believe the cruel man would make a bad companion. Tenderness to animals is the only return we can make them for taking them from the freedom of the fields, and imposing upon them the yoke of ceaseless servitude.—What do they gain by their submission to us? Nothing that nature has not freely provided for them—the green grass they love and the water that slakes their thirst, these are not our gift, but hers. From weary day to weary day, from year to year, we compel them to the performance of our heavy tasks, and make them sharers in the curse of Adam, though they were not partners in his sin.—Patiently they submit to the heavy burdens we impose upon them, never tasting the sweets of liberty until we turn them out to die.—How wrong, then, to afflict them with blows, bearing nothing with them, although they bear so much from us!

How know we that the gentle spirit which looks through the soft eyes of the horse or ox, is not as immortal as our own—as precious in the estimation of Deity? Who shall say that the groans of the suffering quadruped upon whom we inflict our cruelty do not ascend to heaven in accusation against us?—If not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge, shall not the reproachful voice of the poor beast be heard?

Not alone nature, calling in our breasts for pity, teaches us to be kind to our dumb brethren in toil, but poetry and history join the plea and enforce the lesson; showing us, also, that unkindness to animals is one of

the indications of a hard, unfeeling heart. The poet Southey, after describing the tearless burial of a wealthy man, and wondering

"How can this man have lived, that thus his death
"Cost not the soiling one white handkerchief,"

makes one of his characters reply as follows:

"Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart
Love had no place nor natural charity?
*The parlor-spirit, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee with fondling whine."*

No, she knew too well that miser nature, fit to wrong orphans or to beat a brute. An animal recognises a harsh disposition in man with the well known quick perception which distinguishes childhood. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of the sensibility of the brute creation is to be found in the history of the famous war in La Vendée. Every reader has shuddered with horror at the recital of Republican cruelty towards the heroic Vendéans, and Allison says that "*the dogs even had contracted an aversion to the Republicans, who always used them harshly; they barked invariably at their approach, and were thus the means of saving great numbers. On the other hand, they never uttered a sound when the Royalist fugitives were to be seen, taught by the peasants to do nothing that could betray them.*"

Besides this lesson from history, we have that original poem by Coleridge—"The Ancient Mariner," which, in a mode of unequalled beauty, teaches "love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth." The Ancient Mariner inhospitably kills the bird of good omen, the lovely albatross, that followed the vessel in company with the "good south wind," which "sprung up behind," and that

"—every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hallo!"

For this offence he goes through a terrible penance, his fellow-voyagers all dying around him and leaving him

"Alone, alone, all, all, alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

The vessel is becalmed in the tropics, and lies

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean,"

whilst the wretched mariner is exposed to supernatural terrors and to extreme suffering, mental and physical, until finally restored to his native country and some peace of mind. But ever afterwards he is seized at intervals by a strange interior compulsion to tell his tale, and to convey the humane lesson of kindness to all created things—

"For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

HUMANITAS.

By the degree of your vanity your understanding will be measured; for every man has just as much of the one as he is short of the other.—*Dr. Percival.*

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

MONDAY MORNING, November 1, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

CORRECTION.

The question is often asked, who assists us in our editorial duties? We would take this opportunity of stating, that in our editorial department we are unaided by any one. The articles which appear from time to time as editorial, with all their faults and imperfections, we must confess our own. All the assistance we receive is from our contributors, and in no instance have we ever failed to give the credit due.

When we assumed the editorial duties of the *Hesperian*, we did so with a view to making it a permanent paper, and such a one as would be acceptable in families. We begun in sincerity and honesty of purpose, and we should feel that we were unworthy the confidence which we have received, did we assume to fill a position which in fact was occupied by another.

Should we at any time find it necessary to receive assistance in our duties, we shall not hesitate to make it public; and till such time as we do, we alone must be held responsible for the good or evil our columns contain.

CONTRAST.

With what different feelings we now take our pen, to those we experienced a few months ago, when we first began to edit the *Hesperian*. Then we felt uncomfortable and strange; self-confidence was sadly wanting, and timidity fairly made our pen tremble beneath our grasp. But, thanks to our kind patrons and friends, we no longer feel strange and uncomfortable, but a happy, home-like feeling has taken possession of us; and we eagerly grasp the pen to have our semi-monthly chat with those who have received us with kind words and cheerful smiles—who have extended to us the warm welcome, and made us feel that we were not talking to strangers, but to friends. There are warm, grateful feelings nestling about our heart, and every day our duty is becoming more and more a pleasure. We are gathering strength and courage as we go, and feel that we shall yet be able to make the *Hesperian*, in some degree, worthy of the kind reception and patronage which has been bestowed upon it.

When we first began to edit the *Hesperian* we were almost entirely unacquainted with our exchanges, and as one after another, to the number of fifty or sixty, presented themselves in our sanctum, each bringing some kind word of cheer, some encouraging message, we felt embarrassed and abashed, but by degrees that wore away, and we began to feel acquainted, and to enjoy the society of

those whom, "having not seen, we yet knew." Now our exchanges come to us like so many friends. We look for their coming, and welcome them to our sanctum, where many a pleasant hour is whiled away in their society.

SERVANT HIRE.

Perhaps the greatest of all trials to a housekeeper in California, is hired servants. Notwithstanding the wages paid here, are at least, five times more than that paid in the Eastern States, and ten times more than could be made by the same individuals in the old countries—still are services grudgingly rendered, and the mistress of a house soon realizes the unpleasant truth that she can place no dependence upon her "help." At the very time, when from sickness or other causes, their services are most required, they will "give notice" that they are going to leave, that "notice," perhaps, preceding their departure by about five minutes.

So great has been the effect of this evil, that households have been unsettled, and home circles broken up by it—whole families seeking within the crowded limits of a boarding house for the comforts they should have found within the sacred walls of home.

In the early days, this state of things was attributed to the scarcity of laborers; but now, our streets are thronged with those who are looking for work. Our intelligence offices, from morning till night, are besieged with eager applicants for places for service—and yet the evil remains the same. Why is this? A subject that strikes at the very root of domestic happiness, however trivial it may be in itself, should become at once a subject for investigation.

There must be some reason why housekeepers pay more, and are less faithfully served in California than in any other part of the world. It is high time we sought out the reason for this state of things, and that once known, a remedy can be readily applied.

We invite those who are interested in this subject, to send in communications that may serve to enlighten, as to the cause of the trouble, or, point out a remedy for an evil which is as wide as our State, and which is driving whole families from our shores.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We do not puff or praise our contributors. Their writings speak for themselves, and need no bolstering up, or wordy praise from us. Some of them have been, and are now, contributors to journals of high literary fame in the olden countries, and in the Eastern States. Others have made their first appearance before the public in the columns of the *Hesperian*. Yet have they all met with that reception which shows that the people of California have an appreciation of the true and the beautiful, wherever it be found.

We have recently added to our corps of contributors several new names, whose contributions will give increased interest to the pages of the *Hesperian*.

In this number we give the conclusion of Mrs. CONNER's very interesting story—"Life's Vicissitudes."

THE PAST.

The sad, mournful past—its memories are always with us, revealing to our alarmed souls the giant spectre of unimproved hours, wasted powers and buried talents—lost time, which we might have redeemed by good deeds, or sent freighted with bright and truthful thoughts down to distant generations. The past is to us like the fall of the year, calling up sad, solemn thoughts. We hear the wind howling a requiem mid the leafless branches of the trees, and every where dead hopes, like autumn leaves, bestrew our path.

Yes, there is a requiem sounding in our hearts for departed hours, misspent and unimproved, which have gone from us forever, bearing with them no record of good deeds done by our hand—recording for us no brilliant thought which, though "born at midnight," might have redeemed the day.

CALIFORNIA CULTURIST.—We have received the fifth number of this truly valuable work. The present number gives evidence of increased prosperity. It is embellished with a colored plate of the Lawton Blackberry and an exquisite lithograph of the Gloria Mundi. Its pages are full of interesting and instructive articles, which evince both experience and talent on the part of the writers. The *Culturist* is now published by Messrs. Towne & Bacon, and the taste and elegance with which the entire work is gotten up, does them much credit.

Mr. Wadsworth still continues to fill the editorial chair—a position which his long experience in farming life, and his untiring industry and perseverance, eminently fit him for.

The *Culturist* is the very best work of the kind ever published in California. It is truly a credit to the State; and no one who is in any way engaged in tilling the soil is doing justice to himself if he does not take the *Culturist*.

We have received from the publisher, Moses A. Dow, the *Waverley Magazine*—and most gladly do we welcome it to our sanctum, coming, as it does, full freighted with rich gems of thought.

The *Waverley Magazine* is a perfect treasure-house of beautiful imagery, brilliant thought, and original conceptions. It numbers among its contributors some of America's most gifted sons and daughters, which, together with the care and ability with which the editorial has ever been conducted, have placed it in the foremost rank of literary journalism. We would suggest to our friends that they will find the *Waverley Magazine* an interesting and profitable companion, with which to while away the long winter evenings, which are close at hand.

It is said that ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same salutary instinct.

Our thanks are due Messrs. Hutchings & Rosenfield for favors in the shape of late papers, periodicals, &c.

GOSSIP OF THE NEEDLES.

It was a sultry Saturday afternoon; all day I had been busily engaged in mending dilapidated garments; and, overcome by the heat, I leaned my head back in my chair and was soon in the land of dreams; when suddenly I seemed to be in a large company of needles, who were holding a sewing circle of their own. They appeared to have the power of sewing of themselves; and flashed and glistered, as swiftly they perforated the various fabrics upon which they were at work: their eyes seemed to be of use in more ways than carrying thread, for they evidently could see with them. But what surprised me most, was to learn that they were also endowed with the power of speech; and as I observed them closely, I discovered that each one bore a marked *individuality*.

"Dear me," exclaimed a little, fine cambric needle, as she flitted her tiny form through the fabric of exquisite muslin upon which she was at work—"how thankful I am that I don't have to carry that great coarse thread, and have to manufacture shirts, and such *low* things—see, the muslin I work upon is as fine as a gossamer cloud, and fit for the covering of an angel—ha, indeed, *I would not work upon such coarse material.*"

"Nor I," said a light, floss silk embroidery needle; "See how elegant the silk which I carry; composed of the most brilliant hues and richest material—what needle can compare with me? Do I not create images of beauty, and revel in luxury and splendor?"

"Pray, can you tell me," said another cambric needle, who prided herself on her fineness and high polish, "of what use are all these coarse, low, working needles? They bring forth no forms of beauty, but stitch, stitch, eternally on some coarse fabric, which, when made into garments, a needle of refinement would blush to behold."

"Of no use, I presume," replied one of her companions. "See there how that great coarse needle tugs away at that work—dear me, how her eye is strained, and how ungracefully she moves—I declare it is a disgrace to us all."

It now began to be rumored about among the company, that some of the society had been making unkind remarks about the others, and as usual in such cases, there was a good deal of whispering and confusion. At length one of the coarsest shirt needles took her place in the middle of the room, and in a very dignified but sorrowful manner said—"I understand that some of the 'Society of industrious needles' have been making unkind remarks about others, because by nature they are constituted differently, and by an all-wise Providence called to different spheres of duty. I would simply state, that I for one, am perfectly willing to be made the subject of their scorn and ridicule, feeling as I do, that they have but very little weight. But on account of such of the sisterhood as are more sensitive, I will take occasion to say, that those poor little cambric needles, much as they deserve our censure, need our pity more. They can only work upon useless trifles, as the delicacy of their nature entirely unfits them to

work upon coarse, but useful articles. The world of mankind can get along without cambric ruffles or even silk embroidery: but they cannot do without shirts, or coarse sacks in which to preserve their various grains, as wheat, barley, and so forth. If we are only happy in proportion to the good we may do each other, or the service we may render unto man, then are our young friends indeed to be pitied; for though they labor, they perform *no real use.*"

The speaker retired with loud applause: and again a whispering. At length, Grandmother Darning-needle was led upon the floor by her daughter, the carpet-needle. She looked about, anxiously, and finally addressed her hearers in these words:—

"My daughters and young friends: I am sorry to learn that some of you have given way to unkind and sneering remarks about your fellow-creatures. We are not all called to the same duties: it is not *what* we are called to do, but *how* we do it, which will bring praise and reward, or censure and blame, in the great hereafter. In the course of my long life, I have seen no good come to any one who prided herself upon the position which *circumstances*, unaided by her own efforts, had placed her in. I am now old, and shall soon finish my course; but my experience has been, that in proportion as we do good or evil to others, are we happy or unhappy ourselves. My whole life (with one short exception,) has been spent in reuniting the bonds which were *knit* by the hand of affection and love, but which had become severed by strange untoward circumstances, the hard rubs of life, the weakness of nature, and the constant chafing of the passions.

"I said my whole life, with one short exception, which occurred by my being unfortunately purchased by a fashionable lady, who, not knowing how to use me, laid me away in the drawer of her bureau, where from want of activity and an opportunity of doing good, I contracted this spot of rust on my side, which shows that if we are not engaged in active uses to others, we are injuring our own souls by permitting the rust and mildew of sloth to settle upon them. You perceive since I got back into active life, the rust has worn off, but the dark spot remains a silent witness of the hours which passed while I lay buried beneath the weight of worldly trifles; upon the sad hours in which no good deed was recorded to my name." Grandmother Darning-needle seemed to be much exhausted, and as her loving daughter led her to a seat, I thought I could see a tear twinkling in her eye.

Quite a buzz and hum succeeded the old lady's address, amid which, I heard a sharp, ringing sound, and looking in the direction from which the noise proceeded, I perceived that the cambric needle, who was the first speaker that attracted my attention, had in a fit of passion, attempted to show that she was capable of doing great things, and had broke herself in two; her own fineness and high finish had proved her destruction. Her companions gathered around her with tears in their eyes and each bearing a black thread. But

my vision faded, and I awoke to find that the sun was sinking behind the western hills, and my mendings not yet done. But as my dream had revealed to me a moral, so I give it unto you.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.

Mr. Charlton has resigned the editorial care of the *Mountain Messenger* to Mr. W. S. Byrne. We are sorry to say farewell to the genial spirit and graceful pen of Mr. Charlton. But we are glad that the *Mountain Messenger* has fallen into the hands of one who is so well qualified as "Will Winter," to make it an interesting and valuable paper; and we earnestly wish him a full measure of success in his new enterprise.

Mr. Byrne, in his salutatory says: "We will endeavor to give our readers as much original matter as we possibly can."

That is what we want, original thoughts and ideas; an example and influence which will stimulate us all to greater exertion and closer application to the duties of editorial life.

It is easier to copy the thoughts of another than to labor to bring forth original ideas from our own sluggish brain—then, with *affectation* and *mock modesty*, we seek to excuse our indolence by saying we are not egotistical enough to place ourselves upon a level with those great minds which have preceded us, and given to the world, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Did we but acquaint ourselves with the history of such persons, we would learn that to their industry and perseverance, as well as to their native genius and talent, are we indebted for their great works—we would learn from them lessons of close application and unwearyed effort. We would learn to improve the talent God has given us, even though it be but *one*, rather than hide it in the earth of sloth and indolence, and excuse our want of fidelity by saying we buried the *one* talent because we had not been endowed with *five*.

GATHERING FLOWERS.

We once knew a young lady, who, as she walked forth with her lover of a summer's evening, would put her hand through the palings which surrounded the many gardens on each side of her path, and pluck the flowers, then inhaling their perfume she would descant upon their beauties. Her lover objected to her thus helping herself to flowers. But she urged that she was careful, and never injured the tree. He only objected the more; until at last the maiden said, "that a man whose disposition was so churlish that he would not permit her to enjoy the perfume of the flowers that were 'wasting their fragrance on the desert air,' was not the one for her," and so they parted.

Some of our good brothers of the press seem to object to our plucking flowers from our neighbors' gardens. But with woman's usual perversity, we shall continue to gather the flowers, *when and where* we find them; no matter in whose garden, nor by how many weeds they may be surrounded. Entirely regardless of the thorns which may be growing near to pierce and wound us, we shall gather the

flowers and enjoy their perfume—not selfishly by shutting them up in the dark to wither—but we will carefully tend, and bathe them in the refreshing dew of kindness; then place them in the bright warm sunlight of appreciation, that the air may take of their fragrance and bear it forth with its soothing, softening, influence, to penetrate every heart and subdue every evil passion.

Flowers from our Neighbors' Gardens.

SERMONS ON THE MOUNT.—Mr. Reasoner has been appointed to preach in the Methodist District of Mt. Shasta. A Reasoner upon the great questions of eternal life and death, upon the summit of Mt. Shasta! Such is the picture that would force itself upon an active imagination. With Mt. Shasta for a pulpit and Mt. Shasta for a theme, and the voice of a strong evangel to make itself heard from mountain-top to mountain-top and valley to valley, what a world-waking sermon might not be preached! What a sublime watch-tower from which to proclaim glad tidings to a lost and ruined world! What an illustration, and a living symbol of the majesty and might of the Eternal One, that grand old peak, upon whose bleak and barren brow the ages gone "have snowed their years."—*Marysville Democrat.*

LIFE AND THE SEASONS.—How truly do we see, in the passing seasons, a prototype of humanity—youth and adolescence, manhood and age. Youth with its budding hopes, its April showers of grief, half sunshine, and its bright and boundless horizon of anticipation; adolescence with its flowers and pleasure-laden perfume; the autumn of manhood with its garnered stores of learning and its ripened fruition, and age with its chilled heart and dim eyes; yes, that is winter—frosty, cold and uncharitable winter that seals the laughing streams that erst had flown from earth's great heart—that strips the forest of its whispering leaves and bids the flowers depart. Yet is age ever thus? Ah, no, there is our own Pacific winter, when the earth, long parched beneath the arid sun of midsummer, drinks in the refreshing showers, and is robed again in her garniture of verdure and beauty—typical of the heart, that from the fiery ordeal of life's meridian, has gathered experience and wisdom to profit by the very storms which surround it, and a comprehensive philosophy that renews, once more, the freshness and perfect trust of youth.—*Yreka Union.*

GOING HOME.—Californians are all "going home." No one expects to die here, but that before his "summons come" he will see relatives and kindred, in the eastern land, and that he will renew with them delightful associations of other years, before he lies down with them in the dreamless sleep, under his native heather, and the flowers he loved when a child, will bloom over his grave. This is almost the universal sentiment, yet as a fact, scarce one in a thousand will real-

ize this hope, but will be dwellers in the cities of the dead which will mark these hills with little mounds—cottages of the poor, and monumental marble—palaces of the rich.—*Nevada National.*

THE ASSAILANTS OF CHARACTER.—Is there a meaner or more contemptible creature inhabiting God's footstool than the being who, lacking the moral and physical courage to establish an open warfare with a real or imaginary enemy, resorts to the cowardly weapon of slander to inflict a wound upon the character, which his dastardly spirit dares not attempt upon the person of the object of his hatred; who will not make an open attack, by which the author might be traced, and subjected to that chastisement which his contemptible conduct so richly merits, but by sly innuendoes and base insinuations seeks to inflict a secret wound, without possessing the manliness to assume the responsibility of the act.—*Amador Sentinel.*

[For the Hesperian.]

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

A wonderful stream is that river—life. Away among the green hills of infancy, it rises, a little rill, down which in our tiny barks, we slowly sail. O! how beautiful winds the stream among the green banks, covered with spring's young violets. The trees all along the shore hang full of blossoms, among which the birds sing all the day long. We hear sweet music from bowers on the shore, and faces are gleaming amid the thick foliage, and voices are singing full of love, to be remembered forever. And then the skies above are covered with golden colored clouds, which are the palaces of angels, and we hear their voices on the river, and in the beautiful bowers on the shore. Sometimes they speak to us, and we almost fancy it is our own voice.

By and by the river begins to widen. The scenery changes on the shore. There are palaces where before were gardens of flowers; and great cities, through whose gates come many sounds, singing to us as we sail down the river. Great trumpets are sounding in the streets; we hear the clinking of gold in the treasure-houses, and the sound of mirth and dancing in the banqueting halls.

We leave all this behind, and soon come to a very different country. The shores are white with tombstones; the palaces are in ruins; the old trees on the shore are scarred with years, and covered with moss; the rocks are old, and barren, and gray. Few flowers grow along the shore, for they are covered with snow. No living thing meets us. We hear voices, but they all come down the river, far, very far off.

And now, all before us is mist; but we hear the voice of a great ocean, and we know that we are hastening thither.

Such is our journey down the river of life.

G. T. S.

Thousands are ruined from the weakness of appearing in the eyes of others more than they are.

[For the Hesperian.]

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

FOUNDED ON A FRENCH DRAMA.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

(Concluded.)

IX.

Revolutions.

Fearful was the strife in the Count's mind after that terrible interview. All Olympia's efforts were powerless to calm his agitation, his remorse. At her entreaty, he indited a letter to his mother, once again imploring her clemency, and finally declaring, at Olympia's request, that neither would approach the castle of Rudentz, or cross the threshold, until she had returned to it. By Olympia's desire, they revisited Paris, and there led a life of placid monotony. Emilius, who had become their fast friend, had added his written entreaties to theirs, and had even waited personally upon the Dowager Countess, to attempt to soften her feelings, but in vain. She had so far yielded as to return to the paternal domain, but word or act of conciliation she entirely refused.

Time passed on. Events that shook a nation, that even agitated the entire world, were daily acted. Charles could not shake off the weight of his mother's malediction. At first, sunk in despondency, he refused consolation. Olympia's affection, entreaties, solace, were of no avail. At last, his cousin, to rouse him from his lethargy, endeavored to interest him in the exciting life Parisians then led. With some reluctance he yielded; but once within the vortex he plunged into such excesses that Emilius trembled. Night after night he never returned to his home; and the revel, the banquet, were only concluded at the gaming table. His fortune, by no means large, was melting slowly. Olympia's influence was gone. Eyes that met him only with smiles, were greeted by his glance, in preference to those which had never known tears such as he now made them shed. Her old guardian, who had constantly visited her, now never came. Who was there to tell Olympia that orders had been given to deny her whenever St. Phar called? She summoned resolution to seek her sister, at whose house she could frequently meet St. Phar. M. Michon was now a great contractor. Attacked by a military mania, he had joined a company, and, introduced by them, had enlarged his views and plans. He had contracted to supply the army. Honorably he met all his liabilities, paying in solid cash the people he employed. But governments then only realized the old story, and payment to him was given in paper, scrip, or, as it was then termed, *assignats*, which were but a mere promise to pay, never kept in solid reality. So M. Michon, from a prosperous tradesman, was reduced to bankruptcy. The tocsin of war sounded, and what Frenchman was ever deaf to that appeal! War was declared—France menaced—the country in danger. The device of the national flag was changed—but it was still the flag of "la grande nation," and when that flag was unfurled upon the frontier, all Frenchmen, irrespective of party, cried—"Forward!"

As the only prospect of arousing Charles, not from lethargy, but from a flood of dissipation, which was destroying health and fortune, Emilius rejoiced at the military fervor which seemed to pervade his character. "He will return to you a changed man," was Emilius' whisper to Olympia, as she bade her husband an affectionate but tearful farewell. Rose likewise took a weeping leave of her husband, for he had enrolled himself in the national militia, and had sought relief from the disasters of trade in the pomp and excitement of a military career.

X.

Self-Devotion.

An interval has elapsed. We will now enter a modest dwelling in the suburbs of Paris. There an aged man, subsisting on his pension, being superannuated by the Théâtre Français, finds the income sufficient to support, not himself alone, but also two women—one, the once opulent cordwainer's wife—the other—the young Countess de Rudentz. The few trifling comforts, the petty indulgences, which "make up the sum of human life," that old man has one by one resigned. Not a single sou is spent upon himself—all is appropriated to the general fund. No news has arrived from Charles or Emilius. They are still fighting abroad, and even if they return, glory is a poor paymaster.

At length Olympia resolves to return to the stage, and thereby to support herself instead of being a burthen to her good old guardian. That share of enthusiasm, which, in such a day of real excitement, could be given to the fictitious incidents of the drama, was freely bestowed upon an event that interested the artistic world of Paris. With trembling eagerness, Olympia laid upon the table in their humble home, the gold, (paid, at her request, in advance,) which was the salary for her labor. St. Phar, transported beyond measure, divided his delights between congratulations to her, instructions to Rose, as to the most fitting meal to be prepared on the occasion, and eager inquiries as to the nature of the announcement, the demand for tickets, the extent of enthusiasm manifested on this, the last great event of his life.

While discussing their meal, (a far more plentiful one than had for some time adorned their table,) a stranger arrived: it was Emilius. Charles and he, as noblemen, had been accused of correspondence with the refugees, the émigrés. At once suspected, in consequence of their ancient rank, the worthy Michon, at the risk of his life, procured them a safe conduct. Together they set out, but prudence bade them separate. Charles, Emilius supposed, passed into Germany. Emilius had his choice of Switzerland or Italy. But, with true reckless independence, he returned to Paris. Tallien was president of the Convention, and a personal friend—therefore Emilius, presuming upon the republican principles he had advocated in America, determined to be seen everywhere, and to brave all danger by thrusting himself in its midst.

Consoling Olympia by the assurance that

Charles was safe in Germany, Emilius took his leave. Olympia was busily engaged in preparations for the evening. But how sad was the retrospection! What personal grief and trouble had passed over her since she last appeared there! And, oh! what noble heads had bowed before the executioner, that had once gracefully bent in acknowledgment of her genius! Above all, that sweet and placid face, that smiled so graciously, that hand that flung the fragrant flowers at Olympia's feet—alas! that royal hand will never grasp a flower again,—that mouth will never wear a smile! A step! a voice! and Olympia clasps her husband in her arms. "Tortured by anxiety," exclaimed Charles, "I could not remain in Germany; I resolved to hasten to you. I bent my steps towards Paris, but on my way I paused at the Castle of Rudentz. The Castle was in ashes! Mourning among the rains, I found an old faithful servant. The respect, the devotion of her tenantry, had for some time defended my mother; but she has been at last denounced, arrested, brought to Paris. I have seen her, Olympia, have embraced her, and now that I have beheld you once more, my dear, my much enduring wife, I will depart at once."

At this moment, St. Phar, who had nervously hurried out to procure a newspaper, which would announce his darlings' re-appearance, returned. Charles mechanically glanced over the paper, until his eyes were suddenly attracted by one announcement: "List of persons to appear to-morrow before the tribunal." Almost at the head of the list, stood the name of the Countess de Rudentz.

"Olympia," cried Charles—"my mother! my mother! I must find Emilius; he is my only hope."

"But, agitated as you are," cried Rose, "you will compromise yourself and others—let me follow you—you will expose yourself—you will rush into danger. Think of yourself—think of your wife!"

"No!" cried Charles, as he rushed out of the court-yard, "I can think now of no one but my mother!"

Who can imagine the sufferings of Olympia and St. Phar, as they sat hoping, waiting, trembling! An hour and more had passed, yet still they sat in silence, fearing to look into each other's eyes. At last Rose returned, pale and breathless. Charles had been arrested, and even now the soldiers were conducting him down the neighboring street. Olympia uttered one cry of agony, and darted into the street, exclaiming "My husband! we will live and die together!" and remembering the exclamation which gratitude had prompted, and which a short time previously had procured a martyr's doom for her who uttered it, Olympia, in an agony of despair, shouted "Long live the queen!" That shout was enough: her agonized sister, and her doting guardian, only reached the crowd in time to see her born to prison with her husband.

XI.

Forgiveness of Injuries.

"———The beggar and the king
With equal steps press forward to their end:

The reconciling grave

Swallows distinction first that made us foes,
Then all alike lie down in peace together."

The Conciergerie! What a volume is comprised in that word! What crime, what sorrow, what heroism, what devotion, what magnanimity, what endurance, what charity, what love, what martyrdom! Olympia's stratagem had succeeded. She was in prison—but, alas! not with her husband. Emilius had heard the news, and, by virtue of his interest with Tallien, had obtained an interview with Charles. Michon, who had returned to France with a portion of the army, had been immediately appointed inspector of the prison. By his influence, and Emilius' entreaties, Charles was enabled to see his mother and his wife. What a meeting! The aged Countess, worn by increasing years and sorrow, but still dignified, still proud, wept her last blessing in the arms of her son. She had just appeared before the tribunal, and, as an aristocrat, had been condemned to death. "Charles," she cried, "I have been a bad mother. I do not deserve the blessing now offered me, of beholding you again. I arrogated to myself a power not mortal. I presumed to sever those the altar had united. My pride has learned its lesson. Where is your wife? Will she forgive me, Charles?—it is more than I deserve!"

With sobs of joy, Olympia advanced to the Countess; and as that tall, stern woman bowed over the hand outstretched towards her, Olympia ejaculated—"Do not talk of forgiveness,—only love me! love me! mother!" And the hoary walls of that prison, with all their tales of love and woe, never looked down upon a holier scene.

XII.

The Double Sacrifice.

Charles was summoned by M. Michon, the inspector of the prison, for the formality of his signature; and hastily embracing his mother and his wife, left them, to return in a few minutes.

"I shall never see him again," said the aged Countess, sadly. "I shall be summoned to my death before he can return. My daughter, nothing remains to me in this world but this little cross. I have kept it concealed here next my heart. At her dying hour, my mother gave it me, as I now give it to you. Keep it as a remembrance of me when I am gone. Hark! they are calling over the names of the condemned, who are ordered for speedy execution. You will soon hear my name. Try and obtain for me a few moments' delay; I would retire to my chamber to pray for my children—for my own soul. Come to me, my daughter, when you hear me summoned. Come, for I shall be ready."

So saying, the Countess withdrew, leaving Olympia overwhelmed with grief. Almost at the same moment, Rose entered the cell with agitated joy. "Sister," she cried, "I have come to take you hence. Father St. Phar and I have never rested since you left us. We ran every where, sought every body, all last night, and this morning. We have obtained your pardon. Here it is, duly signed; read it.

"Discharge from prison, safe and unharmed, the ex-Countess de Rudentz." We have nothing to do but to go now and sign your name on the register, and then you are free."

Olympia was for a moment stupefied at these unexpected tidings; and after the first expression of gratitude was uttered, the thought of Charles' mother chained her to the spot. At that moment the officer without resumed the fatal roll-call of the condemned, and the two listening women heard the terrible sound—"The ex-Countess de Rudentz!"

"That name so soon!" exclaimed Olympia to herself. "Charles will never see her again." Then a sublime thought of self-sacrifice flashed across her mind, and turning to her sister—"Rose," said she, "you heard my name. I am summoned, no doubt, for my signature."

"Yes, true," said the startled, half-bewildered Rose. "I will go with you."

"No, my sister, remain here. Yonder you see Charles' mother on her knees. Do not leave her. Embrace me, dear Rose, I shall soon return."

While Rose yet hesitated, the jailor appeared at the door, summoning "The ex-Countess de Rudentz."

"That is my name," replied Olympia, as she tore herself from Rose's arms, mentally adding: "that is my name in the eyes of heaven; at least, I have a right to bear it on the scaffold."

Rose still remained in doubt, unable to comprehend how her sister could be set free, without the written voucher she still clasped in her hand; and, while she reflected, the rumbling wheels of the fatal cart echoed on the pavement of the prison yard, as it passed the gates, with its doomed living freight. The sound, so often heard, made Rose shudder. The passage of those wheels was over human hearts.

But now Emilius' eager voice was heard, resounding through the corridor; and, with his usual impetuosity, he rushed in, dragging Charles and Michon, waving above his head a precious document—the decree of the Convention, at sight of which prison gates opened and chains fell to the ground. His influence with Tallien, whose power was then at its culminating point, had accomplished all. The aristocrats, mother and son, were both at liberty.

"It is too late," said Michon, sadly: "the cart has left the prison, and is already on the way to the guillotine. The ex-Countess is gone."

"My mother!" cried Charles, "oh, heaven! is it then too late? My mother!"

At the sound of her son's voice, the aged Countess rose from her knees and left her chamber. Charles impetuously clasped her in his arms.

"What can this mean?" asked Michon. The ex-Countess was summoned, and a woman answered the call."

"I see it all," cried Rose in horror; "she has sacrificed herself for you, his mother!"

With agitation not to be described, Charles yet retained sufficient presence of mind instantly to seize the paper from Rose's hand,

and crying, "I am free. It may not be too late. Follow me!"

With headlong speed they made their way from the prison, at whose gate they found St. Phar, whose eager affection comprehended in a word the peril of his child, and while the others were detained a moment for a necessary formality, he, forgetful of his age, gifted by his love with the strength of youth, ran forward at full speed. The rest followed. As they passed on, the crowd joined with them, and in one of those transient gleams of sympathy, which often brightened the dark scenes of the revolution, seemed to vie with one another in endeavors to overtake the cart. But the soldiers were true to their duty—they kept back the crowd, and heeded not the cries of Charles and his friend. It was evident that they would be too late—the vehicle continued on its course, when, at a sudden angle of the road, where a narrow alley opened on the street, a tall man, his white hairs streaming on the wind, staggering from excess of speed, rushed from that alley to the street, and, as the vehicle approached the corner, threw himself before the horses. He fell—the vehicle stopped. One of the drivers descended to ascertain the obstacle; and while those around him were employed in extricating the wounded man, Charles reached the vehicle—presented the pardon, and one innocent victim was saved from death. The cart then continued on its way; the multitude around shouting with joy at the rescue. While Olympia, yet faint, almost unconscious of the scene around her, lay in Charles' arms, a feeble voice beside her murmured, as Rose and Emilius carefully supported his mutilated limbs—"Olympia, old as I am, I have been of some service,—I have saved thee, my Christmas child."

XIII.

*"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history."*

Years, every day of which was a chapter in the world's history, have come and gone. Charles and Emilius have regained their confiscated wealth, with fame and honor, under the Imperial Eagles of France. The aged Countess has been gathered to her ancestors, a repentant, humbled woman. For she had deeply learned the lesson, that the pride of birth grows dim before the pride of virtue, charity, and love. M. Michon still lives in Paris, with his comely wife, but his eldest son now presides over the well-stocked shop. In a beautiful villa, not far from the city, Olympia resides, practicing all those quiet, benevolent duties, which bless both "him that gives, and him that takes." Her only anxiety is that which a soldier's wife and sister must feel for the absent, even while they gather glory in the danger. Her dearest occupation is to attend a feeble, crippled, but contented aged man, whose limbs are entirely useless, but whose wrinkled face is calm and happy. In the midst of fondest care his life is slowly ebbing away. And while his eyes gaze with a father's love upon the fair matronly form bending over him, a tear gathers in them as

they glance from her to a lovely girl beside him, whose childish features and timid voice recall to him that Christmas eve when, in his humble sphere, he illustrated the holy maxim, "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me!"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

(For the Hesperian.)

LITTLE FEET.

Skiping through the parlor,
Dancing through the hall,
Through the open door-way,
Where the vine leaves fall;
Bounding o'er the greensward,
Where the roses meet,
Clustering in the sunshine,
Glide the little feet.

Down among the meadows,
Where the violets grow,
And the rills are singing,
Dancing as they go;
O'er the banks of clover,
Where the crocus sweet,
Drinks the dew at morning—
Rove the little feet.

Oh! as down the valley,
Spread with snares they go,
Where strange, evil voices
Greet them from below,—
Father! lead and shield them
From the foes they meet!—
To the Land of Beauty
Guide the little feet.

G. T. S.

GOOD MORNING.

"O, I am so happy!" a little girl said,
As she sprang, like a lark, from her low trundle-bed:
"Tis morning, bright morning: good morning, papa,
O give me a kiss for good morning, mamma:
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary.
The sun is peeping straight into my eyes;
Good morning to you, Mister Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl;
"Happy you can be, but think of the One
Who waken'd, this morning, both you and the sun."
The little girl turn'd her bright eyes with a nod,
"Mamma, may I say 'good morning' to God?"
"Yes, darling little one, surely you may;
Kneel, as you kneel every morning to pray."

Mary kneel'd solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies;
And two little hands that were folded together,
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother:
"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
O keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Dear Savior, who taught little children to pray."

A WARNING.

There was once a little girl named Lizzy, who had a habit of disobeying her mother, and, as she was very careless, she did many mischievous things.

In consequence of all this, the mother had given her many serious lessons, and had warned her of the dangers of her misconduct. But Lizzy was very self-willed, and was resolved to have her own way. Alas! how severely was she punished for her folly and disobedience!

One day Lizzy was playing with some of her little friends, and in order to carry on the

play, she lighted a candle. This had been positively forbidden by her mother, for several accidents had happened in consequence of Lizzy's playing with fire. However, the undutiful child would follow her own wishes. Soon after she had lighted the candle, she thought she heard her mother's step. She therefore set the candle behind the bed, to keep it out of sight.

After a while she forgot the light, and went into the garden with her young companions. What was her horror, soon after, to hear the cry of "fire"! and to feel sure that the candle was the cause of it! She rushed to the house, but all was a scene of terror and confusion. Her mother and little sister had scarce time to escape from the flames.

The house was indeed reduced to ashes, and Lizzy's father and mother, for some years, had many cares and sufferings in consequence of the loss of their home. This was a terrible lesson to Lizzy, and indeed it ought to be a warning to all thoughtless and undutiful children. Fathers and mothers are made the guardians of their offspring by God himself, and these are told, by the solemn commandment, to honor and obey their parents.

Indeed, obedience to parents ought not to be felt as a duty only: no child's heart is right till it loves obedience, and finds a true pleasure and enjoyment in fulfilling the injunctions and wishes of those who have brought it into life!

HEALTH OF DAUGHTERS.—Mother, is there anything we can do to acquire for our daughters a good constitution? Is there truth in the sentiment sometimes repeated, that our sex is becoming more effeminate? Are we as capable of enduring hardships as our grandmothers? Have our daughters as much stamina of constitution, as much aptitude as we ourselves possess? These questions are not interesting to us simply as individuals. They affect the welfare of the whole community; for the ability or inability of woman to discharge what the Almighty has committed to her, touches the equilibrium of society and the hidden springs of existence. Tenderly interested as we are for the health of our offspring, let us devote peculiar attention to that of our daughters. Their delicate frames require more care in order to become vigorous, and are in more danger through the prevalence of fashion. Frequent and thorough ablutions, a simple nutritious diet, we should secure for all our children. But I plead for the little girl, that she may have air and exercise as well as her brother, that she may not be too much blamed, if in her earnest play she happens to tear or soil her apron. I plead that she may not be punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoys those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished, do not chain her to a piano till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed; nor bow her head over a book till the vital energy, which ought to pervade the whole system, mounts into her brain and kindles the death fever.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

[For the Hesperian.]
PERFECTED PRAISE.

A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D.—N.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

"Not astir yet, I see. That augurs well for the patient," said Doctor Goodman, musing, at the portico of the Briars House, where the patient lay.

"Shall I go round and wake up the footman?" said the man of all work, (then in the capacity of gardener,) and who had opened the gate to the good doctor.

"No, no! I'll take a walk in the church for an hour or two; I saw it open as I passed. What's the time?" asked the doctor.

"Hard upon five," your honor, said the man, proud of showing the correctness of what country people called his old turnip of a watch.

The first monument that struck the eye of the doctor, in the quiet, peaceful, and solemn little house of God, was erected to the memory of the young Squire's father and mother, and bore this inscription:—

"Here Lie
The Mortal Remains of
Sir John and Lady Anne Ashhurst,
Who both died on the same day,
viz.: of 18...
Sir John served in Three Successive Parliaments.
In the years 17... and 17..., as Member for,
In 17..., and 17..., and 17..., as Member for Kent,
And in 17... to 17..., as Member forshire.
During which time he lost
no opportunity to promote
The Cause of Religion,
Virtue and Liberty,
Abroad and at Home;
Deeming his Wealth and Honors not his own, but only lent
For these holy purposes.
While thus engaged, His Lady was no less influential
In Her Sphere. For she built and endowed,
At her own cost, Two Schools for
Poor Boys and Poor Girls, as well as
Two Almshouses for Ten Poor Men and Ten Poor Widows
Of infirm age and Good Character,
Inhabitants of this Parish.
She also assisted and promoted, with
Her own Fair Hands, sufficient
Attendance in the hour of Sickness and Need for all,
And died full of good and
pious offices and deeds,
Leaving an only
Son,
Nathaniel Walter Edward,
To inherit
Their Property and Virtues,
and
To perpetuate their good deeds."

"Alas!" said the doctor, "how he has disappointed the epitaphist. What a noble work to reclaim such a son! What an offering to their worthy manes!" Thus musing, the doctor looked around the peaceful abode of praise and prayer. He was quite alone, and enjoyed the solitude. He pictured to his mind the delight of the parents when seated in their family pew, with their only son and heir, joining in the same prayer, and perhaps from the same book, fondly imagining that when they should be called to their long account, they had left one to keep alive the blessing of their memory, and, by his virtues, to atone for their short comings. How solemn is any time-worn house of prayer! How venerable every frail fabric of man, however rude, ded-

icated to such holy purpose! How effectively do the ivy and the yew cooperate to inspire feelings of devotion and sacredness! Here were the words of God, the promises of his blessings, the judgments of his mouth uttered. There assented to in solemn, well-known response by the village congregation. Here was the devout prayer offered; there the rude praise, celebrated for many hundred years by those who now close around their seats, once occupied by them in the full flush of health and gaiety, were lying mouldering in their graves, awaiting in dread, dreary and long unconscious silence, the last awful summons." Such were the thoughts of the good doctor—a man foad of contemplation and study.

Emerging from the ivy-clad porch, in an obscure nook formed by one of the moss-covered buttresses, a small stooge next arrested his attention. He read the following:—

"Here lies the body of
Joseph Green,
Who fell from a horse while running a race, and died suddenly, on the of, 18..., aged twenty years.
His master, N. W. E. Ashhurst, Esq., caused this memorial of him to be erected.

Poor Joe Green
Will no more be seen,
Until the last trump,
When——"

Here the effusion broke off, and tradition had it that this memorial was erected without the sanction of the Rev. Creaky, with the addition of the following:—

"When up he will jump—
If the Bible be true—
With you and I, too;
His place then be given
For hell or for heaven."

The latter part of this ribaldry was too profane even for the easy Creaky, and the village mason was ordered to erase the latter part of the rhyme, which the village gossips all attribute to the idle pen of the drunken patient.

Here the village church clock reminded the worthy doctor that it was time to visit his patient.

"He has passed the quietest night of all, I believe," said the old nurse. "Ever since Father O'Flanagan gave him absolution, which was an hour after your honor left, his conscience has been quieted, and he has slept without any startlings and tremblings, and mad howlings, as he had afore."

"By whose instructions has he been visited? I ordered spiritual consolation while danger existed, but it may do a convalescent patient harm to be thus interrupted. However, it is as well, as no great effect for the worse has been produced. He is of the Roman Catholic persuasion, then, I suppose?"

"I believe so, your honor; master Faithly said if he changed his religion his master would turn Catholic."

"I fear he had none to change," mused the doctor, taking his leave.

CHAPTER X.

"Well, madam," said the old sexton, "I have made the cottage waterproof, I hope to your satisfaction; I have also added two mignonette boxes for your windows, for dear little Miss, which I hope you will not think a liberty."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Templeton, "and as for your little favor, nothing that is done in kindness, even if the object be a mistaken one, can be called a liberty."

"Now, as I have put your house in order, I have a favor to ask of you, to look a little to mine."

"I don't understand you," wondered Mrs. Templeton, yet hoping it might lead to a certain inquiry.

"I mean what's in this earthly tabernacle, not made with hands," pointing to himself, "my immortal soul. You and your little daughter have awakened an inquiry that had long been set at rest by infidel writers. Alas! I never confronted them with the Bible, but took their own views from their own quotations from it, giving them credit for a greater knowledge of it than any believer."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Templeton, "you see how cautious we should be in examining into the truth, not to be biassed by our own prepossessions. We are told that the truth shall make us free. If this maxim be irrefragable, the converse of it must be that falsehood must make us prisoners."

"In my case, how true this has been, madam."

"Then what I would advise you to do is, to read over certain portions of the word, which I will point out to you, first offering up this little prayer, which I have made for myself, and have experienced as a suitable one:—

Lord, give me eyes to see—
Spirit to understand—
Thy blessings, dear to me,
And judgments from Thy hand.

When a cloud appears,
Obscuring thy truth's rays,
Do thou end my fears
And doubts, in faith and praise.

Why should the creature dare
The creator to scan?
This feeling devil's share—
'Tis not for ransom'd man."

The sexton received it, and the Bible, with thanks, and hurried home, reading it on his way. He was met outside his door by a strange looking man, dressed in a white overcoat, with huge cape, which hid every other part of his dress, except his white hat and top boots. The instant the sexton saw him he fell into a chair as one dead, without exchanging a word with the stranger.

"Hilloa! don't you know me?" shouted he. "What, under Bible influence! Will wonders never cease?" said he.

"The devil was sick—
The devil a saint would be—
The devil got well,
No saint, but devil, was he,"

"I heard you was ill, and came to offer you other consolation."

"I have not been ill. That was not your errand," said the old man, laconically.

"You are right," said the other. "What induced me to make this polite inquiry after your health is my own safety. You must house me or I shall be unkenneled, and that without loss of time, and if I'm found, you know d— well you'll soon be wanted.—Come, old fellow, put a good face on the mat-

ter, and entertain his lordship in becoming style."

"What can I do?" groaned the sexton.

"What!" answered the other; "hide me in some of your smuggling holes during the night, and in the morning assist in making his lordship's toilet, at the unfashionable hour of four, in your lovely daughter's best toggery. We are about the same height, I guess, and the same build about the ribs, and then burn the landlord's overs boding. Woe be to ye else! not a skurrick behind."

"What landlord?"

"Why, the Five Bells at Waterton, in —shire, miles away from your crib, so you needn't fear. But they've got the poor devil of a landlord, though—found my traps upon him. I uncased without a sparrow's knowing it, and was miles off before the thing was blowed. I'm sorry for the kid, though—but there's no help for it. I've often, in my own person, been an interesting instance of the innocent suffering for the guilty. So put your Bible up and bring the jug out; we'll have a jovial evening, my boy, and I'll tell you more about the spree. Where's the young 'un? She mustn't know I'm here, though; she very near blazed upon me the last time. I wonder, old fellow, you don't send her out of the way; she'll peach upon you some of these fine mornings, with her fine honest notions, and bring you to book, old chap; and then, too late, you'll wish you had taken the advice of an old friend."

The old sexton inwardly groaned for a moment or two, and then suddenly fixing his eyes upon his unwelcome guest, emphatically said—

"Maltby, or whatever your true name may be, I have made up my mind to one purpose."

"What's that, old chap?" said the other.

"Never to commit myself again, or ever to be found in such practices as the last——"

"Until the next favorable opportunity," interrupted Maltby.

"And next, to deliver myself up to justice, and to disclose all my accomplices."

"The devil you have!" said Maltby. "Why, old fellow, are you really serious, because if you are," said the villain, fidgeting in his chair, and thrusting his hand behind unconcernedly, as if in search for a pocket handkerchief, "it is time——"

"To be prepared," interposed the sexton. "You would say spare your precaution. Here's a readier weapon," continued he, placing before him a horse pistol, "if you would take my life to secure your own. I'm tired of these ways, and I tell you plainly, Maltby, I'm an altered man. The way is open to you to escape with your life, without another crime, or put your life again in jeopardy by committing another. It will be one more murder, or one less, to atone for. I give you no longer shelter here, and you either take my life, or I give information of your being in the neighborhood to the magistrate before another hour expires."

Here a knock at the door, by a kind providence, put an end to their conference. Maltby, as he chose to be called to the old sexton, quickly departed from the back part of the

premises, swearing and vowing vengeance, sooner or later, upon the old gray headed sinner, as he called him.

(To be continued.)

OUR DAUGHTERS.

We copy the following very sensible remarks from the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*:

The greatest danger to our daughters at the present time, is the neglect of domestic education. Not only to themselves, but to husbands, families, and the community at large, does the evil extend. By far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life is found in the domestic relations, and most of this depends on the domestic culture and habits of the wife and mother. Let our daughters be intellectually educated as highly as possible; let their moral and social nature receive the highest graces of vigor and refinement; but along with these, let the domestic virtues find a prominent place.

We cannot say much about our daughters being hereafter wives and mothers, but we ought to think much of it, and give the thought prominence in all our plans for their education. Good wives they cannot be, at least for men of intelligence, without mental culture; good mothers they certainly cannot be without it; and more than this, they cannot be such wives as men need, unless they are good housekeepers; without a thorough and practical training to that end. Our daughters should be practically taught to bake, wash, sweep, cook, set table, and do everything appertaining to the order, neatness, economy, and happiness of the household. All this they can learn as well as not, and better than not. It need not interfere in the least with their intellectual education, nor with the highest style of refinement. On the contrary, it shall greatly contribute thereto. Only let that time which is worse than wasted in idleness, sauntering, gossip, frivolous reading, and the various modern female dissipations which kill time and health, be devoted to domestic duties and domestic education, and our daughters would soon be all that the highest interests of society demand. A benign, elevating influence would go forth through all the families of the land. Health and happiness would now sparkle in many a lusterless eye, the bloom would return to beautify many a faded cheek, and doctors' bills would give way to bills of wholesome fare.

Desirous of maintaining the honor and credit of our noble craft, to the extent of our ability, we are willing to take a lower seat among our brethren of the press, looking up and listening to the eloquence of our masters, and striving to attain that cunning of the pen which can emulate their works.—*Sonora Herald*.

We should like to take a look at the member of the California press who would offer Mr. O'Sullivan, editor of the *Herald*, a seat lower than himself.—*Trinity Journal*.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

The gardener takes good care of the plants with which he fills up the beds of his garden. When young and tender they most need his care. After a given time they take care of themselves, if protected from weeds and injury. The beasts of the field, by the instinctive promptings of nature, with great tenderness and affection take care of their young. Nothing to which nature prompts is left undone; and they will risk their own life to nourish and defend their offspring; and when undisturbed by man, they rear up their offspring to the proportions and perfection of which they are capable. And there are reasons to believe that, in the care of their young, there is less deviation from the promptings of instinct among the beasts of the field or the fowls of the air than among the parents of our own race, created in the image of God! When men and women become brutes, they are the worst and the least excusable of all brutes. For the proof of this statement, you need not go to the South Sea Cannibals, nor to the infant-killers of India, nor to the infant-deformers of China, nor to the infant-neglecters of Italy or France for proof and illustration. You need only to go to the huts of ignorance and irreligion, even in our most highly favored communities. That infant cradle is the plant from which the man grows, and before it changes from the cradle to the couch its mind and body may receive an impress which they may never lose. Those neglected children who are permitted to run in the street long after the hen has collected her chickens under her wings for the night, are liable to imbibe vicious tastes and habits which may never be corrected; and those children that are decked and jeweled in the cradle, that appear as dolls in the streets, that are marshaled at children's parties, where they play the gentleman and lady long after

"The sea-fowl has gone to its nest,
And the beast has laid down in its lair,"

are not very likely to be as sons grown up in their youth, nor as daughters polished after the similitude of a palace. The men who, like Moses, David, Paul, Luther, Washington, have given religion and liberty to the world,—the women who, like Sarah, Miriam, Cornelia, Monica, Mrs. Fry, Mary, the mother of Washington, and Mary Lyon, have written their names on the rock forever, were not so trained in their youth. We once heard of a mother who boasted that the dress of the child in the arms of her nurse had cost seven thousand dollars; and the feeling excited was only one of sorrow that the Lord had committed an heir of immortality to the care of a woman so extravagantly foolish. There is but little choice, as far as the children are concerned, between the nurse of Romulus and Remus, and the nursing of a giddy, senseless, and fashionable mother.

The miserable fashions and follies that have been long destroying men and women are fast descending to our children, and unless the bad process is arrested, alas! alas! for the future of the Church and State. The men and women whose names are indelibly written on the pages of the world's history were not in their infancy decked in diamonds nor cradled in crimson, nor in their youth were they dressed, and drilled by dancing-masters for juvenile polkas at juvenile entertainments continued until the noon of night; they bore the yoke in their youth, and were thus prepared to bear, in mature years, the burdens and responsibilities of pillars in society. It is the trees that grow, not in hot-houses, but in the open air, that attain a strength that defies the tempest, and a hardness of texture which fits them for all the great purposes of architecture. The right physical training of children has very much to do with the forming of a happy home.—*The Happy Home.*

[From the Musical World.]

"GONE HOME."

The thought of home awakens tender recollections and touching memories—father and mother passing rapidly onward to the spirit world; or the mother taken and the father left, he still lingers awhile longer, looking out for the coming of the "Son of Man," or perhaps both long since gone to their rest. Sisters and brothers a loving and affectionate circle, coming around the family hearth-stone on their yearly gatherings from distant places, or perhaps one after another cut down, until one, two, or three are all that remain. The old homestead—"the spot where we were born"—looking so lovely in its old-fashioned surroundings, with the trees, beneath whose shade the heat of the noon-day sun has been tempered and softened; or the orchard, whose tempting fruit is the luxury which, carefully gathered in the autumn, affords many a rich treat during the long winter evenings. Or perhaps this "old homestead" has become the abode of strangers, and rude hands have removed the old land-marks, and the axe has been sacrilegiously laid at the root of the venerable trees, whose heads have been bared to the storms of two score years. Thus all the past has "gone," and the present is going home. The simple announcement, made to us by the flash of the lightning, "She has gone home," bring up these thoughts as we reflect upon the event which removes a young and lovely female friend from our sight; but like Mary of old, "she has chosen a good part which shall not be taken from her." Thus we are all "going home." In our city the fearful mortality amongst the young and helpless, which is revealed to us from week to week, is taking "home" a large number of innocent children, leaving behind them fond parents, who mourn their untimely departure. Those in the full strength of manhood and womanhood are "going home," and their places

are left vacant. Those in old age are "going home," and their lives of usefulness and benevolence are remembered and cherished by those more intimately associated with them. Soon we all shall "go home." May we find a heavenly mansion ready for us "when this earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved."

Beautify Your Homes.

It is astonishing, when all nature invites men to cultivate the beautiful, when every wild flower springing up around their door-sills is coaxing them to adopt it, and the waving trees whisper pleasant hints to them, that they will obdurately close their hearts and domicile themselves in unlovely edifices. Earth clothes herself in verdure and variegated robes of odorous blossoms; bathes in the rich light of rising and setting suns, and sleeps in the silver rays of moon and stars; but man, her chief favorite, builds for himself a box in dreary, dusty spots, where the sun stares all day with his hot eye, and there he rears his young, and lives in loneliness, and never knows the joy which nature yields. It is really painful to see how men will erect such square kennels, along dusty thoroughfares where not a blade of grass can grow—put in them, prisoners for life, their wives and children, and call such places *home!* Why, home should be the most beautiful spot on earth; it should be man's paradise; surrounded by all the natural charms of Eden; odorous with the breath of flowers, and musical with song of birds and rippling waters, and sighing trees. It should be the oasis in life's desert, and its loveliness should make his feet linger at the gate as he goes forth to his daily struggle with the hard world. The beneficent influence of such a home on the character can not be over-estimated, and there is no question that it promotes contentment and happiness. True, sorrow will enter even such places, as the worm enters the rose; it is our inevitable lot; but the burden of it can be lightened by such means, and a thousand compensating delights will flutter ever about us. Man may dispense with such trifles, as he deems them, if he chooses thus to slight himself, but to woman, whose whole existence is passed within those walls, and whose mission is confined to the small circle of home, they are indispensable. Much of the domestic unhappiness which curses this State, is no doubt attributed to the unloveliness of our homes. What incentive to cheerfulness, to contentment, to purity, is there in the sandy bleakness which surrounds most California homes? What pleasure springs from the contemplation of naked yards and dusty furniture? How the women's eyes must rest on the fair blue hills and stately pines at a distance, and how inevitably she must sigh, and call her life a weary round of servitude. It is the meanest selfishness and tyranny to inflict such desolation upon her, and the husband who does it, should not wonder if his home ceases to be the pleasantest place on earth.—*Hydraulic Press.*

THE HESPERIAN.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Hereafter we shall avoid answering contributors and correspondents through the columns of our paper. There are at best but few whom we feel willing to answer thus publicly, and we need all our space for matter that is of interest to the general reader.

Agents for the Hesperian.

Sacramento.....Kirk & Co., E. B. Davidson
Marysville.....G. Amy, A. Randal & Co
Oroville.....Garnham & Lockwood, G. J. Leland
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Downsville.....Wm. Arms

Agents wanted in all the towns and villages throughout the State.

Letters enclosing remittances and communications for the paper should be addressed to the Editress.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

The death of a little child is to the mother's heart like the dew on a plant, from which a bud has just perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers, from the dark sorrow which she has passed, a fresh brightening of her heavenly hopes.

As she bends over the empty cradle, and fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his brow. She feels that heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring his spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes, like an opiate in pain, all hard passages and cares in life. The world to her is no longer filled with human love and hope in the future, so glorious with heavenly love and joy; she has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never conceived. The bright fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room, the apartment where her infant died, are mementoes of far brighter hopes now dawning on her day dream. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the new Jerusalem, where the little foot will never find a thorn among the flowers to render a shoe necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanted for the dear head reposing on the breast of a kind Savior. And she knows that her infant is there in that world of eternal bliss.

She has marked one passage in that book, to her emphatically the Word of Life, now lying closed on the toilet table, which she daily reads:—

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—*Good News.*

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A Semi-monthly paper, conducted by

Mrs. F. H. DAY.

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Contributions from any part of the State will be thankfully received.

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[For the Hesperian.

RESPONSE.

Oh! do not say we meet no more,
But tell me we shall meet again;
As oft we met in days of yore,
Nor tell me that my hope is vain.

Our girlish songs I hear them yet,
Thy voice of richest, sweetest tone;
Our hopes, our joys, I ne'er forget,
Though long, long years have o'er us flown.

And when we roamed upon the brink
Of fair "Misco's" flowery tide,
And saw the pebbles in it sink,
Or green boughs down its bosom glide;

And dreamed that if they reached a spot,
All bright with flowers amid the stream,
That Heaven our hopes had n'er forgot,
That life was still a fairy dream.

We little thought that coming years
Would shade the rosy tints of youth,
That time would blanch the cheek with tears,
And teach the heart there is no truth.

Oh! since that happy, careless time,
When earth was clothed in richest bloom,
And thought was woven into rhyme,
With not a shade of care or gloom,

I've seen the fondest hopes decay,
Have fond that hearts whose love seemed true,
Were colder than the coldest clay.
Or turned to all, the bright—the true.

Yet through this dark, this sad career,
One living, tender thought was sweet,
As oft it checked the falling tear,
That we again, dear Fan, should meet.

And though I roam in golden lands
Where "white sailed ships" are floating free,
My heart is strong in friendship's bands,
It n'er forgets its love for thee.

W—.

I HAVE LOST A DAY.

Oh, the birds have been a singing
All the day upon the trees,
And the flowers incense flinging
Lavish to the summer breeze;
Oh! it is a mournful thought
That this day I've nothing wrought.

Nothing done that praises God
Or that maketh happy man,
Since the dew shone on the sod—
Now it shineth there again,
Bringing me the painful thought
That this day I've nothing wrought.

AUNT MARGARET'S STORY.

Many of the most pleasing associations of my younger years are connected with my worthy old grand-aunt Margaret, whom I had been accustomed, from my earliest infancy, to see in a comfortable easy-chair, placed on the warmest side of our parlor hearth, busied with her knitting or her Bible. There is something *reverend*, and at the same time peculiarly agreeable, about the image of her, that remains on my memory. She was rather above the common stature of her sex; her figure slender, and, even in age, erect and stately; her forehead was round and lofty, and though not furrowed with deep wrinkles, it yet bore the traces of thought. Her black eye, which had then lost much of its lustre, was still intelligent, the loss of brilliancy having rather communicated a sad or melancholy expression than diminished its intelligence. Her cheek was pale and marble-like; and about her thin, well-formed lips, there was something approaching to a smile, that still was not a smile—which, by itself, expressed great benevolence and affection, and, in the *tout ensemble*, presented an air of soothed and chastened sorrow. Her black hair, through which ran many a silvery thread, was smoothly braided over her forehead; and a cap, as scrupulously plain as it was neat, completed her head-dress. Such was her person. Her conversation was generally cheerful—never gay; a tone of elevated, refined poetical sentiment often mingled in it and astonished older and more experienced persons than I was. I do not remember that she ever exceeded a gentle smile in her mirth, yet in our merriest moods we never thought of avoiding her. She frequently talked in an abstracted manner that was quite unintelligible to us, as if she was thinking aloud, or rather as if she conversed with some unseen visitor. It was then she seemed happiest. Her face would be animated by an unwonted liveliness; then, all at once, she would check herself, heave a deep sigh, and with great apparent confusion, resume her neglected knitting. As I advanced in life I experienced an increasing pleasure in her conversation. When I came home during our vacations, her society formed one of my highest enjoyments; and I have often been astonished when my after experience discovered to me the extent and accuracy of her knowledge of mankind.

It was about the merry season of Christmas—every member of the family had gone to an annual merry-making at a neighboring farm, except my good old grand-aunt and myself; she having outlived the time when

such things are *endurable*, and I being detained by some slight indisposition. I was always a favorite with aunt Margaret, chiefly I believe on account of some likeness she imagined she could trace in me to her favorite brother who died in early youth, and also on account of my name—a ground of attachment we could never explain. In persons of unusually warm feelings, who have outlived the objects of their first attachments, we generally find that the attachments of their ripery years are nothing else than resuscitations, if we may so speak, of their former passions. A resemblance, real or imaginary, in look or disposition, to a departed parent, brother, child, or lover—a tone of voice, or the accidental circumstance of a name, will often arouse the interest of their hearts, too much engrossed by the former to admit of any new or different attachment. Indeed it is only old feelings revived by the presence of the qualities that formerly excited them, and not any new affection that is formed. Besides being a favorite in general with aunt Margaret, she was, for the time being, my sick nurse; and, for the evening, was elevated to the sole and undisputed government of our little household. Moreover, in such a situation as ours, parties such as that to which the rest of the family had gone are not of every day occurrence, and are looked forward to as occasions of great enjoyment. When either boy or girl is left behind in such circumstances, with a companion, young or old, they determine, almost as it were in spite, to be extremely friendly and happy; and then is the time when we are especially disposed to be confidential. All these things were in favor of my design to get at aunt Margaret's story—for that she had a story to tell I could not doubt. Her chastened look showed its traces—her attachment to a name—her frequent sighs and involuntary expressions—her ill-concealed observance of two days annually, on which occasion she wore a particular dress and sundry little ornaments, that, at other times, were kept most sacredly from the light; which two days, moreover, were recorded on the blank leaf of a Bible that was never far from her side—all these were *symptoms* of a story. It was impossible that a person of her marked character, ardent temperament and delicate sensibility could have passed threescore years, even in the seclusion of a pastoral district, without having something to relate. I contrived, in the course of the evening's conversation, to lead her gradually back towards that period of her life to which the date upon her bible, before mentioned, directed my sus-

picians. As we approached it, the spirit of its history lived again in the tender and mournful emotions that evidently agitated her. The chord was at length touched, and I almost regretted that I had ventured so far; but its vibrations were not to be interrupted. There was a degree of pleasure amid the painful emotions it excited, something like the mysterious "joy of grief." And, though female delicacy had preserved even till then the little incident as a holy, sacred thing, there was an evident relief to a burdened heart in the communication of its sorrows.

"You cannot understand it now," she said, "but you may hereafter, and sometimes, when your aunt Margaret's heart is still and cold, you may think, with not the less kindness, of her, when you remember this story. Oh what vanity is the biggest and best of all earthly concerns! A poor handful of dust shall then be all that remains of a beating, throbbing heart, which *had* concerns more important, in its own esteem, than the affairs of kingdoms or a world. Where shall be all these great concerns then? All forgotten, or only kept alive in your affection—a record like that on the sand of the sea-shore; for, if your own joys or sorrows do not blot it out, death will come at last, like a black raging wave, and sweep it away forever. Look, Jamie, at that manly writing," she said, holding out the blank leaf of her Bible, on which was inscribed, in a bold, open hand—"Margaret Henderson, her Bible, Lonelee, 1753. Remember the 1st of June, and never, never forget it." "And manly was the heart that guided that hand," she continued—"the heart that never wished, and the hand that never wrought the hurt of living creature. He was a neighbor's son; we were year's bairns, as they say. He conducted me to school; protected me when I was there; and we learned the same lessons from A B C upwards. We had left school; and, as he was employed on his father's farm, our friendship continued, and we saw each other almost every day. We read the same books, and almost thought the same thoughts. We never dreamed of parting, and we never dreamed of promises or pledges. And though sometimes visions of united happiness and prosperity had been given way to, maybe with sinful confidence and anxiety, we never so much as mentioned *love*."

"It was the Monday of the Sacrament at P——. We had both joined for the first time. It was a time to be remembered; though, I doubt, sinful terrors and tremblings did mix, and in some way confuse my better feelings. After sermon on the Monday, I had been sent over to the village on some little errand; and, though I think my feelings did, in some measure, glow with that kindness to all mankind which was proper to such an occasion, yet I did not desire society. And that I might be left to myself, I came round by the footpath that leads through the kirkyard and up through that bonny glen—every inch of both, and every tree and flower that grows in them, are dear and holy to me. The kirk and kirkyard stood there—so quiet—more solitary like than a desert. They seemed as if they

belonged naturally to the place; and yet, with all their solemnity and loneliness, there was a sweetness and calm about them which, on that day at least, spoke to my heart of the holy peace and joy of heaven. And then the kirkyard, with the big dark trees that threw their shadows over the graves of my '*forebears*,' were all like so many parts of one heaven-spoken sermon. Nothing seemed out of place—every part answered its end; and though they were partly melancholy feelings it awakened, I was not in haste to withdraw from the solemn converse. Long I stood under the plane tree opposite the west door; a thousand bees hummed amongst its blossoms, and a solitary cushat mourned unseen among its branches. I was at length forced to draw myself away; and, as I came slowly down by the little footpath, I felt as if I descended from some awfully consecrated spot. Never did I think less of this weary world than at that moment.

"At all times, P—— kirk looks like a place that God and man had united in preparing as a place for divine worship—an altar erected for the poor and humble to present the offering of a broken and contrite heart on. I came down with a solemnised and a softened heart, and walked slowly through the glen, sprinkled over with daisies and pale primroses, full to overflowing with bright sunbeams, and the music of unnumbered sweet birds, viewless among the rich clustering loads of foliage that were piled up on both sides. I turned to look once more on the old kirk. The knave on which it stood seemed, from that spot, to stand apart, for sacred purposes, from all the rest; a darker and deeper foliage was raised around it—or, I might rather say, flourishing old sycaamores threw a drapery of becoming solemnity around its sacred retreats; the heavenward spire and its cross rose above all, and added all that could be wished for to complete the picture. I scarcely ventured to wish that *he*—my ain Jamie, as I had called him from my infancy—were there. But I thought that if I could wish for any one, it were he; and whom should I see hurrying down the opposite bank but himself! I knew not how it was—I had always met him with the same frankness as if he were my brother; but that instant my first thought was to shun him. Something, however, kept me fixed to the spot; and there I stood till his own manly voice greeted me with some good-natured remark about my business wandering there—'Some tryste, I warrant,' said he.

"I have been thinking many solemn and happy thoughts,' said I. He saw that I was in no mood to jest, and his mind at once sympathized with mine. We had a hundred things to say—many new and strange things to impart; for we could unbosom all our thoughts to each other. We became insensibly more and more grave, more and more quiet, till at last not one word passed between us. I ventured to look in his face; he seemed grieved, and I caught myself sigh as I looked. At last he said, 'I must leave you, Margaret.'

"We'll go home together,' I replied.

"Ah, but I mean that I must go far away—

to the homes of the stranger—where I shall have no Maggie to listen to all my nonsense and take an interest in all my feelings.' And he went on to tell me how his father regretted his remaining at home; and that the laird had procured him a situation in an office at Alnwick, whither he was to go very soon. I could not tell you all that passed there.

"A bed of 'forget-me-not' had attracted us under a stately plane tree, and well I remember still the tone in which he said, as he gave me a choice sprig of that plant, 'We'll meet again in heaven, at least;' as if he were prepossessed that some untoward fate awaited us. He had just then pushed aside the curtain of leaves which the bending branches allowed to drop down to the very ground, when a flash of lightning startled us both. He drew back to my side—a peal of thunder rolled and echoed along the glen, and brought an awe over our minds; a rattling and rushing of heavy rain about the green roof of our retreat succeeded; flash followed flash, and peal on peal, still nearer and nearer. He exerted himself at first to sustain my courage; but at length uneasiness for my safety evidently overcame his desire to calm my fears. He stood there in breathless anxiety. The rain ceased; a vivid flash and an instantaneous roll of thunder seemed to burst over our heads. I clung to him, and he threw his arms around me—we both fell upon our knees—a gust of wind rushed down the glen, and the trees all at once bowed their heads in low obeisance to the Thunderer. There was then an awful pause. Suddenly a ball of fire darted from the dark cloud to which our eyes were turned in dismay imperfectly seen through the close leaves. Its stroke shivered a great old elm that stood bare and leafless before us, and the roar that followed without any interval was like the crash of a world. 'Heaven spare my Margaret!' he exclaimed, as he pressed me closer to his heart. The fury of the storm was exhausted—it passed away; the dark clouds dispersed, the sun again looked out and smiled, the birds by degrees resumed their song, and the whole earth, refreshed, sent back the smiles of the sun. The shivered and prostrate elm was all that remained to tell of what had been. Our minds were relieved, and in some measure under the influence of the universal feeling of solemn joy; but I could not help feeling a kind of wicked superstitious fear that this boded something ill. We were still upon our knees; it was the first time his arm had been thrown around me, except in jest; and the solemnity, the strangeness of the situation was too much to be disturbed by words from either of us. As we knelt, our eyes were turned towards Heaven in silent unutterable prayer; it needed not an expressed vow of love, thus so awfully witnessed to. 'The God of mercy and love protect and keep ye, Margaret!' he said at last, in an earnest whisper; and we wept there together. I need not tell you of our happy and sorrowful meetings during the week that passed before he left us—at our mutual feelings at parting—or the desolation I felt when he had gone.

"A year passed away, during which we had several happy meetings. Another sacrament came round, and we sat down together at the holy table. We met again in the glen on the Monday, and recalled all the strange events of our former meeting. It was under the self-same plane tree he gave me my Bible, on which he had written, as you saw, beside my name, 'Remember the 1st of June, and never forget it.' A needless memento. The day was engraven on my heart—it was the date of our first interview in the glen.

"He had been highly recommended by his employers to the 'laird,' who proposed sending him, as under-factor, to live upon one of his estates. We were, you may be sure, both happy, for it gave us the prospect of being soon united, and I was proud of my laddie. The sweet month of May had come; and with that month his engagement with Messrs. H—— expired. He was then to come home to spend a few days among his friends; and, after spending two or three months in Edinburgh, he was to enter upon his new situation at Mounthall, when we should consider him settled in life. On a Saturday afternoon, near the end of May, he peeped in upon us unexpectedly. He had been sent on some business to the 'laird,' and was not to return till Monday. What a happy evening we spent together! The 'laird' had formed the most favorable opinion of him, and had that afternoon said many kind things, on which we raised a thousand castles in the air, and formed many dreams of happiness—alas! never, never to be realized. He staid with us till a late hour. A heavy shower overtook him on his way home, from the effects of which he never was to recover. He called ere he went away on Monday morning; and little did I suspect that the few hasty words that passed between us were to be the last we should ever exchange. Information of his illness was sent home in a few days; and his mother went to wait by his bed that was to be his death-bed. His illness was concealed from me at first; but his sister came one morning to tell me that he was ill and wished to see me. We set out together with much anxiety. I trembled to enter his little room. All was still, save his loud breathing. I attempted and drew back, and tried and tried again; and when at last I did get in, there was my ain Jamie, with the stamp of death on his manly face—his mother moistening his parched lips. How I got to his bedside I know not; but I remember well the effort he made to grasp and press my hand, the expression of satisfaction that stole over his death-like features, the look which he turned upwards as he seemed to mutter a prayer. With his last dying energy he pointed with one hand to heaven, and with difficulty uttered, 'There, Margaret!' His face blackened with the effort. My eyes grew dim; my head reeled; and, scarcely capable of understanding that all was over, I fell down insensible, and in this state was taken home. For some days I was almost without interval delirious; sometimes I could feel an awful, wild, utter desolateness about my heart that soon scared away my returning senses.

"On the fourth morning after his death, while the sun shone brightly through the chinks of the window-shutters, I rose, in a kind of half dream, and opened them. The glen was there in all its wonted loveliness—the kirk just visible in the distance. A tumult of conflicting feelings possessed my breast; while a fearful shadowing of some indefinite evil hung over my heart; for, though the sudden and unexpected death of my ain Jamie had completely bewildered my perceptions, yet still, in my state of mournful isolation, faint glimmerings of the truth began to steal over my recollection. The window of the room in which I slept having a command of the kirk-yard and glen, I continued to gaze on the dark trees that skirted the graves of my kindred; and, while my eye rested upon the broad plane tree where Jamie and I first exchanged our hearts, I saw a mournful funeral procession passing towards the burial ground. It was all before me, like a strange dream. I followed the procession till it disappeared amongst the trees, and endeavored to recollect myself. The whole truth flashed at once upon my mind—it was the last of my ain dear Jamie. It was the 1st of June; and well might I repeat his words upon the Bible, 'Remember the 1st of June, and never forget it!'"

A TRIBUTE TO TRUE WOMANHOOD.—A writer, speaking of woman in the middle ranks of society, pays the following tribute to the wives and daughters of mechanics and intelligent working-men:

"There we behold woman in her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration, revered to-day, and disgraced to-morrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign, by sensuality or contempt; admired, but not respected; desired, but not esteemed; ruled by passion, not affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex she would exalt; the sources and mirror of vanity. We see her as the wife, partaking of the care, and cheering the anxiety of the husband, dividing his toils by her domestic diligence, spreading her cheerfulness around her, for his sake sharing the decent refinement of the world, without being vain of them, placing all her joys and happiness in the man she loves. As a mother, we find her the affectionate instructress of the children whom she has tended from their infancy, training them in thought and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings; preparing them to become men and women in their turn."

—Some hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

—Flowers are the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truth.

—"He that will make a door of gold," says the proverb, "must knock in a nail every day."

—Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

—A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one.

A COUPLE OF EPITHALAMIUMS.

THE FIRST ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN.

(NOT) BY BURNS.

You're bidding us adieu, dear Mac,
To beat up on life's windward tack,
From which there'll be no turning back
Till doom's day moro:
No wonder that your valor's slack—
Come! take a horn!

Pooh! cease your whining, groaning, sighing,
At last, 'tis not so bad as dying:
'Tis but a leap from out the frying-
Pan into the fire!
Or from the mud-hole you were shying,
Into the mire.

I've heard it was a sort of hanging,
But daddy told me 'twas the whanging,
Slapping, scolding, beating, haoging,
He feared the most;
And well he might, for mammy's clanging
Scared out his ghost!

Dear friend, I've often seen her choke him;
When snoozing, sangly, oft she's woke him,
And dashed 'nough water on to soak him
Through and through;
Indeed she did, just to provoke him,
And make him blue.

Now, Mac, I'll give you some advice,
And though I've never known a splice,
Yet, daddy made the voyage twice,
And once was wrecked;
The second trip was calm and nice,
Only hen-pecked!

When e'er your wife commences snarling,
Pick up your gun and go a-fowling.
Or kick your dog, and leave him growling,
Or pinch your brat,
And thus set all creation howling
A tit-for-tat.

When e'er she tries to wear your breeches,
Just draw your knife and cut the stitches,
Or duck her in the back-yard ditches,
As in old times,
I'm told, they used up hags and witches
By midnight chimes.

But if you've plucked a tender flower,
Just blooming in its brightest hour,
Protect it from the frost and shower,
By Love's own shield:
Then wear it in your heart's best bower—
Elysian Field.

Watch every aspect of the sky,
Chase every tear that fills her eye,
Catch every groan, snatch every sigh,
Ere yet 'tis breathed;
Then shall each cloud that passes by
Be rainbow wreathed!

THE SECOND ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

(NOT) BY BYRON.

His life was an ocean, oft swept by the gale,
And lashed into frenzy and foam;
And he, the weak vessel, that ventured to sail
O'er its billows, in search of a home.

Alone, on the waters, the bark struggled on,
In tempest, in darkness and gloom,
Till the last hope that cheered the wanderer was gone
And his heart shuddered chill at its doom.

No pilot watched over the wave-ridden bark,
No compass guided on its career;
No star glimmered through the midnight so dark,
Its bleak desolation to cheer.

Heaven saw the poor pilgrim, beheld his despair
And pitied his fate, from afar—
Sent a consort, in thee, to console every care,
And be pilot, and compass, and star!
Oroville, Nov., 1858.

The Bible as a Classic.

It is greatly to be desired that our children and youth should grow up with the conviction firmly fixed in their minds, that the Bible is a classic of the very highest authority in all matters of education, taste, and genius; that it holds the same place of preëminence in the republic of letters which it holds, in the Church of God. It is exceedingly important, that the public mind should be made to understand what the most eminent scholars of all ages and all lands have always understood and confessed—that there is no book in the world which can stand before the Bible as a classic. Such an impression, early implanted and generally received, would do much to save our young people from the evils of that flimsy, superficial literature, which, in the form of the wild, extravagant romance, the love-sick novel, and the run-mad poem, is coming in upon us like a flood. It would do much to rescue the rising generation from that deluge of fiction, which now threatens to overlay the learning of this boasted nineteenth century with a deeper detritus of trash than that of all the geological epochs.

Now, the Bible, regarded as a model of classical taste, is the great antidote and corrective for this evil. We must teach our youth to look upon it, not only as a book for the Sabbath and the Sanctuary, but as a book for the family, the school, and the college. We must set it before them as worthy of the most honored place, alike in the cottages of the poor, the palaces of the rich, and the libraries of the learned. We must not let them forget, that it is, at once, the most ancient, the most sublime, the most wonderful of all the classics. We do not discard Homer and Virgil from the classics because they contain a religion, even an absurd, fabulous religion; why, then, should we underrate, or disparage the classical claims of the Bible, because it contains a religion, and that, the only true religion? Does the Bible cease to be a classic, because, in addition to the inspiration of human genius, it has a higher inspiration of God? Does its learning cease to be learning, its eloquence to be eloquent, because it is sanctified and animated by the breath of Divinity? No; the Bible is as truly a classic as Homer or Virgil, Xenophon or Cicero, Milton or Addison. It fills a place in ancient and modern literature, which no Greek or Roman author ever filled, or can fill. It has done, for the literature of all civilized nations, what no Greek or Roman book could ever have done.

As a Hebrew book, for more than fifteen centuries, it comprised almost the entire literature and learning of a whole nation. As a Hebrew book, it exerted an influence which no other book, not even the Koran of Mohammed, has ever attained over any people. And, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of states and empires, the removal and extinction of nations, it has never lost its original supremacy. It acquired the same place of power over the conquering, classical Greeks and Romans, which it had held so long over the Jews. It then did, successively, for the conquering

barbarians of Northern Europe, what it had done for the Greeks and Romans. A classic to the Hebrews, it became a classic in the languages of Demosthenes and Cicero; and it has become classical in the vernacular tongue of every European nation. And that which it has done for these, it is now doing in every pagan nation on the earth to which the Protestant missionary has been sent.

It is not too much, then, to claim for the Bible, that, as a classic, it stands without a rival at the head of all human literature. It is not too much to say, that it has eventually controlled and impregnated, with its own immortal spirit, the literature of every people, into whose vernacular it has been translated. And at this moment, there is not, perhaps, in the whole world of letters, a more important and effective work going forward, than that work of translation, which, under the silent but sublime labors of the missionary, is making the Bible a classic book in every human tongue. There has been no such transmigration from land to land, and from language to language, of the Koran, or the Shaster, or any other book claiming to be a Divine revelation. The Bible, therefore, whether we read it in its original tongues, in its manifold ancient and modern versions, or in our own admirable English translation, bears upon its face the very aspect of majesty, of high classical antiquity, of inherent, undisputed superiority. Translate it, however badly, dilute it, however much with paraphrases; still it is almost impossible to hide the native beauty of its imagery, or the original lustre of its thoughts. They will still break out, like sunshine through the clouds, or spring-buds from the cells in which winter had bound them.


There is a richness of conception, a universality in its spirit, a range and amplitude of thought, a power of illustration, a truthfulness to nature, an insight into character, a familiarity with the unseen and eternal, a fund of information, a variety of incident, and a consciousness of authority in all its utterances, which give to all the words and images of the Bible, the charm of originality, the impress of genius, and the force of an endless life. No book ever did speak, or can speak to the heart of the individual man, and to the great heart of the world, as the Bible has done. It alone has a voice which can reach all the depths of the human spirit, and awake the slumbering intellect from the stupor of ages. It alone, of religious books, has a largeness of view which makes it congenial to humanity everywhere; classical and indigenous on every soil, in every era, beneath the stars of every firmament. It is as much at home with man amid the splendid capitals of Europe, the snows of Greenland, the islands of the South Seas, and the wild woods of America, as it was in the streets of Jerusalem, or the hill country of Judea. You feel, at once, on reading it, and you can never cease to feel while you read, that, if it is anything, it is everything; it bears its own credentials; it carries a self-evidencing power, not only of religious truth, but of classic beauty. It is true to nature and true to man; it describes to the life,

the world within, and the world without. It speaks of that which we know already, so truly, and with such graphic power, as to impress us with the conviction of the truth of everything else which it tells us, about things which we do not know.

Moreover, everything in it, and about it, is on a scale of magnificence and grandeur. Everything bears the stamp of a more than regal, more than mortal greatness. Everything is in accordance with the character of its infinite author; everything is represented as it stands related to him; so that what is insignificant in itself becomes great from its connection with the Deity. And no mind can come fully under its influence for any length of time, without partaking somewhat of its own intellectual and moral greatness. Does a man seek for great thoughts, fitted to enlarge the intellect? Here are thoughts as vast as the universe of matter or mind. Does he crave burning words? Here are words that glow with the fires of immortality. Does he love poetry, and ask for images of beauty? Here are angelic harmonies, and forms radiant with all the tints of earth and heaven. Does he love to read the records of the great? Here are the most wonderful characters in history—characters that lived a thousand years—characters, “without beginning of days or end of years.”—*Literary Attractions of the Bible.*

LIKE SOME PYRAMID IN THE DESERT.—The great public man may be shorn of public respect, and have his name and aim blackened by party calumnies, and yet stand like some pyramid in the desert, that leans not on ought save its own solidity. The Arab may hurl his puny javelin against it; generations may sink into the sands at its base, but still it looks down upon the perished ephemera that moulder at its feet, in seeming consciousness of its towering greatness, the same stern, unyielding structure.—*Napa Reporter.*

THE SIGNS OF AUTUMN.—Little birds are collecting in the foliage of the trees; we hear their songs from sunrise to dark. The mornings are chilly; the wind alternates from the north to the south; the clouds that lately lined the mountains—white-bodied and fringed with gold—are now leaden hued or black as the gates of night. The young flowers, alas! they are in their graves, and hill-side and valley are bare.—*San Andreas Independent.*

 The following verse contains every letter in the alphabet, except the letter “E.” It is a question whether any other English rhyme can be produced (in print) without the letter “E,” which is a letter more employed than any other. By inserting the word vex, instead of tax, in the second line, the verse would contain all the letters of the alphabet:

“A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy’s might,
To quizz vain, for, ’tis most plain,
That what I did was right.”

[For the Hesperian.]

THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH.

There it stands, looming up through the dim mist of the past—that old church, with its weather-beaten walls, and mossy turret, and quaint, antique gables; with its row of poplars, and ancient pines before the door, among which the birds had built their nests for many long summers; and the winds had roared and sung their great anthem, as they swayed and tossed their long arms amid the storm of an hundred winters. The old bell in the turret sent forth its low, deep, solemn tones, and sounded to me as no other bell ever did; for it had rung the funeral knell of many whom I loved, who were sleeping quietly in the churchyard before the door. The old stone steps were worn smooth with the footsteps of many generations, who long years before had gone to the house of God in company with the multitude who kept holy day.

The church, inside, would be a wonder, seen beside the modern buildings of our day. Great, massy beams of solid oak lay across the ceiling, and along the low galleries; the pulpit was perched high above all heads, so that my neck used to ache as I tried to look up to the place where stood the old, gray-haired minister—God bless him!—And high above all, and directly over head, hung the old-fashioned sounding board, the wonder of my youthful eyes; for how it could hang so between heaven and earth, apparently upon nothing, was to me the greatest of miracles.

That old choir! Never, before or since, have I heard such singing—such wild, warbling, unearthly melody. Well do I remember one tune,—they called it “Majesty,” and majesty surely was in it from beginning to end. How nobly it commenced with these words:—

“The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high.”

How that old church used to tremble and rock, for the thunder of the bass of that grand, old tune, as it was echoed by the whole congregation, like the roar of many waters!

Oh! it was pleasant on some bright, Sabbath morning, to see them in crowds all coming to to church together; some through dim forest paths, and shady old lanes; and others by the bridge over the meadow brook, and the well-worn steps of the orchard wall; till they all met on the smooth, grassy church-green, whose paths intercepted each other like ribbons spread over a mantle of green. There were old men leaning on their staffs, and venerable women, bending with age, supported by the strong arms of their sons, flushing with health, of whom they might well be proud. And then, there were fair maidens, with quick, elastic step, and erect forms, and cheeks like the summer rose, and eyes full of bright, joyous laughter. Oh, it was pleasant to see them as they walked and chatted with the old men, the fathers of the lads who loved them, who blessed them out of the fulness of a father's heart. And the little ones would pull the roses from the sweet briars that grew in the hedges, by the way, and present them to their mothers, who with many a smile would say, “Bless you! bless you, my darlings!”

And then, at noon they would assemble in

the old church-yard, before the door, in the shade of the ancient trees; and seating themselves in clusters on the old, grassy graves, try to spell out the inscriptions on the moss-covered stones, where the dead had reposed for many long years. Many a little story was told, many a tender recollection was called up, of gentle looks, and kind words, and loving deeds, of those who slept below. And so the dead awoke and lived again, and walked and talked with the living, and whispered words of love and sweet consolation to those whom they had loved and left behind.

That old church—the roof-tree has long since fallen; and on the bright Sabbath mornings, that deep toned bell no longer sends forth, away over meadow and valley, the joyful summons—“To day is the banquet of the Great King; come to the royal feast!” The ancient pines, at the door, alone remain; and among them, that grand old harper. “Winter, plays many a strain, of low, sad, dirge-like melody—‘Passing away! passing away!’”

That old, gray-haired pastor is sleeping with his flock in the quiet church-yard; and in the “general assembly, and church of the first-born” above, that choir are singing a nobler, sweeter song, and fuller still of God-like glorious majesty.

But, high above all others, in the great hall of memory, hangs one painting; beneath which is written in seraph's fingers,—“The place where the angels talked with thee,” and above, all undimmed in immortality, stands out, clear and distinct in living colors, the
“OLD VILLAGE CHURCH.”

G. T. S.

Two Noble Women.

The Rev. D. K. Lee, in the course of an article entitled “Female Astronomers,” gives the following interesting sketches of Miss Herschel, and Mrs. Somerville:—

“In 1750 Caroline Herschel was born; in 1848 she died; aged 98. She was sister to Sir William Herschel, the great astronomer of the name, and under her fostering care the genius of her nephew, Sir John Herschel, was perfected. She was born in humble circumstances, and like her illustrious brother was self-educated. They lived in a cottage in the simplest rural style. But she had a heart warmer than the sunshine in which she sported, and a mind more splendid than Venus or the moon. Whilst she loved to tend lillies and forget-me-nots in her country garden, her favorite lily-beds were the skies, her perennial forget-me-nots the nebulae and the constellations; and she gladly lost a dream at night or a meal in the day, to trace or describe the stars. She spent night after night with her brother and nephew at the telescope, and took their observations to the cottage at dawn, and transferred them to handsome manuscripts, whilst she planned much of their work, and made many of their most difficult calculations. She polished the speculum of the great telescope with her own hand. She made a catalogue of nearly six hundred stars, and completed a general index of reference to every obser-

vation of every star registered in the British catalogue. She discovered eight comets with her little Newton sweeper, and spied out nebulae and clusters that no one else had seen. Scientific societies contended with one another to show her the most honor, and she received gold medals, and was visited by princes and savans.

“What a romance is such a life! Who should not cast aside even the best romance of Dickens, or Mrs. Stowe, to read of Caroline Herschel and her cottage, and her recreations among the stars? She swept the dust from her cottage floor with as graceful a hand as if bred to housework, whilst she called the nebulae *star dust*; and what crown of royalty would one not exchange for her crown of intellectual glory? What sceptre of Victoria or Eugenia would one not give for her telescope? the Newton sweeper that she used to sweep the golden star-dust of the sky?

“Several of the first mathematicians of Europe now are women, whose names are seldom heard, but pre-eminent stands Mrs. Somerville. She is said to be a model house-keeper, and most benevolent lady, at the same time she makes highest science her delight. She is author of ‘The Connection of Physical Sciences,’ a work that has passed through many editions, and is second only to Humboldt's ‘Cosmos’ for originality and for the splendid harmony into which she brings astronomy with every other science. Thirty years ago she made a summary of that most abstruse and voluminous work of the first astronomer of Europe, La Place's *Mecanique Celeste*.

“Her summary was completed in a work of nearly 700 octavo pages. Soon after her task was done she visited La Place in Paris, and conversed so familiarly on the theme of his great book, that he was astonished, and said, ‘you are the only person I know, with one exception, who has taken the trouble to understand my *Mecanique Celeste*; that is a lady in England—Mrs. Somerville.’ Mrs. S. is also the author of other learned works, and is courted by royalty, and quoted and praised by astronomers and scholars, in the East and West. She is said to resemble Agnesi, of whom I have spoken. She was among the first to translate the facts and truths of science into the words and thoughts of the people, and give them a Christian interpretation and application, and it is said that no one stands as near as she to Newton in sublime speculations on the universe, and in gathering the harmonies of truth and light.”

The *Buffalo Courier* states that Mr. M. V. B. Buel, managing operator of the telegraph office in that city, has invented a new telegraphic instrument, which is believed to be superior to any now in use. By an ingenious arrangement of the machine, dispatches can be sent over the same wire in opposite directions simultaneously. The instrument will send 48,000 words an hour.

[For the Hesperian.]

BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Building castles in the air—
In my dreams I saw them rise;
Glittering roof and golden dome,
Sweeping upward to the skies.
Walls all set with diamonds rare,
Graced my castles in the air.

Building castles in the air—
They were filled with choicest things;
Pearls and gems and treasures rare,
Thrones of ivory, crowns of kings,
Gorgeous drapery, jeweled rare,
Decked my castles in the air.

Building castles in the air—
Soon a sudden tempest blew,
Round my castle walls it roared,
And the storm-clouds darker grew,
Till they sunk in ruin there,
All my castles in the air.

Then I said I'll build no more
Floating castles in the air;—
I will build above the stars,
One more glorious still and fair;
One that tempests cannot sweep,
Like my castles, to the deep.

I will build upon a rock!
On the rock of ages strong!
Round it storms may rage and rave,
Fiercely roaring loud and long.
It will still defy their shock,
Built on Christ, the Living Rock!

THE BUTTERFLY'S CHOICE.

A butterfly once o'er a garden flew,
As merry, as merry could be;
Said the flowers to the butterfly, "What makes you
So much more merry than we?"

"'Tis because I have wings," the butterfly cried,
"And wander wherever I will;
While you are all stuck in the ground, side by side,
So solemn, and stately, and still."

"How dull it must be in a garden to stand,
For ever and ever the same;
A great yellow sunflower on your right hand,
On your left, a pale lily so tame."

"I would not for worlds be a poor stupid thing,
With my feet in a flower-bed to lie;
But see how I flutter, and see how I spring
From the cold dirty earth to the sky."

"Away, and away, like a sunbeam I dart,
So sparkling and bright are my wings.
Away, and away, where the silver clouds part,
And the lark through the summer day sings."

Away flew the butterfly, happy, and gay,
Triumphantly soaring she went;
A swallow came past in his arrowy flight,
The flutterer knew what he meant.

"O, were I a rose bud," the butterfly cried,
"Contented I'd sit on my stem,
The lily and sunflower might grow by my side,
I would never again despise them."

Alas! the poor butterfly's penitent sigh
Was scarce breathed, ere the swallow turn'd round
The gay gilded morsel had caught his bright eye,
And a delicate breakfast he found.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your *beds* early in the morning; *sow* buttons on your husband's shirts; do not *rake* up any grievances; protect the *young* and *tender branches* of your family; *plant* a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully *root* out all angry feelings, and expect a good *crop* of happiness.

[Continued from

WHENCE CAME THE METALS?

Mind, heaven-born, is ever pointing us to the right path, indicating, rather than marking out our road. There is no wide-spread error that has not its foundation in truth. The truth-principle in the human intellect is ever turning our faces in the line of progress; we know not how nor why. The idolatrous Athenians felt that in their multitude of deities there was yet something wanting, and erected a statue to the "unknown God." The metals—destined to work the moral and social regeneration of man—were first objects of superstitious reverence, and held to be sacred to certain deities. Even the worshipers of the true God were directed to make holy implements of certain metals. Thus was the primitive man led by intuition, to attribute more than an earthly value to metallic substances; he sought for them with the fervor of devotion, and thus obtained an early knowledge of their properties, to be turned to good account when an enlightened age dispelled the darkness of superstition. While creative wisdom endowed man with a quality of mind drawing him irresistibly towards those things destined to bless him most, her physical laws were made to work in harmony by placing the blessings within his reach. We will scan, for a moment, the means nature uses to bring the ponderous metals from the depths of the earth, and leave them on or near its surface.

There is but little reason to doubt that the central nucleus of our globe is a mass of liquid, burning matter. The crust has cooled by radiation; and the surface, once a mass of hardened mineral matter, has by the gradual decomposition of said matter, become *soil*, and is fitted for the growth of vegetation and the sustenance of animal life. The metals, originally blended in a fluid state, with the heterogeneous inward mass, now repose on or amongst materials far less ponderous, and would seem to set at defiance the laws of gravitation. Not so, however, the reality. Nature never violates her own laws. She has a law for every form of matter, and a change of form is but a change of jurisdiction, and the heavy metallic mass that sinks in water can be made to float in air when vaporised by heat. Thus the volatile metals, such as Mercury, Zinc, Arsenic, &c., may be driven in metallic fumes up through the cracks and crevices of the outer crust, and condensing as they cool, form veins of pure metals. There are few metals that are not, in some degree, *volatilizable* by extreme heat. Even gold itself can be vaporized partially, and in combination with other metals, as Zinc, in certain proportions can be driven off in fumes with great facility, it is said. But when metals are too refractory to be driven off by heat alone in their metallic state, Nature, skillful chemist, is at no loss for material to combine them with, rendering the compound soluble in water, and thus send it to the upper earth along with aqueous vapors; the vapors are condensed into water, and the metals in solution, precipitated by the electro-chemical action of the rocks lining the sides of fissures with metals, crystals, and mingling metallic

particles with other matters, accidentally present in the solution, or which may chance simultaneously to be deposited in the same fissure. In this way a certain class of metaliferous veins are evidently formed. The decomposition of water that makes its way from the surface through fissures to the fiery depths below, is made a triple source of power for removing the metals from their original homes to the surface. The oxygen of the water is seized by the metals and they thus become fitted for a series of changes and new combinations known as *salts*, mostly soluble in water. The hydrogen set free, suddenly expands enormously, and escapes towards the surface by its extreme levity, aiding the less volatile matters in their upward progress, and often forming chemical unions on its way. Hydrogen has the peculiar faculty of *reducing* (rendering metallic) the oxides of metals, when greatly heated in contact with them; and thus pure metal is probably often produced from oxides while in progress towards the surface.

The noble metals (those that do not form combinations readily with oxygen, being so called, as gold, platinum, silver,) are also brought to the surface in a metallic state by the upheaval of the primitive rocks. These rocks being formed from the original cooling of the outer surface of the melted globe, carry with them all the constituents of the inner mass. At the surface, Nature sets to work her numerous agents, as heat and cold, tempests and atmospheric influences, and the hard rock is broken down, the minute metallic particles are set free to mingle with the soil, or be washed away by the mountain torrent and congregated by the laws of gravity in favorable situations to form placers and surface mines. Man's ingenuity and industry here seek them out, to separate and purify them and send them abroad on a new and a higher mission.

At the earth's surface, however, a new agency higher than the chemical or mechanical forces is brought into action. I mean the *vital* power exercised by vegetation. Vegetables require mineral substances as a portion of their food, and *iron*, amongst others, is perhaps never wholly absent in the structure of any plant. The compounds of iron being soluble in water are diffused through all soils, and certain species of plants, as the *sphagnum*s or bog plants, concentrate so much of this useful metal in their growth as to alternately form, by their decay, enormous beds of iron ore that are successfully worked under the name of "bog ores." Thus, by *mechanical*, *chemical* and *vital* agencies, Nature spreads before us the means of progress, and the heterogeneous burning mass, frightful as a hell to contemplate, is but the beginning of a glorious end—a ladder reaching from earth to Heaven. V.

CLOTHING OF THE EARTH.—The globe is a mass of vegetable life. Plants are the universal covering—the dress of the naked earth. They perform vast functions, reclaiming, extending and improving it. They are the basis of animal life and existence; their very beauty, their social and benevolent language, render even this troubled scene a place of delight. He who communes and meditates among trees and flowers, shall find his Maker there to teach his listening heart.—*Red Bluff Beacon.*

NIGHT ON CALIFORNIA'S HILLS.

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

'Tis night on California's hills,
And o'er her valleys green;
A holy calmness now distills
Its essence o'er the scene;
And up the winding steps of stars,
And through the milky spray,
Past many a track of golden cars,
The moon walks on her way.

The dark pine throws its impress tall,
In fretted shade and sheen,
Against the yielding azure wall
That canopies the scene;
And Autumn's spirit moves around,
With shadows on its wing;
It seemeth but a schoolboy's bound
Since late we hailed the spring.

But now October's robes of brown
Are sometimes fluttering chill,
As swifter now the sun goes down
Behind the shadowy hill.
And now the half-chilled autumn clouds
Float dark before the wind,
Presages of the wintry shrouds
That soon will cramp and bind.

But California's towering hills
Shall never shrink with cold,
And California's creeks and rills
No fetters long shall hold:
And, from these grand old hills and trees,
There yet may come a sound
That shall re-echo o'er the seas,
Where'er man treads the ground.

Her destiny must still be on,
While rolling skies are blue,
And glory on the heads shall dawn
Of children nobly true—
If all along the mighty track
Of ages yet to be,
No heart shall fail, no hand shall slack
To keep her spirit free!

And calm yet yon faithful moon,
With eye unmoved and vast,
Shall see earth's proudest glories loom
And sink away at last;
While human eyes that sparkle now,
And hearts that fondly dream,
Before the hand of years must bow,
And leave the varied scene.

Yet more immortal than the ray
That gilds yon mountain's brow,
More glorious than the cloud-piled way,
Night's orbs are circling now.
Shall these white spirits, washed in blood,
And robed in taintless snow,
Ascend to him who poured the flood,
And hung the promise-bow?

This be our aim, this be our end,
The only high and pure,
That when earth's grandest fabrics rend,
Shall stand more firmly sure:
And faithful let our footsteps move,
To that unfading shore,
Where Zion's heights to us shall prove
A home forevermore!

Trinity Journal.

Education of the Heart.

I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our true calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart.—*Sir Walter Scott's Letters.*

[For the Hesperian.
Typographical Errors.

"Officers C—— and E—— succeeded (after a long search) in surprising the thief in ——'s Restaurant, eating *bolsters*,"—for lobsters.

"Captain A—— going to see his wife intends to open a Millinery store on —— street, where" &c.,—for sea, with the comma omitted.

Another advertises "100 barrels of new Smyrna Jigs,"—(which is surely enough to supply a dozen Irelands with fun,)—instead of figs.

Another advertisement gives notice of "A Grand Boat Race, for \$1000 a side,"—(we have heard of "foot races," but "boat races," without feet in them, is something new,)—for Boat Race.

Some printer's boy, in the absence of the compositor, set up, "Lost, Stolen or Strayed, a Mayor and Fool," (we know that in former times every Lord Mayor had his fool.) "The Mayor has a black patch over his eye and is a little lame. The Fool has three white legs." Some wag being in the office must have spelt the advertisement for the boy, who probably received it from the lips of the loser.

Another says: "In future there will be two *pots*, instead of one, running in time for the mail, between," &c. It should have been posts.

"The Rev. —— will open his School after the Christmas *races*, on the ——" It should have been Christmas recess.

"A baker's *Cat* to be sold, capable of containing a week's consumption of bread for a hundred families,"—instead of cart.

Another advertises, "Now is the time for prime *ranches* of venison, which customers may call and select at the Washington *Diary*."

Another says "it is not generally known that the Atlantic *Lable* is —— miles long.

A certain Doctor in another paper advertises the "*Balm of lead*" (Gilead) as "a certain specific for those affected with *historical* complaints,"—(hysterical.)

A bookseller is made to offer "the contents of a scholar's library of six hundred *tombs*, (tomes) for a mere *beggartell*,"—bagatelle.

Another has some "new music by the last steamer for young *pinafore* players." It should be piano forte players.

Another announces "an infallible paper for destroying all *lies* found in stores or other sale-rooms." Such a publication we think ought to be used in other rooms as well as those destined for business. It should have been flies.

Let hen-pecked husbands rejoice, for an advertiser is made to say that "Holloway's Pills are known to be an infallible remedy against every kind of *scold*,"—(cold.)

Ladies and gentlemen, furnishing a house, are informed by another, that he "has just received, per last steamer, a large supply of Brussels Carpets, with 3000 *Bugs* (rugs) of all sizes to choose from."

Another says that "the *Snora* (Sonora) is always the longest ship on its voyage,"—whether in length, or time, the editor saith not.

A restaurant keeper recommends his house

as the best place for a "*Chutton Mop* and a *Lass of Gale*."

A linen-drafter also advertises a new kind of habiliment to be paid for in rather an objectionable coin: "*Merchiefs* for *Kisses*," instead of kerchiefs for misses.

Another, "*G. Anderson's loves*," for Anderson's Gloves.

Another: "*Lashing* (instead of washing) at six hits a dozen." Rather an expensive cow-hiding, where much injury is to be avenged, we think.

Another: "*Rawberries* and *Scream*," which, at \$1 per dish, would be enough to make the most *indifferent scream*.

Au revoir for more from yours truly,
D——x.

A WARRIOR QUEEN IN INDIA.—A letter from India, published in the *London Times*, announces the death of the Rance (Queen) of Jhansi, at the hands of the British, before Gwalior. She was only twenty-three years old, and is said to have resembled the great Empress Catharine in her administrative powers. The writer says: "Not lacking either spirit or ambition, she accepted the offer of the throne, and for a time ruled well. But the spark had touched the train—Bengal was in a flame, and now or never was her time to regain her independence from the British yoke her ancestors had lost. We know what her first steps were—the blood of our fellow creatures bears witness to them; and though well-meaning men have endeavored to show, and I sincerely hope with truth, that the atrocities attributed to her were greatly overrated, they still admit, reluctantly, that these poor creatures were only cut to pieces. Henceforth, of course, it was war to the knife. She became the very soul of the movements in those parts. Her forts were strengthened, her men gathered together in masses, stores laid in, and every preparation made for siege or fight. For herself, she dressed in male attire, for greater convenience in the saddle or fight; was armed to the teeth; formed a small but devoted body guard of picked horsemen, at the head of which she appeared to be almost ubiquitous. Was there a flagging of the necessary fervor, she was on the spot to rally and to rouse. Was there danger on the rampart wall, and men hung back in fear—there, sword in hand, she led the way, and braved the fury of a fiery storm. Jhansi overwhelmed, she found her way with her body guard to Calpee. Here the same determined will was seen—here the same spirit shown. Beaten, but not conquered, she rapidly followed the clever move of Tantia on the Gwalior, previous to which, from the attack of Jhansi to the fall of Calpee, she had fought no less than six actions against our forces, commanded by Sir Hugh Rose in person. As before, at Jhansi, she was always first at Gwalior, and even at the last, fell, sword in hand, when struck by a shell from Smith's battery.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.—A process is in successful operation in London for the manufacture of ice by the evaporation of ether. The article produced is of good quality, and costs less than \$2 50 a ton.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

MONDAY MORNING, November 15, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

TO THE PUBLIC.

At the time we allowed our name to appear as agent for the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union," we did so understanding Mrs. Conner to be the Vice Regent of that Association for this State. We have since learned that we were in error as to her holding that position, and that her authority did not extend to the appointing of agents. Any money received by us, we held ourselves personally responsible for, and have forwarded the same to the Regent, Miss ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM. Farther than that we have no connection with the Association.

Nov. 12, 1858.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

When we consider how many avenues of employment there are for man; that there are no bounds set to his energy or enterprise; that he is free to choose any of the ten thousand occupations which present themselves as candidates for his favor—professional and political life, the various departments of commerce, agriculture, manufactures and mechanics, all invite him to cast his lot with them, while the blue sea, with her boundless expanse, whispers tales of untold wealth to lure him to her bosom.

But in all this vast arena there is no room for woman; the avenues where she may labor are few, and at best *undesirable*. The needle, that slender instrument upon which so many a one has had to lean for support, for herself and family, has been superseded by the sewing machine. Thank God, we say, for that—let the sewing machine take the place of the *human machine*—but we must cast about for other fields of labor.

Millinery and fancy work were once considered as fair fields for woman's enterprise; but they are so no more. Man has wrested them from her grasp, and now declares with all the pomp and pride of lace and feathers, that a woman's mind is not capable of grasping the business in all its branches, and with all its powers of extension. And vanquished woman sighs as she considers that her mind has not been made capable of expanding, so as to grasp at once all the philosophic and universal truths of nature; while man's, in some instances, has been gifted with the power of contracting to a point of such infinitesimal smallness that, compared to it, the point of the smallest cambric needle would seem as a huge boulder.

And so the disputed territory of lace and feathers is yielded up, and man declared the victor.

When we mention school-teaching, and keeping boarders, we have covered the entire ground upon which woman may labor for her daily bread.

Could woman's protector always be spared her, and the hand to which she has been accustomed to look for the supply of needful wants, never be stricken down by disease or death, it would be a matter of less importance. But alas, how many come to us, like Naomi of old; and, using her beautiful language they might exclaim: "Call me Marah, for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me." The arm upon which they have been wont to lean is powerless and cold in the grave. But there are little ones calling for bread, and the mother must needs find employment. Oh! happy would it be for such, if, like Ruth, they were permitted to glean in fields which would yield a fair compensation for their labor. Happy would it be for them, if, among the thriving men of business they could find one who would say, as did Boaz—"Go not to glean in another field; neither go from hence, but abide here." "And he commanded his young men to let her glean, *even among the sheaves*, and reproach her not; and let fall also, *some of the handfuls of purpose for her*." No wonder that when she went home that night, she carried with her the name of her benefactor; and slept not, till with her mother she had prayed for a blessing on his head.

There is another point which we must consider in this matter; and that is, that when a woman finds it necessary to earn her bread, she immediately loses caste with her own sex: now, when she most needs sympathy and kindness, she is *looked down upon*; as if honest industry were a disgrace, or poverty a crime. This ought not to be. On the contrary, we believe that a woman who has the courage to face the frowns of the world, and the industry to earn a livelihood for herself and those dependent on her, is far more worthy of esteem and regard, than the most elaborately dressed parlor-madam can ever be.

There is much said about the dignity of labor; and it is just as applicable to female labor as to male. Let the woman who chooses hard toil and honest industry, rather than crime and shame, hold a high position in the estimation of her sex. Let her be honored as she deserves. Let her know that she has the approbation of the just and the good; and this knowledge will give her confidence and courage, and render pointless many of the thorns which on every side beset her path.

THE *Siskiyou Chronicle* comes to us edited by J. Wing Oliver. We congratulate the *Chronicle* on the valuable acquisition which it has made. A forcible and graceful writer is Mr. Oliver; and with his literary talent he combines that easy, gracefulness of manner—that careful but unostentatious attention to the courtesies of life, which ever mark the true gentleman, and which will render him a valuable acquisition to any society. Success to Mr. OLIVER, and success to the *Chronicle*, say we.

TRUE GALLANTRY.

Women are so accustomed to receive acts of courtesy and attention from the opposite sex, that we receive as a *matter of course*, and too often as a matter of *right*, kind attentions extended to us, and fail to appreciate the spirit which ignores self, where a woman is concerned, and prompts to acts of kindness and gallantry, no matter at what expense of personal comfort, or what risk of life or limb.

A short time since we had occasion to visit the Presidio, and were detained until there was but one more stage to go to town that night. Anxiously we watched for the approach of the stage. At last the rumbling of wheels was heard, and hastily we stepped into the street; but, as the stage came in sight, our heart died within us, for it was full to overflowing, and looked more like a moving mass of humanity than a stage. Distressed, we turned to retrace our steps, not even making a signal for a seat, while a vision of distressed, anxious-looking loved ones at home rose before us.

A gentleman who was driving a team near by, and who had witnessed our disappointment, exclaimed, "helloa, there, a lady wants a seat." The stage stopped, and from the steps descended a man who bore upon his garments the dust of toil. He looked weary and tired, but politely proffered us his seat, and picking up a stick which lay by the wayside, he prepared to walk into town, a distance of four miles. And now, as seated in a comfortable seat we were borne swiftly over the road, we discovered that our companions in the stage were all toil-worn men, with calloused hands, but open, honest brows, though soiled by the dust of toil, and we knew that had we needed *twelve* seats in place of one, they had all been as cheerfully yielded.

Not to our dress were we indebted for the courtesy, for we were wrapped in no silk or velvet, and gem or jewel wore we none. Our dress was of coarsest cotton fabric, and that, too, besmeared by the dust of toil. It was to that appeal which finds an echo in every manly heart, of whatever clime or nation, kindred or people—*she is a woman*.

As we contemplated the rough faces before us, we thought, of such souls as these were composed the crew and passengers of the Central America, who bravely sacrificed their own lives, and left to be recorded: "*Not a woman or child was lost*." Angels love to linger and ponder over that record, and man contemplates it with awe and reverence, while woman moistens it with her tears, and breathes over it prayers of grateful appreciation, which angels hear up and lay before the "great white throne," as *ever-coming* witnesses of the noble deeds of that glorious band who have washed their robes and made them white, and now tune their harps in Heaven.

Long shall the pleasant memory of our Presidio and Fort Point friends be with us, and we hope ere long to pay them another visit.

THE *Red Bluff Beacon* comes to us edited and published by Mr. C. E. Fisher. It is an excellent paper, and we always welcome it.

ANOTHER CHURCH.

The ladies of Shasta are building a church. So much for good example. The ladies of Weaverville took hold, and by their own exertions built a church; and now, the ladies of Shasta, stimulated by high and holy motives, have determined that they, also, will have a church—an altar where they may worship the God of their fathers.

Tis meet that fair hands should build an altar, where, after the wearying cares of the week, husbands, fathers and brothers may gather and partake of the "Waters of Life."

Build, sisters, build! For who shall tell how many wandering souls shall be reclaimed within those walls?—how many despairing hearts shall there find hope and peace? Who shall count the number unto whom the "Bread of Life" shall there be broken? Or who shall number the lips that shall there first taste of the springs of "Living Water?" Behold! there is one who keepeth count; it is He who hath said, "the very hairs of your head are all numbered;" "and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without my knowledge." Build, sisters, build! Ignore discouragement, fatigue and trial, knowing that your work shall live after you, and its blessed influences be felt by many generations yet to come.

Build, gentle builders, build!
Rear ye the temple high;
Cease not thy work of love
Till the spire near the sky.

Women, in ages past,
Sought where the Saviour lay;
The stone before the sepulchre
They thought to roll away.

But angels pure and fair
Left the bright courts above,
And came to earth to aid
In this great work of love.

Build, gentle builders, build!
Bring brick, and wood, and stone—
Angels will strengthen thee
Until thy work be done.

Then, gathering old and young,
Kneel ye together there,
And consecrate to heaven
By earnest, heart-felt PRAYER.

WE HAVE received No. 2 of the *Tehama Gazette*, and made the pleasing discovery that it is edited by John Charlton, late of the *Mountain Messenger*. We are glad so soon again to find his name among the corps editorial of California. The *Gazette* presents a very neat typographical appearance, and the editorials show that the good people of Tehama have reason to congratulate themselves upon having secured one who will not only take an interest in the locality in which he labors, but, by his ready and graceful pen, will do much towards developing the best interests of the people. We welcome the *Gazette* to our *sanctum*, and wish success to both editor and publisher.

Some of our exchanges complain of not getting our paper regularly. We always mail with regularity and care. Should any prefer to have them sent by express, they will take the trouble to let us know.

GYMNASIUM.

At last there is a prospect of having a gymnasium for ladies in San Francisco. Mr. Wheeler, in reply to some able editorial remarks which appeared in the *Daily Times*, says:

"Having noticed an article in your paper on the introduction of a Calisthenium, as it is termed, or Gymnasium for ladies, I would beg leave to make a few remarks in your valuable paper, for the purpose of calling the attention of those interested in the subject. For some time past I have thought of opening an institution of the above kind, as suggested by numerous friends, among whom might be mentioned several prominent citizens; and having had some experience in the construction and management of a Calisthenium, and knowing the benefits to be derived from a well-directed and gentle course of exercise for ladies, your remarks I consider worthy the attention of all that are desirous of health and long life. As you observe, it would be necessary to have a lady for a teacher, and many other things connected with the subject, which I might suggest, that would make it an amusement as well as a benefit, both mental and physical, at quite a moderate price; so that all disposed could attend. Everything connected with the rooms would be conducted with the greatest order, and would be strictly private for ladies. As Mrs. Wheeler is well acquainted with Calisthenics, she would endeavor to give general satisfaction to all patrons. These desirous of joining, will please address Mr. Wheeler, through the post office, or an interview can be had at the Pioneer Gymnasium, from 2 to 5 P. M., by any gentleman representing parties wishing to become subscribers. If a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained, immediate steps will be taken towards securing centrally located rooms for the exercises."

[For the Hesperian.]

Home Influence.

"A home, is where love is."

Sweet, indeed, to me is the remembrance of the home fire-side; we did not have stoves then—do you know there is nothing poetical about a stove, although much practical utility? And I am led to think that it weakens the tie that binds us to our homes, since we may easily supply ourselves with another stove, of precisely the same pattern, if we choose; but it is not so with the hearth, for I have not seen one other like that in the home of my youth—each broad stone of which is as well remembered as any of the faces which then surrounded it.

The American people, as a general thing, think too little of home; and its sacred ties are too easily severed, and the heart soon becomes callous to those tender feelings which are the very source of happiness, and when this fountain of the heart is suffered to become moss-grown, it will never well forth with the sparkling purity of its youth, and is

in danger of becoming a stagnant pool, poisoning the source of every pleasure and enjoyment.

As the soul has a body, so the body must have a house or home—and many do not seem to know and realize the mutual dependence there is between them, or to understand that the soul can be degraded by a filthy, unpleasant home, as well as the body, and that neatness, order, and pleasant scenes elevate and refine both, and that man is thereby raised in the scale of being and humanity.

The sacred influence of home does more in suppressing evil in the human heart, than all the homilies ever written. It is a safe-guard from every vice, and to all those who cherish a loving remembrance of parents and home, it is an anchor which will save them from shipwreck, either upon the rocks or amid the whirlpools of life's ocean.

This influence is not confined to rich and stately mansions, but belongs alike to the most lowly dwelling; the humble doorway of the poor peasant's cottage has as much of it as the marble steps of a royal residence, for though others may not see or be able to comprehend it, he, whose home it is, feels the influence and associations with which everything that meets his eye is surrounded. In that little path leading to the spring, yonder, he can almost trace the footprints of one who is now walking the pearl-paved streets of the Jerusalem above; and the dog, that runs to meet him, has a story of his own to tell—not understood by stranger's ears. That vine, so gracefully twining about the window, speaks to him of the fair hand that planted it there, and whose loving arms have so often entwined around her father's neck; and within the door he sees that quiet face, smiling with contentment to share his humble lot, thinking, only, how to make home happy.

Go not abroad, then, for happiness, since its secret springs are within us, having their source from the eternal fountain of love and truth, which are sent out as streams to make glad the solitary and waste places of the earth; but, alas! how many are become like the waters of Marah, and earth's weary pilgrims are made to drink of the bitter draught.

Oct. 23, 1858.

E. M.

HUMMING BIRDS' TONGUES.

The tongue of a humming bird is very curious. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the two tubes of a double barreled gun. At the tip of the tongue the tubes are a little separated, and their ends are shaped like spoons. The honey is spooned up as we may say, and then it is drawn into the mouth through the long tubes of the tongue. But the bird uses its tongue another way. It catches insects with it, for it lives on these as well as on honey. It catches them in this way: the two spoons grasp the insect like a pair of tongs, and the tongue bending puts it into the bird's mouth. The tongue of the humming bird is not merely one instrument, but contains several instruments together—two pumps, two spoons, and a pair of tongs.

[For the Hesperian.]

MORNING and EVENING.

BY MAY VIOLY.

Morning, bright morning—how I love it! when the sun, waking, throws light over mountain and in valleys.

'Twas a May morn when my little feet turned from the spot where my heart had always lived—when I sobbingly bade the friends and the home of my childhood *good-bye*. I never forget; and ne'er will that last look fade from my memory's casket. The sweet-briar roses, their delicate pink cups filled with dew; their fragrance filling the air: the violets lifting their fresh heads, and opening their sweet, blue eyes in morning's first golden rays; the birds building their nests in the cedar trees, where, many times had I peeped in at the little eggs carefully arranged in the soft nest—the dear ones standing near—oh! I'll never forget! Never have I found such constant, confiding smiles, such unselfish hearts as those that blessed my joyous childhood.

Then Bennie, our sweet may flower! he came when April's showers were over, and her successor's flower-gate was thrown open to admit the golden-eyed daisies, and the meek violets, and other tender companions; and his violet eyes ope'd with theirs, and they laughingly led him in, the sweetest bud of spring; whilst myriads of birds bade them welcome, and morning wept tears of joy and love at their coming.

'Twas morning when I went to Lone Mountain, and there my tears flowed like rain, as I stopped in front of some beautiful laurel trees, in Greenwood avenue, and knew that for five Mays had little brother Bennie slept; yet my faith grew strong when I thought that though the birds came back with their music, his songs were up *yonder*, and his harp at a Saviour's knee. That though the flowers came back, and lovingly breathed their perfume o'er his grave, he was a bud of Paradise. And we thought of the morn when he came, and of the eve when he went away—for 'twas evening when last the little heart beat, and when waxen lids shut out the deep blue of his eyes—and so I love the evening—it was then that the buds were placed on his breast, and that he was borne away. So at evening; know that he's smiling from a star, and that a guardian angel is ever near.

It was evening when I last sat on grandfather's knee; and he smoothed the golden hair from my temples, and sung, and gazing into my eyes told me I'd never see again. So it proved.

May our life's mornings be as pure and kind as the light which our Father sends with the sun, so that, when the shadows begin to lengthen, and evening comes, we may depart and go upward.

On hearing Ike read that eighteen rams were to be used in launching the Leviathan, Mrs. Partington remarked that she believed a few yoke of oxen would do a great deal better than rams.

SHADOWS.

There are shadows over the pathway of the poor, who know not where to find food or shelter.

There are shadows over the pathway of the rich, whose riches have come by wrong and oppression.

There is a shadow over the home where a loved one lies ill.

There is a shadow over the heart that has wronged a brother.

There is a shadow over the home where a loved one turns to the wine cup.

Deep and dark are the shadows that gather around when the feet of the loved turn into the paths of iniquity.

The following elegant poem was read by D. Bethune Duffield, Esq., on occasion of the grand celebration of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie, which celebration took place on September tenth, at Put-in Bay. It may be interesting to some of our readers to know that a son of the reverend hero who fired the first and last gun on the American side, in that memorable engagement, is a resident of our city.

- THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

Come ye, whose feet old Erie kindly laves,
And join to pour an anthem o'er her waves;
This day to her broad breast she calls the free,
And bids them welcome to her jubilee.
Thou stately Queen of all the lordly lakes,
Down where Niagara's thundering chorus breaks,
Snatch forth a strain of Nature's lofty praise
To swell the chant thy sister cities raise.
Come, thou old Erie, worthy of thy name,
Bearing the trophy of the hero's fame,
The fragments of that torn and shattered wreck
With battle's foot-prints still upon the deck;
And thou, too, ancient "City of the Straits,"
Bring forth the guns that once assailed thy gates.
Thou' rude and harmless now they seem to be,
They once were leveled at thy liberty.
And thou, fair Forest City, gliding from thy grove,
Come like the swan and o'er the waters move.
And coy Sandusky, nestled in thy bay,
Where lovers dream the evening hours away,
Come with Monroe from River Raisin's shore
And proud Toledo, valiant as of yore:
Come, grave Maumee, for years quite widely known,
By Heroes, and a fever all thine own.
Come one, come all, young men and maidens come,
With streaming banners and the rattling drum,
Extend thy peace-clad galleys far and wide,
And deck with pennants all the heaving tide.
Come with your steamers, each in grand array,
Come, with glad hearts, to celebrate this day,
And loudly let the brazen cannon play!

'Tis not of scenes at Salamis we sing,
Nor brazen prowls led by some Roman king;
Nor *Drake*, who, bursting like a northern gale
Upon the dread Armada's myriad sail,
Broke up and scattered on th' avenging sea
The power that struck at Albion's liberty;
Nor him to whom were given the massive keys
That first unlocked our dark Hesperian seas,
That grand old sea-king sent and led of God,
To kiss with foreign keel our virgin sod;
Nor Nelson, struggling on the bloody brine
To carve great England's name on Ocean's shrine;
Nor brave Paul Jones, who scourged the English seas,
The winged herald of our liberties.
Nor Lawrence, who, when life was on the slip,
Still bravely cried, "Pray, don't give up the ship."
'Tis none of these whose mighty deeds we sing,
But one to whom the Nation's heart will cling
Till Erie rolls no wave to either shore,
And old Niagara's voice be heard no more;
The MAN who five and forty years ago,
Here on these waves then tinged with crimson glow,

'Mid crashing spars and War's wild overthrow,
Laid proud old England's blood-red pennant low.
Let all our cities in one common hymn
Send PERRY's praise around old Erie's brim,
PERRY the young, PERRY the bold and brave,
The CHRISTIAN HERO of our common wave.
Let all the bugles their best music pour,
Let all the cannon in glad triumph roar,
And let their echoes, leaping from each shore,
Still chime his name,
And lofty fame,
Forever, and forever more!

Slow creeps to birth the opening Autumn day,
Slow breaks along the Lake his herald ray,
The birds not yet from out their forest, raise
In chorus clear their matin hymn of praise—
Still sleeps the duck upon the quiet flood,
Still weeps the tinted maple of the wood;
Not e'en the mournful cry of waking loon
Has yet ascended to the sinking moon;
Nor night scarce lifted from the misty deep
The sable mantle of great Nature's sleep;
When e'el round this lonely island-bay,
The British hulls like drowsy dragons lay—
Bright glow the colors round their bulwarks spread,
Bright beams their snowy canvas overhead,
Softly their ensigns open on the air,
Compact their lines, their brazen metal bare—
Upon the royal flag-ship of the fleet
Stood one who erst had fought at Nelson's feet,
Who in the bloody fight at Trafalgar
Had bravely won an honorable scar;
Coldly he looks, (and with that high disdain
Which Albion loves to wear when on the main,)
On that raw fleet now straggling from the bay,
Led by a youth who on that deadly day
First mingled in the sea-fight's wild affray—
His vessels framed along the wood-clad shore
Had scarcely dipped the wave, which outward bore
Their dauntless builder to the battle's roar—
Young were his years, but all his bearing told
That he a Warrior's wisdom could unfold
When e'er the struggle of the day should come,
And shot and shell began to thunder home.

Slow wore the day, each Captain's skillful eye
Seeking to weather-gage his enemy.
The winds were hushed—hushed was each sailor's
breath
Ere the mad guns expelled their blasts of death;
Signals were flashing thro' each battle line,
And gun-boats dashing to obey the sign;
Silence hung heavy o'er the emerald wave—
That silence which so sorely tries the brave,
And ere it ushers in the battle-cry,
Gives visions to the home returning eye,
And whispers to each heart, *what if thou die?*
Eight bells had pealed the full meridian hour
When battle's gloomy front began to lower;
Set were the sails—set every sailor's lip
On board each fair and slow advancing ship,
And with the proper range each crew now runs
Thro' every port-hole all the black-mouthed guns.
From out the rigging as their vision cleared,
The eager look-outs with their glasses peered.
"What see'st in yon fleet?" the Briton cried,
"I see the crew at prayers," the tar replied;
"At prayers!" says one with mocking laugh and jeer
"I'd rather hear the rebels curse and swear."
"At prayers!" another said, "such men I fear."
"Perhaps a nation's God those prayers may hear!"
"And woe to those who meet HIS GLITTERING SPEAR!"

Closer, still closer, creep the squadron on;
Nearer, yet nearer frowns the shotted gun—
And now the sea bird's wild prophetic scream,
As o'er the wave his snowy pinions gleam,
A moment starts each palpitating crew,
And bids all hearts express the last adieu.

But see that silver wreath of curling smoke,
'Tis Barclay's gun! the silence now is broke;
Another gun! another thunders out,
And hark! there goes the British battle shout;
And hark again! above the pealing roar,
"Close order, men! let slip the dogs of war!"
'Tis PERRY's trumpet speaks, and thro' the fleet
His guns, unmuzzled, pour their iron sleet,
And soon, with battle's blaze, begin to heat.
"Close action," was the order of the day,

And down 'mid gathering smoke, and fire, and spray,
The "Lawrence" fearless holds her deadly way.

Bravely she met the storm of iron hail
That swopt her decks and splintered every rail;
Three hostile vessels, crowding hard and fast,
Poured thro' her bulwarks War's destructive blast,
And as each spar and brace and bowline fell,
And men lay shattered by the crashing shell,
She seemed almost the very prey of hell!
Muzzle to muzzle 'still she poured her fire,
Tho' every minute saw a life expire—
One gun was left upon her starboard side—
'Twas all she had to stem War's dreadful tide;
This Perry seized—and with a lighted brand
Discharged a shot with his ensanguined hand.
For now, alas! the scuppers held most all his bleeding
hand!

Stripped of her spars and shorn of every sail,
The "Lawrence" lay a wreck before the gale;
Her guns disabled, and without a crew,
What could her still unconquered captain do?
He yields to Yarnall his poor shattered wreck,
And points his way tow'rd the Niagara's deck.
Behold, he leaves the vessel's splintered side,
To drive his boat across the bloody tide—
With flag in hand, and close-compressed lip,
He tells brave Yarnall, "Don't give up the ship,"
Then bids the coxswain let the painter slip!
Now, bolt upright he stands, altho' the sky
Seems raining leaden bullets on his way,
Until his men, all over-anxious grown,
Among the stern-sheets drag the hero down.

A moment more, and all his sailors' eyes
Turn to the ship where his proud ensign flies,
Then, louder than the roaring cannon's voice,
They lift the cheer, and with glad hearts rejoice;
For, though around him War's dread volley flew,
The God of battles safely led him through—
Gave to his hand another gallant craft,
And sent a breeze his onward way to waft.
A moment more, and on he wildly drives,
While all his battle-thirst again revives.
Grand as Leonidas at Thermopylae,
Dashed now our hero on the enemy;
Full armed, once more in thunderbolts he falls,
And pours his broadsides on their wooden walls;
The gun-boats roar along his bloody wake,
And, like young dragons, rend the lines they break.
Flash after flash his fatal lightnings shone,
Crash after crash he brings their canvas down—
Groan after groan succeeded every gun,
Moan followed moan until the work was done—
A squadron lost, and Perry's victory won!

Yes! the great battle now at last is done!
Hush'd are the shoutings, hush'd is every gun;
Dove run the ensigns of great England's might!
Down drops her star athwart the gloomy night!
Brave BARCLAY, fainting at his sore defeat,
His sword surrenders with his broken fleet;
While upward leap the glorious stripes and stars,
And well adorn the Briton's shattered spars.
Loud shout our heroes at each heated gun,
"A battle and a name this day is won!"
"And England's triumph on the sea is done!"

Brave Perry, gathering now the victor's spoils,
Sadly and slowly toward the harbor toils;
Bright were his eyes though sad his pensive mood
As he beheld his scuppers run with blood,
Or saw aloft upon the crimsoned wave
Some face that e'en in death revealed a brave.
His heart was tender, and he mourned the death
Of those who served him with their latest breath,
And with a tear and prayer his dead he lay
Within the shade of this sweet island bay;
And here, through Autumn's melancholy days,
Old Erie sobs and chaunts their endless praise.
This day from lake-washed cities here we throng
To raise anew the chivalrous battle song,
To see again the battering squadron's flame,
Again to hear the cannon loud proclaim
Their thundering peans to great Perry's name—
To meet the remnants of his glorious band,
And grasp, with more than grateful hand,
CHAMPLIN and FLAIR, BROWNELL and PARSONS pure,
Long may their waning strength and years endure.
New generations here this day we see,

With bannered pomp and gay festivity,
With lute and tabret, and the vocal chime,
That rings far down the avenues of Time:
With brazen trump and clanging drum and bell,
In soul-refreshing strains again to tell

How well,
How bravely well,
Great Perry stood
When shot and shell
Around him fell,
And vexed and seethed old Erie's peaceful flood,
And dyed her emerald waves with Valor's blood.

But more! we come this day with grateful thanks
To crown this classic island's wooded banks
With broad foundation stones, on which to rear
The thrilling record of that glorious year—
To write on high old Erie's naval story,
AND GIVE TO GOD AND PERRY ALL THE GLORY!

Yes! let the monumental shaft arise
Above these forest boughs and greet the skies;
Here let the woodland birds each morning raise
To Perry and his braves their hymn of praise.
Here let the Nation come with each glad year
And yield this dust the tributary tear;
Here wreath the Autumn cup, and loud proclaim
Fresh honors to our hero's honored name—
Here chant how Man the very fates can bend
By bravely persevering to the end.
'Twas this that won for Perry his renown,
'Tis this that plucks from Tyranny her crown;
'Tis this that saves our flag on land and sea,
And girls with sentinels of liberty
This teeming land—God keep it ever free!

Then let us send the towering shaft on high
To court new blessings from each morning sky,
To teach our rising youth, on land and flood,
That Liberty is worthy of their blood;
And on its tablet write in boldest line
Those words that round this Lake should ever shine,
That modest message of our hero's pen—
Long may it live among our Naval men,
Long gleam from all our armed forts and towers,
"WE'VE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS!"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the Hesperian.]

Lessons from the Birds, Flowers, and Fountains.

There is a bird within my orchard, and it singeth ever to me,
It sings a glad and joyful song, as it flits from tree to tree;
It sings of mercy, truth, and love, and bids me on Him call
Who careth for the little birds, and will not let them fall.

There is a flower within my garden, an ever-blooming one;
And it ever turns its cheerful face towards the glorious sun;
It bids me keep my eye on Him, who in life's darkest hours
Still careth for the little birds, and watcheth o'er the flowers.

There is a fountain in my dwelling, forever gushing free;
And it telleth to my listening ear its tale of charity;
It bids me from my gushing heart let sweetest waters flow,
And from the fountain of my love to cherish all below.

G. T. S.

THE PEEVISH CHILD.

"I will never play with you again as long as I live," said Mary Willey to her little sister Emma. "Only see! you have broken the nose of my new doll and cracked its cheek, and spoilt its nice silk dress. I declare, you are enough to provoke the patience of a saint," and the little girl pouted, and almost cried with vexation.

Her mother was sitting by the window, sewing, and she said to her little daughter—"You must remember, my child, that Emma is but a little girl, only three years old, and I have always told you that she was too young

to take good care of a nicely dressed doll like yours. So that I am afraid that my little girl is the most to blame after all, for giving her new doll to her baby sister for a play thing."

"I don't care," said little Mary, "she had no business to use my new doll as she has, and I wish she was away off, where I should never see her any more, and that I had another little girl to play with."

"My daughter," said Mrs. Willey, "I have a story to tell you. Come and sit by my side and listen to me."

Mary took her chair and drew it close by her mother's side.

"Do you remember little Margaret Weston, that used to be your school-mate when we lived in the lower part of the city?"

"Oh, yes. She was the little girl that used to come to school, leading her little sister Caroline, who was lame, mamma, you know."

"Well, Caroline was taken very sick last week, and she said to her sister, on the morning that she was taken ill, "Margaret, I do not feel very well—my head aches; pray do not make such a noise," for Margaret was chasing the dog Fowler about the room, and laughing and shouting very loud.

"I don't believe you are sick," said Margaret; "you are only making believe, so that mother may feed you with nice things, and so that you may not have to get your lessons and go to school."

"Oh Caroline!" said Margaret, "how can you talk so? My head aches very hard indeed; so do sit down and stop playing with Fowler, that's a good girl!"

"I won't do it," said Margaret. "You only want to set yourself up for a fine lady, and make me do just as you say. But we will play and make as much noise as we please, won't we, Fowler?" and Margaret went on jumping about the room, and shouting at the top of her voice to Fowler.

But the mother came into the room and told her that she must be quiet; that Caroline was indeed very unwell, and she feared that she would be worse; and so it proved—for, before night, Caroline became very sick indeed, and kept moaning to herself in her sleep. Then Margaret knew that her sister was very ill, and perhaps might die, and she felt as if her heart would break when she thought of how unkind she had been to her, and of all the cruel words she had said to her that morning. But it was now too late to tell her sister how had she felt, for Caroline was wild with fever, and could understand no one.

Her mother hung over her sick child, and bathed her temples and prayed that Caroline might recover. But it was all in vain; and on the morning of the third day the death-angel came and took her daughter away to that world where there is no more sickness or death.

But Margaret wept long and bitterly for her sister whom she had used so cruelly, and day after day she goes into her chamber alone, and she thinks of all the unkind words she said to Caroline, and her tears flow afresh.

"O dear!" said little Mary, when her mother had done telling her story, "how sad I do

feel, mother, at what you have just told me. I will never treat dear little sister Emma unkindly again as long as I live; and she may have my new doll and break it to pieces every day, mother, if she chooses."

"That, too, would be wrong, my child," said Mrs. Wiley. "I only meant to impress on your mind that you should be kind and forbearing to your little sisters, so that if she should be taken away from you, you would not have to suffer at last, like poor little Margaret Weston." G. T. S.

THE STARLING'S NEST.

How differently two minds may be affected by the same thing—a starling's nest, for instance. The bustle and activity of the parent birds in preparing it, the joyous sounds which announce their progress, the hopping in and out of their place of shelter which they have chosen, and then—more important still—the chirp and rustle of the young birds when they begin to move about; with the ever-increasing bustle and activity required to bring them daily a sufficient supply of food—all these may occasion either pleasure or annoyance, just according to the disposition and habits of thought on the part of those who hear the happy little birds, or who watch their proceedings.

A little lame girl once sat in a garden, intently gazing up towards a small opening under the slates of her father's roof. She had suspected what a couple of starlings were doing there, from the sounds which she had lately heard very early in the morning; for this little girl was very delicate in health, and subject to great suffering from her lameness; so that she frequently remained wakeful and uneasy through a great portion of the night; and when every one else in the house was lost in sound and refreshing sleep, she was frequently watching the first streak of morning light, and listening to the gentle sounds of early awakening birds, before their voices swelled into the full song of day.

Like many other patient sufferers, this little girl found great pleasure in observing all the varied and beautiful sights which her father's garden displayed, with its surrounding woods and fields; and although quite unable to walk, she was frequently wheeled about in a light chair which she was accustomed to have so placed that she could see how her favorite flowers were growing, what the bees were doing every day, or even when a fresh bird's nest was begun in any of the trees or shrubs around.

Besides these objects of interest, and they had more interest for her than any language could describe, the little girl imagined a great many other things, not at all less interesting than those which she could actually hear and see. She imagined often what the birds were saying to each other, even the starlings which had built their nests beneath the slates, although not very musical in their voices, yet she imagined of them that they were saying all kinds of pleasant things to each other, and to their children; such as telling when the first streak of purple morning would be along

the sides of the hills; to what woods or fields they would fly to for food during the coming day; but especially how kind they wished to be to each other, and how long they hoped to remain a happy and united family.

Sometimes this little girl was sad, though never impatient. She could not help it, her sufferings were so severe. But she always derived great consolation from her many friends in the garden—the happy birds—because she thought how good the great God must be, to make so many beautiful and joyous creatures to fill the world, and so order it, that suffering should be an exception to the general rule. With her mind always soothed by the influence of such thoughts, the little girl grew very tender-hearted towards all creatures that had life. Indeed, her feelings grew almost too tender for her comfort, because she could not help seeing many of the cruelties practiced upon the animal creation, and some of these distressed her very much. She was able, however, to make a distinction between death inflicted as a necessary act, and death or torture wantonly inflicted; and she was wise enough not to distress herself very much about mere death, provided it was soon over, and left no sorrow behind.

It may easily be supposed, that the progress of the starling's nest was a source of great interest and amusement to this little girl—the more so, that the birds were so very near to her, having chosen that part of the roof which was exactly over her own little bed-room, where so many of her waking and thoughtful hours were spent. Here, then, she could distinctly hear the return of the parent birds, after every flight in their search for food, the general rejoicing of the young in the nest, and as she often fancied, the promise of the mother, that those who were not satisfied at one time, should be, the next.

The chamber where this little girl slept, opened immediately into her mother's—and her mother was a very gay lady, who went out to very large parties, and sometimes did not return before the birds had begun to sing in the morning. But the mother was a very kind-hearted lady, notwithstanding, and very fond of her poor little suffering girl; though it had, perhaps, never entered her mind, that her nights could have been as happily spent, reading or talking with this child, as in close, crowded rooms, where nobody loved her half so well as she was loved by her daughter. On her return from these visits, the lady would often steal on tip-toe into the little chamber, to see whether her child was asleep; and very beautiful the child always thought that her mother looked on these occasions, only she was accustomed to complain of distracting head-aches, and other uncomfortable feelings, which grieved the tender heart of the child. Once, in particular, the mother retired to her own room, heated and weary, and after tossing and tossing on her pillow, till the full light of a spring morning was struggling through her curtains, she also heard the starlings chirp, chirp, rustle, and bustle, as she imagined, quite in her room.

To to the great dismay of the little girl, she

heard her mamma exclaim, in tones of anger and distress, "What can be the cause of that most horrid noise? Do you hear it, my pet?"

"Yes, mamma;" said the girl. "It is some dear little starlings that have their nest in the roof, just over my head."

A violent ring of her mother's bell was the next sound which the little girl heard, and a servant, who was always up early, entered the ante-room. "Martha, is that you?" cried the lady. "Tell the gardener, as soon as he comes, this morning, that some birds have been building just over my head, and make such a noise I cannot sleep. Tell him to get a ladder, the first thing he does, and destroy them altogether."

"Mamma, mamma!" said a little faint voice out of the inner room, "dear mamma?"

"I want to sleep, my love;" replied the lady, "I *must* sleep, for my head is distracted."

"But, mamma, dear?" said the little voice, again; and now it was choking with heavy sobs.

"What is it?" asked the lady.

"The starlings," replied the child.

"Yes, I know;" said the mother. "You shall hear them no more, dearest. They will all be destroyed in an hour."

The child and her mother could not understand each other. The case was a very difficult one to explain, because they felt so very differently about the poor starlings. At last, the child requested that she might be placed in her chair, and wheeled to her mother's bedside. Here she pleaded so earnestly for the starlings, that the voice of compassion reached the lady's heart, and she began to feel, almost for the first time in her life, how blessed a thing is mercy, even when extended to those inferior creatures whose habits may happen to be disagreeable or annoying to ourselves. The starling's nest was spared.—*Mrs Ellis.*

[For the *Hesperian*.]

PERFECTED PRAISE.

A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D—N.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

"'Tis a very extraordinary fatality, or coincidence, or whatever the right term may be," said the worthy doctor, "that has brought so many different spiritual advisers together, and I shall rejoice at the opportunity, if you would allow a friendly conference together, in order that I might settle my own faith. I am sorry to say that I incline to no known religious community—a plain believer in Holy Writ. I belong to no sect, but am in fact a wanderer in search of the true exemplification of the faith."

"I will shrink from no question, before any man or sect of men," said the village Episcopalian, the Rev. Creaky's representative.

"Strong in my faith, nor will I," said the Baptist preacher.

"Sub hoc signum, nor I," followed the Methodist.

"I'm not fond of any controversy, much less of spiritual; nevertheless, I shall be hap-

py to give thee an account of the faith that is in me, friend, at any time," said the Quaker.

"Although I should be departing from the spirit of my instructions, I do not fear to enter into the controversy," said the Roman Catholic.

"I desire nothing better," said the Wesleyan, "than that the truth may wake all that are bound, and that abound in error, free; and I propose that the oldest creed have the privilege of first investigation, and the next in like order."

"Agreed," said one and all, and thus the Roman Catholic priest began:—

"Our church acknowledges the dignity and office of the Holy Pope to be inherent in the occupant of the See of Rome, because the supremacy of the church is held in virtue of a commission given to Holy St. Peter for its advantage, and, therefore, intended to descend to his successors, precisely as the Episcopal power did from the holy apostles to those who succeeded them in their respective Sees."

Doctor. "What is your authority?"

R. C. "Christ, in says: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' And again he said to Peter, alone, 'Feed my lambs,' and again, 'I will give thee the keys of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven;' and again, 'Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.' Observe, also, that the name Petra, in the original Greek, signifying a stone or rock, and Cephus, a Syriac word, signifying the same, was given by our Lord, and we may suppose for this very particular purpose. Now to none other of his disciples, spoke or acted he in this manner."

Doctor. "To your first authority, I would inquire respectively whether this was not said to show Christ's power over the devil, in Peter? We learn that Peter gave him (the Savior) more trouble by his petulance, vehemence and self-confidence, than any other disciple. Three faults that were especially hurtful to the Savior: he would not submit at first to have his feet washed; he thrice denied his Lord and Master; and it was not given to him first to see his appearance after the doubter's conversion, but to the beloved disciple amongst seven others. Our Savior, by way of reproof for his self-confidence, taunts him, as it were, with this fault, by repeating the question, 'Lovest thou me?'—giving him to understand that this was his great fault, and that he could, in a measure, hereafter atone for it by 'feeding the lambs,' or those like himself—the weak ones. The next scripture, respecting the figurative keys, is, I submit, confirmatory of this; for when the question submitted to the disciples was, 'Whom say ye that I am?' and Peter answered, 'The Christ, the Son of the Living God,' the Savior says: 'Flesh and blood hath not revealed this truth to you, but my Father;' thereby showing that sinful flesh and blood had no such mighty power over the other disciples; that, despite of the devil's power

over him, his Church should prevail and become strong, even in such weak hands. The power of retaining or remitting sins, you are aware, was not given to him alone, but to all the other apostles equally. As for the name Peter, it is very evident the necessity of giving him another name, to distinguish him from father of the betrayer, whose name was also Simon, and from that of another disciple, Simon the Canaanite—Simon Zelotes—in another place. But waiving this right of supremacy, allow me to test the constitution and ritual of your Church by the writings of St. Peter himself. What authority does he give for the belief in apostolical descent, ecclesiastical traditions, for your seven sacraments, for transubstantiation, for veneration, for honor of images of his Savior, the Savior's mother, for Purgatory, and for the ceremonies of the Mass? The Savior said, 'Ye make the Word of God of none effect by traditions;' and as for sacraments, these only he enjoined himself by his example, and were Baptism and the Eucharist. And may I ask for the authority for the doctrine of transubstantiation? I know it is of high antiquity; I know that the celebrated writer, John of Damascus, proved to his own honest conviction, by the authority of the learned Fathers, that there was a literal change of the bread and wine into the very body and blood of Christ, and that it was so maintained by the learned Paschasius Radbert; and that even the celebrated Oecumenical Luther's authority held the same opinion; nay, that even the learned Luther himself was a disciple to this doctrine; but what does this all avail to our single text? If Christ, without a figure, called the bread his real body, and the wine his real blood, he certainly did, if the translation be not defective, call himself a door, a vine, and a shepherd. Allow me to ask, also, the authority for omitting or allowing the two first commandments?" The Roman Catholic here vehemently exclaimed, 'that the only authorised version of the Old Testament was that of the Douay version,' and denied that 'worship of images, as images, was authorized by his Church;' to which the other replied in the very formulas of their faith: 'I most firmly assert that the images of Christ, of the Mother of God, and also of other saints, ought to be had and retained, and that due honor and veneration are to be given to them.'

"Now allow me to ask," continued the Doctor, "why you do not allow your followers to read even your Douay version of the Bible?"

"As an example of the folly—I will not say danger—of intrusting the volume to ignorant hands, I will mention an instance that occurred under my notice while traveling in the common stage coaches in England during the continental war. I was listening to a controversy between what appeared to me an English yeoman of the old school, and a person who might be of the Methodist persuasion. The latter was congratulating himself that the tyranny of the usurper would shortly be at an end from what he saw of the energy of surrounding nations—an instrument raised by the Almighty for this purpose. Yes, said

the other, Bony's career had been already doomed by the 'Scripter,' in plain, unmis-takable words. Where, said I. In the where it says Mount Seir (Mounseer) shall be a desolation."

"Granting there are many such instances," continued the Doctor, "if you allow no private interpretation or reading, to be consistent, for every communicant your Church ought to provide a priest, or else by your own tenets every one who emigrates must forever be debarr'd any consolation the holy book affords. Again I assert most confidently that there is no single word or form of words that authorizes the dangerous power of indulgences. Show me"—

"Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted, and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained," interrupted the Roman Catholic.

"Yes, but only according to the Gospel that was to be preached to every creature; so that when the Gospel was known, the pardoned and the absolved might know upon what terms and upon what authority; that he might test for himself how far the absolution might be taken or withheld."

"One would think," said the Roman Catholic, "that I was the converted and you the converter. Now allow me to ask you one question: Do you believe the Pentateuch of your own Bible to be a faithful translation?"

"Yes, I do," said the Doctor.

"Then how can you place such unbounded confidence in the work of one man, for this was done by one man, and is acknowledged to be the best part of the translation of the whole Septuagint, and not to allow your mind to acquiesce in the opinions of the Fathers who were as eminently learned as he? To their honest opinions I bow with reverential respect, knowing that their only object was to establish Christ's Church on earth as a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people. In the words of the holy Peter himself, in his First Epistle, 2d chapter, 9th verse: 'With this I bid you good day, caring neither for your heresy or your conversion, for your calumny or your enmity, knowing well that it is the only religious establishment against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.'" So saying, the holy priest flung himself out of the room, slamming the door after him.

"End of controversy one," said the Protestant parson. "I believe I am next in order," said he, smiling. "The merit of our order," he begun, "is contained in the honored name we hear of protesting against the monstrous errors and enormities of Holy Mother Church. The articles of our faith, the few orders, rites and ceremonies we have, are all based upon scriptural dicta. I am ready to reply to any one of these, as well as to justify any of her doctrines."

"That may be questioned," said the Churchman, confidently.

"What is your scriptural authority for Infant Baptism?" inquired the Doctor.

"One direct from the Savior: 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

We use the same rite for the entrance of adults as of infants into Christianity."

"That is not sufficient authority," rejoined the Doctor, "but is contrary to the requirements of Christ and his disciples; they all say plainly that repentance for sin committed must precede Baptism."

"By what ceremony, then, would you receive infants into the Christian Church? Were they not received as early in the Old Testament times? Our Savior himself submitted to a holy rite, while an infant, as an entrance into the holy covenant made with Abraham. St. Peter, in his second discourse, recorded in the Acts, would appear to confirm this practice; for after his discourse he exhorts them to repent and be baptized, every one of you, without exception. He commences his address not with men and brethren, but 'ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem.' He also mentions why he desires that every one should be baptized, not omitting children, by adding to his exhortation, 'for the promise is unto you and your children.' I think this is no overstraining of the text. God forbid that the inspired words should be twisted to suit man's institutions. But I see clearly our Church is not to blame for being solicitous of those little souls whom he signally worshipped by taking them up in his arms and blessing."

Doctor. "You teach as the Roman Catholics do, that the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper. In what respect do you differ from the absurd doctrine of their transubstantiation?"

E. C. "This, no doubt, was an interpolation to quiet or reconcile Luther and Calvin's followers. Our Church always understood the holy elements taken in a spiritual sense only, in perpetual remembrance of his body broken and blood shed for them."

Doctor. "What of baptismal regeneration?"

E. C. "That is a crotchet of some few of our Bishops and their toadies, but by no means the belief of the most consistent followers of our sect."

Doctor. "What of church government?"

E. C. "That the body of the working order wish it were otherwise, fully believing, for instance, that the incomes of the Bishops were never intended to be appropriated to their own aggrandisement, but to the efficacious working out and spreading the Gospel."

Doctor. "What of ordination of priests and deacons? Do you believe that they, the Bishops, have actually the power as had the Apostles of old, of imparting the gift of the Holy Ghost?"

E. C. "If they do their duty they have the opportunity of discriminating between the ignorant, vain fanatic, who may think he has a call to preach, or the licentious, worldly-minded, well-educated man, and the one desirous to be a lowly follower of the lowly Jesus. The English Church, as a government establishment, may be said to be wholly sustained by these latter, with incomes no better and often less than the ordinary workman to whom they ply their holy calling in silence and

without display. It is with these excellent men our blessed Savior, if he were to appear on earth, would associate. Many of their humble foreign missions have never stained the sectarian laudatory tract, and yet have they converted hundreds of heathens, both at home and abroad. Many of these men, believe me, would never have remained within the pale of the established Church, if they had not seen more to approve than to disapprove in it."

Doctor. "I agree with you heartily in the latter observation, but it is a lamentable consideration that the education required of its candidates for holy orders is often far from being a holy or suitable one."

E. C. "Admitted a good deal of it is a human institution, and what is human can never be perfect. And now allow me to give place to one of my brother laborers. One more remark: The precept, I flatter myself, of 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel,' is carried out, by the main body, with calmness, propriety and decency generally, as befits the sacredness of the day, the place, and the occasion. We allow all our followers to search the Scriptures daily, to see whether the things we preach are so, and only profess to guide them in praise and prayer, and to a right understanding in all things contained in Holy Writ. Now, have any of my fellow laborers in God's vineyard ought to require of me?"

Doctor. "I think, my dear sir, it would perplex your applicant. Be assured you have done well in your advocacy, and now I will address myself to my friend, the Baptist."

Here the Rev. Creaky's curate shook the hand of the worthy Doctor, and wished him God speed in his important inquiry.

The Doctor began by passing a high encomium upon the tolerant spirit which the doctrine cultivates, and upon the wide-spread of this Christian principle through all lands where its eminent followers had settled. Not only England, Ireland and Scotland, but the United States, as well as the Canadas, bore testimony of this fruit in the daily increasing amount of its followers. Their secession from the established Church, in 1607, was attended with less acrimony than the other sects, but their division and subdivision, since, into general and particular Old Connection, New Connection, or Unitarian and Trinitarian, he thought argued a mistrust in the propagators of their faith.

"Surely, my dear sir," said the Reverend the Baptist, "not more than other sects. The Protestant Episcopalians, for instance, their High Church and Low Church, admit of quite as many subdivisions."

"What is your argument to sustain one of your main doctrines—Universal Redemption? It appears to me so contrary to all scripture authority—so dissonant to the principles of ordinary justice, that I have sought in vain any shadow of a text to reconcile it with the Christian doctrine."

"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He died for the just and the unjust,"

humbly, but reverently repeated the Baptist minister.

"Does that imply all sinners—all the unjust?" inquired the Doctor.

"Otherwise," said the Baptist, "the sacrifice would have been incomplete and unworthy of its vast magnitude. 'The Son of God that taketh away the sins of the world'—not a part of the sins of the world."

"But, does not our Savior, in numerous passages show that some will die in their sins and be punished—that is, lost, not saved—everlastingly," said the Doctor.

"I deny that the word—in the original, bears any such interpretation," replied the learned minister; "the noun from which the adnoun is derived would be untranslatable in many passages if it conveyed endless duration, whereas—the noun, admits of five or six specific acceptations, such as age, generation, time, world, life, period."

"Scarcely to be relied on," rejoined the Doctor; "for the noun—is, with all due deference I submit, not a primitive arbitrary word, for it is made up of—always, and—being."

"Does this accord with the Syriac?" deferred the minister."

"Is the original word pure Syriac, or, as I suspect, Aramean?*" This is an all-important inquiry," said the Doctor, "fraught with the safety of myriads that have been born and are yet to be."

"At all events," said the Baptist, "the Savior of mankind, in recommending us to follow his Heavenly Father in showing mercy even to the seventy times seventh injury, plainly indicates that his door of mercy is never closed. Does it not strike you that otherwise, in the inquiring words of Job, mortal man shall be more just and more pure than his Maker?"—

"And more merciful," interrupted the Doctor.

"I object to the contextuary, also. Fire merely denotes punishment. I hardly am inclined to admit that it conveys the sense of intense, unmitigated pain."

"You are aware," said the Doctor, "that in the sentence—'Thou shalt go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal'—everlasting and eternal are the same in the original text; so that if one be not rendered as endless, the other cannot be."

"Exactly so," said the Baptist minister, "and I contend that such a state of perfected infinite bliss would be too exalted, too undeserved a reward of the Creator, just equally as much as the other would be too severe and unapportioned a punishment for the deepest series of crimes."

"Nay," argued the Doctor, "does not the Apostle confirm the contrary of your former objection, by the words: 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things God has prepared for them that love him.'"

"You place, also, much stress upon bodily

* Syro-Chaldaic, a mixture of Syriac, Chaldaic and Hebrew.

immersion, and find fault with water only sprinkled in the rite of baptism."

"We do," rejoined the Baptist minister. "As well might you be authorized to use water instead of wine in administering the holy sacrament. Even in the earliest ages of your own Church, immersion was so important that suitable places called baptisteries were erected for its proper performance. History almost goes so far as to confirm that they originated churches and places of worship, being in course of time built up around them. You know as well as I do many of the fonts in some old English churches are large enough for this purpose; thus proving that it was the practice from the beginning of the Christian Church to immerse the whole body."

"I beg pardon for this unseemly interruption," said the Methodist. "I have an engagement at this time, but I shall be happy, my dear sir, if you will come and take a friendly cup of tea with me any evening this week, when, God willing, I shall be glad to open unto you the glad tidings of the Gospel, according as it has been given us by the spirit to receive them."

"I will embrace the first opportunity most thankfully," said the Doctor.

"And I, friend, will at the time aforesaid show how thou shouldst be taught of the Holy One to conform in all things like unto his most perfect example."

So saying, the remaining trio took their departure.

[To be continued.]

Fearful Adventure in the Mammoth Cave.

THE MAELSTROM EXPLORED.

The hero of the exploit thus reported in the *Louisville Journal* of Sept. 11th, is Wm. C. Prentice, the son of George D. Prentice:

At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark and deep, and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe whilst Bengal lights were thrown down it to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the Cave if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared to do, and, making his arrangements with great care and precaution, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but, at that point, his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mam-

moth Cave with Professor Wright, of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength, expressly for the purpose. The ropes and necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of proposed exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged, and the long-continued reverberations rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it as far as possible against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit, and directed the half dozen men who held the end of the rope to let him down into the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top, he saw a ledge, from which, as he judged by appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and as he descended by the side of the falling water and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about eighteen feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black siliceous of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations, as pure and white as virgin snow. Making himself heard by his friends with great effort, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of that cave, he swung himself with great exertion into it, and holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach. The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and, by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the end of the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue 150 or two hundred yards to


a point where he found it blockaded by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth.

Returning to the mouth of the avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but not being able to swing himself into it, he refastened the rope around his body, suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope being ill adjusted round his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril. When he was ninety feet from the mouth of the pit, and a hundred from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Professor Wright, from over-exertion and excitement, fainted, and remained for a time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Maelstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.

It is curious that we pay statesmen or politicians for what they say, not for what they do, and judge of them from what they do, not from what they say. Hence they have one code of maxims for profession and another for practice, and make up their consciences, as the Neapolitans do their beds, with one set of furniture for show, and another for use.

POLITENESS.—True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. Its appearance is not striking; because a truly polite person, while acting courteously, would conceal it. It engages a man to esteem his neighbor, because he thinks it manlier to descend a little himself, than degrade another.—*Lavater.*

 The fruits of true wisdom are modesty and humility; for as we advance in knowledge, our deficiencies become more conspicuous; and by learning to set a just estimate on what we possess, we find little gratification for the passion of pride. This is so just an observation, that we may venture to pronounce, without any exception to the rule, that a vain or proud man is, in a positive sense, an ignorant man.

THE HESPERIAN.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1858.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Hereafter we shall avoid answering contributors and correspondents through the columns of our paper. There are at best but few whom we feel willing to answer thus publicly, and we need all our space for matter that is of interest to the general reader.

Agents for the Hesperian.

Sacramento.....Kirk & Co., E. B. Davidson
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Nevada.....Geo. W. Welch, J. E. Hamlin
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Auburn.....R. C. Hanson, H. Hazel
Stockton.....Kierski Brothers, Rosenbaum & Vanallen
Sonoma.....McCausland & Sherwin
Columbia.....Tinkum & Smith
Iowa Hill.....C. B. Towle
Downville.....Wm. Arms

Agents wanted in all the towns and villages throughout the State.

Letters enclosing remittances and communications for the paper should be addressed to the Editress.

"DO YOU SEND PAPERS HOME?"—There are a great many persons in California, that have friends in the Atlantic States or Europe, who seldom write or even send a paper to them, by way of letting them know that they are still remembered; that the pursuit of wealth has not silenced the voice of affection. When urged to write they will use some excuse, such as "I am no hand to write," "Ain't got time," "I dislike writing," or something of that sort, and so they go on, missing one of the sweetest of earthly pleasures, viz.: that of hearing from friends at our old home. Now to all such persons as those we have described, who dislike writing, or have not the leisure to do so, we would say, "send at least one paper to your friends." By so doing, you will confer more pleasure on those far away than you are aware of. It will assure them that they are not forgotten, although thousands of miles intervene. The cost of sending a paper is comparatively nothing, but a few dollars a year, while trouble there is none. Another inducement for sending papers is this, every one having a friend in California, or wherever he may be, is naturally desirous of knowing something of the country, more especially of the particular locality where that friend resides, and there is no medium by which such information can be derived so easily and cheaply as by the newspaper. This fact alone should cause persons to send regularly to their friend in distant lands the paper which is published in their vicinity.—*Union Democrat.*

The true doctrine of life is to push on. A fig for a man who says, "I can't," when requested to lift a log, shoulder a bag, or write a paragraph. "I can't," is always the language of a drone or a fool. The men of life and activity keep trying; they take hold, push on, and make their fortunes in the end.

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THE MAIDEN TO HER BETRAYEE.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

Farewell! Farewell—no word of mine,
Reproach on thee shall cast:
The lips that have been pressed to thine,
Shall bless thee, to the last.
Farewell! Farewell—my breaking heart
Shall give no sign of pain:
Back to your font, ye tears! nor start—
For I have loved in vain.
Farewell! The world before thee lies
In colors bright and fair,
Though light has faded from my skies,
And left but darkness there.
Man makes a plaything for an hour,
Of woman's holy trust;
Then spurns the crushed, and broken flower,
And treads it in the dust.
The World approves his *manly* course,
And lures him on to fame;
Yet frowns on woman, fierce and harsh,
And covers her with shame.
And thou wilt join the cold world's sneers,
And set a brand on me.
Remember in thy after years:
My crime was loving thee.
In early days, to thee I gave
A jewel rich and rare,
Worth more than pearls from Ocean cave,
And worthy of thy care.
And now, ere we forever part,
Oe boon from thee I crave:
Give back the *jewel* of my heart!
Give back the love I gave!

LIFE'S EVENING.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Listening, listening to the reapers,
How they shout the harvest home;
For the summer flowers have faded,
And the autumn days have come.
Listening, listening to the wailing
Of the winds upon the hill,
Ere the sound is hushed forever,
And the pulse of life is still.
Looking, looking for the shadows,
How they steal along the vale;
As the clouds of heaven are gathering,
Round the stars of evening pale.
Looking, looking for the morning,
Ushering in the glorious day;
Then the sun shall scale the heaven,
And the darkness flee away.
Waiting, waiting till the angels
Open wide the pearly gate,
Where, beside the crystal river,
All day long I stand and wait.
Waiting, waiting till the chariots
And the shining ones I see—
Brightly o'er the hills of heaven,
Dawns thy star, Eternity!

NICODEMUS.

A STORY FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

BY J. K. HOYT.

CHAPTER I.

I have a friend with the name of Nicodemus Norton: his friends, however, for shortness, call him Nix.

Nix is a jolly bachelor of about forty, short and plump, with a laughing eye, a large mouth, always open, with a kind word for every one, and a mellow voice, that seems not to come from the lungs but from the heart.

Truth compels me to say that Nix's face is somewhat of the rubicund order—inclined to red; and his short nose is redder still. He says the color is the result of wakeful nights and severe study; but his cronies say it is a *spiritual* manifestation. However that may be, my friend is one of the best of men, and I wish we could find many more such big hearts in little bodies.

Nix, as I have said, is a bachelor. He occupies a snug little room in a stumpy little two-story house. His landlady is a little dumpling of a woman; one of those simple, kind-hearted creatures, that we are inclined to think could never have been any younger, because they seemingly never grow older. Such a house and such a landlady; such a tenant and such furniture, it does one good to see. In winter the fire is always blazing, and the tea-kettle always singing. You can almost hear the sofa speak out and ask you to make yourself at home; and he must be a cynic indeed who could feel otherwise than happy while surrounded by such a sphere of comfort.

My friend is independent in his circumstances; not rich, but with an income beyond his needs. He spends it all, however, and it has puzzled me often to know how. He has no poor relations, and he is far from being extravagant. An occasional good dinner, with a bottle of wine, are about the only luxuries in which he indulges; and yet his dividends are regularly drawn and spent. By and by, perhaps, we shall see how he manages it.

I have had many a cozy chat with Nix. His nightly vigils may be somewhat problematical, but he has, nevertheless, a well-stored mind, many original ideas. Liberal withal—for with his generous soul he could not be otherwise. Looking at the errors and follies of life with a thoughtful mind, he could never do aught but pity. Nix would have made a poor lawyer and a worse judge. He could easily forgive, but never condemn. I remember calling one evening at his room. It had been a blustering November day—a day when the winds

seemed to whistle through you, and the blue, cold sky and frozen earth, to find a counterpart within the mind. I know I felt just so. A little savage and stony, and a shivering little girl with bare feet, and her thin dress fluttering in the wind, who piteously looked in my face, and in timid tones implored my charity, was met with a cold refusal. I fiercely rung the bell at Mrs. Plodden's door, bounded up the stairs, and rushing into the sanctum of my friend, threw myself into his luxurious arm-chair, without speaking.

I think now that such moods must have been common with me. Nix seemed to comprehend at a glance the state of mind I was in, and left me to my own reflections, and to the influence that was sure soon to steal over me. Why, reader, such a room and such a companion would thaw out a man were he a Nero in disposition and a stoic in philosophy. I looked up at Nix. There was the everlasting smile running around his chubby face; peeping out at the corners of his eyes; hanging on his lips; playing the bopeep in his dimples, and fairly scintillating from his countenance as if there was a sun within, and the rays were forever finding their way through.

All my ill humor vanished at once; and taking up a small book, with mimic rage I threw it at my friend, and called him a monster! Nix now roared with laughter, and, catching the contagion, I joined in right heartily.

"Had a fight with the King of the North Pole, hey?"

"Yes," said I, "and got whipped."

"Served you right," said Nix. "Why, such a bundle of bones must expect to be shaken up when the wind blows."

"I would not care for my bones," replied I, "if King Frost would but let my temper alone."

Here conscience gave a tremendous rap at my heart as I thought of the poor, shivering girl in the street, and her large but hollow eyes seemed to stare at me from the coals in the grate. I told Nix the circumstance. He was thoughtful for some moments; then, heaving a gentle sigh, he remarked that I was a naughty boy, and when he got to be Governor, I must not look to him for a pardon—he would never grant it—never; and then, at the idea of being so stern and unforgiving, he went off into a roar again.

"Nix," said I, when he became calm, "how is it that there seems to be such an intimate relation between the things of nature and the elements of the mind? Why do we feel cold within when it is cold without, and on the

contrary? Why do people fall in love when the weather is warm and genial, and commit suicide, or feel like it, during the prevalence of an easterly storm?"

"I have a theory about all these things," said Nix—"would you like to hear it?"

"Certainly," said I; out with it. I feel very comfortable and very lazy, and you are welcome to talk away. I will prove the best of all companions—a capital listener."

So Nix spoke in substance as follows:—

"Man, my dear Joe, and all nature,—animate and inanimate—are more closely united than we are apt to imagine. Nature was not only made for man, but from him; and not only this, but he is the medium through which every thing has its life and sustenance. What is born of man must therefore bear man's impress, and, of course, there must be ever in man the rudimental germs from which the objects which surround him are continually being elaborated and sustained. God is the great workman—the mind of man but the workshop. As the atmospheres temper the rays of the sun, making it a beneficent agent instead of a destroyer, so man is the intervening object between the spiritual creative life, and the lowest recipients of that life."

"What do you mean," interrupted I, "that without man there could be no animated nature—no trees, no animals, no running brooks and lofty mountains, no insects, and no elephants?"

"Even so," said my friend. "A child will see clearly, that without man these objects would be useless, and He, who doeth all things well, never creates a work without a wise end in view. The question is not whether these things would be without man, but whether they are from within him."

"It would be a very pretty theory," replied I, "if we could confine such creations to things of beauty, which, a poet tells us, are a joy forever. I can imagine, and grow enthusiastic over the idea, that a beautiful bird, or the sweet-scented flowers, have their home and counterpart in the soul—but to think of every thing vile and poisonous emanating from the same source, is shocking!"

"Was it a beautiful idea, or a fragrant thought, that led you to scorn the famishing girl to-night?" asked Nix, inquiringly.

I was silent.

"No," said he, mournfully; "it is not alone the pure and the lovely which bears our soul's impress. The bird of Paradise and the raven are very distinct types of the feathered race, but not more opposite than the elements forming the mind of man. There is a heart's melody that soars to the gates of heaven, and there is a baseness that wallows in the very mire. The birds are but the outward form of those inner principles."

"It is the easiest and most common thing in the world to generalize merely; to divide society into two great classes, the good and the bad. So we look at the human body and we say it has a head, and feet, and limbs; heart, for we feel it beat; and lungs, for we breathe; but how often do we go further? Yet, from the days of Galen and Hippocrates,

the anatomists have been cutting and carving this poor human form, and still are not satiated with its wonders. You hold up your hand, and you see that it has a certain form and comeliness, and yet there is a world of wonders hidden within that soft palm and those dainty fingers. Now tell me if you can, why the mysterious soul of man should not be as wonderful in its formation, as mysterious in its divisions, as grand in its operations? If you can divide this poor thing of dust into a million of distinct parts, all having their separate attributes and functions, may there not be in the soul, which pervades all, an infinite variety, and yet a perfect harmony? The mind, believe me, dear Joe, is not a thing of air; it has its depth and breadth, its height and circumference, its duties and active vitality."

"But how can living things, and what you call dead things, you may ask, be a part of man, of him and from him? I would ask you how the sunlight can be part of the flower? You may pound it in a crucible, or analyze it under a microscope, and you find no sunbeams there; yet you know, by reason and science, that the sunlight did enter those velvety leaves and those delicate petals—unfold them, and gave them brightness and color and fragrance. Now you may say that the sun made the flower. I say, no. The sun is but one of the agents; before it can be employed there is a more interior process. The sun but develops the external form, acting in unity with the soul of the plant, and bringing to outward perfection, that which was inwardly perfect before. Thus, you see, that the sun can not impart beauty or grace, but, as the flower is in the germ, will it be in its fulness. If poisonous in its incipency, it but gathers rankness with its growth."

"Each thing in nature, then, has its own soul or spirit, even the sand on the sea shore, or the sullen ocean that murmurs in its sleep and rages in its combats. And this soul has its duplicate, its parent and its sustaining power in the universal soul of man. He is indeed, 'the monarch of all he surveys;' proudly representative of the teeming blessings of mother earth, and awfully responsible for its blackness and desolation, its crimes and fates; imaged in the very reptiles that crawl in the slimy jungles, and the wild and untamable beasts that roam through its trackless forests."

"I believe that in the country the fowls always come home to roost, now let us see how my theory works in practice. You found in coming here to-night, a gray sky and a cheerless air. The ground is frozen, and the wind biting. Now, if these were not your children, they would not have come home to you; they would not have found in your heart each its own resting place. You could not have brought more essentially and effectually a child in your arms to this place, than you brought these children of your soul from the street to the fireside. Like seeks like. Do we wander in the woods, or scale the mighty mountain because the forest pleases us, simply, or the massive rocks test our strength and agility? No; but we do so for the spiritual

companionship that we find amid such scenes, because the wild scenery of the soul within, calls aloud to, and yearns for its like without. Why is the child forlorn and tearful over the loss of a pet canary? Because she loved the bird, you say; yes, even so, but see her when asleep—the little eyes yet red, and the tears yet stealing forth, the lips still trembling with sorrow. Perhaps a smile of joy steals over the little face—the bird in the soul is calling to its earth-mate in tones of melody. *She* hears them, if you do not. Anon there is a restless start, a quivering of the lips, a heart-broken cry—the spirit bird is fluttering in the agonies of death. Is this, think you, mere fancy—a passing dream? Oh no! no! Believe rather that the very essence of that bird, its attributes, its soul, are a part and parcel of that child's inner life."

"I am not going to puzzle you with metaphysics," continued Nicodemus. "I shall not drag to light the musty archives of the past to sustain my theory, and prove to you that puss, in the corner there, was created contemporaneously with some new development in the human mind. Let it suffice that I believe that natural things were created first for man, and as representative of what our first parents were to be; and afterwards, through and from him, typical of those changed states of the race, as age after age they swept on from time to eternity. Thus, I doubt not, in the early ages of man's history, all things were tender and affectionate, beautiful, useful, grand and noble; but the opposite of all these, birds, and beasts of prey, poisonous plants, and all that is evil, were created from a turning of the beautiful laws of divine order into evil thoughts and false ideas in the mind, and thus gradually bringing out into visible existence natural objects of a like quality. The sun, Joe, is not responsible for the poison of the upas tree, neither is the wisdom of our Father above responsible for false receptacles in the human soul, into which it is received and turned into the darkness of night."

"Everything we look upon, then, has its counterpart within some of the human race, if not all. You will perceive this by analyzing the emotions you experience when viewing different objects. A tree awakens one faculty, an insect another. One animal excites the passion of fear, another the most tender sentiments. We are transported at the sight of lofty mountains or well-tilled fields, and shudder over yawning gulfs and impassable chasms. Why these variations of soul? Simply because a different set of faculties are brought into activity with every object we witness. Sometimes the understanding merely is interested, sometimes only the emotional or will principle; again, both may be awakened at the same time."

"May not such thoughts and theories be considered more fanciful than useful," inquired I.

"By many, doubtless," said Nix, "but not by all. With every pure thought and good purpose the angels of heaven have something to do. Now, when we awaken and cultivate a love for the beautiful in nature, we are

bringing the angels in troops to our side, and such company is not to be despised."

"I had a sister once, a beautiful blue eyed child; so loving, so gentle, she seemed to be but a flower of the field, blooming for a season, and then destined to fade and die. So it proved. At ten years of age she sweetly passed from this, to a better sphere. While waiting for the messenger from the skies, she murmured the little songs she had learned, and played again in fancy, as it seemed, with the companions of her infancy. She called to the robin, and listened for its reply; the lamb she had reared, the linnet she had fed, were apparently by her side, and nestled under her hand; even the poor wounded chicken, whose home was in the basket by the fireside, was not forgotten. As she daily neared the Golden Gate, she was lifted from scenes of daily life to those whose seraphic beauty no earthly tongue can describe. We could but feel that even in the heaven to which she was passing, there were forms of life and beauty, fit emblems of a child's innocence, meet companions for her happy hours."

My friend was silent. There was a glow upon his countenance, and a tear in his eye. He had betrayed a depth of feeling of the existence of which I was not aware, and I honored him for his tenderness of heart and sympathetic soul.

We passed the rest of the evening in ordinary conversation, and I wended my way homeward, a more thoughtful, if not a better or a wiser man.

In a few evenings afterwards I called again at Mrs. Plodden's. I found that most estimable lady at home, but Nix had gone on a short journey.

It was a clear, but bitter cold night, early in December. I found the worthy landlady all smiles and affability, and I needed not a second invitation to seat myself at her cheery fireside.

We discussed, as usual, the weather and the times, and it is singular how we agreed. The first we decided was cold; not quite so cold as yesterday, but with a prospect of its being colder to-morrow, and with the first change in the moon there would undoubtedly be snow. The times were hard, very hard, and Mrs. Plodden grew eloquent over the light weight of coal, and the high prices of tea, sugar, and other articles in the grocery line. I chimed in, bemoaning the stagnation of trade, and the ruinous and unheard of sacrifices in the dry-goods business, with which I was connected. She grew warm over the extravagance of the rich, and we both sympathized with the sufferings of the poor, and thought it would be a capital idea to give soup to the hungry, wood and coal to the frozen, and pay for all by a tax on the banks and the bankers. From this we were naturally led to speak of our absent friend, of his genial disposition and kindness of heart, and Mrs. Plodden gave me the substance of the following narrative as illustrative of those qualities in our friend of which we had been conversing.

"Just one year ago," said Mrs. Plodden, but no; with the reader's permission I will try to

weave my little story into a more popular shape than it would assume if given exactly as that good soul told it to me, although I can not hope to impart scarcely any of that fervent warmth which it assumed in falling from that worthy lady's lips.

It is but proper to say that I obtained from Nix himself, bashful a man as he is, some little information about the incident forming the border of Mrs. Plodden's narrative, and subsequently, from the parties most directly interested, such a coloring as the picture needs to give it life and beauty.

* * * * *

CHAPTER II.

December! The very word brings a shiver; you can not pronounce it without a mental chatter, or write it but icicles are seemingly pendant from each letter. And yet I love thee December! spite of thy winds and thy coming snow drifts. The blazing fire brings its memories of the past, the social joys are enough for the present, and for these we should be grateful to the Old King with the frosty crown! Do we picture out December in the likeness of a man; then is he stout and hearty, with a rosy red face, a white head and a body enveloped in furs. We tremble a little perchance, but soon the bracing air and a romp with the old fellow reconciles us to his company, and we are soon as red in the face, and as merry as he whose fancy portrait we have drawn.

But December is no welcome companion to the poor. To them he is an inexorable tyrant, driving them into dark corners, and damp cellars, fighting with them when abroad for the scanty clothing that hardly hides their half frozen limbs, searching them out in the forlorn shelters to which they may turn for refuge, scattering the fire poverty may have kindled, whistling through the cracks and crannies like a very demon in search of blood. Oh! a tyrant to the poor, is old December, a very harsh master, indeed!

It has been often remarked that the streets of New York are a moving panorama. On a cold winter day especially; all is activity and bustle. The vehicles clatter hurriedly over the pavements, and the pedestrians do not lag. Flitting to and fro is life in all its forms. The sturdy mechanic, hardened to the change of the seasons, the fair lady enveloped to the neck in costly furs, the ragged newsboy in boots that apparently belonged to a giant of old, the tripping clerk, the anxious merchant, the gay Frenchman, the phlegmatic Dutchman, and representatives of every clime and nation, the rich and the poor, the beggar and millionaire, all in movement; a world, with the particles rubbing against each other the live long day, and yet each particle as isolated from its neighbor as in that city a story tells us of, where, under a magician's influence all the people were turned to stone. There is love, even, in a big city, but we must not look for it in the street, or in the puffing and panting throng who daily fill its thoroughfares. The keen wind don't deal in sentiment. Boreas is the magician that curdles the blood,

and for the time turns the tender heart to stone. Hear him as he whistles around yonder corner. You can see him even as he assumes fantastic shapes, and envelops himself in a grey overcoat of dust, or as in little whirlwinds he dances hither and yonder, now grasping at a lady's bonnet or shawl; now, without his leave taking the hat from a spruce young gentleman, forcing him to run madly down the streets, to the great delight of the little boys who are watching the race; now picking up the straws and shavings, dropped from the clattering drays, whirling them against the window-panes, or, saucily, in the very faces of the hurrying throng. There goes a gay whirlwind indeed, making the shutters creak on their rusty hinges, rushing madly around the corners, down the narrow streets and up the dark alleys. People shrank timidly under the shelter of the houses and doorways as they saw the roaring wind coming; and what harm can we do by mentally seeking shelter, as many were bodily forced to do, from the dashing whirlwind, in one of those tenements where the poor gather together, taking such comfort as their scanty means permit, and wearily awaiting perhaps in their poor homes here for a call to the mansions in the skies.

We can take you, good friend and reader, to the very spot of which we are at present but a mental denizen. The street is narrow and badly paved, and were it not for the keen, pure north wind that is blowing, we should scent quickly the seeds of disease and pestilence. But not even on the narrow street can the very poor look and find some resource for thought in its active life and noise. We must turn around into this still narrower court, on each side of which you can see high walls of brick and mortar, picked with a multitude of openings called windows, but they look more like the port-holes in a fortress, and it is easier to believe that we are approaching the battlements of a fortified town than the houses of the children of men.

Let us enter. We can go through these long halls without reproof. There is no sentinel at the door, and poverty has no need of bolts and bars. We may wander as we will, and no one asks us from whence we are or whither we are going.

Stand aside now with us in this nook a little apart from the grand hall. There is a door close by, closed no doubt, but so sadly warped and shrunken that we can catch passing glimpses of the occupants within and hear their voices plainly. We know there is a mother there, for a mother's voice can hardly be mistaken, and children we can see there; one, a little girl nearly grown; the other, also a girl, but some years younger. The room is small and badly lighted; the furniture scanty, but neat, and well arranged. We see a little stove, but the fire has not the glow a fire should have, but glimmers coldly and flickers painfully as if for life. From the mother's voice we know that sickness has paid the little household a winter call. Her voice is feeble, but tender. She sighs deeply, and we know she is thinking of the happy days that

are past and gone. She speaks to the eldest daughter, and we hear a girlish voice reply: "Cheerily, cheerily, mother!" and the mother sighs again, but more lightly. We hear the nimble fingers rapidly at work, and we fancy we can see the mother wistfully glancing at the progress made by her children in doing that on which may depend the bread of another day. We listen attentively. The shadows warn us that the day is sinking to its repose, and that the shades of night will soon be here. We know there is a glow upon the face of the eldest daughter as she says in triumph, "We are almost through, dear mother, and I am sure he will be pleased with the work, and we shall be able to buy the nice things you so much need, and have almost enough to pay our month's rent besides." Then there comes through the cranies of the door the low humming of a song that takes us back to summer time, and the birds and flowers. Do we call that mother poor, with a daughter who can work and sing, and speak cheerful words and have hopeful thoughts? God is good even to the poor.

Now the little song dies away on the winter air, and we hear in its place a cry of delight, and the hasty words and tripping feet tell us that the work is done. Then we hear the mother's voice again as she hesitates about something. The daughter's voice is bright and cheerful, *that* we could hear through a castle door of oak. "Never you fear for me, mother dear," she says, "I shall go and return quickly; you will hardly know I am gone."

"The minutes will be hours, Milly," replied the mother, sadly.

"But you know, mother, it will not do to break our word to Mrs. Plodden, and we told her the work should be home to-night. And then, again, you remember how she told Mr. Norton about us, and how he has tried to find out something about Fred. And you know, too, the tea and nice things from Mrs. Plodden, and the bottle of wine and the fruit Mr. Norton sent us when you had the fever. Oh no! mother dear, it will never do to disappoint them."

"Bless you, my child," said the poor mother, "you are so thoughtful," and then there came the sound of sobbing, and the soothing voices of the children; then there was silence again, but soon the door opens and Milly appears with a basket upon her arm, and kissing a farewell to mother and sister, she trips lightly down the stone stairway. Brave Milly! You would not think, to look upon her slight figure and delicate features, that a soul was there as strong as any hero's on the field of battle.

Brave Milly! how she flies along the dark streets! We must borrow our whirlwind to enable us to keep up with her twinkling feet. Now around the corner, now down one street, now up another, nothing checks her rapid walk. Nothing! Yes, she has stopped suddenly, and, panting, we are up with her. What is this? She stops by the blind beggar man, who, by the churchyard railing, holds out his wrinkled hand for charity. She has but a penny in her purse, but she presses

that upon his palm and hurries on. Good Milly! The recording angel puts that act down in his book I am sure. Off again are we and Milly with the whirlwind at our backs. Milly turns from the great thoroughfare into the pleasant cross streets where we have been before. As she approaches the quiet little house in which we first introduced the reader to Nix, that merry little man is running along towards his home from an opposite direction, and with a bound his hand is upon the bell which she yet hesitates to ring. He would have done the same for a beggar or a queen.

As the servant opens the door, the light falls upon Milly's face, and Nicodemus recognizes his little scamstress.

"Bless me, Milly, is this you! who could have expected such a rosy apparition on such a bleak night! But hurry in, child, and warm your frozen fingers."

In less time than we have taken to write the greeting, Nix had fairly forced the girl into a seat by the parlor fire, and Milly smiled as the good soul seized her hands and rubbed them with his own to give them warmth and restore the circulation.

You may be sure the work she had brought was examined and pronounced perfect, and then Milly cried for joy; but when Nix threatened to fail and not pay her if she did so, the smiles and roses came back. So, by the warm fireside a half hour passed away, when Milly, remembering her mother and her fears, hurriedly putting on her bonnet and shawl, prepared to leave for home.

"What are you going to do with all this money," said Nix, as he handed her the amount due.

"On Saturday," said Milly, "we have our rent to pay; and when we have done that, and bought a little coal and some provisions, we shall have but little left for the purchase of luxuries, Mr. Norton. But we are so thankful to you and Mrs. Plodden for all your kindness—indeed we are—and could we but hear from brother Fred, we should be happy indeed." There was a twinkle in the eye of Nix, as he looked at the child, and then he replied: "Your brother was a good lad, Milly, and from all I can learn, he determined that he would do something worthy of yourself and him, before giving you any clue to his residence, or any idea when he would return. But be patient, Milly—he patient; there is a good time coming;" and Nix rubbed his hands together, and somehow looked very impatient indeed.

"And the rent is due on Saturday, is it, Milly, and you are sure you have enough?"

"Quite," said Milly.

"Well, then," replied Nix, "we will not keep you longer; run home to your good mother, and tell her to keep up her courage, and that I think there are better days in store for you all."

Milly tripped hastily out, and her heart was so full she did not notice that her basket was somewhat heavier than when she entered, and it was not until she arrived at home that it became evident that it was by no means empty.

The door of her mother's room stood partly open that the first sound of her returning footsteps might be heard; and as she ascended the staircase in breathless haste, the little sister springs to meet her, and the poor mother opens her arms as if to give her warmth and shelter near her heart.

The basket was found to contain a little tea, part of a roast chicken, and a jar of preserves, for Milly's mother, and some nice cakes, of Mrs. Plodden's own baking, for Milly and her sister; and one may be sure, without peeping in through the crack in the door, or listening for the sound of voices, that a thanksgiving went up to heaven that night from that trio of hearts, and that even they, poor as they are, do not think of or care for the little whirlwind who comes stealing through the hall and blowing down the chimney, as though it were a terrible thing for poor folks to be happy, and to sleep soundly and to have pleasant dreams. Blow away, winter winds! brave Milly might have said. Who cares for you!

The bright sun on the succeeding morning made short work with the whirlwind, and danced so lively around the window, that Milly and her sister sang like birds under its cheerful rays, and the good mother, invigorated by a night's rest and Mrs. Plodden's restoratives, felt herself almost well, and was as active as her daughters in attending to the family arrangements.

After a frugal breakfast, the money they had accumulated by their industry was carefully counted. The largest part was of course laid aside for the month's rent. The agent was always very prompt, and the rules were very simple and plain. Pay or go. And the agents of these tenement houses have no discretion—pay or go is the stern decision. Then there must be had a little coal, if only a basket; and some oil for the lamp, or Milly could not see to sew. Then followed quite a little list of wants to be supplied; for, let the poor be ever so economical, they must have food, be it of the coarsest, and clothing, be it of the plainest. The dollars could not be increased by counting twice, and the mother sighed again as she saw that Milly's old shoes must last her awhile longer, and that Katy must stay at home through the winter for the want of a bonnet and some warmer clothing.

"Never you mind, mother," said Milly. "I must run the faster to keep my feet warm, and Katy will wait, like a good girl as she is, until our ship comes in with brother Fred."

And Katy said she did not mind—not she. The warm weather would soon come round again, and she had plenty of clothes she could wear then, and a bonnet would be useless.

* * * * *

The day for the monthly payment of the rent came around, and punctually as the clock struck the hour of ten, the heavy step of the agent was heard through the halls, and his knock at each tenant's door. Commencing at the very top of the building, he gradually descended, until he arrived at the landing on which the room of Milly was situated. Occasionally might be heard the earnest tones of some applicant for delay, with the harsh reply, "Pay or go;" and again there would be

high voices and threats as the agent came in contact with more quarrelsome people. A pang would shoot through Milly's heart as these discordant sounds grated harshly on her ear, and then a glow of pleasure suffused her cheeks as she glanced at the little pile of money lying on the table at her mother's side, and she thought how thankful she should be that God had given her the ability and strength to earn it all. Closer approached the agent's step. Now he knocks at the door on one side of them, and, after a short tarry, *that* door closes, and as it does so, Milly rises and stands ready to respond to the knock that must follow.

A knock does follow, but strange! it is not at their door, but at the one next beyond. Milly looked at Katy, and then both the children looked at their mother, who replied to their mute appeal by saying: "There is some mistake, dears; he will return, no doubt, soon." Instead of returning, however, his footsteps gradually died away in the distance, and at last his tramp on the pavement was distinctly recognized.

"He has, somehow, overlooked us," said the mother, "but he will certainly stop on Monday when he calls to look after those who have failed to pay to-day."

The short days of winter roll rapidly away, and the following Monday seemed not long in coming. The agent was even more prompt than usual, for delinquent tenants are sometimes a trouble, and to turn out the helplessly poor and refractory takes time.

Again the agent's step approached the widow's door. Again Milly rose to respond to the first intimation of his presence, and again he passed without the expectant knock.

Milly could endure this suspense no longer; and, as her mother rose and approached the door, she opened it for her. The agent turned as he heard the sound, and nodding his head in recognition, was about to pass onward, when the widow spoke—

"Please, Mr. Jackson, your rent is ready!"

"Rent!" exclaimed the agent. "Why, woman you paid it last week!"

"Paid! Last week!" ejaculated the widow.

"Why my good woman," said the agent very softly, "you must be getting flush of money. You certainly must remember that you sent it by a boy from the grocery around the corner; he brought it wrapped up in paper, and said particularly it was from you."

The widow was too astonished to speak, and sank into her chair exhausted. The agent was somewhat surprised too; but knowing she had been ill, he, with a smile, placed his finger to his head as if to insinuate that illness had been too much for memory, and walked away.

There were a great many tears shed by the children and the widow, and then a great many guesses hazarded. The youngest thought an angel must have paid the rent; but the widow first insisted there was a mistake; then that Fred had returned; then, that the agent himself was the tender hearted Samaritan—at which the children laughed heartily. All at once a bright idea seemed to seize Milly, and

she exclaimed suddenly—"Mother! I think I can tell you who the angel is, and who the good Samaritan. It must be—I am *sure* it must be—Mr. Nicodemus Norton!"

* * * * *

This is too long a chapter, and we must draw to a conclusion. We cannot give you, as we intended, a full description of a Christmas party; but there was one at Mrs. Plodden's—a very mysterious Christmas party indeed. No carriages were seen to drive up to the door. No fine ladies, with rosy cheeks and rustling silks; but the house was quite full notwithstanding; and such a number of children as were gathered there together, would have surprised people of fashion who know so little about them. Some had famished faces and weak little voices, that spoke of hunger and suffering—and they were all dressed in the plainest of stuffs, but were neat and clean.

If they had suffered, and no doubt they had, and many of them recently too—childlike they seemed to forget it, and they romped, and played games and told stories, and were all as happy as heart could desire. Old folks were here too; not many, for it was a children's party—but two or three who walked on crutches, and a few who were almost blind, and others, who were bright looking old folks—very old perhaps; but not too old to feel young again as their hearts expanded, and the long weary years melting away, they lived again their youthful days, and with the piping voices of age recounted the wonders of their childhood.

And now came the supper, set out in the ample dining room. A bounteous repast indeed, with not an article on the table that could give one a headache the next day—but with the plain and wholesome food that Mrs. Plodden knew so well how to prepare.

Nix, of course, was the grand magician to whom all were indebted, and around whom all circulated. To the old a companion—to the young, a playmate. None could arrange a play or a dance, or tell a story like Nicodemus. No one so soon check the over-exuberance of youth or promote its true life. No one who was seemingly everywhere and anywhere except at the supper table. Strange, very strange; and a dozen voices at once called for Mr. Norton. The widow and her children were at one end of the capacious table. At the other, a worn out preacher of the gospel stood ready to ask the blessing of Heaven. The children were clustered around the main table, and smaller ones, placed in every corner; but no Nicodemus was seen.

"Mrs. Plodden, where is Mr. Norton?" cried all, young and old.

Mrs. Plodden had a happy smile upon her face, but tears were in her eyes. She raised her hand, and a deep silence fell upon the wondering throng.

"My young friends," said the good lady, "I wish to tell you a story of children that were a blessing to their parents, and the reward they received." And then, in a few sentences she in substance narrated the history of Milly and her sister and mother.

"And the reward, Mrs. Plodden!" cried the children.

"See!" said that lady, as the door slowly opened, displaying Mr. Norton with a gentleman in his company.

"Fred! dear brother Fred!" cried Milly.

The widow stretched out her arms, but her heart was too full for utterance.

There was a shout of glad voices—and tears and broken words—and then a deep silence, disturbed only by sobs, as the old minister raised his hands to Heaven, and poured out the pent-up emotions of his soul.

"You shall be a lady yet," whispered Nix to Milly.

"I am too, too happy," was all Milly could say.

THE INNOCENT'S PRAYER.

Silence fills the courts of Heaven;
Hushed were angel harps and tone,
While a lonely, child-like spirit
Knelt before the Eternal Throne.
As her small white hands were lifted,
Clasped as if in earnest prayer,
And her voice in sweetest murmurs,
Rose like music on the air;
Light from the full font of glory,
On her robes of whiteness glistened;
And the bright winged Seraphs round it,
Bowed their radiant heads and listened:

"Oh Lord! from thy world of glory here
My heart turns fondly to another,
Oh Lord! our God! the comforter;
Comfort! Comfort! my sweet mother:
Many sorrows hast thou sent her—
Meekly has she drank the cup—
And the jewel thou hast lent her
Unrepining yielded up:
Comfort! Comfort! my sweet Mother.

"Earth is growing lonely round her,
Fondly loved ones hast thou taken;
Let her not, tho' clouds surround her.
Feel herself by Thee forsaken!
Let her think when sad and weary,
We are waiting for her here:
Let each thought that makes earth dreary
Make the thought of heaven more dear.

"Savior! Thou in nature human,
Dwelt on Earth, a little child
Pillowed on the breast of woman!
Blessed Mary—undefiled!
Thou who from the cross of suffering
Viewed Thy Mother's tearful face,
And bequeathed her to Thy loved one
Bidding him to take Thy place;
Comfort—Comfort my sweet mother!

"Thou who from the cross descending
Tears and woes and suffering won—
Thou whom Nature's Laws suspended
Gave the widow back her son—
Thou who at the grave of Lazarus,
Wept with those who wept their dead—
Thou who once in mortal anguish,
Bowed thine own anointed head;
Comfort—Comfort—my sweet mother!

The dove like measure died away
Upon the radiant air!
Yet still the little spirit knelt,
With hands still clasped in prayer,
Still were the softly pleading eyes
Turned to the Sufferer's throne,
While angel voice and angel harp
Rang out in mingling tone.
And as the choral numbers swelled,
By angel voices given,
High, loud and clear the anthem rolled
Through all the courts of Heaven:
"He is the widow's God," it said,
"And spared not his own son!"
The little spirit bowed its head—
"Thy will—O God! be done."

"RALPH" ON WOMEN.

[In reply to an able editorial which appeared in the *True Republican*, "Ralph" gives the following truthful remarks. Men are so apt to address women with words of senseless flattery, that when we find one who appeals to her common-sense, and speaks to her as if she were a sensible and accountable being, we can but regard him as a true friend, and wish that his voice might not only be heard, but heeded by every woman in the land.]

MR. EDITOR: It was with some interest, and I hope profit, that I read your editorial of last week on female influence. It has given me the key to a few thoughts that I wish to make public through the medium of your journal. Being a friend of woman, and having had some experience among that class of our population, I deem it my duty to throw the feeble talent I possess, in the balance, that public opinion may determine its worth, and ascribe to it a fitting habitation. I am not a scorner of the sex, neither do I wish to deprive them of any of their ceded and cherished "rights." But I do wish, in common with every well wisder of humanity, to take from them, by coercion if necessary, those "privileged abuses" which they are palming off on the world as angelic graces, brought down by seraphims from the bandbox of Jove, and bequeathed to us as an immortal dower. Now others may think and act as they please, but I will never sanction any of these special or peculiar favoritisms claimed by either sex. I am neither for man's rights or woman's rights, but human rights—in the broadest acceptation of the term. And it is unquestionably true that no one cause has so depraved and set back California society, as the petting and fondling of the "fair sex." For one, I claim that women have minds capable of being governed by reason and a sacred impulse of right and wrong. But there are a few who are governed by apparently different motives. They strive to dazzle and bewitch the softer of the "sterner sex;" and how well do they succeed. They set their caps for guats and moles, and catch lizzards and frogs. Men, who are worthy of the name, do not bite at such baits—it is only the silly and half-witted. How many have resided in California, for any considerable length of time, who have not witnessed the "captivating" mummury of the town or country flirts. You can tell a flirt as far as you can see her through a telescope! She is only a bag of vanity. They remind me very forcibly of a piratical craft in pursuit of a prize. The only difference being in the value of the prize—that of the former being entirely worthless. Men do not measure a woman's soul by the size of her hoops, or the depth of her brains by the number of frills. Her beauty does not consist in cosmetics, or her value in ribbons and laces. Neither is the genuineness of her religion measured altogether by her attendance at church; for I know some who are very regular, who would not miss one service for the value of anything, who will anathematize all who do not agree precisely with their peculiar views, and yet

they are no more Christians than was the friend and companion of Balaam.

I wish to have it distinctly understood that I shall offer no excuse for my plainness of speech, for those whom I address do not deserve it. Although they are as good by nature, and perchance better by practice than myself, yet they—even they have forgotten those duties that elevate the soul and refine the woman. Most heartily do I abominate the evils extant among men, and much more the silly fashion among women. I am well aware that it is humiliating to acknowledge it, but the truth is apparent, and stands out like a beacon of dismay before the world.

There is but one effectual remedy to the evils that surround us, and that is vested in mothers! They alone hold the destiny of their children, especially girls, in their own hands. By a proper exercise of their powers, they can send out in the world women that will be an honor to the age in which they live; or by a neglect of those powers, they can set afloat on the buffeting waves of time, a class of beings who are a curse to themselves and all who know them. That particular class I will not point out, for they are known to all—a mark is placed upon their brow, the curse of heaven is written on their hearts. "The worshippers of vanity, the slaves of fashion, the mothers of deceit, the seekers of pleasure, and the subjects of disappointment." I will appeal to any reasonable person as to the justice of the picture drawn. None have been wrongfully accused, for only the brighter side of their deformity has been "hung on the outer wall." Coquetry, vanity, pride, arrogance and self-elevation, so common in self-constituted aristocratic circles, are to be pitied rather than censured. I can only say that the day is not far distant when female worth, even in California, will not be measured by the rough, uncouth, half-civilized unction of the virago, whose only god is sordid self.

I will not appeal to the reason of this class, for they are entirely void of even its resemblance. They have no heart to win, no soul to save. They are as worthless as the poisonous breath of the story-told upas. To those who are approaching the threshold of life, I would say—shun their society, they will lead you down to degradation and shame. You do not need the assistance of the worthless, and their company will only blight and destroy. Leave them where they are—in the society of the vain and reckless, and wisely choose companions from among those who are the salt and the savor of the earth. The class of whom I have been speaking are not the rule—only the exception too universally practised in some localities.

Do you wish to learn and practise those duties that will be an honor to our race, you have worthy examples even in this community, that will lead you into the full enjoyment of those blessings that are richer to the soul than all the ducats in the coffers of a kingdom. It is the unfolding of those virtues that exalt the sex and give worth, vigor and stability of character. The ball-room or

theater may be a proper place for the worthless flirt, but a woman is only found at the sacred tabernacle of home, studying to increase its joys and multiply its blessings. In her mansion, order reigns supreme. Everything has its appointed place, and her culinary utensils, like Job's turkeys, go into their dens and keep quiet. Serene sleep chases away all nightmares, and their children are troubled with frolics in lieu of cholics. Husbands, when through with the toilsome labors of the day, are sure of a welcome home at night. The frugal wife is ever at her post, deeming it more honorable to be the companion than the worshipped idol of man. Her wardrobe is not extensive or costly; her jewels are not massive; her wants are not multiplied, and her grievances are not mourned. She is the picture of contentment, the angel of charity, the model of a wife; and a man in the possession of such a treasure is ensured of a hereafter even in this world—a heaven on earth. Oh, that woman would let the benevolent aspirations of her soul reign supreme, and learn to practise those duties and those callings that will make her the brightest jewel of wealth in the eyes of the world!

"Woman, woman, never falter,
Your high calling still pursue;
Faith undaunted, zeal untiring,
There is much that you can do.

You can cheer the feeble hearted,
Oft the bed of sickness tend;
Speak of comfort to the mourner,
Be the orphan's guardian friend.

Woman, woman, you are destined
Victors in our race to be;
You must conquer baneful custom—
Be from pride and envy free.

Go forth like a band of sisters,
Working with one heart, one will;
And may God direct and guide you,
Your great mission to fulfill."

These words and these sentiments are affectionately sent forth to the world with the hope, feeble though it be, that it may serve to light up some dark and sorrowing heart, by turning it from its grim path of woe that leads down to certain ruin; and guiding its rescued captive, with a gentle and unerring hand, into the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace.

Reader, do you see the picture, in this community, of either class I have attempted to portray? If so, choose ye wisely whom ye will have as associates and hold as friends—there is a world-wide difference between the two.

Such are a few thoughts and considerations, thrown out by one who is a well wisher of the human race, and whose heart now bleeds over the woes that sting the world, through the instability of woman. No wonder that the hearts of men grow faint and feeble—no wonder that they have learned to doubt the dignity and virtue of woman, when wives, mothers or sisters have betrayed the trust committed to them by Heaven's eternal Ruler, and have learned to puff the bauble of fashion, instead of fanning into a sparkling glow, with mild and gentle breath, the zeal of truth and the fire of duty.

"Oh, now! that woman
Would lift the noble wand she bore
In Paradise; so transcendent,
And which still she wears, though half-hidden;
And again wave its magic power o'er pilgrim man,
How would she win him back from apostacy,
Lure him back from his grim path of woe,
And open a new Eden on his years."

HOW TO PLEASE A HUSBAND.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A YOUNG WIFE AND HER MOTHER.

Wife—Well, mother, I am sure you will not blame me, that now, when I have obtained the husband of my choice, I wish to ask you how I am to please him?

Mother—Indeed, Mary, you would have low views of married life, if to obtain the husband were all you thought of. You have now a great work before you; for just where romances leave the heroine of a story, on the bridal day, the real history of a woman's life begins.

Wife—But you know, mother, I *have* succeeded in pleasing thus far.

Mother—Yes, but there lies your difficulty. What pleases before marriage, does not always please afterwards.

Wife—And because I remember your saying the same words some time ago, I ask your advice; for I want to know how I am to please my husband now, and for the future course of my life.

Mother—I have one specific that I believe will never fail you under all circumstances, and through all time.

Wife—Pray tell me what it is.

Mother—It is to *be quiet*.

Wife—Quiet? Why Henry has sometimes complained that I was too quiet. He used to tell me there was no pleasure to him so great as listening to the music of my voice.

Mother—For that very reason, never let him have too much of it. Let its tones, when you must speak, be soft and low. Let them altogether be somewhat of a rarity, and they will still continue to charm his ear.

Wife—But we have so much—so very much to talk about.

Mother—Let your husband say the greater part of it, then.

Wife—What shall I do when the servants have vexed me in his absence?

Mother—When he comes home, be sure that you are quiet.

Wife—What! not tell him all, and make him feel with me, and for me?

Mother—He will feel more for you, or rather he will feel for you during a greater length of time, if you are quiet, than if you burst upon him with a flood of complaints.

Wife—What am I to do when Mrs. Thompson has been to see me, and told me a world of news about our old neighbors, and especially about my old enemy?

Mother—I say again, when he comes home, be quiet.

Wife—What! when I am burning with indignation, and feel myself really wronged by those contemptible people?

Mother—Then, especially, be quiet.

Wife—But I know he wishes to hear everything that pains or pleases me. At least he has always told me so.

Mother—It is the accustomed language of courtship. But whatever you tell him now, be sure you tell it quietly. Speak gently, and don't make him feel as if a scene was about to be transacted before him. No man likes that his wife should get up a scene in which he is not the principal actor, and few

men like scenes at all within the circle of their own homes.

Wife—What am I to do then?

Mother—I say again—he quiet.

Wife—Always quiet? I shall die of *ennui*.

Mother—What? while pleasing your husband? I thought the question you asked me had reference to him, not to yourself.

Wife—To be sure it had. But there are cases, I feel persuaded, in which this everlasting quiet would weary him, as well as me.

Mother—Try it. There will be time enough to make a noise when you see the first symptoms of weariness on the part of your husband.

Wife—There are cases, however, in which even you must allow, that it would be impossible to be quiet.

Mother—What are they?

Wife—When my husband vexes me.

Mother—Above all others, those are the cases in which quietness is most necessary.

Wife—But how shall I manage, if he ever does absolutely wrong?

Mother—Be quiet.

Wife—If he invites company to the house, whose society I do not like?

Mother—Be quiet.

Wife—If he goes out in a shabby hat?

Mother—Be quiet.

Wife—If he sends servants one way, when I want to send them another?

Mother—Be quiet.

Wife—If he brings home a friend unexpectedly to dinner, when we have literally nothing in the house?

Mother—Be quiet.

Wife—When I am ill, and he makes an engagement for me to go out, as he did the other day, as if he had forgotten my illness altogether?

Mother—Be quiet.

Wife—When I hear him make mistakes at table, or see him look awkward, or foolish?

Mother—Be quiet.

Wife—When he shows bad taste in what he says or does, and I am anxious that he should make a favorable impression?

Mother—Be quiet.

Wife—When I see his faults in a very conspicuous point of view, and want to correct him?

Mother—Be quiet.

Wife—When I observe him more attentive to other women than to myself?

Mother—Be quiet then, if it costs you a martyrdom to be so.

Wife—If he should ever go out to dinner without me, and come home as I have heard of husbands coming—not quite himself?

Mother—Be quiet then, if ever in your life.

Wife—If I should find, by a thousand little symptoms, that he is beginning to love me less?

Mother—As you value the love that still remains, be quiet.

Wife—If he should ever treat me really ill?

Mother—Withdraw from his presence, hide your tears, and still be quiet.

Wife—But why should I be forever quiet?

Mother—Because it is at once the easiest and the surest way to please your husband;

and that, I think, was what you asked my advice upon.

Wife—But I don't like quiet much, myself.

Mother—You must learn to like it.

Wife—It seems to me that a storm, sometimes, would be infinitely more interesting. I used often to quarrel, or pretend to quarrel, with Henry before we married; and I assure you he bore it beautifully. And then the reconciliation was so pleasant.

Mother—Don't try that experiment again.

Wife—Why not?

Mother—Because there may occur the quarrel without the reconciliation. What was borne with by a lover may become hateful to a husband.

Wife—I cannot see why these lights and shadows should not enliven married life, as well as that which precedes it.

Mother—It is because all men like peace at home; and also, because no man likes contention with a woman.

Wife—And yet they *do* contend nevertheless; and pretty often, too, or I am greatly mistaken.

Mother.—Yes, because their prerogative is mastery; rather than have that wrenched from them by violence, they will contend for it; but they do not love the strife; and it has, for the most part, the effect of making them dislike the individual with whom they strive.

Wife—I thought men were naturally fond of fighting, of battles, and all that kind of thing.

Mother—With their equals; but no man likes to fight with his inferior. There would be no glory to a knight in having conquered a page; though there might be both annoyance and injury from his weapons while contending with him. Besides which, a man goes *out* to fight, whether it be in actual battle, or in that struggle against difficulties, in which all are more or less engaged; but he comes home to find peace; and if he cannot find it at his own fireside, he feels as if robbed of a right, cheated of a lawful inheritance, deprived of that which the laws of nature and of reason had awarded to him as his own. That man whose wife should meet him, on his returning home, with a storm, though only of words, would feel very much in the condition of one, who, returning from a day of active occupation, and wanting and expecting rest, should find his house on fire. His energies are already exhausted; his battle is already fought; his sword is sheathed, and his wearied limbs want rest. No man, in this condition, would willingly gird on his armor again; and especially if it were for no more noble purpose than to win a victory over a woman.

Wife—At any cost to myself, then, I must be quiet?

Mother—Yes, at any cost.

Wife—But how, then, am I to do my husband good, to correct his faults, and to make him better, nobler, wiser, than he is?

Mother—Ah, that is a totally different question. You asked me, in the outset, how to *please* your husband. I have confined my remarks exclusively to that. One certain fact, however, you may always bear in mind—that if you fail to please your husband, you will never do him good.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Dec. 1, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

To Subscribers.

We would respectfully solicit those whose term of subscription has expired, to renew their subscription, and forward the amount to our address by mail.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

The future never looked brighter to Californians than at the present time. The dark clouds of Fraser River devastation have rolled away, and we are now receiving a large increase to our population. Not a steamer arrives at our wharves but is freighted with human beings, who have come to try their lot in California, and though many hundreds are thrown upon our shores each month, comparatively few are long out of employment. Our business marts are thronged with eager, cheerful faces, which speak of hope and prosperity; "business is reviving," is plainly written on their faces, and their rapid, elastic tread, as they jostle one another to and fro, reveals a volume to one who reads as he runs.

Last night the city lay in calm repose, not a breath disturbed the serenity of the scene; all nature seemed hushed to rest, when, about the hour of midnight, a shout arose upon the air; loud and prolonged it rose and swelled, 'till it seemed the voice of a multitude, and as we strained our ear to catch the sound, we heard: "HURRAH FOR THE OVERLAND MAIL."

Everything is tending towards the advancement and prosperity of California; and though some may talk of the good old days of '48 and '49, we believe California's best days are before her.

Peer we into the future, and the glad news of the opening of the Tehuantepec Route greets us at the very threshold; and, not long will we have to wait, ere the "iron horse" will make his shrill pipes be heard.

H A B I T.

How imperceptibly we acquire bad habits, is seen in the aptness with which some adopt slang phrases.

It is not uncommon to hear a young lady in her mother's parlor, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth and elegance, reply to a friendly interrogatory by the expressive phrase, "you bet."

If you ask her to accompany you to a concert, she may refuse by that laconic expression: "over the left," or should she choose to accept, your invitation, she will signify her intention by saying "ob course I will sir." Should the way prove rough and uneven, she will inform you that "Jordan am a hard road to travel." Should she wish to advance any of her friends in your good opinion, she will tell you that he is "a per-

fect brick." The mother tells her babe "to dry up," and her boys "to goit while they're young," and even the little children catch the taint, and defy parental authority by saying, "you can't come it."

Like a deluge of unclean water, slang phrases are sweeping over the land, debasing and degrading that power which distinguishes man from brute; and in this connection may be mentioned profanity. The woman, who in levity exclaims, "Good Lord!" perhaps thinks she would not swear, for the world. Yet, she forgets that the Lord hath said, "I will not hold him guiltless, that taketh my name in vain." The breath of man is tainted with blasphemy, which is a disgrace to a civilized and enlightened community.

THANKSGIVING.

How that word calls up happy memories of the olden time; that good old time when Thanksgiving brought together those who had been long separated—making the family circle once more complete, and causing the hearts of all to rejoice and give thanks. In those days we have sometimes seen as many as three generations represented in one household. Around the luxurious table, groaning beneath the weight of turkeys and pumpkin pies, were gathered the silver-haired grandfather, the sturdy son, and the prattling grandson. But we who have come to California, are too far off to resume our places in the old homestead on Thanksgiving day. We know that around that well spread board there is a vacant seat, and our names are on the breath of those that love us. With all these memories comes a pang—a subdued, sorrowful feeling, for we are but mortals, and the human heart will yearn for its loved ones. The vision of the old homestead, with its many cheerful faces; the aged father, who, with trembling hand, produces the last letter received from the wanderer; the tear-dimmed eyes of the aged mother, as with eager ear she listens to the contents of that letter, and the earnest, heartfelt manner in which she exclaims, "thank God! we can hear from him," is even now haunting many a heart in California.

Though, in many instances, separated from those we loved in earlier days, we yet feel that we have cause to be thankful that our lines have been cast in pleasant places; that we have been brought forth to a goodly land, whose skies are bright, and whose fields are fertile; where the breath of pestilence is never felt, and the poison of contagion is unknown; a land which seems to have been more favored by nature than any other one part of the habitable globe.

The early and the latter rain has been given to us in due season, and the miner and the farmer together rejoice over the increase which the earth has yielded up. Prosperity has been the portion of our people, and as we consider the improvement which has been made during the last few months, as we hear the toot of the coachman's horn, and listen to the rumbling wheels of the overland mail coach, we feel that we have cause to be thankful.

From the stand-point of the present we survey the future. The opening of the Tehuantepec route is the dawning of yet brighter and

more prosperous days to California, and kindles the hope that we may yet live to see the great railroad completed, which will place us in close and immediate connection with the Eastern States. Nor is this all; for the hope and the faith is strong that the burning thoughts of loving hearts will, ere long, be transmitted by the electric wire which shall unite our old homes and our new.

Are not all these, and many more, which time would fail us to mention, causes for thankfulness? Surely our hearts should rise in thankfulness to Him who has so abundantly blessed us.

Let us, then, as a people, one and all, offer up the just tribute of thankfulness to Him who is the giver of all good—presenting that most beautiful spectacle which angels love to contemplate, a nation bowing in thankfulness before their God.

VEXATIOUS.

We thought we had endured some of the trials and vexations of life. We thought we had suffered some from circumstances, accidental or otherwise. We have had the minister call on us of a wash-day, when we were up to our eyes in suds; we have had company brought home to dine on the same inauspicious day: we have had small particles of floating soot fall upon and soil the snowy linen which we had but just hung upon the line; we have lived in a house with a smokey chimney; we have laid awake all night with the tooth-ache; we have had callers who would neither go nor stay, and yet remained so long that our nice light bread was burned to a crisp in the oven, our vegetables boiled dry and burned to the pot; we have had to offer our family an apology in place of a dinner; we have burned our fingers turning flap-jacks; we have had soup spilled on our new silk dress, and got caught in the rail with our span new bonnet on; we have had our baby cry all night with the colic, and heard our best China go smash upon the floor; in time of fire we have had our best mirror thrown out of the window, while our feather bed was carefully carried down stairs; we have moved all our goods and chattels, and then seen the fire extinguished *without* burning our house; we have looked for letters and been disappointed; we have heard those we thought *friends* speak *unkindly* of us; we have received an invitation to a wedding the day after it had taken place; we have heard our neighbor's baby praised more than our own, and had the chills and fever; yet all are lost sight of, sink into insignificance and become as nothing, compared to the vexatious trial of typographical errors. Only a little time ago, on page 169, in an article entitled "Whence came the Metals," we were made to read "progress is her law and *protection* her aim," when it should have been "*perfection* her aim;" and many, very many, are the trials we are subjected to on account of those perverse little bits of lead called type.

But "misery loves company," and sometimes as we glance over the columns of our eotemporaries we feel that we are not alone in our troubles. Quite recently we saw an advertisement by a railway company of some uncalled for goods; by some accident the letter *L* had dropped from the word *lawful*, and it read

"people to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the *awful* charges on the same." During the Mexican war one newspaper hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty-seven of his men had been lost in a *bottle*. Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man in a brown surtout was yesterday brought before the police court, on a charge of having stolen a small *ox* from a lady's workbag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket." "A *rat*," says another paper, "descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat; and so serious was the injury done to the boat, that great exertions were necessary to save it." An English paper once stated that the Russian General Rakinoffkowsky "was found dead with a long *word* in his mouth." It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and the Russians, said that "the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with great *laughter*." Again: "A gentleman was yesterday brought up to answer the charge of having *eaten* a stage driver for demanding more than his fare." At the late 5th of July dinner, in the town of Charlestown, none of the poultry were eatable except the *owls*. And we were recently made to say of one of our able cotemporaries, "he will do much towards *developing* the best interests of the people;" when it should have read "he will do much towards *developing* the best interests of the people." But we think that is not quite so bad as our cotemporaries of the *Alta*, who, in a late police report, instead of saying that "he drank often," substituted the letter *w*, which made it read "*we* drank often;" a confession which all must admire for its genuine *frankness*, and which suggested to our mind Saxe's significant advice to the rising generation, which, with a slight variation in the first line, we would recommend to the editors of the *Alta*:

"In watching the police, just mind what you'r at;
Beware of your head, and take care of your hat,
Lest you find that a favorite son of your mother,
Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other!"

THE DYING GIRL.

They sent for me in the evening, just as the birds were seeking their leafy nests, and the sun was sinking behind the western hills. I recognized the summons as calling me to the bed of death. I had been with her in the morning, but could not remain, and left, asking her mother to send for me in case she was worse. And now, as I approached her chamber, my heart beat loud and fast. Her mother met me at the door; her face bore traces of recent tears, but it was placid and serene. Calmly she beckoned me into the room, and placed a chair near the head of the dying girl. She laid upon the bed, apparently in an unconscious doze; her golden curls strayed carelessly about the pillow, and a flush, beautiful and delicate as that sometimes seen upon a seashell, was upon her cheek; her fair thin hands were clasped upon her breast, which heaved with every effort she made for breath. The windows were open, and the sweet, pure

air came in refreshingly, and brought with it the perfume of the violet and the rose.

"Has Fanny come?" she murmured; then opening her eyes and perceiving me, she seemed much pleased, and said, "I feared you would not come in time to hear my parting words. 'Fanny,' she continued, 'I am leaving mother. When I am gone, she will have no daughter to love or care for her. Will you, Fauny, come and fill my place?' Her voice was choked, and tears trickled down her cheeks. 'Promise me,' she said, 'and then I shall die happy!' I promised to do all I could; she pressed my hand warmly. A fit of coughing seized her—a soft, gurgling sound was heard in her throat—she reached forward to her mother, and sank into the arms of death.

I staid with the poor bereaved mother, and did all I could to comfort her. We prepared the corpse for the grave; dressed her in a beautiful robe of white, and crowned her with rose-buds and orange blossoms. Then young men and maidens bore her forth, in the silent hours of the night, when the moon shone forth in calm and serene beauty, shedding a softened light upon our pathway. On we went, singing ever and anon the strains of which she was so fond, and whose clear voice we now so sadly missed. As we entered the churchyard, the singing ceased, and the eloquent voice of the minister was heard in the beautiful words of the Episcopal ritual, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

We saw the body lowered to its last resting-place, and heard pronounced the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." As we turned sadly towards our homes, the mother exclaimed with chastened sorrow, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

How many, who, weary and discouraged with life's trials, are almost ready to say, "I can hold out no longer." The feeble rays of hope shine dimly on their pathway, and they would gladly resign their places in the battle of life. Be not discouraged. The circumstances in which thou art placed, are the very ones best calculated to develop thy character and fit thee for high and useful purpose.

The city physician of Oroville has ordered a bell to be rung, every day at noon, as a signal for all the inhabitants to commence chewing Peruvian bark. The ague has assumed a malignant form there; an individual recently pronounced cured, and dismissed from the hospital, attempted to modify his spasms by holding to the meeting house, and shook the steeple off. *Trinity Journal*.

We think a little of the same disease must have reached San Francisco, for we shook so hard last week, that the good people in our vicinity thought they felt an earthquake.

Reviews and Notices of New Publications.

"Literary Attractions of the Bible. By Le Roy J. Halsey, D. D. Charles Scribner, N. Y."

This is a work of more than ordinary merit, written in a style of pleasing earnestness. It seeks to lay before the reader some of the attractions of the Bible; and well has the author succeeded! Well has he adapted his work to those who look upon the Bible as containing nothing but religion, and who really know nothing of its vast riches. The vigorous, faithful pen of Mr. Halsey, opens out all the general characteristics of the Sacred Volume. He treats of it as a classic, as well adapted to old and young, to the school and to the college. He recognises its poetry and its bards, and their influence, not only upon the times they lived in, but reaching down even to our day, and far beyond, into the limitless future. He hears the soul-stirring eloquence of the orators of the old, and pays just and beautiful tribute to Judah, Aaron, and many others of the Old Testament. He recognises Gamaliel, Apollos, Stephen, John the Baptist, Peter, James, and many others, as orators of the New Testament; not forgetting Paul, who was perhaps the greatest orator that ever lived, save Him "who spake as never man spake."

He calls us to the contemplation of woman in her most ancient and noblest record. He invites us to the interesting study of the characters, and lays before us in the most attractive manner, pictures of Eve, Sarah, and Rebekah, Deborah, Esther, Ruth, Jezebel, and Athalia, Herodias and her dancing daughter, Abigail, Hannah, Martha and the Marys.

The young men of the Bible are also presented as among its attractions, and are treated of in that peculiarly happy, graceful style which throughout renders this work so agreeable and entertaining. Science and the Songs of the Bible, with many more features of which we have not time to speak, are treated of in this masterly work, which is full of truth and replete with beauty, the interest of which never once flags, but lures on from page to page, from chapter to chapter, to the close of the volume. A copy of this work should be in every family, parents should place it in the hands of their children, as it is eminently calculated to awaken and keep alive an interest in that Book of Books, the Bible.

Copies of this work can be found at the book-store of Messrs. Allen & Spier, 148 Clay street.

Mr. Spier of the firm of Allen & Spier, has kindly placed us in possession of a copy of "The True Woman," by Jesse T. Peck, D. D. Published by Carlton & Porter, N. Y. This work is dedicated by the author to the "True Women of America," and is worthy of a high place in their estimation. The author treats of the character of the true woman in every sphere of life; he goes with

her from the cradle to the grave, illustrating her character at all times, and under all circumstances. The style of the author is easy and graceful, and imparts an interest to the work, which none can fail to appreciate. We cannot do better than give to our readers the closing remarks of the author. At the same time we would hazard the remark, that the library of no woman is complete, without a copy of this work.

"Fair reader; you have looked at the character of the true woman, and, we doubt not, you have been charmed by its attractive beauty. We are sure you have felt a strong desire to illustrate that character in its utmost perfection. These are noble aspirations, and we beg you to believe they may all be realized. If God has made you responsible for the education of daughters, we may humbly suggest that you have here a regular family manual, for the successful discharge of the most delicate duties ever intrusted to mortals. We intreat you, do not for a moment entertain the idea of a failure, until you have faithfully experimented every one of these simple and earnest suggestions. Are you a child, or a young woman? hold these councils and models of excellence before you, until they seize every power of the intellect and heart, and command the utmost energy of the will. You shall then, assuredly, for yourself and the world, demonstrate the true woman to be a living reality."

We are also indebted to Messrs. Allen & Spier for a copy of "The Happy Home," by Kirwan. Harper & Brothers, N. Y. This is truly a charming work, full of original ideas, and valuable suggestions. This is one of the books from which we cannot readily make extracts, for the entire work is so good that choice is baffled; and we feel that every-one should read the work entire. The author is glowing, earnest and truthful, imparting to the reader a fund of information, and laying before the mind a picture of a happy home, which none can resist. Parents will here find much to assist them in the training and rearing of their children; here they may learn to realize their responsibility and their accountability; here they may learn the way which will lead them and their little ones to peace and happiness, and the full enjoyment of that greatest earthly blessing—a happy home.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF SAN FRANCISCO.—"The Fifth Annual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of San Francisco, presented August 5th, 1858, with the officers and committees for the year, names of members, constitution, by-laws, &c." The association will please accept our thanks for a copy of this pamphlet.

The Telegram still continues to gain in public favor, and is receiving an extensive and remunerative patronage. Indeed, we do not see how it could be otherwise, as it is edited with much ability, and its selections evince both care and judgment.

[For the Hesperian.]

A Leaf from an Unpublished Autobiography.

December, merciless month to the poor! How cold and bleak blows the wind, piling the snow in huge drifts! I hear it rattling against the window, although it is already piled so high that I cannot see out. It snaps and creaks beneath the tread of the passers-by. Cold! cold! bitter cold! and my hearth is barren. No wood or coal sends its bright blaze to warm my chilled limbs or cheer my lonely room. The last spark has expired, and I have no fuel to burn, nor money to buy either fuel or food. My baby sleeps, thank God! Last night she awoke and cried for milk, and as I reached my hand for the cup I found it burst, and a cake of ice was all I had to offer her. Poor child! to-night she has sobbed herself, supperless, to sleep, and if she awakes I have no food to give her.

Oh God! didst thou forget the poor when thou madest the winter? Didst thou forget the widow and the fatherless when thou bade the December blast to go forth, creeping into every crack and cranny, and chilling the very life-blood within the veins? I have sought for work, but have been unable to obtain it, since the storm set in. I have parted with all I had that was valuable, even to my wedding ring; and now, but ten cents remain. Ten cents! and neither wood nor bread in the house. The last bit of candle has died away in the socket, and I will to bed—it may be sleep, which does not have to be bought with silver and gold, will visit my pillow.

The morning dawned clear and cold. My child waked and asked for bread. Oh God! I have not a crumb to give her; so I soothed her to rest again. The ten cents—ah, yes, they will buy two loaves. But hunger will come again, and I have no more with which to buy bread. "The ten cents will buy that which will forever end your child's sufferings and your own," whispered the tempter; and I listened. What wonder are not the beasts of the forests furious when they see their young want food. Should the human mother have less feeling? Starvation is a dreadful death. Surely I may have the poor privilege of shortening her pangs; I may end my life with her's! Looking on the cherub face, close nestled in the blankets, I faltered in my determination. She moved, and in her sleep murmured, "Nice beddy butter!" It was too much; and exclaiming, "God forgive me!" I hastened forth to purchase *poison*! On—on I strode; the way was long, the snow deep, but I took no note of either. My brain was on fire—my blood was molten lead. I had nearly reached the place of my destination. I looked up, the post office was the only building between me and the druggist's. Something seemed to urge me to stop. I did so, and asked for a letter. Strange—there was one for me. Eagerly I broke the seal. It was from an old friend, who wrote to ask how I fared, and spoke such kind, encouraging words, that a new hope was born that hour; and as I again turned into the street, it seemed to me less cold and cheerless, and I resolved

to spend the ten cents for bread, and trust the future to Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Ere night I obtained work, and soon had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing my child well fed and warmly clothed.

Those words of kindness and encouragement saved two lives. It may be rescued a soul from perdition.

[We wish it were in our power to suggest some remedy for the evil of which our correspondent complains. We know of no better way, however, than for women to absent themselves from all places where these vulgar necessities of unrefined minds are to be found.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 27, 1858.

Dear Editress Hesperian:—Can you suggest any way in which a public nuisance, in the shape of spittoons, can be abated? Everywhere I go, my olfactories are greeted by the stench of tobacco, and disgustingly filthy spittoons meet the eye at every turn. Our hotel floors are covered with them; they occupy prominent positions on steamboats, in lecture rooms, and even the church, the sacred dwelling of the Most High, is desecrated by their presence, as if the spiritual could receive high and holy influences when the natural is exposed to the loathsome, degrading stench of filthy spittoons and such nauseous vapors. The presence of these dirty articles is an insult to human decency—an outrage upon human rights, for I contend that no one has a right to infect the air with poison that his neighbor has to breathe. I could say much more on this subject, but hoping that you will be able to suggest some remedy, I leave it for the present.

A SUFFERER.

LUXURIOUS.—The baths of Dr. BOURNE, southeast corner of Sansome and Commercial streets, where the rooms are fitted up in the most convenient, as well as tasteful manner; where the most scrupulous neatness is observed in every particular, and the baths are administered by experienced and careful attendants.

The Electro-Chemical Baths, as administered in this institution, may be numbered among the greatest luxuries of life. For equalizing the circulation, and imparting life and vigor to the constitution, they stand unequalled, and those who have once enjoyed them unhesitatingly speak in their favor.

The ladies' department is under the care of a woman, who, with energy and promptness, combines that kindness of heart, that delicacy and refinement of character, which must ever be gratefully appreciated by all, but particularly so by the invalid.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—"Eighth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools of the City and County of San Francisco." Our thanks are due to Mr. H. B. Janes, Superintendent, for a copy of this pamphlet. We are glad to learn that gratifying progress and valuable improvements have been made during the past year.

[For the Hesperian.]

Thanksgiving at the Old Homestead.

Who, of New England birth, can forget that day? associated as it is with the sweetest memories of his childhood.

What anticipations! what childish longings! what dreams by day and by night, of cheerful faces, and pleasant firesides, and loaded tables spread in the great old-fashioned family parlor, with its low ceiling, and massy oak beams running above our head, and its quaint old English hangings, covered with dainty devices of golden headed parrots, perched among gorgeous flowers; and below, a pastoral scene of flocks quietly reposing beneath an aged oak, and a shepherd seated on a bank, piping to a shepherdess.

And then, how did the great open fireplace, with its gay, porcelain, Dutch tiles, covered with pictures of Bible history, and its great, polished steel andirons, send forth a ruddy glow from the bright oak wood fire, that went roaring up the chimney! On the one side sat my grandfather, in his old fashioned arm chair, his hair white as the driven snow; his long scarlet vest, and short breeches fastened at the knees with large silver buckles, in which I could see my face as in a mirror. Beside him sat my grandmother, in her white muslin cap, and kerchief of the same, nicely tucked on her bosom, her matronly face lighted up with smiles, to see her children and grandchildren all assembled once more beneath the old ancestral roof.

And then, to see them—that group of happy, smiling faces, as they sat around the family table, with its clean, white cloth of home-made linen, and curious, old-fashioned china—fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts and cousins, and a whole host of little ones, from the fair maiden of sixteen down to the little “wee toddling thing” in apron strings. And then, such heaps of roast turkeys, and plum puddings, and sweetmeats, and tiny cakes in the shape of horses, and birds, and flowers, to please us little-ones! O! they were the theme of our childish prattle afterward, for many a day.

But why does my mother's face suddenly assume a sad look, and a tear steal unbidden down her cheek, as she gazes on the happy group of little ones around her? Away in one corner of the quiet church-yard, is a little grave, over which the summer roses have long since faded, and the autumn winds have sung their dirge, O, so sadly! and winter has wrapped in a winding sheet of snow. Low, very low beneath, how sweetly art thou sleeping, dear little sister Margaret! One year ago to-day, thou wert here among us, with thy soft eye of blue like “the summer heavens,” and thy face like an angel's. Now, beneath the old oak in the churchyard, thou art sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. Therefore my mother's heart is sad, but she smiles amid her tears, for she knows that away in the eternal home, in the city “that hath foundations,” at a nobler thanksgiving feast her little-one is sitting talking with the angels.

But evening—Thanksgiving Day evening—was it not the most joyful part of that pleas-

ant family festival? When, after the tables had been cleared away and the hearth swept clean, and fresh fuel put on the fire, how we little ones used to assemble in the old family parlor, and O! what romping and jumping, and playing hide and seek, and blindman's buff, and many other noisy games of childhood! How the smallest of the flock would run and hide under grandmama's apron, or behind her rocking chair, and when after some fresh peal of laughter, our mothers would turn and say, “Hush! hush! you make too much noise children!” grandfather would exclaim—“O, no! not one whit—bless their merry hearts! romp away, children! the sight does my old heart good. It makes me feel almost a boy again.”

Dear, good, kind old grandfather! Many years have flown since he was gathered to his fathers; and grandmother, too—she sleeps beside him; and many of that dear household band, who used to assemble at the old homestead, are scattered far and wide. Their graves may be seen; some amid the great prairies, by the broad rivers of the north-west, some among the groves of the south, and some beneath the shadows of Californian mountains, and one o'er him the ocean waves roll their eternal anthem. But often does Memory, in her journeyings back, back, away up the dim valley, where years are set as milestones, gray, old and spectral, see, gleaming amid the darkness, that old homestead, with its group of happy faces and cheerful hearts, whose merry shouts and ringing laughter, and joyous dancing, made the old roof-tree tremble on those glad Thanksgiving nights. G. T. S.

WE ARE OPPOSED TO IT.—The fair editress of the *Hesperian* bestows upon her “sisters” of Shasta a worthy tribute of admiration for their exertions towards building a Church. Her article concludes with some very beautiful verses, in one of which she exhorts the “sistren” thus:

“Build, gentle builders, build!
Bring brick, and wood, and stone, &c.”

We think we see the ‘Finance Committee,’ some with hods, some with wheelbarrows, bringing “brick, and wood, and stone!” We're opposed to it, all the time, entirely, teetotally, while there are so many able-bodied bachelors around.—*Shasta Courier*.

If the ladies can set the old bachelors to work, so much the better, but our experience has proved them to be an incorrigible set, and of no kind of use on earth, and we would still recommend to the sisters the old adage, “if you want anything done do it yourself.”

By some unaccountable accident, the notice which we made, of Mr. H. E. Highton assuming the editorial duties of the “Spirit of the Times,” was lost sight of by the compositor. We regret this the more, as we have always been an admirer of his chaste and beautiful writings, and we gladly welcomed his name to the corps editorial.

The “Spirit of the Times,” although principally devoted to the interests of the turf, contains many literary gems. It has our best wishes for its prosperity and welfare.

MORE FLOWERS.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

BY ANNIE K. H. FADER.

Don't sit in the shade in the winter time,
When the wind is howling chill,
But nestle down in the sun's warm shine
On the brightest side of the hill,
And think of the glorious days to come
In the warm and gushing spring,
When the flowers re-bloom and the wild bees hum,
And nature shall shout and sing,
Don't sit in the sun in summer time,
When the shady woods are cool,
Inviting you softly to recline,
And worship the beautiful;
And drink of the many sweets of earth,
As the days and hours go past,
Till they shall lead to a purer birth
And a holier life, at last.

SECOND CHILDHOOD OF THE YEAR.—The oak and maple trees on the hill-sides, now look exactly as they did in spring when their leaves were tender and young—their color is the same, their shade as scant, their contrast with the evergreens in every respect similar. But it is a delusive show of youth; a few more frosts will have seared them to the palar of death-time. North of the valley, white mountains rise in spotless splendor; west that delusive spring-time appears. The rain has momentarily revived the dying foliage, as a word of hope for a moment reinvigorates an old man dying, or as a chance drop of oil prolongs the flicker of an expiring lamp. But the birds have not been deceived—they have gone; not a quail remains to pipe among the willows that fringe the stream. The provident ground squirrel is observed hurrying to his burrow with mouth full of winter's stores; he has noted the dirge moan of the woods and the unfolding shroud that is being slowly let down from the hill-tops.—C. B. McDONALD.

—The Atlantic mail arrives to day.—Have you a letter, dear reader? or have you been turned away from the office with a gloomy brow, and a heart into which no sunlight of loving words and kind remembrances has come? Ah, what long, thrilling histories, are bound in those great leathern mail bags that bring us tidings from our eastern homes! How many a wanderer's thirsting soul has been revived by the welcome messages of long enduring affection which they contain; and how many more have turned away in bitterness of spirit at the still delayed answer from the “loved and absent!” Do they know how precious are their letters, and how sadder than a funeral knell is that word ‘none’ which answers our eager inquiries? How dearer than all the glittering dross for which we toil, are the gentle eyes that watch for our coming, and that wept at our farewell! How, more priceless than barren wealth, are our memories of the cherished past, and our hopes of a reunion some day! Some day when our golden dreams are realized, and we can go to scatter blessings with the lavish hand of wealth; for though pilgrims to the shrine of Mammon, we still worship other gods; and beyond the glittering altars to which we have hastened as devotees, Fancy pictures the purer shrines and the holier worship of the heart.—*Treka Union*.

[For the Hesperian.]
AGGREGATION OF MINERALS.

Similar particles of matter seem to have a mutual attraction, and are ever struggling to get together. This struggle is crowned with ultimate success, even under the most unfavorable circumstances. From the heterogeneous matters held in solution by water, the action of crystalization will separate gradually into groups, the particles most nearly related, and each family will form a house so to speak, of its own, kindred seeking kindred as amongst men. Should, however, the matters be precipitated in a confused mass by the evaporation of the water or any other cause, the whole may be hardened into stone, layer upon layer, as we see in the stratified sedimentary rocks. The little particles, as the mass becomes stony and adamantine, might be thought locked in hopeless imprisonment, and the struggle of like to meet like, would seem feeble and vain. But Nature never gave an impulse without providing ways and means for its effective action. Affinity is a sleepless power; material masses though seemingly fixed and moveless, present in their interiors, a theatre of eternal activity and commotion. By alternations of heat and cold, expansions and contractions of bulk are forever changing the relative positions of the particles of bodies. Affinity always on the alert, takes advantage of every movement, to bring kindred atoms together, and thus little by little they approach, perhaps for ages, but at last they embrace and are locked in the bonds of brotherhood. In this manner crystals are formed, even in the interior of stony and metallic masses. The action of aggregation in the formation of spherical masses of calcareous matters in argillaceous deposits is well known to geologists. The same power has doubtless called together the particles of gold even in the hard quartz, and fashioned them into the beautifully fantastic forms we see in the attractive "specimens" brought from the mines. In the same way, metals bled together in the most intimate manner, are in the course of time found separated. Ancient coins are often observed in such condition, one metal of the compound occupying the surface and another the interior. The same explanation may often apply to the formation of metallic and mineral masses in the surface soils of the earth.

V.

The *Hesperian* says: "We would say, that we believe that woman's mission should be like that of the meek and lowly Jesus—one of peace and good will to men."

Old Mr. Joshua Duzenberry says, he wishes the Lord he could realize the truth of the above for just about five minutes.—*Trinity Journal*.

"Duzenberry is certainly very profane; besides, what good would five minutes do him? Duzenberry is evidently an unreasonable man." *Siskiyou Chronicle*.

Our thanks are due to Mr. E. J. Muirgridge, No. 163 Clay street, for a very beautiful engraving. He has more still on hand, and is also well supplied with elegant illustrated books.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

Cease thy prowling, idle boy,
 Peeping through the hawthorn bush;
 Listen to those songs of joy,
 From the robin, lark, and thrush.

Listen—little hearts that feel
 Gladness, can feel sorrow too;
 Stay thy hand, thou would'st not steal
 All the wealth they ever knew.

See that curious nest so neat,
 Hid within the leafy shade;
 Ah! no tongue can tell how sweet
 Was the work when that was made.

Brooding still that mother lay;
 Hope was beating in her breast,
 Wilt thou rend that hope away?
 Steal her treasures, tear her nest?

Hence—begone, for He who sees
 When the meanest sparrow falls,
 Watches through the forest trees,
 Hears each little bird that calls.

[For the Hesperian.]

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

I am an old man, and my hair is gray; but I have been young, aye, and happy too, as any of you who read these lines this day. I was an only son. My father kept me at school all my younger days, and I suppose meant me for a profession, but I hated study. I used to play truant, and persuaded other boys to join me. Many a whipping I have had for disobedience to my good teacher's orders. "Fools hate knowledge," and the wise man has said, though you "bray him with a pestle, in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

There was one boy in school older than the rest. His father was a sea captain, and he had accompanied him in one of his short voyages, and he was always telling of happiness that was to be enjoyed in going to sea. At last I began to think that there was no life so happy as a sea life. I longed to go, but did not dare to ask my parents. One day the boy told me that he was going to sea the next week. He said that I might go too, if I wished; that I could hide myself in his father's vessel, and not come out until the ship was far out to sea. I listened with eagerness to all he said. I made up my mind to leave my pleasant home, and kind parents, and go with him on his voyage. So we completed our plans together, and I waited with impatience for the day that should take me away.

It soon came. I was to leave home in the night, and secrete myself in the hold of the ship. Never shall I forget that night! I had to pass by the door of the bedroom where my father and mother slept. It stood open. The moon shone brightly into the room. My mother's angel face! I shall never forget it as it looked to me that night. She was in gentle sleep, but it appeared to me that her spirit was awake, and I could almost hear her calling after her poor, wandering, erring boy. I would have fallen on my knees and asked forgiveness, but I dared not. I longed to give her one last kiss—she who had so often

fondled me on her bosom, and imprinted so many a sweet kiss on my brow. Presently I saw my father move. Fearful of being discovered, I crept stealthily towards the street door, and laid my hand on the latch. Even then my heart misgave me, and I almost concluded to go back again to my chamber. But my evil angel triumphed. I opened the door, and closing it gently after me, crept softly along the garden path, and with a guilty, beating heart, bade farewell to the home of my childhood.

I can never tell you all I suffered during the first three days of my voyage, shut up in the hold of that ship. If I slept, it was to dream of home, and the friends whom I had left behind. My mother's face was always before me; sometimes calm and placid, as I saw it in that sleep, and then weeping and pale with sorrow for her lost boy. Sometimes I could hear her calling me, "Willie! Willie! Willie!" and the sound would grow fainter and fainter, till it died away in the distance. Oh, that voice of agony! I shall never forget it to my dying day. She did not reproach me—oh no! not one unkind word. But, "Willie! Willie! how could you do so?" was her voice of sorrowful entreaty to me.

We had a long passage, for we were bound to the East Indies, and the winds were contrary most of the time. I became a very good sailor after awhile, and began to think less of home and the friends whom I had left behind. Still, I felt, if I lived to reach home, that I would never leave it again as long as my parents lived. I would ask their forgiveness for what I had done, and never leave them any more.

From the East Indies we went to China, so that it was nearly a year before we were again near our native home. One morning the captain told us that, with fair wind, he would be in port in three days. But my heart had its misgivings. For some reason, I could not think of home without a shudder, notwithstanding I had longed to reach it so much. I feared the worst. Sometimes I would imagine that both of my parents were dead, and that their last words were prayers for the return of their son.

We reached port on the evening of the third day. I could not wait till morning, but immediately after we had cast anchor, I took my seat in the first boat that went ashore. My father's house was far up in the city, so that it was nearly midnight before I reached it. My intention was not to disturb my parents that night, but to creep upon the roof of the shed in the rear of the dwelling, and so reach the window of my chamber, and remain there ready to surprise them in the morning. But a light was burning in my parents' room on the ground floor, and I went around to the windows to see if they were still up. Merciful Heaven! how shall I describe what I saw! In a chair, chained to the wall, her hands pinioned, her hair falling in disheveled tresses over her face, sat my mother! When I first saw her she seemed to be dozing; her head was reclining, her eyes were closed, and her face deadly pale. Pre-

sently she aroused herself and gazed around her with a frantic stare. She raised both hands as far as her manacles would allow, and shrieked out, "Willie! Willie! Willie!" It was the same voice that I had heard in my dreams. My mother was a maniac!

I ran around to the door—it was unlocked; I opened it, and rushed into my mother's room. I threw myself on my knees before her. "Mother! mother! I am come—speak to me. O! don't you know your son—your own Willie?" She gazed upon me with a frantic stare. "Oh no! you are not Willie. Willie is a great way off. He left me, and my heart is broke. I shall never see him again. Willie! Willie! Willie!" and down she sank exhausted in her chair, shrieking "Willie!"

For six months I watched over her in that darkened room. She then fell asleep, and we laid her away in the quiet churchyard. My father followed her in less than a year, and I was left alone.

I have ever since lived at the old homestead. And often since, when I have been tempted to wander from God, as I did from my earthly parents, I have heard my mother's voice, calling to me from the quiet heavens, "Willie! Willie! Willie!"

G. T. S.

[For the Hesperian.]

MOTHER'S BIRTH DAY.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORIES.

"Now Betty, is it all right with the baker? Will the turkey and the beef be done in time? May we depend upon him? Have you been to the confectioner's about the ices? What fruit has been sent in? O, about the silver epergne: What did Mrs. Spenser say? And my cap, has that been sent home yet?" These questions succeeded each other with a rapidity quite unnatural to Mrs. St. Clare, betokening the advent of some very uncommon circumstance. Poor Betty, with her cap all awry, knew not which question to answer first, and so replied out of her bewilderment, in the most convenient phraseology, "I guess so: Where are all the childer, mum?" Thus parrying another thrust by diverting inquiries into another channel; her usual tactics.

"O, they are all locked up for awhile, in the nursery; don't bother about them. Who is that ringing so unmercifully at the bell again? How tiresome it is, when one has every-thing to do, every-body comes to interrupt every-body, from doing every-thing. Go and see."

"Tis a strange man, mum," said Betty, "he would come in and seat himself, mum, in the parlour, mum, before I could stop him, mum, and there he is, mum, like a fixter. He's come to ax for charity, mum, and is more deaferer than a post, mum, for when I said master was not at home and missis couldn't be seen, he said cold meat would do as well as hot, to a poor hungry man, and that beggers mustn't be choosers."

"What in the world did you let him in for? you know what a rumpus there will be, if Mr. St. Clair finds a beggar in the house. He'll storm the house down. Now do you go and let him out, right away; give him these two

bits, and tell him to be sure and not let my husband see him."

Mrs. St. Clair went on with her tart-making a few minutes, when Betty came back.—

"Mum, there's no getting rid of the man; he's taken off his dirty boots, and is drying himself afore the fire, quite at home like, and when I told him he must go, or I would send for a policeman, he told me, not to trouble myself any farther, as he was very comfortable, and could very well wait for a cup of tea."

"Was ever any thing like that for vexation in this world? I expect my brother here too, every minute. Go and tell Thomas and Charles to come down from the nursery."

"Now, son Thomas, you go and find a policeman, and tell him to come here immediately, for a beggar man won't go from our house unless he is forced; do you hear?"

"Yes, Mother; come along Charley, here's a bit of fun; let's go and see the poor old fellow first; ha, Mother! we'll go and coax him away, without getting a policeman to put him in prison, poor old fellow!"

"Do, my children, any thing to get rid of him; for if your father or your Uncle John were to see him in the house, making so free, I should never hear the last of it."

"Isn't Uncle John come yet, mother? he promised he'd be here by four o' clock; and now 'tis a quarter past; let's wait for Uncle John, and he will bundle him off in less than no time."

"Gracious! what might be done. How tiresome! I'll go myself, and see what I can make of him."

"Sir, you must indeed go about your business: I expect company here to day, and this is quite an improper time for you to solicit charity."

"Yes, Marm, it is cold, quite as cold as charity; as you say," said the man, putting his hand to his ear. "So I'll rouse up the fire, Marm."

"I beg you will do no such thing. What impudence! You will oblige me by losing no time to get out of the house," screamed Mrs. St. Clair, at the top of her voice.

"Missis wants you to go out of the house;" screamed louder, the maid Betty.

"Old fellow, you must clear out right away," screamed Tommy.

But all to no purpose, the poor old man sat quite unconscious before the blazing fire, rubbing his hands.

"Was ever any thing so vexatious?" While the trio were exercising their lungs thus uselessly, young Mister Charley was filling the beggar's capacious pockets, with cold cabbage and mashed potatoes, into which his brother Tommy thrust the old man's shoes, telling Charley at the same time, 'twould make a nice stew for the old man when he got home. They were audacious boys, although they were not wanting in respect for the aged; but such was the impertinent familiarity of the old man, that Mrs. St. Clair for once never reproved them.

"Oh, here's a policeman!" at last exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair; tapping at the window, at the same time that Betty ran out of the front door to secure his services.

"Oh, poor old man!" said Kate; "don't let him go to prison, dear Mother, perhaps the poor old man will die."

"I am sure he will," said little Jenny, bursting into tears; "Oh, mother! how can you be so cruel!"

"I am sure he will have the stomach-ache too, after that," said that sancy Charley, imitating in ridicule his sister's weeping.

In came the policeman.

"Why, Sister,—Kate—Jenny—Tommy—Charley—don't you know me?" said Uncle John, throwing off his old hat, old rags, his white wig, and his large spectacles. "What welcome do you call this, you rogues, on your mother's birth-day? And now Master Tommy and Charley, Kate and Jenny, one dollar each if you please. You told me last April-fool day, that you would each forfeit a dollar, if I succeeded once more in making you all April-fools."

"You good-for-nothing, dear, ugly, kind, cruel, dear old Uncle John," said the eldest girl Kate, hugging her uncle and kissing him, little Charly thumping behind his back, with his little fists to attract his notice the meanwhile.

AN INCIDENT.—A touching case was presented yesterday to the consideration and charity of one of the Good Samaritans who now take care of the sick, relieve the destitute, and feed the starving. A boy was discovered in the morning lying in the grass of Claribone street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who has the feelings of kindness strongly developed, went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come to me," said he. "What do you mean," said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of the fever. "God sent for mother and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home up in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come won't he? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "he has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said, "mother never told me a lie, sir, but you've been so long on the way." What a lesson of trust, and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with idle tales. As the poor mother expected when she told her son, "God would take care of him," He did, by touching the heart of this benevolent man with compassion and love to the little stranger.—*N. O. Delta.*

We are pleased to note the re-opening of the Emanuel Institute, under the care of the experienced teacher, Rev. H. Bien. We bespeak for him a liberal patronage from our citizens.

[For the Hesperian.]

PERFECTED PRAISE.

A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D—N.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

"I am glad to meet you so early this morning," said the loquacious nurse to Dr. Goodman, as he walked up stairs, towards the bed-chamber of his patient. Mr. Ashhurst has passed a very excellent night, and awoke this morning, calling for his breakfast quite composed like. I don't know what the priest said to him when he was with him, but I have noticed a werry visible alteration in his talking like. He has never wandered in his sleep neither, as he was used to afore he come."

"I am very happy to hear it; I hope the improvement will continue."

He entered the patient's chamber, and found him eating his breakfast; and motioning the nurse to leave them alone, as soon as she had left the room; "Doctor," said the patient, "I have a very serious question to put to you. I confess, that before my illness I was never at any time seriously disposed to think about a future state. I acknowledge I have many faults to answer for, far more than most young rakes of my age. I will not qualify them, for my conscience tells me they are crimes, both against God and man, although civilized fashionable life excuses them as faults, on the score of youth. Now, an old and faithful servant of my father, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, watching an opportunity, introduced a priest of his religion, at a time when the review of my former life called up so many scenes to sting a guilty conscience, that I really believe if he had not come in the nick of time to give me spiritual consolation, all your talent and trouble would have resulted in a coroner's inquest of *felo de se*. Now, the apparently indiscreet haste with which I received admission, made confession, and had absolution, have awakened in my mind, suspicions of the efficacy of this church's rites; but however this be, at the time when despair had left me no corner of hope for forgiveness from a long neglected, and outrageously offended God, his exhortation and intercession certainly conferred such a balm to my poor soul, such a relief to my poor goaded mind, as to cause me to bless his religion for the sake of its consolation. Now, he promised me an indulgence, as he called it, after he had given me absolution, for which I was to give a pecuniary consideration in aid of the Roman Catholic Church's building fund. This power of absolution appears to me to be so contrary to what my own conscience tells me to be right, that I thought I would commit my scruples to you, my dear Doctor, knowing that you have no prejudice in any manner or matter."

"How do you know I am not a Roman Catholic myself," said the doctor.

"In that case, it would not affect my decision," replied Ashhurst.

"Well, since you ask me so candidly," continued the doctor, "I would say, that a long, irregular life cannot possibly be atoned for by

one single act of repentance, even if ever so sincere. It is like throwing a shilling to the starving children of a man, whom it has been our aim through life to bring to ruin. I am of no religious persuasion myself, but have been all my life riding a steeple chase, if I may so profane the idea. I am roving from Church to Church, seeking to judge every tree by its fruit. I have seen much to admire and much to reprehend in almost every sect of christians, but hitherto have not had my mind reconciled to any form of worship. I regard the Bible as a perfect book, without one single false tenet or sentiment. I have arrived at this conviction with much reading, study and meditation, from a state of pure infidelity and free-thinking, and am now, as I have said before, chasing from steeple to steeple, in hopes of at last winning in this glorious race, a race every way worthy of all risk of this life, if followed up prayerfully, soberly and earnestly."

"My dear Doctor, heaven knows with what ardor I would join you in this race, if my conscience would but lay by the whip and spur, so as not to hurry my poor weak judgment," said Ashhurst.

"My dear sir, this is the very impetus one ought to have. It is a race not to be walked over. I assure you. The prize is a very liberal and handsome one, and worthy of every exertion," continued the doctor, making use of the simile. Your judgement must not slumber, but continually exercise itself, else every-day thoughts force it out of the race course. Our afflictions, (and I have had some), whether brought about by our own imprudence or by the providence of an unerring God, are the very whip and spurs for the chase."

Here the Doctor was interrupted by a servant handing him two notes, which he asked leave to read directly; they were as follows:

"Respected friend:—Thy wish to understand our faith can be gratified if thou wilt call at our abode, No. this evening at six. Brother Grace and Sister Faithful will be there. Thine verily. OBADIAH TRUSTY."

"Dear Sir:—I am rejoiced to hear that your efforts, after recovering the ailments of the body of young Ashhurst, who has long led a graceless life, are now directed to the reform of his soul. I have no doubt, from the little I have heard of you, that you are a good christian, but am surprised to hear that you are one of the many good sheep without a shepherd. Do me the favor of giving me a call the first opportunity, if you have not already decided upon your walk of faith.—Thine by Divine permission, PAUL STEADFAST."

Not to tire the reader longer with this religious controversy, it is only necessary to mention that the worthy doctor honored these good christians in due time, but that they utterly failed to make him a convert or a proselyte to their form of devotion, leaving it to providence in its own good time to reveal to him the path he should select. The extraordinary adventures that attended him in the pursuit of this important object, and the other person interested in this narrative, we shall in the next chapter faithfully record.

CHAPTER XIII.

A period of five years must now be passed over, marking, briefly only, the changes that have taken place, respecting the several individuals connected with this history.

First, the lawyer beforementioned, has succeeded in prosecuting the landlord of the Five Bells Inn at Waterton, and has sent him across what his companion in punishment, the old sexton's dread, the gent in the white hat, calls the herring pond; which vernacular it is supposed was invented from the circumstance, that any criminal so sent, was considered by his fraternity as "dead as a herring" to his community, for the period of his sojourn. How this worthy became the poor landlord's associate, time must show.

Mrs. Templeton has become so straitened in her circumstances, as to be under the necessity of conducting a village school in the same neighborhood, for bare maintenance. She lives in the same house as before, which the sexton has given her rent-free, as long as she and little Jessy shall live. Little Jessy, for so all still call her from her artless manner, is now about thirteen years of age, and assists her mother in a variety of ways. Part of her time is spent in reading to an infirm gentleman in the neighborhood, who, from an affection of the spine, is unable to move about of himself or to take any exercise, except in a bath chair. Little Jessy is a great favorite of his, and he can hardly bear the girl to be long out of his sight. This infirm gentleman is no other than Mr. Ashhurst, who has come to take up his residence in Doctor Goodman's house, the most agreeable one in the village or its neighborhood.

The old sexton has retired from his labors; has become quite an altered man; his daughter is dead, and her death-bed, it is supposed had much to do with the complete reformation of his character. His Bible is never shut, except in the active discharge of the practical duties it enjoins; indeed his whole remaining life seems to be devoted to compensate if possible for the error of the former period; nevertheless, for all this, his conscience appears to be ill at ease, and to be dissatisfied with its unprofitableness.

One word or two about the lawyer: He is immersed, head and ears with an altercation about the power of the Commissioners of the Highways, who want to turn the highroad (to avoid the ascent of a very steep hill), approaching Waterton, across the grounds of the old miser, whose house and grounds he occupies by some means or other, best known to himself. Their Honors, the Commissioners, intend at the next session of Parliament, to apply for an act to empower them to do this, for they have discovered a pretty good flaw in the title, somehow or other, and the lawyer suddenly finds his *otium cum dignitate*, turned into a *portio cum amaritie*, and gets more waspish than ever, especially since he has found that the prospects he held out to the landlord of the "Five Bells," of using his influence in getting him a remission of part of the period of his transportation, if he would but disclose what he knew of the whereabouts of the long

lost miser, have not had the slightest effect; producing no other than the oft-repeated reply of, "I know no more than you do—I am entirely innocent of this, and the other charge for which you have got me this ten years misery."

Anstralia! California!! How extraordinary that Providence should commit two such treasures to two of the most powerful nations of the Earth. Whether, in the unfolding of the scroll of time, these treasures are destined for the still higher developement of power, or whether they shall contribute, like Spain, to its speedy downfall, another roll or two unfolded, may perhaps determine.

To an ordinary observer, however, the probability of endurance, of lasting and solid benefit, inclines to the side of the parent country of the latter. The institutions of America seem to mould themselves to suit every exigency of a new country, while those of England, on the contrary, become less effective the oftener her services are required. It appears to be the aim of all new countries of the one, to cement themselves more closely to their parent; but, that of the other, to watch an opportunity to throw off all allegiance. Perhaps, in no one instance are the two countries so dissimilar, as in their criminal jurisprudence; and here, America affords no comparison to England, in the justice and judgment of verdicts; yet, so liable is human judgment to err upon circumstantial evidence, that instances are not wanting, as will be shown hereafter, of the grossest injustice being committed in England, as well as in America, on this account. But what have these remarks to do with our story?—we shall see.

It was on the twenty-fourth of December, the day before Christmas day, that two men habited in the dull colored dress of convicts, with the Queen's broad arrow conspicuously displayed on their backs, were resting themselves on a log of timber by a roadside which was then being completed by their labor and that of the gang to which they belonged.

"Do you know what to-morrow is?" said the elder convict to the younger.

"I know what it would be in England. Why do you make more bitter our present lot by the inquiry?"

"Well, cheer up, old boy! there's five years of it gone," said the elder, "and we shall soon get our tickets."

"To you it may be a consolation, but to me, who do not deserve any part of the punishment, it is intolerable. The thought that you who have deserved so much, upon your own confession, to have only seven years, and for me to have ten for a crime never proved against me, is hard to bear. I should not have been convicted at all, if that last damning evidence against me had not turned up."

"What, you mean the body in the yard. Why, what was I to do with it? It was totally unfit for dissection, and the inhabitants of the village from the churchyard where it was stolen, were so wide awake, that not one of the gang could find an opportunity of reintering it."

[To be continued.]

A SAMOAN TRADITION.

THE ORIGIN OF FIRE.—The late Dr. Kitto, in one of the sections of his *Daily Bible Illustrations*, remarks, that fire was probably as unknown to Adam as it was unheeded by him before the fall, and then alludes to some curious traditions respecting its discovery. It is beyond dispute, that islands and tribes have been found, in various parts of the world, where the use of fire was quite unknown; and hence, we may suppose, that the traditions in Samoa on this subject, were at some remote period, founded on fact. The Samoans say that there was a time when their forefathers eat everything raw; and that they owe the luxury of cooked food to one Ti'iti'i, the son of a person called Talanga. This Talanga was high in favor with the earthquake god Mafuie, who, like the Vulcan of the Greeks, lived in a subterranean region, where there was a fire continually burning. On going to a certain perpendicular rock, and saying "Rock divide! I am Talanga; I have come to work;" the rock opened, and let Talanga in; and he went below to his plantation in the land of this god Mafuie. One day Ti'iti'i, the son of Talanga, followed his father and watched where he entered. The youth after a time went up to the rock, and feigning his father's voice said, "Rock, divide! I am Talanga; I have come to work;" and was admitted too. His father was at work in his plantation, was surprised to see him there, and begged him not to talk loud, lest the god Mafuie should hear him, and be angry. "Don't you know he eats people?" "What do I care for him?" said the daring youth, and off he went, humming a song, toward the smoking furnace.

"Who are you?" said Mafuie.

"I am Ti'iti'i, the son of Talanga. I am come for some fire."

"Take it," said Mafuie.

He went back to his father with some cinders, and the two set to work to bake some taro. They kindled a fire, and were preparing the taro to put on the hot stones, when suddenly the god Mafuie, blew up the oven, scattered the stones all about, and put out the fire. "Now," said Talanga, "did I not tell you, Mafuie would be angry?" Ti'iti'i went off in a rage to Mafuie, and without any ceremony, commenced with, "Why have you broken up our oven, and put out our fire?" Mafuie was indignant at such a tone and language, rushed at him, and there they wrestled with each other. Ti'iti'i got hold of the right arm of Mafuie, grasped it with both hands, and gave it such a wrench that it broke off. He then seized the other arm, and was going to twist it off next, when Mafuie declared himself beaten, and implored Ti'iti'i to have mercy, and spare his left arm.

"Do let me have this arm," said he; "I need it to hold Samoa straight and level. Give it to me, and I will let you have my hundred wives."

"No, not for that," said Ti'iti'i.

"Well, then, will you take fire? If you let me have my left arm, you shall have fire, and you may ever after this eat cooked food."

"Agreed," said Ti'iti'i; "you keep your arm, and I have the fire."

"Go," said Mafuie; "you will find the fire in every wood you cut."

And hence, the story adds, Samoa, ever since the days of Ti'iti'i, has eaten cooked food from the fire which is got from the friction of rubbing one piece of dry wood against another.

The superstitious still have half an idea that Mafuie is down below Samoa somewhere; and that the earth has a long handle there, like a walking stick, which Mafuie gives a shake now and then. It was common for them to say, when they felt the shock of an earthquake, "Thanks to Ti'iti'i, that Mafuie has only one arm: if he had two, what a shake he would give!"

"The natives of Savage Island have a somewhat similar tale about the origin of fire. Instead of Talanga and Ti'iti'i, they give the names of Maui the father, and Maui the son. Instead of going through a rock, their entrance was down through a reed bush. And, instead of a stipulation for the fire, they say that the youth Maui, like another Prometheus, stole it, ran up the passage, and before his father could catch him, he had set the bush in flames in all directions. The father tried to put it out, but in vain; and, they further add, that ever since the exploit of young Maui, they have had fire, and cooked food in Savage Island.

It is true what Dr. Kitto says in the article to which we have already referred: "A volume—and one of no common interest—might be written on the origin, the history, the traditions, the powers, and the uses of fire, which was of old worshipped in many nations as a god."—*Daily Bible Illustrations*, Vol. I, p. 104.

These are the signs of a wise man: To reprove nobody, praise nobody, blame nobody, nor ever speak of himself as if he were some uncommon man, or as knowing more than the rest of the world. If he fails in anything, he accuses only himself; if any one praise him, he contemns in his own mind the flatterer; if any one reprove him, he looks with care, that he may not be unsettled in that state of tranquility into which he has entered. All his desires depend on things within his own power; he transfers his aversion to those things which nature commands us to avoid. His appetites are always moderate; he is indifferent whether he be thought foolish or ignorant. He observes himself with the nicety of a spy, and looks on his own wishes as betrayers.

—A wise man will desire no more than what he may gain justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

—A wise man is provided for every contingency. He enjoys the good; the had he vanquishes; in prosperity he is not presumptuous, in adversity he does not despond.

—It is said of Socrates, that whether he was urging the practice of morality, whether he was receiving sentence of death, or swallowing the poison, his conduct was uniform; that is to say, calm, quiet, undisturbed, intrepid; in one word he was uniformly wise.

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[For the Hesperian.

NOT DEAD!

BY G. T. SPROAT.

We go to the grave of a friend, saying "a man is dead;"
but angels throb about him, saying, "a man is born."

Beecher's Thoughts.

Not dead! Not dead! thou art living;
Thy form is with me still;
Thou art with me when the moonlight
Is slumbering on the hill;
And when the stars are gleaming
Upon the rippling sea,
Affection fills all places
With memories of thee.

When Spring her balm is flinging
O'er garden, bower, and tree,
And summer birds are singing
Out on the silvery lea;
And crocus buds are bursting
To blossoms of gold,
Thou art with me—over with me,
As in the days of old.

When Autumn paints the forests
With purple, gold, and brown,
And swept by gathering tempests,
The leaves come hurrying down;
And winter bids the fountains,
And chains their silver feet,
Thou art with me, and thine image
In every place I meet.

I walk the garden pathway,
Beneath thy favorite tree;
Among the flowers thou art speaking
Sweet words of love to me;
I find thee in the parlor,
I meet thee on the stair;
I sit within thy chamber—
Thou art with me sitting there.

Oh, no! Death cannot sever
The loved ones from our side;
They only dropped the vesture
That clothed them when they died.
Within the heart is builded
A palace bright and fair;
Thither our loved ones enter,
They reign forever there.

Profane Words.

"As polished steel receives a stain
From drops at random flung,
So does the child, when words profane
Drop from a parent's tongue.
The rust eats in, and oft we find
That ought which we can do,
To cleanse the metal or the mind,
The brightness will renew.

[For the Hesperian.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY R. B. D.

"Among thy various gifts, great heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmixed, forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draft
With nauseous grief."

It was a clear, cold night; the merry jingle of sleigh bells was heard in all directions as the horses dashed furiously past, bearing precious burthens of life and fashion. The walks were thronged with pedestrians, some on their way to church, others to more gay and festive scenes.

The elegant mansion of Col. W. was brilliantly illuminated, and one sleigh after another drove up and deposited at his door elegantly dressed men and women.

Everything in and about that lordly mansion spoke of wealth, luxury and pride. In one of those elegant parlors, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, stood the Christmas tree, its branches bending beneath the weight of precious jewels, books, toys and trinkets of every description; for Col. W. hailed this time, not alone as Christmas Eve, but as the birth-night of Helen, his youngest and fairest daughter. This night she completed her eighteenth year, and for once pride overcome the Colonel's naturally parsimonious disposition. But, like all mean souls, he had a motive in this lavish display of wealth; and when inviting his guests to make merry with him on this happy occasion, he had not forgotten any of the marriageable young men whose wealth entitled them to his consideration.

Helen was unlike her father in every respect. She was possessed of that generous, whole-souled nature which taught her to despise wealth when it was unaccompanied by those noble attributes which constitute true manhood.

She was rather less than medium size, with a figure fully developed and exquisitely rounded. Her eyes were of that dark, hazel brown which are so seldom met with, and which betray more of tenderness than passion. Her broad, intellectual forehead was shaded by curls which might have rivaled the raven's wing in hue, and which hung about her neck and shoulders in a luxuriant mass. Her complexion was as fair as any blonde, her features cast in nature's most delicate mould, yet the closely compressed mouth spoke of decision and character equal to any emergency.

The elegant gifts upon the Christmas tree were disposed of, and to the other festivities were added music and dancing. Helen was

the object of most lavish attentions from the wealth and fashion by which she was surrounded, but she seemed to be ill at ease—her eyes wandered restlessly to the door every time it opened, and, as it closed, a shade of disappointment seemed to pass over her face. At length, a tall manly figure, whose pale, thoughtful brow, bespoke him a student, appeared; his dress was plain and cheap, yet scrupulously neat. As Helen perceived him, the color rose to her face and she hastened forward to welcome him with the glad light in her eye, which spoke the sincerity of her heart.

With a polished exterior, Arthur Lyndon possessed that delicacy and refinement of character which is ever the accompaniment of pure morality and virtuous principle. It belongs only to those who are pure and good at heart, and can no more be put on or off than the color of the eyes. It is the outward manifestation of the guileless and pure spirit within.

The greeting which Arthur received from Col. W. was cold and formal; for, although he was the son of an old friend and classmate, he could not forget that Arthur, the only remaining son of a once noble house, was poor, dependent upon his own exertions for subsistence, even teaching school in the summer, to defray his collegiate expenses for the winter.

Arthur's sensitive spirit felt keenly the coldness of the Colonel's reception, and a feeling of indignation burned within him; but he met the mild gaze of Helen, whom he loved with all the ardor and devotion of a first love, and forgot her father's coldness. No formal declaration of love, no vow or promise had passed between them; yet each felt and inwardly owned that spiritual affinity which constitutes true marriage.

By that mysterious power of intuition, which is the accompaniment of sensitive minds, each felt what the other would have expressed, and Helen, often as she peered into the future, wished that her father cared less for money. Of her mother she knew but little, for she died ere Helen had attained her eighth year. She had heard vague rumors concerning her mother's death from the servants, who averred that the poor dear lady died broken-hearted, on account of her husband's unkindness and niggardly ways; and some even insisted upon it that they heard her light step upon the floor every night; and others went so far as to say they had seen her dressed in her grave clothes, standing at the library door, wringing her hands as if in sup-

plication; and when they approached her, she vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared. However this might be, not a servant about the house would, upon any account, enter the library after dark. Helen possessed much of her mother's gentle, kindly spirit, but it was closely mingled with the attributes of her father's nature; and what in him was sternness amounting to tyranny, in her became mild decision and unyielding firmness.

But we have digressed from our story, and must return to the parlors where the guests are about making their adieus. Right well has Helen done the honors of the evening, and one by one she has seen her guests depart; among the last to bid her adieu was Arthur Lyndon—for a moment her hand trembled in his, a few hurried words, and he was gone. That night Helen sought her room—but not to sleep. Strange, tumultuous feelings were busy at her heart. Blame her not, kind reader, for Arthur had been the playmate of her childhood, and as she had no mother, and he was without either father or mother, a strong bond of sympathy had even then united them. Since they last met, Arthur had laid aside his boyish form and manner, and now stood before her in all the dignity of manhood. And Helen, she too had changed; the short dress had given place to graceful folds of flowing drapery, and on her brow were written deep lines of thought.

For the past four years, Arthur had been a student at ——— College, and so rapid had been his advancement there, that he expected soon to graduate and set up in the world for himself. An unconquerable desire to visit once more the home of his childhood, had decided him to improve the Christmas holidays for that purpose, and he was now spending a few days with the old widow lady who had performed for him a mother's part in days gone by. Many were the pleasant interviews he had with Helen during this short, but to those two trusting hearts, happy time—interviews which served to reveal to each how closely their minds assimilated, how strong was the affection existing between them.

We must now introduce to you a new character in the person of Helen's sister, who was five years her elder, and as hereafter she plays a conspicuous part in this little history, I will detain you until I describe her person. She has a fine graceful figure, rather below medium size. Her complexion is florid, and her features, though regular in outline, seem to set beauty at defiance, and you instinctively turn away from a face which so plainly reveals the evil passions of the soul. Her hair is of a light color, perfectly straight, at every opportunity defying the restraint of combs, and falling serpent-like about her shoulders. Her eyes small, of that pale, uncertain blue which ever marks a subtle and deceptive character. All her father's efforts to marry her off had proved unavailing, notwithstanding the immense wealth which it was known would be her dower. All shrank from possessing one as a wife, upon whose features were so strongly marked avarice, selfishness, and cruelty. This state of things did not serve to improve in any degree

her natural disposition, and as now she saw one after another suing for the hand of her fair sister, the demon jealousy took possession of her soul, and in the bitterness of her heart, she vowed to be revenged. She was not long in discovering her sister's partiality for Arthur Lyndon, nor long in devising a way to wreak her vengeance upon a sister whose only crime was that of cultivating a pure and lovable spirit which shone through, illuminated, and rendered beautiful every feature of her face.

The evening preceding Arthur's departure had arrived, and he sat with Helen by the cosy fire in her own private parlor. To-night Arthur for the first time breathed forth in low, tremulous tones, the story of his love. With her hand clasped in his, Helen listened to his words, and then with her usual frankness replied, "I know it, Arthur, I have long known that we loved each other." Arthur drew her tenderly towards him, and imprinted upon her fair brow the first kiss of love. Helen was the first to break the silence, by asking Arthur if he had spoken to her father of his wishes concerning her. "I have not," was Arthur's reply: "I thought to finish my course in college, and establish myself in business, ere I ventured to speak to him upon a matter of so much importance. It will not be long before I shall be able to show to him, that I am able to provide for you a comfortable home. Then I will tell him of our love, and surely he will not reject my suit." Helen shook her head sadly; she knew better than Arthur did, her father's pride and love of wealth; and though frankly confessing her love for Arthur, she hesitated about engaging herself to him without her father's consent, and it was not until she had listened long to Arthur's reasoning, that she became convinced that for the present it was best that he remain in ignorance of their affection for each other. "One year," argued Arthur, "will soon slip away, and by that time I trust I shall be in circumstances which will justify my claim in your father's eyes." And so they parted—Arthur to his toil and his books; Helen to her dreams of love and happiness—but not until they had promised to relieve the tediousness of their separation by long and frequent letters. As he rose to go, the drapery of the window recess rattled and arrested his attention. "'Tis but the wind," said Helen; "how sharp and cold it blows!" She saw not the retreating figure of her sister, as she glided from the drapery and disappeared by the open door.

Alas, for human loves and human hopes! Well was it for our young friends that they saw not the grief and trial that each must endure ere they met again.

Who that has been separated from a loved one, has not felt that sense of loneliness which creeps upon the heart? Although Arthur's stay had been so short, Helen felt sadly the loss of his society, and anxiously looked forward to the day when she should receive a letter from him. She had already written several, and only awaited one from him informing her of his safe arrival at the college, and then she would mail them.

The postman passed her father's house very

early in the morning, and the contents of the mail bag were always left upon the table in the great hall, so that each member of the family, as they passed along to the breakfast room, could select their own. The night had been to Helen a sleepless one, and long before the postman rung, she was listening for his coming. At length his welcome ring was heard, and hastily throwing on her morning robe, she descended to get her letters. No doubts crossed her heart about the success of her errand. It was the morning Arthur had said she should receive a letter, and a doubt never crossed her mind. Judge then of her surprise and disappointment when she found there was no letter for her. Her sister passed out of the hall as she entered, but she was too intent upon her errand to give heed to that circumstance, although she knew it to be contrary to her sister's usual habit to rise early in the morning. With a heavy heart she ascended to her room. She tried to feel that Arthur might have been delayed on his way, and the morrow would surely bring a letter; still she felt gloomy and sad; an undefined dread of evil had taken possession of her spirit, and she could not shake it off.

Morning after morning she looked for a letter, but always with the same result. At times her mind was tortured by fears for Arthur's life and health; at others her spirit would rise in rebellion, and she would turn indignantly from what seemed to her coldness and neglect. Such thoughts were always bitterly repented of in cooler moments, for when she listened to the spirit voice within, she ever heard, "He is faithful still!" yet she could not account for this silence, turn which way she would. She was the victim of agonizing fears and torturing suspense; sometimes she thought she would write and herself ask an explanation of this strange silence, but her maiden modesty would as often overcome her determination: and so weeks and months sped on, and she remained in doubt and suspense.

She went into society and received guests at home, because it was her father's wish she should, but she felt no pleasure in those associations. Among her father's guests there was one who ever sought to make himself agreeable to Helen. He was wealthy, and, although quite as old as her father, did not hesitate to avow his love for the youthful Helen. Col. W. gladly accepted his suit. Now his ambitious schemes with regard to his daughter could be realized. Here was not only wealth, but rank, for Captain Thomas boasted of his high birth. Sending for Helen to the library, her father proceeded to tell her of her good fortune, and urged the celebration of the marriage at an early day.

Helen was both surprised and pained at this information: surprised because she had ever treated Captain Thomas with that dignified coldness and reserve which could leave him no room to doubt the real state of her feelings toward him; pained, to find that her father was so ready to barter her happiness for the pride of wealth and station. A few moments served to overcome her surprise and embarrassment; then she calmly but firmly said

"Father do not urge this marriage, for I can never comply with your wish in this respect. I love Arthur Lyndon, and have promised to be his wife." "Minion!" exclaimed her father, stamping and foaming with rage, "dare to refuse compliance with my wish, and I will disown, disinherit you forever, and drive you as a beggar from my door. Do you hear, upstart?" he continued; "away to your own room and make ready for the nuptials. One week from to day, you shall be the bride of Captain Thomas, or an outcast from my door."

Helen was glad to seek refuge from her father's fury in the retirement of her own room, where she seated herself to think calmly over this new trial. She shed no tears, gave way to no bursts of passion, but after a few moments of calm, collected thought, she threw herself upon her knees before her Maker, and earnestly besought guidance and strength in this hour of trial. She arose strengthened; then seating herself at her writing table, she penned a hasty note to Arthur. There was mingled in it no reproach for his silence; she did not even mention the trying circumstances in which she was now placed—she only asked the cause of his long silence. Folding and addressing the note, she passed down stairs and placed it in the hands of the porter, to be carried to the post. She did not see two small, blue eyes which gleamed upon her from the balcony, but turned into the house with that sense of relief about her heart which ever comes from the performance of duty. She hardly had time to reach her room ere her sister stood before the porter, and said, in a careless tone, "Miss Helen has changed her mind, and wants that letter which she just now placed in your hands for the post." Immediately the porter placed the letter in her hand—crushing it in her grasp, she retraced her steps.

The casual observer would have remarked no change in Helen's look or manner; she was perhaps a little more thoughtful, and her face might have worn a shade more of sadness; but she made no remonstrance against the active preparations which were now going forward for the wedding; she submitted quietly to the demands of the dress-maker and the milliner, and her father inwardly congratulated himself upon the success of his plans.

The news of the approaching nuptials of Captain Thomas with the beautiful and wealthy daughter of Col. W., spread far and wide.

The week, with all its busy preparations, was drawing to a close. The morn preceding the evening appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, dawned with unusual splendor, and at an early hour all was bustle and commotion about the house, for the Colonel in the superabundance of his happiness, had determined that this should be the grandest event of the season; and with a prodigality hitherto entirely unknown to him, had lavished his wealth upon the occasion. Invitations had been extended to all the most wealthy and fashionable families in the vicinity, and preparations had been made for a large and brilliant party.

So fully occupied was each mind, that it was not until a late hour of the day that it was discovered that Helen was missing. In vain they searched through every room and closet of the house; the garden and grounds were explored by anxious servants, who, in dismay, hurried hither and thither in the fruitless search, and then returned trembling to their furious master with the fearful words, "she is nowhere to be found." It now became apparent to all that Helen was nowhere about the premises; she had fled, but whither should they seek her? Again they repaired to her room, searched her writing desk, her drawers, even the leaves of her books, in hopes of finding a note or something that would afford them some clue to her whereabouts,—but nothing could they find—her wardrobe remained the same; nothing was missing; her hat and shawl hung in their accustomed place, yet no doubt remained but that she had fled.

As this unwelcome truth forced itself more and more upon her father's mind, he became like a lion rampant; he roared, stamped and swore.

Scouts were sent out to scour the country in all directions; the placid waters of the lake were dragged, and even the haunts of the vile and degraded searched for the pure and virtuous Helen. But all in vain; a mystery hung over her departure they tried in vain to penetrate; unwillingly they were forced to relinquish the search which had been as thorough as it proved unsuccessful.

Day after day wore away, yet brought on tidings of the missing one; and from furious rage, Col. W. had relapsed into moody silence. His friends and physicians urged change of air, fearful that his brain might become affected by this excitement. He would heed none of their suggestions, nor listen to their counsel.

What became of Captain Thomas in the meantime, methinks I hear you ask? At first he appeared almost distracted, and frantically declared that Helen must be found. But now, that all hopes of discovering her whereabouts had died away, he set himself assiduously to courting Mira,—Helen's sister—for the shrewd reason that if he could not have Helen and her fortune, he had better secure the fortune by such means as were yet left in his power.

Mira was flattered by his attentions, and gladly accepted the first offer of marriage she had ever received in her life; and six months from the time of Helen's mysterious disappearance she became the wife of Captain Thomas. The wedding passed off quietly, and it was decided that Col. W.'s mansion should, for the present, be their home. As was anticipated, the Colonel's mind continued to fail, and shortly after Mira's marriage, his moody silence gave way to frantic ravings; at times he became almost uncontrollable, and it was thought necessary to remove him to the asylum for the insane.

Mira was too much wrapt up in her own affairs to trouble herself much about her aged father, and it was rather with a feeling of relief than otherwise, that she saw him borne off to the asylum. Perhaps her only feeling of regret was that his life was still prolonged, which, of course, prevented her from coming into immediate and full possession of the estate. She loved money, not for the sake of

the good she might do with it, but for the sake of possession and the name of wealth.

Captain Thomas spent little of his time at home, always urging the plea of business. This did not trouble Mira as it would had she been of a more loving disposition: but he had a fashion of talking in his sleep, and once or twice let fall sentences that awakened her suspicion that all was not right. He often found fault because Mira's property was in such a shape that he could not control it, notwithstanding he assumed to be very wealthy himself. Mira began to suspect that her husband was not wealthy, and charged him with deceiving her, which, of course, only made matters worse, and words soon ran high between them. They lacked both sympathy and affection for each other, and their home was often the scene of fierce discord and contention.

Turn we now to Arthur, who, like Helen, looked long and anxiously for letters; again and again he wrote, but received no answer, no word of intelligence from her who was dearer to him than life; no shade of doubt or distrust crossed his heart, and not until he received the stunning intelligence of Helen's approaching marriage with Captain Thomas was her image cast down from the altar of his heart. To say that he suffered, would convey but a faint idea of what he endured at that time.

He tried to look upon this trial as a necessary discipline, and he bore the great burden of his sorrow without a murmur; looking up continually for strength to him who has said, "Put thy trust in me and I will sustain thee." During his school term he had expected to follow the profession of the law; but now, he felt that he was called to a wider sphere of usefulness—a more extended duty. He determined to devote his life to the eternal interests of his fellow-creatures.

Soon after hearing of what he considered to be Helen's desertion, he applied for and received the Holy Orders of the Protestant Episcopal Church. For some time he had been settled over the congregation in the quiet village of B—, but the death of the pastor had created a vacancy in a neighboring city, and now, in compliance with a call from that congregation, he was preparing to leave the place which had been to him a home for so many years, and where he had suffered so much disappointment and sorrow.

He had endeared himself to many hearts, but particularly to the poor and unfortunate. Having suffered himself, he knew how to feel for others, and the silent tear and quivering lip, as they gathered around to bid him farewell, told how much he was beloved.

After a short, but fatiguing journey, he reached the place of his destination just before the Christmas holidays. The good people had heard of his coming, and in accordance with their usual custom, they had decked the church in evergreens. "The box and the fir tree had come together to beautify the house of the Lord."

It was Christmas Eve, when, for the first time, Arthur entered the church in which he was hereafter to labor.

He had chosen for his text those beautiful and comforting words: "I will not leave you comfortless." His words of burning eloquence were listened to in breathless silence by that

vast concourse of people. When, at last, the services were over, and the benediction pronounced, many gathered around with kind words of greeting, and sought by entreaties and persuasions to induce Arthur to return with them to their homes; but he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, and in loneliness retraced his steps to his own room.

It was clear and cold; just such a night as was the birth-night which he had spent with Helen six years before. All day long the memory of the olden time had been with him: the cold, damp shroud of the past rattled in his ears—resist as he might, it would return again and again. Rising from his seat, he took from his drawer a female miniature, then resuming his seat near the fire, was soon lost in contemplation of the fair face before him. Suddenly rising, he dashed the picture from him, and exclaimed in a voice of agony—"Oh, God, she is the wife of another;" then flinging himself upon his knees, he prayed long and earnestly for strength to put away the old memory from his heart, for strength to bear his cross up the steep hill of life, and falter not till he could exchange it for the crown of victory. The struggle was over; he arose from his knees calm and resigned.

A loud knocking was now heard at his door. It was the landlady, who came to say there was a poor woman at the door who wanted to know if he would have the kindness to come and see one of her lodgers, whom she feared was dying. To such appeals Arthur never turned a deaf ear. Hastily snatching his coat and hat, he set out with the woman for her home, which proved to be in the immediate neighborhood. Everything about the house betokened poverty, yet there was an air of neatness and order about, which rendered it cheerful.

The old lady led the way to an attic room, where, in a state of unconsciousness, lay a young woman. She looked to be about thirty years of age, though she might have been much younger.

Arthur felt her pulse, and finding it to be only a case of suspended animation, took his penknife from his pocket and bled her from the arm; at the same time he suggested to the old lady that the case before them needed more a physician than a minister. Having bled her what he considered sufficient, he prepared to bandage her arm, and in order to do so properly, bade the old lady bring the light nearer the bedside; in doing so, the rays fell upon the face of the patient just as she had recovered sufficiently to open her eyes. Judge of Arthur's surprise to recognize in the prostrate form before him his own long-lost Helen! nor was she less surprised to recognize Arthur. "Helen!—Arthur!" and, for a moment, they were clasped in each other's arms. Then Arthur remembered that she was the wife of another, and, flinging off her embrace, strode from the room. He was hurrying on his way to the street, when the old lady laid her hand on his arm and arrested his course, saying, "She says she wants to speak to you one moment—for the love of God go back!"

He did go back, and then, for the first time, learned that Helen had never received one of the letters which he had written her; learned that she was *not* the wife of Captain Thomas, but an outcast from her father's home. She

had sought the protection of the old lady who had been her nurse in childhood. By painting and fancy needlework she had earned her own bread; enjoying a tolerable degree of health, she had been enabled to do much in assisting the old lady with whom she had found a home. That evening she could not resist the impulse of going into the church, and though she did not know that Arthur had joined the ministry, and much less expected to meet him there, yet the looks and manner, even the voice, seemed so familiar, and called to mind so forcibly her early love, that it had produced the temporary fit which had caused the old lady to fear she was dying, and which had been the means of bringing again together two sorely-trying and loving hearts.

One week from that time saw Arthur and Helen united as man and wife, and as Helen had never heard anything from her home since her sudden departure, they thought best to repair at once to her father and claim his forgiveness and his blessing. Colonel W. had so far recovered from his insanity that he was allowed to occupy his own room at the old homestead. His health was very poor, and it was evident to all that he was fast passing to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

It was evening when Arthur and Helen arrived at the old homestead. The greeting extended to them by Mira was such as might have been expected from one of her nature, who, under the supposition of Helen's death, had long looked upon herself as the sole heiress of her father's vast wealth.

Col. W. heard the news of his daughter's return with evident symptoms of satisfaction, and insisted upon their being immediately brought into his presence. Their meeting was touching in the extreme. He caught his daughter to his bosom, while the tears of joy and penitence fell like rain from his aged eyes; and when Arthur approached and knelt with Helen at his feet, the blessing which they craved was freely given.

Of Capt. Thomas we have but little to say, save what our readers have before suspected, that he was a professional gambler. The story of his reputed wealth was false, and in his disappointment at not being able to control his wife's property, he had thrown off the mask, and no longer hesitated to avow his calling. This, together with his harsh and unkind treatment, had wounded Mira's pride, and in some measure impaired her health.

The day following the arrival of Arthur and Helen, Capt. Thomas was arrested for forgery, and was dragged to prison. This was too much for Mira, who, as we have seen before, possessed neither principle nor fortitude to sustain her in such an emergency. She shrank from her lot, and sought forgetfulness in a suicide's grave. After her death there was found in her drawer a small package directed to Helen. It contained a letter from Mira, acknowledging that she, from motives of jealousy and hatred to her sister, had purloined the letters written to her by Arthur, as also the one written by Helen to him. She closed by begging her sister to forgive her and think kindly of her memory. The package also contained all the missing letters, so that Helen and Arthur were unwillingly forced to believe this sad confession.

The feeble state of her father's health seemed to render it necessary for Helen to remain with him, and as they now had wealth in abundance, Arthur resigned his new position and returned with Helen to the old Homestead, where he applied for and obtained permission to preach in the church in which he had worshipped in his youth.

In the mind of Col. W. there had been wrought a great change, and he now earnestly sought the true riches. In ministering to the wants of the aged Colonel, and in deeds of kindness to the neighboring poor, the time of Arthur and Helen passed pleasantly, and many a poor villager blessed the day that saw her at last restored to her home and her rightful property.

*** NIGHT.

What a mystery is night! Only because it is an old miracle, oft repeated, through ages, do men fail to pause in wonder and awe on its every new advent. Silently the earth turns her face from the sun, which bestows upon her at parting all the hues of heaven. Resistless power is at work, unseen—but not unfelt by him who, in the solemn hour of sunset, muses on the causes of things. A few moments ago, and the world was a glorified thing as it shone in the sun's parting glance. Now the darkened globe rolls on with all its wealth and people, blindly, yet securely, in the great Mover's hand, in full faith of a coming morning. The stars come forth one by one, glittering in the fathomless blue distance, as they shone upon the sight of Adam in his primeval paradise. To appearance, changing still, yet ever the same, are these bright wanderers through limitless immensity. What hosts of worlds are marshalled in nightly pomp, to shed down glory and beauty upon the dwelling place of man! Not sad or unlovely is the night, but full of holy influences, bright dreams and wondrous beauties that garish day knows not of. Well did the great tragedian call her "many colored night." Darkness is but the background of her boundless panorama of rolling worlds that moves on through the silence of ages. How dare any man, at night, and under the open sky, do or dream of wrong, before the awful witnessing of such a universe! For evil doers even the silence of the stars hath its rebuke, as if they uttered no word of displeasure, only because awaiting the sure coming of their master, the Judge of all the earth.—*Napa Co. Reporter.*

"It is rare that editors indulge in a drop, but when they do their readers are sure to find it out. An editor, with rather a heavy head, gets off the following: 'Yesterday morning, at 4 o'clock, P. M., a man committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The inquest of the verdict returned a jury that the deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely loss. In death we are in the midst of life.'"—*Exchange.*

Woman was made out of the rib of Adam. Not out of his feet to be trampled upon, but out of his side to be equal with him—under his arm, to be protected by him, and near his heart, to be beloved by him.

THE WAGES OF THE POOR.

"How much is it?" asked the lady, as she drew out her purse, and poured from it into her hand a little pile of silver coins. Before her stood a pale, poorly-dressed, weary-looking woman.

"Seventy-five cents, ma'am," was answered.

"Seventy-five cents!" the lady's voice expressed surprise. "No, no, Mary; I can't give that price for three quarters of a day's work. You did not come until after nine o'clock, remember. If you want full wages, you must do full work. Sixty-two is all that I can give you."

"I'll have to take it, then," said the woman, rather sadly. "My little Eddy was sick, and I couldn't get away as early as I wanted to this morning; but I have worked hard all day to make up. I think I have earned it."

"No doubt of that in the world, Mary," broke out the cheerful voice of the lady's husband, who was sitting in the room; "and here's twenty-five cents extra to my wife's sixty-two. She's a prudent woman, and tries to be careful of my money; but she's over particular to-night, it strikes me. Buy Eddy something that he will like, as you go home, out of the odd shilling, and say that I sent it to him."

"Oh, thank you! thank you, sir!" exclaimed the poor working woman, a sudden light breaking over her face. "You are very good!"

Then she retired, and husband and wife were left alone.

"That wasn't just right, Mr. Lawson," said the lady, speaking seriously.

"I know it wasn't, and therefore I corrected your error at once," replied Mr. Lawson, as coolly as if he had not really understood the meaning of his wife's remark.

"It wasn't right, I mean, for you to interfere as you did just now. What's the use of my trying to be economical if you circumvent me in this way? Mary was not entitled to full day's wages."

"I think she was," said the husband.

"How will you make that out? Let me see your calculation."

"I can make it out in several ways; can give you the figures and prove the sum. First, then, she alleges that she worked hard all day to make up, and thinks she really earned a full day's wages. There's the sum worked out clearly. Now, as to the proof of the result, I would first offer humanity; next, the woman's loss of strength in a day's hard toil, for she looked so pale and weary that the very sight of her gave me pain; next, her poverty; for the mother of three children, who goes out to do washing and house-cleaning in order to get bread for them must be very poor; next, a sick child, who may need medicine, or some daintier food than usual. Do you want further proof that she was entitled to receive full pay for a day's work?"

There was a change in the countenance of Mrs. Lawson before her husband had finished these sentences.

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "These poor women do work very hard for what they get, and I often feel very sorry for them. I'm

glad, at least, that you gave Mary the extra quarter. Still, Mr. Lawson, we cannot afford to overpay people who work for us if they are poor. A shilling here, and a shilling there, repeated over and over again, daily, will amount to a serious item in the year; and, when the shillings are not really earned, will prove, in most cases, but incentives to idleness."

"The other side of the case, my dear," answered Mr. Lawson, "and very well stated. But let us be careful in our transactions with these poor people, that we do not withhold the shilling actually due in our over-nice calculations as to the time they may be in our service. At best, their labor is poorly compensated. They toil hard, very hard, for the small sum they ask for services rendered; and we can always better afford to lose ten extra shillings in a week than they can afford to lose one. Let us not increase our comforts, or add to our possessions, at their cost; but let them be rather the objects of our care, sympathy, and protection. The Psalmist says: 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.' There is a vast deal more to gain than to lose, I take it, in concessions to these humbler children of our common Father."

Mrs. Lawson sighed as her husband ceased speaking. His words brought out from her memory more than a single instance where she had paid to the extremely poor, who rendered her service for hire, less than the price demanded, under the allegation of an excessive charge for work. In her over-carefulness about what was her own, she had withheld pennies, sixpences, and shillings, which really added nothing to her comforts, but diminished the comforts of the poor; coming back upon her now, these memories troubled her.

"I am afraid," she remarked, looking with a sober aspect, into her husband's face, "that I have not been altogether just in these matters. But you have set me right. I will try to be more considerate and more humane in future. I did not, really, perceive the meaning of what Mary said about having worked hard all day to make up for loss of time, nor feel the allusion to the sick child, or I could not have had the heart to withhold that shilling. Our very thoughtlessness sometimes leads us into wrong."

"There is, as a general thing," remarked Mr. Lawson, "a disposition to reduce still lower than their present low rate, the wages of the extremely poor, especially the poor that earn their living among housekeepers. The seamstress, the washer-woman, and the day's-work woman, all have to toil very hard for their meagre wages; and the disposition is to take off the sixpences and the shillings whenever there is an excuse for doing so, instead of a generous concession in their favor. I remember an instance of this kind which happened to fall under my own observation some years ago. A lady was quite indignant at what she was pleased to call an attempt at extortion on the part of a poor woman who had been cleaning house for her, in charging her sixty-two cents a-day, instead of fifty. The poor wo-

man said she always received sixty-two cents, and the lady declared she never paid but fifty cents, and would not exceed that sum in the present case. And fifty cents was all she did pay. I noticed the dejection of the poor, wronged creature, as she retired from the house, and could not but feel a sense of indignation, which was in no degree lessened when I saw the lady hand the shillings she had gained by oppression, to an idle daughter, and heard her say, "Here, Jenny, is a shilling I have saved. You can treat yourself to an ice cream to-morrow!"

"Are you really in earnest?" said Mrs. Lawson, looking at her husband with a doubtful air.

"What I have told you is literally true."

"Doesn't it seem impossible?"

"It is wicked and disgraceful. But such things are of daily occurrence," replied Mr. Lawson. "There is a better way, however, and more Christian spirit. Let us walk in this way; let us encourage this spirit. If we change the wages of the poor in anything, let it be to increase, not diminish them; for heaven knows they have been reduced enough already!"—*Steps Towards Heaven.*

WOMEN AND THE PRESS. With the growth of the press has grown the direct influence of educated women on the world's affairs. Mute in the senate, and the church, their opinions have found a voice in the sheets of ten thousand readers. First in the list of their achievements came admirable novels; not because fiction can be written without knowledge, but because it only requires that knowledge, which they can most easily attain, the result of insight into humanity. As periodicals have waxed numerous, so has female authorship waxed strong. The magazines demanded short graphic papers, observation, wit and moderate learning—women demanded work such as they could perform at home, and ready pay upon performance; the two wants met, and the female sex has become a very important element in the fourth estate. If editors were ever known to disclose the dread secrets of their dens, they only could give the public an idea of the authoresses whose unsigned names are Legion; of their rolls of manuscripts, which are as the sands of the sea.—*Exchange.*

WRITE SINCERELY.—The effect of any writing on the public mind is mathematically measurable by its depth of thought. How much water does it draw? If it awaken you to think, if it lift you from your feet with the great voice of eloquence, then the effect is to be wide, slow, permanent, over the minds of men; if the pages instruct you not, they will die like flies in the hour. The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion, is, to speak and write sincerely. The argument which has not power to reach my own practice, I may well doubt will fail to reach yours. But take Sidney's maxim:—"Look in thy heart, and write." He that writes to himself writes to an eternal public. That statement only is fit to be made public, which you have come at in attempting to satisfy your own curiosity.—*Emerson.*

MY WIFE.

THE FORLORN HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

Some poets sing the cloudless sky,
And some the billows' strife,
But I, with more fidelity,
Would sing about my wife.

My wife she has an eye of blue,
A voice of silvery tone;
But, ah! she has a temper too,
In a snug way of her own.

My wife can sit, and smile and sip,
When guests are at the board;
You'd think that honey from her lip
Flowed forth with every word;

But you should see our altered plight
When guests have said good bye;
No soul of us has then done right,
And least of all have I.

My wife delights in charities,
And runs from door to door,
Lamenting sad disparities
Between the rich and poor.

Soft comforts follow in her track,
Where'er her footsteps roam;
I wish she'd bring a little back,
And comfort those at home.

My wife finds time to make the poor
Warm clothing, soft, and fine;
I wish she'd find a little more
To mend up some of mine.

My wife has kindness that befriends
All suffering in the street;
And many a welcome meal she sends;
Mine are not fit to eat.

My wife would break all prison bars,
And bid the scaffold fall,
A deadly foe to *mighty* wars;
Not quite a foe to *small*.

My wife has tears for all who grieve;
How bright those tear drops shine!
All public crimes she can forgive,
And every fault but—*mine*.

My wife, she calls our married lot,
The happiest ever seen;
I sometimes think she has forgot
What happiness can mean.

My wife—but hark! her step draws nigh;
Quick—burn the treacherous verse;
If this should meet her searching eye
My case might yet be worse.

THE LUNGS. A recent writer says that the injurious effects of compression of the chest is shown by the fact that a man in a nude state is capable of inspiring 190 cubic inches of air at a breath, but when dressed only 130 inches. Ladies who incase themselves in tight-fitting under garments, should remember this fact. Though we draw into and eject from the lungs a similar quantity of air, it is not of the same quality. The air thrown out of the lungs has lost much of its oxygen, and has gained from 3 to 6 per cent. of carbonic acid, a large amount of vapor, traces of ammonia, hydrogen, and other volatile substances.

If parents expended less on fine furniture, splendid mirrors, and gay entertainments, and more for erecting and furnishing gymnasia for the exercise of their children, they would have to pay less to the doctors, and their children would be less subject to headaches, dyspepsia, feebleness, and consumptions.—*Happy Home*.

[For the Hesperian.]

ROSABEL CARL.

BY MARY VIOLA TINGLEY.

"Oh, dear! I don't feel at all like receiving company this evening. Soon Mr. Stiffson will come. Everybody thinks that he and I are engaged—he is so attentive, and I have been accompanied by him to so many parties; yet it is not so. He never spoke to me on the subject of matrimony, and I hope he never will. Father insists upon my treating him more kindly than other of my gentlemen acquaintance; but I don't like him much—I'm so lively and he so dull: our tastes are not congenial—and the fact is, Mr. S. is not the man for me. And yet, who so kind and generous as he? Why do I carry the most magnificent japonicas to the 'opera'? Because Mr. Stiffson presents them to me. Who rides with such a fine team? Mr. S. and I. But I never enjoy them, except when I take the reins from his hands, and we go at a gloriously fast rate; I can't bear to ride slow and listen to his uninteresting conversation. Then there is Mr. Taylor, and Col. Howlan, and Mr. Smyth, and dozens of others—and I care nothing for any of them. I wonder if am hard-hearted? I don't think so. I have never yet felt any wild beatings in my heart for any man, as they say maidens do who are hopelessly in love. The fact is, I have not found the right one—when I do, he shall have the whole great love of my heart!"

So said Rosabel Carl, as she threw her guitar on the crimson-covered lounge, after filling the room with as sweet melody as ever came from a wild bird's throat. An idolized only child; after finishing her education, she had been brought to one of the happiest homes of San Francisco. Being beautiful, highly accomplished, and of such a fine family, of course her admirers were very numerous. This evening she was awaiting the coming of some of the latter, when the aforesaid thoughts passed through her mind. Arising, she passed to the side parlor door which opened into a little vine-covered piazza. Before opening it something fell from the knob, which proved to be a wreath of roses. Taking it up and bringing it to the light, she found a delicately folded note attached to it.

"What *can* it mean? Here's some romance, no doubt; a beautiful wreath of roses and a note, hanging on my door-knob. Away with these pink ribbon tyings!"

"Sweet lady: Five or six years have passed since I, in sailing down the Sacramento river in a little boat, on nearing the 'R— ranch,' beheld on the bank a sunny-haired girl, with a hat full of flowers. Golden curls were the greatest beauties that my Spanish eyes could behold; therefore, long I gazed, till she, leaving the flowers, leaned over the river's edge to wash her hands. I saw her danger, and cried out; but as she looked up at me, her feet slipped and she sank into the river. Quick I jumped after. She arose before I reached her, then sunk again. Coming to the surface the second time, I saved her life. Soon I had carried her to the house, and it was long before she was sensible. Learning your name,

(for it was you,) I slipped away and was soon in my boat sailing. As I watched those beautiful blue eyes opening, I mentally determined to not forget them. I kept my resolution. I have watched you during your school days—listened to your soul-stirring songs, and since your entrance into society—since you have grown more superbly beautiful and graceful—I have, unknown to you, gazed, spell-bound by those eyes, into their blue depth. I determined to win them and that heart, if it were in my power. But numbers kneel at your feet, and doubtless my prayer will never be heard. And yet I can never be happy without you. I hear of your generosity, your goodness, from every one, and your face betrays it. Will happiness be mine, or never-ending misery? I would not ask too much—but be kind. Adieu! I kiss your hand.

"To Rosabel. FRANCISCO."

"Certainly you may! and my cheek too! you kind, noble man. I know—it is Don—Don—oh, dear! I can't think of his name. I remember Mr. K. told me afterwards that I must never forget him—that he had saved my life, and that he was one of the noblest young Spaniards in California. Why don't he come himself? The roses shall be cared for—I'll press some of them. I recollect how, in looking up suddenly, I met those beautiful eyes of his, and then—down—down I went. After that, struggles, and horrible feelings—that is all I can tell of it. Mr. R., long since having gone to the Atlantic States, I fear that I'll not again hear the name of my preserver. But hark! there's a ring at the door—some one's coming. I'll throw the wreath in this marble vase for the present—and the note—oh, he's so noble!"

"Ah, Miss Carl, we find you as beautiful as the moonlight evening." This came from Mr. Smyth, who is accompanied by Mr. Aller.

A graceful acknowledgment from the complimented lady, follows. But, as the evening passes, nothing enters her head but "Francisco." The night goes by with dreams of rose-wreaths and black eyes.

Every week an elegant bouquet comes to the door of Rosabel, but no clue to the donor.

Mr. Carl takes his family to Sacramento on a visit. As evening comes on, many of the passengers sit on deck. A gentleman, seeing a guitar, passes it to his friend, Rosabel, and requests her to sing. She had exquisite taste, and, in singing for many, always chose some favorite piece that was musical and heart-stirring. Touching a few chords gently, her voice rose melodiously "Oft in the still night." Every ear listened eagerly, and many tears fell. How many eyes, little used to tears, will overflow under the influence of sweet music that tells of "other days"?

As she finished the lines—

"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me,"

the boat passed the "R— ranch" and the spot where Rosabel had, years before, spent so many joyous days. Since then the music angel of that house had gone to sleep in Heaven—in a far-off spot, beyond the ocean had she died, and all that was left in Califor-

nia was her sweet memory and the echoes of her sweet songs that had touched the heart-strings of hundreds of noble souls in every California mountain. "Sad memory" was at work in the heart of Rosabel, as well as in others. On they glided up the moonlight river, and there was the flowery bank where she had almost found a watery grave. Then again came those black eyes of the Spaniard who rescued her—had she but turned her eyes further around, and met those of a dark gentleman near her, who was trying to read her every thought. Had she but tried to find the owner of that soft-tuned guitar, she would have seen "Francisco." No heart there was more moved than his. She picked up a beautiful rose that fell at her feet, but did not look around.

Months have gone by, and we find Rosabel Carl the belle of Napa. It is a fashionable season, and she who can be called the belle may well feel proud. Mr. Stiffson is there also, and were he less attentive, many more would acknowledge her sway over their hearts. New comers were constantly arriving. During the day, among many others came Francisco.

"Set your caps, every one of you girls! A handsome Spaniard—a real prince will be here to dance this evening," said Mrs. Tomson, a lively, middle-aged lady, as they left the dinner table. Never were pretty young ladies made to look so much prettier by great attention to dress as on that evening. The Spaniard's name was Francisco Leandro. He had come because Rosabel Carl was there. Standing in not a very conspicuous position, he watched each couple that entered. Mary came, but not Rosabel yet. Ah, there she is! Who with? We'll see. What an imperial looking creature to be leaning on the stiff arm of Mr. Stiffson! What excellent taste displayed in her dress! What a magnificent head, with its heavy golden tresses dressed in a beautiful *negligée* style! Beautiful dimpled shoulders!—that perfect foot, with its grand looking instep—a beautifully rounded arm that rested so gently on Mr. S.'s. With a queenly dignity she walked round the room, too earnestly engaged in conversation at the time to notice the Spaniard, who stood in the obscure corner. Ere long though they were introduced. Rosabel did not recognise Francisco in Señor Leandro. Mr. Stiffson coming up at the moment, stepped in with no ceremony, and claimed Rosabel's hand for the dance. Mr. Leandro, feeling hurt, turned away, and some gentleman near by called him "Francisco." Rosabel overheard him, and her heart sprang to her throat. Could it be? Then looking again, she knew those eyes that she had looked at but once before in years gone by. She walked through the dance, saying nothing. Francisco refused to ask any one else to dance, and retiring to one of the opened windows, he without her knowledge watched her. A look of tender and passionate melancholy overspread her face, revealing a sadness within—for she well knew that Mr. Leandro was treated insultingly by Mr. Stiffson, who, from motives actuated by jealousy, had done so. Francisco Leandro saw the unhappy expression of her countenance, but

did not know what to attribute it to. That she and Mr. Stiffson were engaged, he had no doubt. Then why should he stay where she was—only to look at those eyes that he had some day hoped to call his own. He and Mr. Carl had known each other for a long time, yet Mr. C. was not yet aware that Señor Leandro was his child's preserver. The next morning Rosabel told her parents all about it. Mr. Francisco Leandro was forthwith summoned by them, and a multitude of thanks offered. Rosabel was also brought forward. After a short time, Mr. Carl and lady withdrew, and the young people were left alone. Explanations took place, and it was wonderful how two such mournful looking faces were so soon transformed into the happiest countenances imaginable. Mr. Stiffson, thinking himself Monsieur De Trop, soon withdrew from Napa Springs indignantly, and Mr. Carl's family returned to San Francisco.

Rosabel affirms that a young Spaniard named Francisco Leandro is the best and most *distingue* looking gentleman extant, and that she loves him more than life; whilst Francisco is madly happy in loving the beautiful creature whose life he saved to bless his. I don't suppose there is anything that could break off that match, where love has so much to do with it, but if I were poor Mr. Stiffson I'd rattle the cash (and keys!) in my pockets and try; wouldn't you?—*revenge* you know! They say that this will end in a grand wedding—but what if Mr. Stiffson *should* spoil it? Wouldn't that be a joke? I'd laugh! wouldn't you? Could'n't help it, 'twould be so capital.

We clip the following from the Portland Transcript, and commend it to our lady friends:

WHAT WILL MRS. GRUNDY SAY?

Sure enough, what *will* she say, if I wear blue, when pink is the prevailing color, and what if I should wear my dress one sixteenth part of an inch shorter than the fashionable length, that trails on the walk, performing double duty, that of street sweep and homage to Mrs. Grundy; what if I should sweep, dust, bake and brew, what *would* Mrs. Grundy say? She would elevate her eyebrows, turn up her aristocratic nose, raise her patrician hands in astonishment, and exclaim in tones of horror, "*unfashionable! unfashionable!*"

How I wish I could be Mrs. Grundy for one season; people would never be more comfortable than when my subjects. I'd tell them to wear just what they choose, and make themselves as comfortable as possible; study what best suited their style of beauty, and if pink, green, and red, were more becoming than yellow, blue, and white, I'd tell them to wear them; and instead of long trails, I'd have dresses of a decent length, even if it did expose the heel of a boot.

Mrs. Grundy has more devotees than the idols of the Hindoos, and that same Mrs. Grundy has crushed beneath her iron sceptre more victims than the car of Juggernaut.—The fear of what Mrs. Grundy will say has caused many a heart to ache, many an hour of sadness. She poisons the fount of domestic happiness, and

not only controls the outward appearances and actions, but the affections, and touches with her cold fingers the heart-strings, and they grow chilly, and cease to send forth their sweet music; if we meet a dear friend after a long absence, we are obliged to stifle the loving words that tremble upon the lips, crush down the warm emotions that spring pure from the heart; and even if we extend the hand of friendship, the clasp must be dictated by fashion, for Mrs. Grundy is on the right hand, as well as the left.

Mrs. Grundy has much to answer for, and we too, for bowing beneath her yoke. If we could, as a people, throw off the burdens she lays upon us, it would be much better for us. There would be more happy homes, better husbands and fathers. We should see families united, and gliding with the tide, instead of struggling against the current by keeping up appearances, the very sound of which has proved the death-knell to the happiness of hundreds.

The fear of what Mrs. Grundy will say, has planted more wrinkles and lines of care upon the brow of manhood than time with its busy fingers, and this same fear has caused confiding woman to turn from the heart she fain would trust.

To keep this fear from the domestic circle, the father toils harder than he would to keep the wolf-hunger from his door, and the wife, instead of lending a helping hand, adds to the already care-worn, over-burdened mind, by keeping Mrs. Grundy in view; the mother, as she looks forward to the future of those entrusted to her care, has an eye on this very important personage.

I trust the time *will* come, when the sayings of Mrs. Grundy will be as a faintly remembered dream, and the places that now know her, will know her no more.

Our readers all remember the sad loss of the schooner *Prince of Hawaii*, which capsized some month ago off Niihau. Among the effects of one of the persons then drowned, which were recently sold, was a small, gilt, pocket-Bible, on the fly leaf of which, in the hand writing of a female, are the following lines:

"Remember me when loneliness
Shall heavy on thy bosom press;
When none are nigh to soothe thy pain,
Nor bid the tear-drop cease to flow;
When naught but grief encircles thee—
Friend of my heart, remember me."

FANNY E. E.—

This Bible was probably a last parting gift from a female to her lover, as he launched on the uncertain tide of seafaring life, and the sentiments conveyed in the lines are the sweetest and loveliest that the human heart can conceive. We are unable to trace the ownership of the gift; it may have been given to one of those lost on that little schooner, or to some one who found his grave among the icy waters of the North. The prayer, however, is only one of a thousand which follow the roving sailor in his wanderings over the sea, and which can only rise from the depth of woman's heart.

If we be wise and virtuous, these are sufficient to render us happy.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Dec. 15, 1858.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

CHRISTMAS.

That happy season of the year to which the young look forward with so much joyful anticipation, and around which the memory of the old so fondly lingers, is again with us, recalling to the mind of the Christian, the scene in the manger, where, wrapped in swaddling bands, lay the Savior of the world. As our mind turns to contemplate that wondrous history, we fancy we can hear the glad song of the shepherds, and we feel that all should, like them, send up a loud song of thanksgiving and praise.

To our young friends we would say, may all your bright anticipations be realized. To our friends and patrons, one and all, we wish a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

LITERATURE.

If there is any thing that should call forth our gratitude and thankfulness, it is that great blessing—the Press. What a contrast does the present enlightened state of the world afford to that of eight centuries past; then printing was unknown, and Romish priests were almost the only persons who could write. What histories those times afford of priestcraft, darkness and degradation!

With the discovery of the art of printing, a new light broke in upon the world. Genius awoke, and knowledge, like a stream, has flowed on, benefiting and blessing mankind. Vast improvements have been made in science and art. Scarcely an element that has not been brought in and made subservient to the will of man. Steam is harnessed to his chariot, and the lightning does his bidding. Knowledge, that great motive power, is now free to all; it is no longer locked within the cloistered cell, and the monk is no longer regarded as a Deity, because he can decipher the handwriting of a man.

If we turn our eyes back in contemplation of that time, how dark and cheerless does it seem. Let imagination picture, for one moment, a world without books, without newspapers. Surely we have reason to be thankful that we live in the nineteenth century, when darkness and ignorance are dispelled, and knowledge like a glorious light is breaking over the world—and this is the work of the Press.

Had the art of printing never been discovered, we might even now be shrouded in

ignorance and superstition. The press has done much toward the enlightenment of the world, and its labor is not yet done. Like all other powerful agents, it is mighty for good or evil. How important then, that all connected with the press feel the weight of their responsibility, and send forth to the world, only those thoughts that shall benefit, purify and ennoble mankind.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

At this season of the year, when the rains are pouring down and the wintry winds go howling by, it becomes us, who have good houses to live in, and cheerful fires to sit by, and whose every want is amply provided for, to think of those to whom fortune has been less kind, and who are now in suffering and want.

To those who are in comfortable circumstances, the holidays come with mirth and joy; their pathway of life is bright, and, at this time of life, particularly, blessings are showered about them in rich profusion.

Not so with the poor; on the contrary, their always scanty store is now diminished. Work is scarce, and provisions high. In very many cases exposure to the damp, cold weather, produces sickness. One circumstance after another serves to discourage and dishearten them; and this, which is to some, the gayest, happiest time of all the year, is, to the poor, one of care, anxiety and bitter privation, felt perhaps more keenly by the contrast which is afforded to their circumstances by their wealthier neighbors.

The poor were Christ's legacy to us when he said, "the poor ye have always with you;" at the same time we may learn that they are a blessing to us; for, by their appeals to our sympathy, and their dependence upon us, they call into action our highest and noblest powers—charity, benevolence and sympathy. In listening to their tales of woe, we learn to appreciate and be thankful for the blessings we enjoy, and, in ministering to their wants, we realize that it is more "blessed to give than to receive."

Many of our charitable institutions have recently received donations which speak well for the kindness and benevolence of our citizens; but there are yet many who are in need; they are those who suffer in silence, and are loth to ask for that assistance which they so much need. We hope every one, while enjoying the blessings which God has given them, will remember their poorer neighbors.

We understand that Santa Claus has taken up his headquarters at Mr. Roman's book-store, where he has on hand a large assortment of finely bound and elegantly illustrated gift books. Also a large assortment of standard works. "Santa Claus" has our thanks for a fine package of books which he sent us by Mr. Roman.

RETROSPECTION.

Busy notes of preparation for the holidays are heard on all sides. Youthful anticipations run high; crowds of little ones pass us in the street, happily chatting of what they *hope* Santa Claus will bring. It carries us back to former days, when we too *hoped*, and the path of life looked bright and tempting before us. We miss the young companions of that happy time, for they, alas! have grown old like ourself; all are scattered, and some are dead. We miss the music of the merry sleigh-bells, which used to jingle in our ears; we miss the music of voices which used to love and bless us; which taught us the evening prayer and the morning hymn! They are hushed and still forever. Yet we sometimes think we hear them, in spirit-tones, whispering—"Be of good cheer." We know that they stand at the pearly gates, awaiting our coming, and our heart beats high in the hope of a blessed re-union some day.

THE GRAVE.

March, march, march—tramp, tramp, we go! a solid phalanx of mortals, moving onward to the tomb. Yet, how are our minds absorbed by worldly pleasures; how are we lured on by ambition and avarice to the forgetfulness of higher and holier aims! We cling to our earthly treasures as if the Divine words had never sounded in our ears: "Lay up for yourselves treasure in Heaven." Like the tired child who puts his nurse away from him, and refuses to go to bed, yet falls asleep with his toys in his hands and his playthings all around him, so we sink into the grave with our grasp still fixed upon earthly pursuits, surrounded by schemes and plans for the future.

CHRISTMAS EVE CELEBRATION.

With pleasure we acknowledge the receipt from Mr. Henry Kimball, of tickets to the Pilgrim Sunday School Christmas Eve Celebration, to be held at the Unitarian Church, Stockton St., Friday evening, Dec. 24th. By the programme we learn that the exercises will be of an interesting and varied character; music, declamation, &c. Among other fine things, we notice a poetic address, entitled, "Young America," written for the occasion, by W. H. Rhodes, Esq. The Christmas tree will, as usual, form a prominent feature. The festivities of the evening will be closed by a visit from Santa Claus and a distribution of the Christmas tree.

We sincerely hope our young friends may realize all the happiness they anticipate on this occasion.

Tickets may be had of Henry Kimball, Treasurer, over Le Connt's Bookstore, Montgomery St.; S. H. Lloyd; John G. Dawes, 74 California St.; Thomas Young, 165 Clay St.; F. H. Woods, 151 Montgomery St.; of the Teachers; and also of the Ladies of the Pilgrim Circle.

Exhibition at the San Francisco College.

Last night the students and pupils of the San Francisco College began their usual entertainment, which they annually give their friends at this season. The pieces represented were 1. The Horatii and Curiatii, (Original.) 2. A laughable piece in Spanish, from the works of Maratin. 3. The third Eclogue of Virgil. 4. Les Quartres Pages, (Original,) in French. The former and the latter were particularly worthy of remark, from their originality and appropriate scenery and dresses. The dresses of the latter, Les Quartres Pages, were in most correct costume of the time, made by their parents for the occasion. They were of the most brilliant description, and displayed their handsome persons to the greatest advantage. The opening scene, where these four little representatives meet to discuss the dangers of the conspiracies of the time Louis XIII., was one of the most exciting character, and gave an excellent idea of the magnificence and splendor of the court dresses of that voluptuous time. This piece in French lasted upwards of two hours, and was recited with as correct a pronunciation as their native tongue. The scene where the king appears to partake of the treacherous festivity of the Lord Concina, was particularly interesting; the magnificent dress of the king excited universal admiration, and the animation displayed by the youth (J. Naphthaly,) who took the character, was worthy of all praise. It must have been a rich treat to those who know the language to follow the plots of these lords, step by step, averted as they were by the vigilance of the four little pages, (Samuel Inge, Alexander Kostromitoff, John Baldwin and Frederick Walton,) four as handsome youths as are to be met with in the whole city. Their parents, who were of course present, must have felt proud of the acquirements of their sons in thus sustaining characters in a foreign language for so long a time.

The first piece we have scarcely room to dilate upon; suffice it to say, that it was equally well performed. The language (every part original,) was very beautiful, especially the description of the scene after a battle, spoken by a little fellow of the name of Colin Campbell, which was superlatively well delivered. Every word was distinctly uttered, and the impressive tones of his voice seemed to electrify the audience.

The parting address (original also,) was delivered in seven languages, by Joseph Naphthaly, (his own composition) in English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Latin and Greek, and was a marvellous instance of what industry can do, for we were told he entered the College but two years ago, not knowing any thing of the English language, or much of any other.

In our next we will give ample details of the plots of the pieces, with the names of the little actors. Every mother who values

her son's instruction, should make it her business to see these representations, and bring her children with her to inspire them with a love for learned accomplishments, as well as of the more polite arts, music, drawing, dancing, &c., which were here exhibited in a highly creditable manner, performed and accomplished as they were almost solely by the inmates of the Institution.

The tickets of admission are \$1, to be had at Lecount's, 111 Montgomery street, and at Rasche & Sons', 190 Washington street. The representations commence at half-past 7 o'clock to-morrow evening.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

Mr. Roman has kindly favored us with several very interesting volumes, among which we are pleased to notice "Women of Christianity," by Julia Kavanagh. D. Appleton & Co., New York, Pub. It is delightful to see a woman's hand stretched forth to rescue from oblivion the names of her distinguished sisters, whose good deeds, but for her, might have gone down unchronicled and been forever buried 'neath the dust and ashes of the past.

This excellent little work includes eminent female characters for a period of over eighteen hundred years; they are of every clime and people, of every race and rank—"They spoke languages that were to one another as unknown tongues;" yet have they left a record of noble deeds which it were well for every woman of our age carefully to study.

"Poems by J. G. Saxe."—Ticknor & Fields, Boston—are too well known to need comment from our pen. The rich vein of mirthfulness; the keen, yet ever ready wit which pervades this volume, have won for it an appreciation from the public which has already enabled it to reach its eleventh edition.

"Characteristics of Women," moral, poetical, and historical, by Mrs. Jameson. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Mrs. Jameson has given to the female characters of Shakspeare such deep thought and careful study as to be able to analyse and classify them. Some she recognizes as characters of intellect, as Portia, Isabella, Beatrice and Rosalind; while Hermione, Desdemona, Imogen and Cordelia, are characters of the affections. There are, also, characters of Passion and Imagination, as well as Historical characters. This great study was worthy of the gifted pen of Mrs. Jameson, and most admirably has she performed her work. This book should have a place in every library.

"City Poems," by Alexander Smith. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Also, Poems by Alfred Tennyson. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. All of the above works can be found at Mr. Roman's, who has on hand a large and valuable collection of choice books, which he is selling at unusually low prices.

Our thanks are due to W. H. Davis for tickets of admission to a private exhibition of the Panorama of the Yo Semite Valley and Falls—a California work of art.

We are happy to notice that Mr. E. Wilson, (formerly of Wilson's Exchange,) in connection with Mr. J. A. Dorr, has taken the Railroad House, which has been thoroughly repaired, improved and refurnished, in a style to make it one of the most desirable and attractive hotels in the city. The popularity of the Exchange during the time that Mr. Wilson kept it, is sufficient guaranty of what the Railroad House will be under his control.

We spent a very pleasant evening, at Musical Hall, on the occasion of the Social Reunion of the Rincon and Denman Grammar Schools. We like these social reunions. They are calculated to keep up an interest in the schools, besides affording recreation and pastime to both pupils and teachers.

The *Morning Call* has made its appearance in an entire new dress and considerably enlarged. It is conducted by a company of practical printers, whose energy and industry have made the *Call* one of the most welcome newspaper visitors in the State, and secured for it an enviable circulation. It is an excellent journal, and merits all its success.

We have received Nos. 13 and 14 of the *Columbia Weekly News*, edited by Mr. Yoacham. It is edited with care and ability, and comes to us bearing that neat typographical and compact business-like appearance, which is to us evidence of ultimate success. It certainly has our best wishes.

We have received the December number of the *Western Evangelist*, edited by W. W. Stevenson, published at Santa Rosa by Budd & Pinkham. It is, as its name indicates, a religious work, and we hope to see it well sustained.

We would call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Walley & Piper, who have on hand a large assortment of cakes and confectionery suitable for the holidays.

The good people of Columbia are rejoicing over the fact that the Columbia and Stanislaus River Water Co.'s Ditch is finished. It is indeed a stupendous work, and one in which all Tuolumne should rejoice. We extend to them our congratulations.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, BENICIA.—We acknowledge a note of invitation from Mr. C. J. Flatt, the Principal of this institution, to attend the Annual Examination, which took place on the 7th, 8th and 9th of December. Also, cards from Leopold Pies, Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages, and from Mr. M. A. Sarles, Professor of Music and Elocution.

We are compelled by the crowded state of our columns to lay over many articles of interest which will appear in our next issue.

[For the Hesperian.]

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

BY AN OLD RESIDENT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

NO. II.

In the year 1835, a young man about twenty, healthy, vain, and withal industrious, left the small town of C..... in the Kingdom of Hanover, to seek fame and fortune in the United States. His prospects were dismal enough for some time after he landed in New York; ignorant of the language spoken, without money or trade, he could not see which way to turn in quest of the means by which to earn an honest living, but good luck or (what I like to believe better,) good Providence opened a way in our paper-room, and he was, after much pain and trouble on his part, and mine also, fairly instructed in the art and mystery of taking work to the young women employed in looking over waste paper, stabbing pamphlets, and sundry other jobs always found to do in a large establishment.

He learned to converse in the English tongue with great correctness and fluency, in a short time, and behaved so well in every respect, that his wages were increased to nearly double, in the first year. With more means came a finer style of dress; and as Carl Dorn's person was tall, and his complexion fine, he must be excused for indulging in considerable vain and foolish castle building, which, by the bye, is often done by thousands who have not the excuse of a fine person or brilliant complexion, but merely, that *self* made them love the homely idol the glass presented to them.

Among the laughing girls, who of course delighted to tease poor Carl about his first blunders in persisting in calling sheep, "*cheep*," and ships, "*sheeps*," was one as lovely as she was ambitious; she knew that she was indeed beautiful, but she hated vulgar labor: she would not have soiled her white hands to have saved a life, nor would she have forgot herself for one moment, so far as to have spoken in a loud or rude manner. Though young in years, she was strong in purpose, and though it was very pleasant to listen to flattery, made almost eloquent by the deep and sincere affection of a well dressed, good looking young fellow; to accept the gift of fruit and flowers, and to have one always ready and willing to wait on her; yet, when the time came, that Carl had toiled so hard for, and he found that his income would meet his wishes, and enable him to create a comfortable home for Susan and himself, he found that he had built his house upon the sand. Susan declared quietly, and with much cold determination, that she had never thought of doing such a foolish thing as marrying Carl, that she should always live single, for the pleasure of residing with her father; and to stop all annoyance to herself, she left her situation till the poor despised object of her dislike was far away. To describe the agony of Carl would be impossible. He could not attend to his business, he became negligent in his dress; even sleep, the blessing of the unhappy, was denied him; all night his measured steps could be heard; and at length

his German friends told him that he must go away, for they could bear it no longer. He was induced to learn the cigar making, but as soon as he had got acquainted with the business, he suddenly left New York for New Orleans. He wrote a few letters to the friends alluded to, and then nothing was heard for a long time, when a stranger wrote, stating the circumstances of Carl's death on a plantation in Florida.

In the year 1850, I met by accident a lady who was evidently a German by birth, and though possessed of only a common education, she spoke German, Spanish, and English, well. In reply to some remark made in German, she inquired if I spoke the language. I replied, no, but I had acquired much that I had now forgotten, from a German to whom I taught the English. I then entered into some details. I saw she was interested, and on my saying "poor Carl Dorn," she turned pale as death, and said "he was my first husband." It appeared that he had never mentioned New York, or in any way alluded to his severe sorrow, but he was harsh in his treatment of his wife. Her account showed that evil fortune kept ever at his side; he left New Orleans for St. Louis; in about a year after he left, we received his last letter, and no doubt he caused the letter to be written giving an account of his death. It is just probable that he hoped some sorrow or regret might dim the eyes of her he loved so fondly; if so, he was doomed to disappointment, for not even the tribute of a sigh escaped her lips; in fact, it was a relief, a real solid comfort. In St. Louis he became acquainted with a family of whom I know but little; Mrs. Dorn said, her father was stingy, and for the slightest cause would strike wife or child; that they feared him beyond every thing in the world; she was but a child of fifteen when he made up his mind that Carl came to his house for the pleasures of Matilda's society, and not to draw wisdom from the wells of his knowledge. On asking if such was not the case, and receiving a most positive denial from Carl, he made up his mind that he was in some way most shamefully treated. He forbade Carl his house, and his daughter he well whipped, and then shut her up in the garret. Of these circumstances, Carl would have remained ignorant, but for a woman who lived in the next house, who found means to talk to Matilda, and then tell all she could learn to Carl. Through her management the girl eloped from her father's house, and went directly to Carl. When he saw her he exclaimed, "how could you do so! what will become of you? I shall be obliged to marry you, or your father will kill you." They were married, and the enraged father uttered the most horrible curses on his child. Alas! the result would almost make us believe that a demon was permitted to record and carry out the inhuman sentence. In a few weeks after their marriage, they started for California, over the plains. They travelled in company with but two other families, and all arrived safe in San Francisco. Here she became the mother of three children, but no joy came with them; the gloomy, money-loving husband became almost as hard a taskmaster as the father

had been. When she had not washing to do he would give her a stated quantity of tobacco to sort and work up, and the sick or cross child, or household cares were never allowed as just cause of neglect; the task had to be done. As fast as fifteen dollars could be raised, it was invested in land, for which Carl seemed to work, live, and degrade himself. Could it be, that some wild thought of the future value of estate in San Francisco caused this anxiety? was the *hope* not quite dead within him? did he dream of wealth in hopes by it to see Susan again adorned with smiles, as in days long passed away? Who can tell? We are sure no present tie bound him to toil and thrift.

One Sunday, having given out the usual task to his wife, he sauntered down the hill-side in the direction of the Plaza; his wife tried to put the house in order, and make the children a little tidy, when she remembered with alarm that it was impossible now to do the work laid out for her; but just as she had made considerable progress, her attention was attracted by the sound of approaching feet and hushed voices. On opening the door, she saw several men, who bore on their shoulders the dead body of her husband. Her grief was not very great; the bond of slavish fear was broken, and that seems to have been the only one between them.

On the breaking out of the gold fever, she went to the mines, and by untiring industry soon made a comfortable home for herself and little ones. Among many, some of whom are now living and will recognise the description, came one more favored than faithful; he was lazy, sensual, and fond of strong drink; he wooed and married the young widow for the means to live at his ease.

To show off the wealth that the property bought by Carl now brought in, he insisted that his dear Matilda should visit the Eastern States, that his family might see what a prize had fallen to his lot. On arriving at New York, they put up at the Howard Hotel; the most fashionable dress-maker was employed, and Stewart's splendid store ransacked to adorn the wife of a most unworthy man, and make it seem to the world, that he was a model for generous husbands. The two surviving children were put under charge of a worthy clergyman in Massachusetts, the third sleeps his last sleep by the side of his father at the Mission Dolores. Strange, even in his place of sepulchre! for though he was the son of a Lutheran minister, yet he was indifferent to religion in every shape or form. Strange, that he should be laid among those who shut out from consecrated ground the corpse of the unbeliever.

But to return to the now happy wife, for she believed the love of her husband as sincere as her own. After a stay of many months, they turned their eyes homeward. The vanity of John, as well as his low taste, was made most expensively manifest, for he insisted that she should wear her bracelets set with diamonds, to cross the Isthmus. Every one will remember the tangled bushes and muddy lanes that in those days had to be got through at any expense of apparel and mule flesh, and will understand how easy it was to lose seven large stones before they reached Panama.

It was a few months after their return, that I became acquainted with them. Their income from ground rent and some houses in the vicinity was very considerable, but John could have spent a million. In a few days over a month, his bill at one bar was five hundred dollars for champagne, cigars, and other articles of a like description, and to account for lack of funds, he would tell her how much Mr. — had spent, and that she could not get the money directly unless she foreclosed. This he knew she would not do. He even then hinted it would be best to sell a *little*, but the reply was; "we cannot do that; it is of right my children's. If Mr. — has spent so much money in putting up houses that will so soon bring him the means to pay, why, it is best to wait." I have often seen this sincerely devoted wife working on fine linen garments that she obtained from a lady now living in this city, who at that time kept a store on the Plaza.

Contrast this man and this woman—he spending in vice the orphan's substance, too lazy to earn the bread he ate—she, believing and trusting, working like a poor seamstress, in a vain endeavor to stem the tide of ruin. In a few months he raised a small house in the rear of a large frame building on Mission street, and I lost sight of them for years. During this interval she had returned to the East and brought back with her Carl's two children, who were witnesses to the misery and utter degradation of their mother. Intemperance had become the besetting sin of the wife as well as the husband; he had, by means of the affection he was so totally unworthy, gained her consent to the disposing of all the property, except the mean shanty in which they lived, and, I believe, another tenement of the same description adjoining. In the low valley in which they lived, were, as might be imagined, people quite as lost as themselves. "Poverty had entered the door, and love flew out of the window." When they had money it was spent in liquor instead of bread and clothing, and the woman who, so short a time before, had been surrounded by comforts and luxury, was now to be found when sober, laboring at the wash tub; the boy was to be found among the early lost—perhaps before the magistrate; the girl, introduced to all that was vile, soon bore on her face the surlly expression of low determination to do as she thought fit; the infant, neglected, sick, and wasted, needed but the father's presence to fill the tableau. After some hours of quarrelling, the unhappy man took a quantity of poison and destroyed himself. He rushed unbidden, unrepentant, before his God. We will not comment on his fate, but leave him in his dread abode. In a few months Matilda, worn out with such continual trial and intoxication, sank into the drunkard's grave, leaving her children to the world to cherish or destroy. But there are good and generous people in all lands, and San Francisco can be called, without boasting, the home of the afflicted; never has the cry of real suffering been heard, but hearts and purses have opened to relieve the miserable. In the first place the children were taken to the Orphan Asylum. There one baby boy died, and the survivors of the family have been amply provided for.

Some persons are prone to call circumstances,

like the above, frolics of fortune, as though chance, and chance only, ordered the way in which we walk through life. To me, they are all the result of sin. The vanity, the selfish indulgence in drunken riot, clearly show the cause; the poverty, starvation and early death, the result. If any one feels that the glass, even of common beer, is a necessity, let him or her, as the case may be, give up the coveted indulgence; let their motto be, "taste not, touch not;" let the money so wisely and happily saved, make glad the sick or afflicted, who are with us always. The pleasure that rewards the truly charitable is far more exquisite than any the selfish ever knew.

[For the Hesperian.

TAKE COURAGE.

"Oh, dear! I don't believe there ever was before such a set of wild, tearin', screamin', harum-scarum boys as I have got," said Mrs. Moodie, as she stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, with her arms a-kimbo, and her sleeves rolled up, early one summer morning. "Now, there's John Henry—he is only five years old, and yet there is not a hole on the farm big enough for a cat to put her head, but what that boy has been into, and once every week he has to be dragged by the heels out of the frog-pend. Then there's Simon—he's next to him in age, and he has climbed to the top of every tree in the orchard, and yesterday I saw him sitting on the tip-top of the highest pole in the stack yard, clappin' his hands and screamin' like a loon. Then there's Dick—he has mounted the back of every wild, friskin', runaway horse in the village, and the way he goes kitin' through the streets is a wonder to behold: the wonder is that he don't break his neck. Then there's Paul—he has only had his collar-bone broken twice, and his knee-joint set three times, and every front tooth in his head knocked down his throat, on account of his wild, venture-some, reckless habits. Oh dear! I never saw such a set before in all my born days; and then 'tis no use talkin'. The more you talk, the worse they act. I wonder what they'll all come to?" said the anxious mother, her brow contracted, and her voice sad and doleful, as if she considered it a case almost beyond hope.

Poor Mrs. Moodie! Don't you know that, after all, your boys are far from being the worst in the world, and that the very evils of which you complain are the result, partially, of that restless organization which they, by right, inherit from yourself, and which shall, if properly directed, make them eminent and useful men of the world and benefactors of their race? That restless spirit that now impels them to climb hay-stacks, and ride wild horses, and run "tearin' and screamin'" through the streets, is the very thing needed to make them strong, energetic, whole-souled men hereafter; men who will not shrink in any emergency, but who will take their place high among the leading spirits of the age.

Take courage, Mrs. Moodie; only do your duty, and you shall yet be proud of your boys; take my word for it.

G. T. S.

Did we know the author of the following beautiful gem, we would gladly give credit. Like many other fine things that are floating about, it has no mark of ownership.

BENNY.

I told him Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, wont we moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid;
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then, how Benny's blue eye kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore.
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he, loudly,
As he held his apron white—
"You shall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate,
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Saot Kaus, come down de chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I'll be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway called poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gambolled 'neath the live oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me,
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bless Fader—God bless Moder,
God bless Sister"—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bless Saota Kaus!"

He is sleeping—brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows,
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears—Oh, unfilled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

There is no more implacable enemy than he who feels he has wronged you; and none more unhappy than such an enemy.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Duties of an imperative nature having prevented our attending the examination of the Collegiate Institute, Benicia, we copy the following interesting article from the correspondent of the *Alta California*.

Mr. Flatt has labored with untiring zeal and energy in the establishment of this school, which is now an honor to the State. He has connected with him, most efficient and accomplished assistants, and we are glad to know that their efforts are meeting with that appreciation and success which they so richly deserve.

BENICIA, Dec. 9, 1858.

As was presupposed, the last day of the intellectual races of the college course, which closed this evening, were decidedly the most interesting, exhibiting as they did, the acquirements of the young gentlemen of the Institute, in the departments of original composition, well written essays, and the declamation of choice and classical selections from the poets, interspersed with occasional humorous and comic delineations, a sprinkling of attic salt, to give zest to the intellectual "lay out" on this interesting occasion. The young gentlemen acquitted themselves throughout in a handsome style. The essays were characterized by bold and original thought, clad in elegant language, combining a chaste and perspicuous style, with a purity of diction; and the declamations and recitations were delivered with clearness and distinctness of enunciation, a cardinal point in exercises of this character; with an attention to proper emphasis and pause, showing that the pieces were not merely conned by rote and repeated in a parrot-like style. It is but simple justice to the young masters, who, as was universally acknowledged by the suffrages of the large and intelligent auditory assembled to witness their prowess, did themselves and teachers much credit. The crowded auditory present was composed of a number of ladies and gentlemen, citizens of Benicia, officers of the army stationed at the post here, the parents of the pupils from abroad, and last but not least in numbers, Miss Atkins' sixty odd young lady pupils, forming together a blooming *parterre* of loveliness but seldom found, to contrast with the weeds, thorns, thistles and briars of bachelorhood. Anxious to win the approving smiles of their fair rivals in the march up the hill of science—and they have some pretty high old hills in and around about Benicia—the young beaux spread themselves before the assembled belles, and their *belles lettres* triumphs were, of course, of the most gratifying character.

The reading of the *Schoolboys' Journal*, and its junior, *Young America*, the two manuscript newspapers regularly issued by the students of the Institute, was a decided feature in the performances of the day. These publications were adorned with extremely well executed vignettes, drawn with pen and pencil. Those of the first named journal, which were beautifully drawn, were the work of Master C. Rueger, a young Benician, of German parentage, who not only possesses a wonderful aptitude for drawing and design, but is also, an adept in the sciences taught in the Institute, and a proficient in all his classes. The editorials and communications in these papers, were, many of them, pregnant and spicy, and the reading of some of them elicited considerable mirth. The editors and contributors bore down somewhat heavily upon *The*

Wreath, the rival journal devoted to the young women's rights of the Female Seminary. If they are not paid off in their own coin, and do not get as good as they merit, I am much mistaken in the significant glances, graphic and telegraphic signals passing between the bright-eyed *demoiselles* whose territory was invaded by the young wardals. "Boys, do you hear that?" Upon the reading of *The Wreath*, at the next examination of Miss Atkins' school, some of you will exclaim with Ion, "Was not that thunder?" Yes, and it will be accompanied with flashes of lightning too.

The boys having gone through the following exercises so creditably, it is no more than justice that their names should be given, and I enclose the following programme, furnished to visitors, which is for insertion, if not trenching too greatly upon your space:

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES ON THURSDAY.

1. Salutatory, H. T. Hastings.
2. Declamation, Eddie Magendie.
3. "The Child's First Grief," E. Du Prey.
4. "The Veteran," Milton Stevenson.
5. "The storming of Vera Cruz," H. Marshall.
6. "The Miser's Death," W. Stephenson.
7. Essay on "Temperance," H. Coffin.
8. Recitation—"The Captive," H. Hook.
9. Comic Recitation, Peter C. Loucks.
10. "God save the mariners," Willie Good-year.
11. "The Revellers," Chas. Rueger.
12. Essay on "Education," G. M. Fall.
13. Chorus from "Masaniello"—"Away, away!"
14. Reading of the "School Boys' Journal."
15. Recitation—"Bernardo and King Alphonso," L. D. Frere.
16. "Bernardo del Carpio," M. Osburn.
17. Comic Recitation, H. Ritchie.
18. Parrhassius, Jos Chard.
19. Essay—"The Compass," Marshall Hastings.
20. Grand Chorus from Bellini's Opera "La Somnambula."
21. Virginius, J. W. Boggs.
22. "Character of Napoleon Bonaparte," S. Hurlbat.
23. Scene from the "Lady of the Lake," B. Beers.
24. Dialogue—"Old Fickle, Tristram Pickle," Jerome Stevenson and C. Van Pelt.
25. Essay—"Honesty the best policy," L. P. Marshall.
26. Chorus from M. A. Sarles' Opera of "Henri Quatre"—"Huzza, we are victorious!"
27. Essay—"American Influences," W. B. Hyde.
28. Reading of the "Young America," L. P. Marshall and Jos. McKenna, Editors.
29. "Home, Sweet Home."

Without drawing invidious distinctions, the Salutatory of young Master Hastings, giving a history of the past session, was a creditable performance. The declamations of Eddie Magendie, of Stockton, and Master Eugene Du Prey, of San Francisco, both "scarcely *nine*," were handsomely given. One of the most feeling recitations of the day, was the pathetic ballad of "Bernardo del Carpio," by Master Osburn, another diminutive Young American. "Parrhassius," by Joseph Chard, a young Californian from Tehama County, was also well recited. In fact, all was so well done, that it was difficult to fix the degrees of excellence.

After the close, the Principal of the Institute, Mr. Flatt, gave a short sketch of the progress of his school and scholars, and returned thanks to the audience, for their

attendance and attention; when the exercises ended, and all departed exceedingly well pleased.
ESCUBARDO.

Plum Pudding and Other Receipts for Christmas.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—A pound of suet, cut in pieces not too fine, a pound of currants and a pound of raisins stoned, four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, an ounce of citron and lemon-peel, shred fine, a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of flour, and a pint of milk; beat the eggs first, add half the milk, beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice, and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding, which should boil at least five hours.

Another Way.—One pound of flour, one pound of plums, stoned, one pound of currants, one pound of suet, half a pound of bread-crumbs, half a pint of milk, six eggs, one wine-glassful of brandy, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a little nutmeg, ginger, and grated lemon-peel. Boil in a mould eight hours.

Another Way.—Two pounds of Muscatel raisins, two pounds and a quarter of currants, two pounds of the finest moist sugar, two pounds of bread-crumbs finely sifted, sixteen eggs well beaten, two pounds of suet finely chopped, two ounces of candied orange-peel, lemon-peel and citron, the peel of two lemons cut thin, one ounce of ground nutmeg, one ounce of ground cinnamon, half an ounce of bitter almonds pounded, half a pint of brandy. Mix all the dry ingredients first; add the eggs and brandy just before the pudding is going to be boiled. Have a stout new pudding-cloth, well buttered and floured, and tie the cloth very tight and close; boil for six or eight hours; take it up about a quarter of an hour before it is to be dished, sprinkle a little white powdered sugar over it; some sweet almonds, blanched and cut in strips, and stuck on the pudding, ornament it prettily.

N.B.—The Muscatel raisins can be purchased at a cheap rate *loose* (not in bunches); they are scarcely higher in price than the ordinary pudding raisins, and impart a much higher flavor to the pudding; they should be stoned and cut up.

MINCE PIES.—Take a pound of beef, free from skin and strings, and chop it very fine; then two pounds of suet, which likewise pick and chop; then add three pounds of currants, nicely cleaned and perfectly dry, one pound and a half of apples, the peel and juice of a lemon, half a pint of sweet wine, half a nutmeg, and a few cloves and mace, with pimento in fine powder; have citron, orange and lemon-peel ready, and put some in each of the pies when made.

PASTE FOR BOILED PUDDING.

Pick and chop very fine half a pound of beef suet; You need not take care, as you can't over do it. To this, add of flour one pound and a quarter, A small pinch of salt, and a little spring water, Or milk—say the third of a pint. Mix or beat it Up well in a basin; then cook it and eat it.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Those Christmas bells as sweetly chime
As on the day when first they rung,
So merrily in the olden time,
And far and wide their music flung;
Shaking the tall, grey ivied tower,
With all their deep, melodious power,
They still proclaim to every ear,
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

At early day the youthful voice,
Heard singing on from door to door,
Makes the responding heart rejoice
To know the children of the poor,
For once are happy all day long;
We smile and listen to the song—
The hushen still, remote or near,
"Old Christmas comes but once a year."

KITTY MAYNARD;
OR, A FAULT-FINDING SPIRIT.
A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

"I hate parties—I do wish mother would not be always getting up something to spoil my comfort. I had a great deal rather spend the evening alone," impatiently exclaimed Kitty Maynard.

"Why, Kitty," replied her sister, "do not speak so; if mother should hear you, it would grieve her much; and, besides, she has made you that pretty blue silk to wear."

"I don't care," angrily replied Kitty; "I hate strangers, and I don't want them to come where I am; besides, I do not like that dress. I had rather have something else; but it is always just so—mother never cares whether I am suited or not."

"Oh, Kitty! how wrong it is for you to talk so," replied her sister. "You know mother proposed the party on purpose to make us happy, and our young friends with us. She will derive her happiness entirely from seeing us happy. Then there are those two little children, who have no father or mother, and who are so very poor! Only think how delighted they will be to see such nice, warm clothes hanging on the Christmas tree for them."

"Oh, yes, I dare say they will," pettishly rejoined Kitty; "but I don't see why they need be invited here. I wish mother had sent their clothes to them in a bundle."

"Why, you know mother tries to make every one as happy as she can, and those poor children have no one to love or speak kindly to them. The good widow they live with is poor as well as old, and very often they have no warm fire to sit by, and a candle is a luxury they never have, but creep to bed as soon as it is dark. To-night they will come over here, get warm by our great cheerful fire, and see their nice warm clothes by our light, instead of waiting impatiently for daylight to come, that they may see them. Come, Kitty, be quick and get dressed," she continued; "it is almost time we were down stairs."

"I do not want to dress to-night; I hate company and strangers, and I shall not hurry," said Kitty. Just at this moment Mrs. Maynard entered the room. Having heard Kitty's last remark, she said:

"Why, Kitty, what kind of language is that you were using as I came in?"

"I was saying just what I mean, mother," replied the wilful girl. "I hate parties of all kinds, and I wish you would never make another."

"Most young girls would be glad to have their mother make a party for them, particularly of a Christmas Eve," replied the mother. "I did it, hoping to make you happy; but as you seem inclined to find so much fault, I will excuse you, and you will remain in your own room this evening."

Minnie, Kitty's sister, was now quite ready, and with her mother quit the room, leaving the fretful Kitty alone to think over her ungratefulness to her good mother.

Kitty knew that her mother was grieved by her conduct, for she saw the silent tear trickling in her eye, but she was wilful and selfish, and would not confess her fault.

Soon she heard happy voices down stairs in the parlor. Exclamations of joy and surprise, and then the merry, ringing laugh met her ear. She knew that they were taking the gifts from the Christmas tree, and she longed to know what there was for her. She listened for a long time, hoping that her mother would send whatever belonged to her up stairs. But no one came, and she received no package.

Soon the sweet strains of music were heard, and little feet kept time in the mazy dance. Now she began to wish that she had gone down stairs, so she screamed loudly, "Mother, Mother! come up here, I want you!" The Mother came. "Can't I come down stairs now?" eagerly asked Kitty.

"No," replied the mother, kindly yet firmly: "undress yourself and go to bed. When I got up this party, I did so, hoping to make my children and their young friends happy; but in place of being happy you chose to be miserable. I have often talked to you of the danger of indulging a fault-finding and selfish disposition. It will be the cause of much sorrow and pain to you, if you do not try to curb it," said Mrs. Maynard.

Kitty knew there was no appeal from her mother's decision, so she immediately prepared for bed, shedding silent but bitter tears the while. Her conscience reproached her for the saucy and unkind manner in which she had spoken to her mother, besides rejecting all her kind efforts to make her happy.

Kitty was selfish in her disposition; she wanted every one to yield their wishes to her will, yet never thought of yielding any thing herself. She loved to find fault and make others unhappy, rather than look upon the bright side, and by a cheerful spirit contribute her mite to the general joy. She was naturally a little bashful, and instead of trying to overcome this feeling, she yielded to it, and expressed herself, as we have heard, by saying, she hated strangers. This conduct grieved her mother very much; she had often talked to Kitty, and tried to impress upon her mind the necessity of guarding against and trying to overcome these terrible faults.

You must not think because I speak of Kitty's faults, that she had no good qualities; far from it! She was a very neat, industrious girl, rose early in the morning, and often assisted her mother in preparing the breakfast. She loved

her baby brother very much, and took almost the entire care of him. But for the faults which we have named, she would have been a great joy and comfort to her mother.

It was her mother's tender love for her, and her appreciation of her good qualities, which made her so anxious that she should overcome her faults. Kitty could not see this, and so she allowed angry and bitter feelings to rise in her heart towards her own dear mother, and they found expression in the coarse, harsh words above alluded to.

The next morning Kitty was up as usual to help her mother about getting the breakfast. She waited a long time, but her mother did not come into the kitchen. At length her father came and said, "Mother was too sick to rise that morning." Kitty hastily prepared some toast and tea, then spreading a clean napkin upon a little tray, and setting the toast and tea thereon, she carried it to her mother. Oh, how her heart smote her as she entered the room and saw her mother's pale face. She had known for a long time that whenever anything troubled her mother, it made her sick; and she knew, too, that her conduct on the preceding night had not only troubled, but deeply disturbed her. She wished that her mother would mention the subject, so that then she might tell her of her sorrow, and that hereafter she would try to do better. But Mrs. Maynard sipped her tea in silence, purposely avoiding the subject; for Kitty had so often made promises of amendment, only to break them, that her mother did not want her to make any more until she herself saw the necessity of a reformation.

We will not linger over our story. Month by month the year glided away, and now Kitty was looking anxiously forward to the holidays, with the full determination of being so good as to make her mother very happy, hoping once more to bring the brightness to her eye and the color to her cheek; for all the year her health had been gradually failing, and Kitty could not forget how sadly she had pained her on the preceding Christmas Eve.

The long looked-for Christmas Eve at length arrived; but alas! it proved a sad one to all of Mrs. Maynard's family, and particularly so to Kitty; for, in the very room where, a year before, she had moved about in loving kindness, ministering to their happiness, she now lay cold and dead; the loving hands, which had so often labored to make them happy, were now folded across her breast—still, for evermore; her eyes were closed, and the lids pressed down by two shining pieces of gold; her face was calm, and even in death she seemed to smile upon them.

In one corner of the room stood the Christmas tree—not now, as one year before, laden with love-gifts, but bearing instead the sable badge of grief—the mournful black crape.

Kitty mourned for her mother like one in despair, often exclaiming—"Oh, if I had only been kind and good to mother as Minny was, then I could have parted with her; but to think that I have so often grieved and pained her, and now she is gone away forever, and will never know how much I loved her, or how sorry I am for my faults."

Her father told her that she must show her love for her mother by trying to do those things

which she knew her mother would have approved of when living.

Kitty immediately set to work to overcome the evils of her disposition, and though she had many a hard struggle, she conquered at last, and grew up to be a most amiable, unselfish, and kind-hearted woman.

My dear young friends, I have told to you a sad tale for Christmas Eve, but if you will accept the moral, and immediately set about correcting such habits as are likely to cause you unhappiness and your parents pain, at another time I will tell you one of a more cheerful character.

Hoping that you will not wait till death has deprived you of your parents before you learn to appreciate their loving efforts for your welfare, I wish you, one and all, a very merry Christmas.

[For the Hesperian.

WENT IN THE MORNING.

Went in the morning, ere the morning star had set or the dew had left the flowers, or the sun had mounted high above the eastern hills; called home by whispering angels to the Land of Beauty—the fadeless summer land of flowers and singing rivers that water the tree of life in the midst of the garden of God.

Went in the morning, ere the heat and toil of the day had come; escaped the burning summer heat, the dusty, thorny road where struggling millions groan, and toil and sink beneath great burdens; escaped the desert, and the dreary waste, where they long all day for water, and for the shadow of a great rock to cover them from the burning heat, where serpents hiss and wild beasts howl, and their feet stumble in slippery places, and they pray and wait, and long for the morning.

Went in the morning—obtained the victory without the fight, for, lo! the great Captain of Salvation had gone before them, fought and conquered, and prepared a way for them, and said, “come, share with me my inheritance; ’tis yours by birthright.”

Went in the morning—gone to the feast of angels, the banquet prepared by the great King, the marriage supper spread in the palace called “Beautifull,” in the City whose foundations are of sapphire, and its walls of jasper, and its streets of pure gold.

G. T. S.

Our thanks are due to Mr. J. H. Still, northeast corner of Washington and Sansome sts., for files of interesting and valuable papers, among which we find the N. Y. Tribune, Sunday Mercury, The Independent, N. Y. News, Portland Transcript, Bangor Courier, Boston Transcript, N. Y. Herald, Ballou's Pictorial, Godey's Ladies' Book, etc., etc. Mr. Still is always well supplied with the very latest papers and periodicals, and, withal, is courteous and obliging.

EXCELSIOR.—Let thy gold grow not dim, nor thy thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We would rather that death should find us scaling a mountain than sinking in a mire—breasting a whirlwind than sneaking from a cloud.—*Mariposa Gazette.*

[For the Hesperian.

PERFECTED PRAISE.

A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D——N.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIII.

“Surely, you could have found means to toss it in some river or bury it in some wood.”

“How little you know of the trade! Do you know that the most likely place to conceal anything in so closely populated a place as England, is the place most frequented. Vigilance there is always at fault, while the romance of an affair arising from some lone place, invests the matter with all the interest in the world.”

“You told me that this last snatch of yours was attended with something very odd; what was the circumstance?”

“Why, just this; it was at a time when in London, there was not a body to be had ‘for love or money’ anywhere, as the phrase is. The military and naval hospitals were teased by every post, with letters for subjects, but not one could be found. The workhouses said they had nothing, nor would have for some years, until the act of Parliament for this purpose was forgotten, for every poor old creature, unbefriended in life, found some one to sympathise with, and to promise to see their decent burial. A student, a former acquaintance of mine, was out of his wits for the want of a leg; his examination was coming on, and he had never had an opportunity to anatomise some particular part of one; as much as fifty, ay, if I recollect, seventy pounds were offered for a body, and so M—— and I set off for the retired village of ——, left the usual douceur with the old rascally sexton, seized upon one that had been buried only the day before, and brought it to town all safe, and deposited it in Mc D——’s room in W—— street. M—— paid down the blunt, and we parted, both satisfied. Poor fellow, about a month after, I was told by the porter of —— Hospital, that he had since become a perfect lunatic; that the body he had to dissect at that time, and the same left at your place, was the corpse of his own sister, of whom he had not heard for years. She had been seduced by a scamp, and refused to live with him afterward, and had left his house and her own friends, and drowned herself. He had discovered the fact, from the mark of some peculiar scald or burn that she had received on her arm, while young. He dearly loved his sister, and I, who was in his confidence, heard all the heart-rending story. They were twins, and so much alike, he told me, when young, that only their dress distinguished them. He retained, even up to manhood, a very effeminate countenance, too pretty and not manly enough for a man. He used to act all the female parts in our private plays, and went by the name of ‘Sister’ by all the students; but, although he had a girl's face, a more manly and generous heart never breathed.”

“Good God, how dreadful! I suppose this was your last exploit,” said the inn-keeper. “What a profession, and what a taste, to be sure: a surgeon resurrectionist!”

“Ah! what will not desperation and love of adventure dare! this was always a madness with me. I wish it had been my last exploit: however, I did make a vow, it should be my last; I wish I had kept it; I should have been perhaps in another predicament, now. But my veritable last was a queer one.

“An old maid of this very village had her pet dog buried in a coffin like a christian, with a gold collar round its neck. I verily believe she would have had the burial service said over it, if money could have bribed the parson to perform it. Old Handy the sexton thought to keep the matter a secret from us, but the same night the old villain with his dark lantern and spade, found us covering up the place, after we had got the spoil. I never saw a fellow in such a rage before. He insisted on crying halves with us, but we told him he had better hold his tongue about that, as we could spoil his trade for ever by one word from us. But the most singular circumstance of this matter happened about two years after. Our swag, when we had any, used to find its way to a pawnbroker in Drury lane, and this collar went the same way. It fetched ten pounds, for it was of solid gold, and must have cost more than double that, for it was of exquisite workmanship and a regular good thing. Well, the old fence erased the writing on it, and exposed it for sale in his window; it was bought (so his shopman told me,) by Lord ——, a young spendthrift, who was making up to this same very rich old maid, who was then living in T—— Square, London, as a present for her new pet. Well, a day or two after this, Lord —— called upon the old fence, with a grave air, and with a policeman at his heels demanded where he had procured this same collar. Of course the old “two to one against you” knew nothing more about it, than that it was purchased some twelve months ago from a mere stranger. ‘Oh,’ said the fopish young rake, ‘’tis well we don’t come across him, for poor Miss —— has been in hysterics ever since, and has taken such a violent aversion to me, that she can’t endure my very sight and has ordered off her present favorite at the same time, and remains inconsolable.’

Well! this d——l of a dog proved my ruin, for as I had left off my former occupation of body snatching, and as no more dogs were buried with gold collars that I could hear of, I determined to pay this dear old lady a nocturnal visit at her country house where I knew I should be well rewarded. Well, I secured the trinkets in a bag, and was just making quietly off, when, seeing a decanter on the sideboard, I could not resist the temptation of drinking, to my own success, when, as the devil would have it, I became suddenly so stupefied that I lost all control of my limbs, and fell down in the dining room, where I slept till the next morning, when I was roused after a sound nap by a bumpkin exclaiming, ‘O, you’re caught in the trap, are ye?’ I no sooner heard the words, than I jumped up and became immediately sensible of my danger, and before he had time to rouse the people, I felled him by a well directed blow with my fist, and jumping upon his body, I threw myself out of the

window, ran across the lawn, opened the avenue gates, and was off across the country like a shot; but it was no go; I found myself so hotly pursued that I ran back to the burial ground, which had been the scene of my doing and undoing, and claimed the protection of old Handy. Will you believe it, the old rascal had turned saint and refused his fox a cover, so I was captured, handcuffed, tried, &c., &c.,—and here I am!"

"What could have induced you to throw away all your chances of life, and commence such a career?" inquired the publican.

"Why, that's a wound, the only wound that will never heal!"

"A man of good education, the son of a gentleman of fortune, with every chance of doing well, how could you give up all these advantages and become what you are?"

"Why, I'll tell ye, and though you say you have not this blood, you are a plain, sensible man, and can judge what outraged feelings are. I told you I had the advantage of a first-rate education, and have walked——Hospital the most renowned in London. I had got up all my subjects so accurately that I was morally certain of my pass. Amongst the others that were up at that same time, there was a *goubinouche* sap of a fellow that not one of us would admit to our coteries, and whom we suspected to be a constant spy upon our conduct, although the magnates at that time cared little or nothing for the morals of any one of us, for nine tenths of the medical students in all London at that time were infidels. Well, there was many a private bet among us, as to who would and who would not pass, especially concerning this chap, a hundred to one at least would not be taken. To the utter surprise of all of us, this spooney passed with flying colors, and as he came down from the hall, and passed by with a most supercilious air, many a smart clever fellow, with an elongated face, receiving the sympathy of his friends at his disappointment. I was so exasperated at the shameful partiality of the examiners, who had thus plucked many a well read student that he was not worthy to hold a candle to, that I made up my mind most resolutely, to stand no nonsense or trick that might deprive me of the honest reward of my long and almost never-ending labors. What made me more desperate, was the contents of a letter I had received from my father the day before, congratulating me on my well spent time, and mentioning the pleasure that he would feel at the thought of my having acquitted myself creditably in the examination, which he should be most proud of. Now, the old gentleman, my father, had himself examined me every time I paid him a visit, which was not very often, for it was like leaving off play to go to work, so anxious was the good governor for my success.

Well, my very blood boils while I rehearse the scene. My name was called at last, and I entered with the fullest self-possession, and looked upon the array of skeletons, instruments, diagrams, &c., &c., with which the place was crowded, as so many old friends. To the first question that was propounded, I

gave as I thought a most copious and elaborate answer, adding a suggestion of my own that I could have borne out with satisfactory experience, when I was interrupted by a bull-headed old fellow, with—"Stop, stop, not so fast young gentleman; your years should teach you a little less confidence, what ever your studies may have been, and much more modesty in your suggestions, indeed!" With as much deference as I could muster, I begged to be heard out, alleging that many of the sublimest facts upon which science had built up its theories, had been elicited by tyros witness:—"We want none of your witnesses," interrupted the same gruff old bald-head, while I was enumerating hosts of names to substantiate my assertions. No sooner had I done, than the whole board, with scarcely an exception, set upon me, and in the end I was told most coolly, I might go down—I had better go down. I had no sooner heard my fate, than, losing all control over my passions, I aimed a tremendous blow with my gilded, knobbed stick at this old fellow's pate, and if my arm had not been arrested by some one, so as to lessen the force of the blow, I should have sent that old scoundrel to his last account. As it was, the old villain had a protuberance rising in less than no time upon his scone, bigger than the knob of my stick. He was carried out of the hall like a helpless baby, and I was pulled out of my place like a strong giant, and handed over to the police station.

From that time, I became a lost and ruined young man. I never wrote to my father, as he would be sure to see by the London papers, my disgrace, instead of my elevation, and since his death—for I am told he died a short time after—I became without the usual gradual steps what I am now."

"Or rather what? you were before you were lagged, as you call it. But how did you get your ticket as well as mine, and when does it begin?"

"Didn't I I tell ye?"

"Why how could you? you know up till to day all our motions have been watched by that red coat, as sharp as a cat watches a mouse."

"Well, a stroke of good luck befriended me. Our governor's daughter had what the surgeons call *paronychia*, that is, a whitlow of the worst form. I had cured, while in gang No. 7, an old fellow who had his leg mashed to a jelly, by a large stone rolling on it, and when I heard the surgeon who was called, say that the poor old fellow must lose his leg, I ventured an opinion, that if a certain course was pursued it would save it.

(To be continued.)

Polynesian.—We miss this excellent paper from our exchange list. Aside from the mere fact that Honolulu was once our home, we look for the *Polynesian* with more than ordinary interest, for its columns are always well filled with important news and interesting matter, and from its columns we have often gleaned items of interest concerning those with whom we were associated in former days, and to whom our affections still fondly turn.

SORRY FOR IT.—The editor of the *Southern Vineyard*, in his issue of December 4th, says, that "with the greatest reluctance he has submitted to the stern necessity of reducing the size of his paper, for the purpose of diminishing the expense of publication, hoping the reduction of expense will enable him to continue the publication." What are the people of Los Angeles and vicinity thinking about, that they allow so good a paper as the *Vineyard* to lack the support necessary to its continuance? We hope they will heed the appeal now made to them, and by their prompt and substantial aid place the *Vineyard* on terra firma. Don't be discouraged, Brother Vineyard; the darkest hour of night precedes the dawn of day. Did you ever hear the history of the *New York Tribune*?

PERRY'S VICTORY.—In the *S. F. Hesperian* we find a fine poem, written by Rev. D. Bethune Duffield, of Detroit, and read by him on Sept. 10th, at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, at the celebration of that "famous victory." The *Hesperian* remarks that a son of the venerated Perry is a resident of San Francisco.—*Sierra Democrat*.

We said, a son of the reverend hero who fired the first and last gun on the American side, was a resident of San Francisco—not thinking that all might not remember that Capt. Stephen Champlin was that hero. And it is a son of Capt. Champlin—not a son of the venerated Perry—who is now a resident of San Francisco. The error probably arose from our not being sufficiently explicit in our remarks, and we gladly make the correction.

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2. Parents are responsible that the person and apparel of the scholars are always neat and clean.
3. Lessons given in school, to be learned at home, should be carefully studied; and, if possible, the scholars should be encouraged and assisted in their acquisition by older friends.

Rev. H. BIEN, Principal.

San Francisco, Nov. 1858.

Escuela Española, Frances, Ingles, y Aleman.

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THE HESPERIAN.

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND ART.

FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE GOOD AND THE TRUE, THE MEMORABLE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

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[For the Hesperian.]

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

I could have braved the world's cold scorn,
The glance of withering pride:
Have met misfortune's darkest frown,
While thou wert by my side.
I could have smiled at every dart
That time might hurl at me;
Could I but know that in thy heart,
I'm treasured still by thee.

I could have watched beside thy couch,
And, as the hours went by,
Seen the rose wither from thy cheek,
The lustre from thine eye—
Have felt thy fluttering pulse, and heard
The words last breathed by thee,
Could I but know that unto God
They breathed one prayer for me.

But thus to see thee, day by day,
Grow cold and turn away
From her whose life is linked with thine—
To see thy love decay;
To know that still within thy heart,
I have no place with thee—
O! kill me! kill me! but cast not
A look like that on me!

I am thine—nay, hear me—I am thine!
My lot with thee is cast,
In joy or sorrow, weal or woe;
Thine, fully, to the last.
Thine, before God and angels sworn!
Nor earth, nor hell hath power,
To turn my faithful heart from thee,
E'en in death's awful hour!

I shared with thee thy brighter years;
And shall I leave thee now?
When sorrow writes her lines, and casts
Her shadow on thy brow,
O! little hast thou known the heart
That, fondly, clings to thee!
Or woman's love, or woman's trust,
To link such thoughts with me!

Whither thou goest I will go—
Life's fiercest ills to brave;
To share thy peril, and thy pain,
To find with thee a grave.
Love hath a mighty angel's power!
Through it, to me is given,
To brave with thee the furnace fires;
To share thy rest in heaven.

WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER.

When the glass, the laugh, and the social joke go round the convivial table, there are few that have not heard the words, "*We'll have another!*" It is an oft-repeated phrase—and it seems a simple one; yet, simple as it appears, it has a magical and fatal influence. The lover of sociality yieldeth to the friendly temptation it conveys, nor dreameth that it is a whisper from which scandal catcheth its thousand echoes—that it is a phrase which has blasted reputation—withered affection's heart—darkened the fairest prospects—ruined credit—conducted to the prison-house, and led to the grave. When our readers again hear the words, let them think of our present story.

Adam Brown was the eldest son of a poor widow, who kept a small shop in a village near the banks of the Teviot. From infancy, Adam was a mild, retiring boy, and he was seldom seen to join in the sports of his schoolmates. On the winter evenings he would sit poring over a book by the fire, while his mother would say—"Dinna stir up the fire bairn; ye dinna mind that coals are dear; and I am sure ye'll hurt yoursel' wi' pore, poring owre yer books—for they're never out o' yer hand." In the summer, too, Adam would steal away from the noise of the village to some favorite shady nook by the village side; and there, on the gowany brae, he would, with a standard author in his hand, "crack wi' kings," or "hold high converse with the mighty dead." He was about thirteen when his father died; and the Rev. Mr. Douglas, the minister of the parish, visiting the afflicted widow, she said, "she had had a sair bereavement, yet she had reason to be thankfu' that she had ae comfort left, for her poor Adam was a great consolation to her; every night he had read a chapter to his younger brothers—and, oh, sir," she added, "it wad make your heart melt to have heard my bairn pray for his widowed mother." Mr. Douglas became interested in the boy, and finding him apt to learn, he placed him for another year at the parish school, at his own expense. Adam's progress was all that his patron could desire. He became a frequent visitor at the manse, and was allowed the use of the minister's library. Mr. Douglas had a daughter who was nearly of the same age as his young *protege*. Mary Douglas was not what could be called beautiful; but she was a gentle

and interesting girl. She and Adam read and studied together. She delighted in a flower garden, and he was wont to dress it; and he would often wander miles, and consider himself happy when he obtained a strange root to plant in it.

Adam was now sixteen. It was his misfortune, as it has been the ruin of many, to be *without an aim*. His mother declared that she was at a loss what to make him; "but," added she, "he is a guid scholar, that is ae thing, and Can Do is easy carried about." Mr. Douglas himself became anxious about Adam's prospects; he evinced a dislike to be apprenticed to any mechanical profession, and he was too old to remain any longer a burden on his mother. At the suggestion of Mr. Douglas, therefore, when about seventeen, he opened a school in a neighboring village. Some said he was too young; others, that he was too simple, that he allowed the children to have all their own way; and a few even hinted that he went too much back and forward to the manse in the adjoining parish, to pay attention to his school. However these things might be, certain it is the school did not succeed, and after struggling with it for two years, he resolved to try his fortune in London.

He was to sail from Leith, and his trunk had been sent to Hawick, to be forwarded by the carrier. Adam was to leave his mother's house early on the following morning; and on the evening preceding his departure, he paid his farewell visit to the manse. Mr. Douglas received him with his wonted kindness; he gave him one or two letters of recommendation, and much wholesome advice, although the good man was nearly as ignorant of what is called the world, as the youth who was about to enter it. Adam sat long, and said little; for his heart was full and his spirit heavy. He had never said to Mary Douglas in plain words, that he loved her—he had never dared to do so; and he now sat with his eyes anxiously bent upon her, trembling to bid her farewell. She too was silent. At length he rose to depart; he held out his hand to Mr. Douglas; the latter shook it affectionately, adding—"Farewell Adam!—may Heaven protect you against the numerous temptations of a great city!" He turned toward Mary—he hesitated, his hands dropped by his side—"Could I speak wi' you a moment?" said he, and his tongue faltered as he spoke. With a tear glistening in her eyes, she looked

toward her father, who nodded his consent, and she arose and accompanied Adam to the door. They walked toward the flower-garden—he had taken her hand in his—he pressed it, but spoke not, and she offered not to withdraw it. He seemed struggling to speak; and, at length, in a tone of earnest fondness—and he shook as he spoke—he said, “Will you not forget me, Mary?”

A half-smothered sob was her reply, and a tear fell on his hand.

“Say you will not,” he added, yet more earnestly.

“O Adam!” returned she, “how can you say *forget*?—Never! never!”

“Enough! enough!” he continued, and they wept together.

It was scarce daybreak, when Adam rose to take his departure, and to bid his mother and brethren farewell. “Oh!” exclaimed she, as she placed his breakfast before him, “is this the last meal that my bairn’s to eat in my house?” He eat but little; and she continued weeping as she spoke—“Eat, hinney, eat; ye have a lang road before ye; and, O Adam, aboon everything earthly, mind that ye write to me every week; never think o’ the postage—for though it should tak my last farthing, I maun hear frae ye.”

He took his staff in his hand and prepared to depart. He embraced his younger brothers, and tears were their only, and mutual adieu. His parent sobbed aloud. “Fareweel, mother!” said he, in a voice half-choked with anguish—“Fareweel!”

“God bless my bairn!” she exclaimed, wringing his hand, and she leaned her head upon his shoulder, and wept as though her heart would burst. In agony he tore himself from her embrace, and hurried from the house; and during the first miles of his journey, at every rising ground, he turned anxiously round, to obtain another lingering look of the place of his nativity; and, in the fulness and bitterness of his feelings, he pronounced the names of his mother and his brethren, and of Mary Douglas in the same breath.

We need not describe his passage to London, nor tell how he stood gazing wonder-struck, like a graven image of amazement, as the vessel winded up the Thames, through the long forests of masts, from which waved the flags of every nation.

It was about mid-day, early in the month of April, when the smack drew up off Hermitage Stairs, and Adam was aroused from his reverie of astonishment, by a waterman, who had come upon deck, and who, pulling him by the button-hole, said—“Boat, master? boat?” Adam did not exactly understand the question, but seeing the other passengers getting their luggage into the boats, he followed their example. On landing, he was surrounded by a group of porters, several of whom took hold of his trunk, all inquiring, at the same moment, where he wished to be taken to. This was a question he could not answer. It was one he had

never thought of before. He looked confused, and replied, “I watna.”

“*Watna!*” said one of the Cockney burden-bearers—“*Watna!*—there ain’t such a street in all London.”

Adam was in the midst of London, and he knew not a living soul among its million of inhabitants. He knew not where to go; but recollecting that one of the gentlemen to whom Mr. Douglas had recommended him was a Mr. Davison, a merchant in Cornhill, he inquired—

“Does ony o’ ye ken a Mr. Davison, a merchant in Cornhill?”

“Vy, I can’t say as how I know him,” replied a porter; “but, if you wish your luggage taken there, I will find him for you in a twinkling.”

“An’ what wad ye be asking to carry the bit box there?” said Adam, in a manner betokening an equal proportion of simplicity and caution.

“Hasking?” replied the other—“vy, I’m blessed if you can get any one to carry it for less than four shillings.”

“I canna afford four shilling,” said Adam, “and I’ll be obleeged to ye if ye’ll gie me a lift on to my shouther wi’t an I’ll carry it mysel’.”

They uttered some low jests gainst his country, and left him to get his trunk upon his shoulders as he best might. Adam said truly that he could not afford four shillings; for, after paying his passage, he had not thirty shillings left in the world.

It is time, however, that we should describe Adam more particularly to our readers. He was dressed in a coarse gray coat, with trowsers of the same color, a striped waistcoat, a half-worn broad-brimmed hat, and thick shoes studded with nails, which clattered as he went. Thus arrayed, and with his trunk upon his shoulders, Adam went tramping and clattering along East Smithfield, over Tower-hill, and along the Minories, inquiring at every turning—“If any one could direct him to Mr. Davison’s, the merchant in Cornhill?” There was many a laugh, and many a joke, at poor Adam’s expense, as he went trudging along, and more than once the trunk fell to the ground, as he came in contact with the crowds that were hurrying past him. He had been directed out of his way; but at length he arrived at the place he sought. He placed his burden on the ground—he rang the bell—and again he rang, but no one answered. His letter was addressed to Mr. Davison’s counting-house—it was past business hours, and the office was locked up for the day. Adam was now tired, dissatisfied, and perplexed. He wist not what to do. He informed several “decent looking people,” as he said, that he was a stranger, and he would be obleeged to them, if they could recommend him to a lodging. He was shown several, but the rent per week terrified Adam. He was sinking under his burden, when near the corner of Newgate street, he inquired of

an old Irish orange-woman, if she could inform him where he would be likely to obtain a lodging at the rate of eighteen-pence or two shillings a-week.

“Sure, and it’s I who can, jewel,” replied she; “and an iligant room it is, with a bed his Holiness might rest his blessed bones on, and never a one sleeps in it at all but my own boy Barney; and barring when Barney’s in dhrink—and that’s not above twice a week—you’ll make mighty pleasant sort of company together.”

Adam was glad to have the prospect of a resting place of any sort before him at last, and with a lighter heart and a freer step he followed the old orange-woman. She conducted him to Green Dragon Court, and desiring him to follow her up a long, dark, dirty stair, ushered him into a small, miserable-looking garret, dimly lighted by a broken sky-light, while the entire furniture consisted of four wooden posts, without curtains, which she termed a bed, a mutilated chair, and a low wooden stool. “Now darlint,” said she, observing Adam fatigued, “here’s a room fit for a prince; and sure you won’t be thinking half-a-crown too much for it?”

“Weel,” said Adam, for he was ready to lie down anywhere, “we’ll no quarrel about a sixpence.”

The orange-woman left him, having vainly recommended him “to christen his new tenement with a drop of the cratur.” Adam threw himself upon the bed, and, in a few minutes, his spirit wandered in its dreams amidst the “bonny woods and braes” of Teviotdale. Early on the following day he proceeded to the counting-house of Mr. Davison, who received him with a hurried sort of civility—glanced over the letter of introduction—expressed a hope that Mr. Douglas was well—said he would be happy to serve him—but he was engaged at present, and if Mr. Brown would call again, if he should hear of anything he would let him know. Adam thanked him, and with his best bow (which was a very awkward one), withdrew. The clerks in the outer office tittered as poor Adam, with his heavy hob-nailed shoes, tramped through the midst of them. He delivered the other letter of introduction, and the gentleman to whom it was addressed received him much in the same manner as Mr. Davison had done, and his clerks also smiled at Adam’s grey coat, and gave a very peculiar look at his clattering shoes, and then at each other. Day after day, he repeated his visits to the counting-houses of these gentlemen—sometimes they were too much engaged to see him, at others they simply informed him that they were sorry they had heard of nothing to suit him, and continued writing without noticing him again; while Adam, with a heavy heart, would stand behind their desk, brushing the crown of his brown broad-brimmed hat with his sleeve. At length, the clerks in the outer office merely informed him their master ha-

heard of nothing for him. Adam saw it was in vain—three weeks had passed, and the thirty shillings which he had brought to London were reduced to ten.

He was wandering disconsolately down Chancery Lane, with his hands thrust in his pockets, when his attention was attracted to a shop, the windows and door of which were covered with written placards, and on these placards were the words, "*Wanted, a Book-keeper*"—"Wanted by a Literary Gentleman, an *Amanuensis*"—in short, there seemed no sort of situation for which there was not a person wanted, and each concluded with "*inquire within.*" Adam's heart and his eyes overflowed with joy. There were at least half a dozen places which would suit him exactly—he was only at a loss now which to choose upon—and he thought also, that Mr. Douglas' friends had used him most unkindly in saying they could hear of no situation for him, when here scores were advertised in the streets. At length he fixed upon one. He entered the shop. A sharp, Jewish-looking little man was writing at a desk—he received the visitor with a gracious smile.

"If ye please, sir," said Adam, "will ye be so good as to inform me where the gentleman lives, that wants the book-keeper?"

"With pleasure," said the master of the register office; "but you must give me five shillings, and I will enter your name."

"Five shillings!" repeated Adam, and a new light began to dawn upon him. "Five shillings, sir, is a deal o' money, an', to tell the truth, I can very ill afford it; but, as I am much in want o' a situation, maybe ye wad tak half a crown."

"Can't book you for that," said the other; "but give me your half-crown, and you may have the gentleman's address."

He directed him to a merchant in Thames Street. Adam quickly found the house; and, entering with his broad-brimmed hat in his hand, and scraping the hob-nails along the floor—"Sir," said he, "I'm the person Mr. Daniells o' Chancery Lane has sent you as a book-keeper."

"Mr. Daniells—Mr. Daniells?" said the merchant; "don't know any such person—have not wanted a book-keeper these six months."

"Sir," said Adam, "are ye no Mr. Robertson o' 54 Thames Street?"

"I am," replied the merchant, "but," added he, "I see how it is. Pray, young man, what did you give this Mr. Daniells to recommend you to the situation?"

"Half a crown, sir," returned Adam. "Well," said the other, "you have more money than wit. Good morning, sir, and take care of another Mr. Daniells."

Poor Adam was dumbfoundered; and in the bitterness of his spirit, he said London was a den o' thieves. I might tell you how his last shilling was expended—how he lived upon bread and water—how he fell into arrears with the orange-woman for the rent

of his garret—how she persecuted him—how he was puzzled to understand the meaning of the generous words, "*Money Lent*;"—how the orange-woman, in order to obtain her rent, taught him the mystery of the *three golden balls*—and how the shirts which his mother had made him, from a web of her own spinning, and his books, and all that he had, save the clothes upon his back, were pledged—and how, when all was gone the old landlady turned him to the door, houseless, friendless, penniless, with no companion but despair. We might have dwelt upon these things, but must proceed with his history.

Adam, after enduring privations which would make humanity shudder, obtained the situation of assistant porter in a merchant's office. The employment was humble, but he received it joyfully. He was steady and industrious, and it was not long until he was appointed warehouseman; and his employer, finding that in addition to his good qualities he had received a superior education, made him one of his confidential clerks. He had held the situation about two years. The rust, as his brother clerks said, was now pretty well rubbed off Scotch Adam. His hodden-gray was laid aside for the dashing green, his hob-nailed shoes for fashionable pumps, and his broad-brimmed hat for a narrow crowned beaver; his speech, too, had caught a sprinkling of the southern accent; but in other respects, he was the same inoffensive, steady and serious being as when he left his mother's cottage.

His companions were wont to "roast" Adam, as they termed it, on what they called his Methodism. They had often urged him to accompany them to the theatre; but for two years he had stubbornly withstood their temptations. The stage was to Adam what the tree of knowledge was to his first namesake and progenitor. He had been counselled against it, he had read against it, he had heard sermons against it; but he had never been within the walls of a theatre. The Siddons, and her brother John Kemble, then in the zenith of their fame, were filling not only London but Europe with their names. One evening they were to perform together—Adam had often heard of them—he admired Shakspeare—his curiosity was excited—he yielded to the solicitations of his companions, and accompanied them to Covent Garden. The curtain was drawn up. The performance began. Adam's soul was riveted, his senses distracted. The Siddons swept before him like a vision of immortality—Kemble seemed to draw a soul from the tomb of the Cæsars; and as the curtain fell, and the loud music pealed, Adam felt as if a new existence and a new world had opened before him, and his head reeled with wonder and delight.

When the performances were concluded, his companions proposed to have a single bottle in an adjoining tavern; Adam offered some opposition, but was prevailed

upon to accompany them. Several of the players entered—they were convivial spirits, abounding with wit, anecdote and song. The scene was new, but not unpleasant to Adam. He took no note of time. He was unused to drink, and little affected him. The first bottle was finished. "WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER," said one of his companions. It was the first time Adam had heard the fatal words, and he offered no opposition. He drank again—he began to expatiate on divers subjects—he discovered he was an orator. "Well done, Mr. Brown," cried one of his companions, "there's hope of you yet—we'll have another, my boy—three's band!" A third bottle was brought; Adam was called upon for a song. He could sing, and sing well too; and taking his glass in his hand, he began—

"Stop, stop, we'll hae anither gill,
Ne'er mind a lang-tongued beldame's yatter;
They're fools wha'd leave a glass o' yill
For ony wife's infernal clatter.

"There's Bet when I gang hame the night,
Will set the hail stair-head a ringin'—
Let a' the neebors hear her flyte,
Ca' me a brute, and slap my singie'.
She'll yelp about the bairns' rags—
Ca' me a drunken gude-for-naethin'!
She'll curse my throat an' drouthy bags,
An' at me throw their duddy clathin'!

"Chorus, gentlemen—chorus!" cried Adam, and then continued—

"The fient a supper I'll get there—
A dish o' tongues is a' she'll gie me!
She'll shake her nieve and rug her hair,
An' wonder hoo she e'er gaed wi' me!
She vows to leave me, an' I say,
'Gang, gang! for dearsake!—that's a blessing'!
She rins to get her claes away,
But—o' the kist the key's a missin'!

"The younkens a' set up a skirl,
They shriek an' cry—Oh! dinna, mither!
I slip to bed, an' fash the quarrel
Neither as way nor anither.
Bet creeps beside me unca dour,
I clap her back an' say—'My dawtie'!
'Quo' she—'Weel, weel, my passion's owre,
But dinna gang a-drinkin', Watty.'"

"Bravo, Scotchy!" shouted one. "Your health and song, Mr. Brown," cried another. Adam's head began to swim—the lights danced before his eyes—he fell from his chair. One of his friends called a hackney coach; and, half insensible of where he was, he was conveyed to his lodgings. It was afternoon on the following day before he appeared at the counting-house, and his eyes were red, and he had the languid look of one who has spent the night in revelry. That night, he was again prevailed upon to accompany his brother clerks to the club room, "just," as they expressed it, "to have one bottle to put all right." That night he again heard the words—"We'll have another," and again he yielded to their seduction.

But we will not follow him through the steps and through the snares by which he departed from virtue and became entangled in vice. He became an almost nightly frequenter of the tavern, the theatre, or both, and his habits opened up temptations to grosser viciousness. Still he kept up a cor-

respondence with Mary Douglas, the gentle object of his young affections, and, for a time, her endeared remembrance haunted him like a protecting angel, whispering in his ear and saving him from depravity. But his religious principles were already forgotten; and when that cord was snapped asunder, the fibre of affection that twined around his heart did not long hold him in the path of virtue. As the influence of the company grew upon him, her remembrance lost its power, and Adam Brown plunged headlong into all the pleasures and temptations of the metropolis.

Still he was attentive to business—he still retained the confidence of his employer—his salary was liberal—he still sent thirty pounds a year to his mother; and Mary Douglas yet held a place in his heart, though he was changed—fatally changed. He had been about four years in his situation when he obtained leave for a few weeks to visit his native village. It was on a summer afternoon, when a chaise from Jedburg drove up to the door of the only public-house in the village. A fashionably dressed young man alighted, and, in an affected voice desired the landlord to send a *porter* with his luggage to Mrs. Brown's. "A porter, sir?" said the innkeeper—"there's naethin' o' the kind in the town; but I'll get twa callants to tak it along."

He hastened to his mother's—"Ah! how d'y'e do?" said he, slightly shaking the hands of his younger brothers—but a tear gathered in his eye as his mother kissed his cheek. She, good soul, when the first surprise was over, said, "she hardly kenned her bairn in sic a fine gentleman." He proceeded to the manse, and Mary marvelled at the change in his appearance and his manner; yet she loved him not the less: but her father beheld the affectation and levity of his young friend, and grieved over them.

He had not been a month in the village when Mary gave him her hand, and they set out for London together. For a few weeks after their arrival, he spent his evenings at their own fireside, and they were blest in the society of each other. But it was not long until company again spread its seductive snares around him. Again he listened to the words—"We'll have another"—again he yielded to their temptation, and again the *force of habit* made him its slave. Night followed night, and he was irritable and unhappy, unless in the midst of his boon companions. Poor Mary felt the bitterness and anguish of a deserted wife; but she upbraided him not—she spoke not of her sorrows. Health forsook her cheeks, and gladness had fled from her spirit; yet as she nightly sat hour after hour waiting his return, as he entered, she welcomed him with a smile, which not unfrequently was met with an imprecation or a frown. They had been married about two years. Mary was a mother, and oft at midnight she would sit weeping over the cradle of her child,

mourning in secret for its thoughtless father. It was her birth-day, her father had come to London to visit them; she had not told him of her sorrows, and she had invited a few friends to dine with them. They had assembled; but Adam was still absent. He had been unkind to her; but this was an unkindness she did not expect from him. They were yet waiting when a police-officer entered. His errand was soon told. Adam Brown had become a gambler as well as a drunkard—he had been guilty of fraud and embezzlement—his guilt had been discovered, and the police were in quest of him. Mr. Douglas wrung his hands and groaned. Mary bore the dreadful blow with more than human fortitude. She uttered no scream—she shed no tears; for a moment she sat motionless—speechless. It was the dumbness of agony. With her child at her breast, and in the midst of her guests, she flung herself at her father's feet. "Father!" she exclaimed, "for my sake, for my helpless child's sake—save! oh, save my poor husband!"

"For your sake, what I can do, I will do, dearest," groaned the old man.

A coach was ordered to the door, and the miserable wife and father hastened to the office of her husband's employer.

When Adam Brown received intelligence that his guilt was discovered, from a companion, he was carousing with others in a low gambling house. Horror seized him, and he hurried from the room, but he returned in a few minutes. "We'll have another!" he exclaimed in a tone of phrenzy—and another was brought. He half filled a glass—he raised it to his lips—he dashed into it a deadly poison, and, ere they could stay his hand, the fatal draught was swallowed. He had purchased a quantity of arsenic when he rushed from the house.

His fellow gamblers were thronging around him, when his injured wife and her gray-haired father entered the room. "Away, tormentors!" he exclaimed, as his glazed eyes fell upon them, and he dashed his hand before his face.

"My husband! my dear husband!" cried Mary, flinging her arms around his neck; "look on me—speak to me! All is well!"

He gazed on her face—he grasped her hand—"Mary—my injured Mary!"—he exclaimed convulsively, "can you forgive me—you—you? O God! I was once innocent! Forgive me dearest!—for our child's sake, curse not its guilty father!"

"Husband!—Adam!" she cried, wringing his hand—"come with me love, come—leave this horrid place—you have nothing to fear—your debt is paid."

"Paid!" he exclaimed wildly—"Ha! ha!—Paid!" They were his last words—convulsions came upon him—the film of death passed over his eyes, and his troubled spirit fled.

She clung around his neck—she yet cried, "Speak to me!"—She refused to believe

that he was dead, and her reason seemed to have fled with his spirit.

She was taken from his body and conveyed home. The agony of grief subsided into a stupor approaching imbecility. She was unconscious of all around; and within three weeks from the death of her husband, the broken spirit of Mary Douglas found rest, and her father returned in sorrow with her helpless orphan to Teviotdale.—*Tales of the Borders.*

SORROW AND SONG.

BY JAMES REDDERWICK.

Weep not over poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances;
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

Kills o'er rocky beds are borne
Ere they gush in whiteness;
Pebbles are wave-chafed and worn
Ere they show their brightness.

Sweetest gleam the morning flowers
When in tears they waken;
Earth enjoys refreshing showers
When the boughs are shaken.

Ceylon's glistening pearls are sought
In its deepest waters;
From the darkest mines are brought
Gems for beauty's daughters.

Through the rent and shiver'd rock
Limped water breaketh;
'Tis but when the boards are struck
That their music waketh.

Flowers by heedless footstep press'd,
All their sweets surrender;
Gold must brook the fiery test
Ere it show its splendor.

When the twilight cold and damp,
Gloom and silence bringeth,
Then the glowworm lights its lamp,
And the night-bird singeth.

Stars come forth when night her shroud
Draws as daylight fainteth;
Only on the tearful cloud
God his rainbow painteth.

Weep not then o'er poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances;
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

LONG SICKNESS.—I remember our landlady's daughter telling me, soon after the school-mistress came to board with us, that she had lately "buried a payrent." That's what made her look so pale—kept the poor sick thing alive with her own blood. Ah, long illness is the real vampyrism; think of living a year or two, after one is dead, by sucking the life-blood out of a frail young creature at one's bedside! Well, souls grow white, as well as cheeks, in these holy duties; one that goes in a nurse may come out an angel. God bless all good women!—to their soft hands and pitying hearts, we must all come at last!—*Dr. Holmes, in the Atlantic.*

The drop which thou shakest from thy wet hand, (says Carlyle,) rests not where it falls, but to-morrow thou findest it swept away. Already, on the wings of the north-wind it is nearing the tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is aught that God has made, that is motionless, without force, and utterly dead?

THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Happy New Year, papa!" The sitting-room doors were thrown open; and a sweet little girl came bounding in. Her cheeks were all a-glow—smiles played around her cherry lips—her eyes were dancing with sunny light.

"Happy New Year, dear papa!" And the next moment she was in her father's lap—her small arms clinging around his neck, and her rosy mouth pressed to his.

"Happy New Year, my sweet one!" responded Mr. Edgar, as he clasped the child fondly to his heart. "May all your New Years be happy," he added, in a low voice, and with a prayer in his heart.

Little Ellen laid her head in confiding love, against her father's breast, and he bent down his manly cheek until it rested on the soft masses of her golden hair.

To her it was a happy New Year's morning, and the words that fell from her lips were heart echoes. But it was not so to Mr. Edgar. The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, had, like evil weeds, found a rank growth in his spirit; while good seeds of truth, which, in earlier life, had sent forth their fresh green blades that lifted themselves in the bright, invigorating sunshine, gave now but feeble promise for the harvest time.

No, Mr. Edgar was not happy. There was a pressure on his feelings; an unsatisfied reaching out into the future; a vague consciousness of approaching evil. Very tenderly he loved his little one; and as she lay nestling against him, he could not help thinking of the time when he was a child, and when the New Years were happy ones. Ellen loved no place so well as her father's arms. When they were folded tightly around her, she had nothing more to desire; so she lay very still and silent, while the thoughts of her father wandered away from the loving child on his bosom to his own unsatisfied state of mind.

"For years," he said within himself, "I have been in earnest pursuit of the means of happiness, yet happiness itself seems every year to be still farther in the distance. There is something wrong. I cannot be in the true path. My days are busy and restless, my nights burdened with schemes that rarely do more than cheat my glowing fancy. What is the meaning of this?"

And Mr. Edgar fell into a deep reverie, from which he was aroused by the voice of his wife, as she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"A happy New Year, and many joyful returns!" she said in loving tones, as she pressed her lips to his forehead.

He did not answer. The tenderly spoken good wishes of his wife fell very gratefully, like refreshing dew upon his heart; but he was distinctly conscious of not being happy.

So far as worldly condition was concerned, Mr. Edgar had no cause for mental depression. His business was prosperous under a careful management, and every year he saw himself better off by a few thousands of dollars. Always, however, it must be told, the number fell short of his expectations.

"There is something wrong," Mr. Edgar's thoughts were all running in one direction.

A startling truth seemed suddenly to have been revealed to him, and he felt inclined to look at it in all possible aspects. "Why am I not happy?" That was urging the question home. But the answer was not given.

After breakfast, Mr. Edgar left home and went to his store. As he passed along the street, he saw at a window the face of a most lovely child. Her beauty, that had in it something of heavenly innocence, impressed him so deeply, that he turned to gain a second look, and in doing so, his eyes saw on the door of the dwelling the name of Abraham James. There was an instant revulsion of feeling; and for the first time that morning, Mr. Edgar remembered one of the causes of his uncomfortable state of mind. Abraham James was an unfortunate debtor who had failed to meet his obligations, among which were two notes of five hundred dollars each, given to Mr. Edgar. These had been placed by the latter in the hands of his lawyer, with directions to sue them out, and obtain the most that could be realized. Only the day before—the last day of the year—he had learned that there were two judgments that would take precedence of his, and sweep off a share of the debtor's property. The fact had chafed him considerably, causing him to indulge in harsh language towards his debtor. This language was not just, as he knew in his heart. But the loss of his money fretted him, and filled him with unkind feelings towards the individual who had occasioned the loss.

No wonder that Mr. Edgar was unhappy. As he continued on his way, the angry impulse that quickened the blood in his veins, subsided, and through the mist that obscured his mental vision, he saw the bright face of a child, the child of his unfortunate debtor. His own precious one was no lovelier—no purer; nor had her lips uttered on that morning in sweeter tones, the words—"A happy New Year, papa!"

How the thought thrilled him!

With his face bowed, and his eyes upon the ground, Mr. Edgar walked on. He could not sweep aside the image of that child at the window; nor keep back his thoughts from entering the dwelling where her presence might be the only sunbeam that gave light in its gloomy chambers.

"A happy New Year, papa!" Mr. Edgar almost started, for the words had so distinct an utterance to his inward ear that they seemed as if spoken in the ambient air. In fancy, he had seen the troubled debtor, over whom hung many suits, his own among the rest, leaving the chamber where he had passed an almost sleepless night, and coming with slow steps and sad face to the family sitting-room. There, alone, with his face bowed upon his breast in gloomy reverie, Mr. Edgar had seen him; and while his heart was enlarged with pity and sympathy, the door opened—light footsteps moved across the room—a child sprang into his arms, and a glad voice exclaimed,—

"A happy New Year, papa!"

When Mr. Edgar arrived at his store, his feelings towards Mr. James were very different

from what they were the day previous. All anger, all resentment, were gone, and kindness had taken their place. What if Mr. James did owe him a thousand dollars? What if he should lose the whole amount of this indebtedness? Was the condition of the former so much better than his own, that he would care to change places with him? The very idea caused a shudder to run along his nerves.

"Poor man!" he said to himself, pityingly.

"What a terrible thing to be thus involved in debt—thus crippled, thus driven to the wall. It would kill me! Men are very cruel to each other, and I am cruel with the rest. What are a thousand dollars to me, or a thousand dollars to my well-to-do neighbor, compared with the ruin of a helpless fellow-man! James asked time; in two years he was sure he could recover himself and make all good. But, with a heartlessness that causes my cheek to burn as I think of it, I answered, 'The first loss is always the best loss. I will get what I can, and let the balance go.' The look he then gave me, has troubled my conscience ever since. No wonder it is not a happy New Year."

Scarcely had Mr. Edgar passed the dwelling of his unfortunate creditor, when the latter, who had been walking the floor of his parlor in a troubled state of mind, came to the window and stood by his child, who was dear to him as a child could be to the heart of a father.

"Happy New Year, papa!" It was the third time since morning dawn that he had received this greeting from the same sweet lips—the third time that her kisses were given with the heart-warmth of childhood's unselfish love.

Mr. James tried to give back the same glad greeting, but the words seemed to choke him, and failed in the utterance. As the two stood by the window, the wife and mother came up, and leaning against her husband, looked forth with a sad heart. Oh no! it was not a happy New Year's morning to them: Long before the dawn of another year, they must go forth from their pleasant home; and both their hearts shrunk back in fear from the dark beyond.

"Good morning, dear," said Mr. James, soon afterwards, as, with hat, and coat, and muffler on, he stood ready to go forth to meet the business trials of the day. His voice was depressed and his countenance sad. Mrs. James did not say "Good morning," in turn. But her husband saw the motion of her lips and the tears in her eyes, and he knew what was in her heart.

The business assigned to that day was a painful one for Mr. James. The only creditor who had commenced a suit was Mr. Edgar, he having declined entering into any arrangement with the other creditors, coldly saying that, in his opinion, "the first loss was always the best loss," and that extensions were, in most cases, equivalent to the abandonment of a claim. He was unwilling to take what the law would give him. Pursuant to this view, a suit had been brought, and the debtor, to anticipate the result, confessed judgment to two

of his largest creditors, who honorably bound themselves to see that a *pro ratio* division was made to all his effects.

The business of this New Year's Day, was to draw up as complete a statement as possible of his affairs, and Mr. James went about the work with a heavy heart. He had been engaged in this way for over an hour, when one of his clerks came to the desk where he was writing, and handed him a letter which a lad had just brought in. He broke the seal with a nervous foreboding of trouble, for, of late, these letters by the hands of the private messengers, had been frequent, and rarely of an agreeable character. From the envelope, as he commenced withdrawing the letter, there dropped upon the desk a narrow piece of paper, folded like a bill. He took it up with almost reluctant fingers, and slowly pressed back the ends so as to read its face, and comprehend its import. Twice his eyes went over the brief lines, before he was clear as to their meaning. They were as follows:—

"Received, January 1, 18—, of Abraham James, One Thousand Dollars, in full of all demands.

"HIRAM EDGAR."

Hurriedly, now, did Mr. James unfold the letter that accompanied this receipt. Its language moved him deeply:

"ABRAHAM JAMES, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: I was not in a right state of mind when I gave directions to have a suit brought against you. I have seen clearer since, and wish to act from a better principle. My own affairs are prosperous. During the year which has just closed, my profits have been better than in any year since I started business. Your affairs, on the contrary, are unprosperous. Heavy losses, instead of fair profits, are the result of a year's tireless efforts, and you find yourself near the bottom of the wheel, while I am sweeping upwards. As I think of this, and of my unfeeling conduct towards you in your misfortunes, I am mortified as well as pained. There is an element in my character which ought not to be there. I am self-convicted of cruelty. Accept, my dear sir, in the inclosed receipt, the best reparation in my power to make. In giving up this claim, I do not abandon an item that goes to complete the sum of my happiness. Not a single comfort will be abridged. It will not shrink the dimensions of my house, nor withdraw from myself or family any portion of food or raiment. Accept, then, the New Year's gift I offer, and believe that I have a purer delight in giving than you in receiving. My best wishes are with you for the future, and if, in anything, I can aid you in your arrangements with creditors, do not fail to command my service.

"Most truly yours,

"HIRAM EDGAR."

For the space of nearly five minutes, Mr. James sat very still,—the letter of Mr. Edgar before him. Then he folded it up, with the receipt inside, and placed it in his pocket; then he put away the inventories he had been examining, and tore up several pieces of paper on which were sundry calculations; and then

he put on his warm overcoat and buttoned it to the chin.

"Edward," said Mr. James, as he walked down the store, "I shall not return this afternoon. It is New Year's Day, and you can close up at two o'clock."

It cost Mr. Edgar a struggle to write the receipt in full. A thousand dollars was a large sum to give away at one stroke of the pen. Love of gain and selfishness pleaded strongly for the last farthing; but the better reason and better feelings of the man prevailed, and the good deed was done. How light his heart felt—how suddenly the clouds were lifted from his sky, and the strange pressure from his feelings! It was to him a new experience.

On the evening that closed the day—the first evening of the New Year—Mr. Edgar sat with his wife and children in his elegant home, happier by far than he was in the morning, and almost wondering at the change in his state of mind. Little Ellen was in his arms, and as he looked upon her cherub face, he thought of a face as beautiful, seen by him in the morning, at the window of his unfortunate debtor. The face of an angel it had proved to him, for it prompted the good deed from which had sprung a double blessing. While he sat thus, he heard the door bell ring. In a few moments the waiter handed in a letter. He broke the seal and read:

"MY DEAR SIR:

"This morning my dear little Aggy, the light of our home, greeted me with a joyous 'Happy New Year.' I took her in my arms and kissed her, keeping my face close to hers, that she might not see the sadness of mine. Ah, sir! The day broke in gloom. The words of my child found no echo in my heart. I could have wept over her, if the strength of manhood had not risen above the weakness of nature. But all is changed now. A few minutes ago the 'Happy New Year' was flowing to me from the sweet lips of my child, and the words went thrilling in gladness to my heart. May the day close as happily for you and yours, as it is closing for me and mine.

"God bless you!

"ABRAHAM JAMES."

Mr. Edgar read this letter twice, and then handed it, without a word, to his wife.

"What is the meaning of this? I do not understand it, Hiram." Mrs. Edgar looked wonderingly into her husband's face.

The story, to which she listened eagerly, was briefly told. When Mr. Edgar had finished, his wife arose, and, with tears of love and sympathy in her eyes, crossed over to where he was sitting, and throwing her arms around his neck, said:

"My good, my generous husband! I feel very proud of you this night. That was a noble deed; and I thank you for it in the name of our common humanity."

Never had words from the lips of his wife sounded so pleasantly in the ears of Mr. Edgar. Never had he known so happy a New Year's Day as the one which had just closed; and, though it saw him poorer than he believed himself in the morning, by nearly a

thousand dollars, he was richer in feeling—richer in the heart's unwasting possessions—than he had ever been in his life.—*Steps Towards Heaven.*

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

Right Rev. Bishop Clarke (says the Baltimore American) is stated to have delivered recently, a lecture on the above subject, in which occurs the following passage; whether intended for prophecy or satire, we are not exactly able to determine:

"Fifty years hence, the newly-married couple will step into an emporium for the sale of houses, look over the books of patterns, select one to suit their taste and means, order it, and it will be sent home in the morning, put together, and occupied at night.

"In travelling, as great changes will take place. Instead of the dusty road and crowded car, there will be splendid locomotive hotels flying over a road carpeted with turf and bordered with shade trees, and heralding its approach with sweet music, instead of the demoniac shriek of the steam whistle, and labelled through from Boston to San Francisco in four days.

"Instead of the unsightly telegraph poles, there will be, years hence, a network under ground, and under the bosom of the deep, and it will click off thoughts instead of words. Then the electric battery will light all the street lamps at the same time, enable all the clocks in the city to keep exact time, and kindle the beacon on the dangerous rocks, where now men hazard their lives, and wear out their lonely days.

"Then the author will not write by our slow process, losing his rarest fancies, but will sit down to the newest invented chirographical instrument, and putting his fingers on the keys, write as fast as he can think."

WHY SHOULD ANY MAN SWEAR?—I conceive no reason why he should, but often why he should not.

1. It is wrong. A man of high moral standing, would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.
2. It is vulgar, altogether too low for a decent man.
3. It is cowardly; implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.
4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well bred, and refined. Such a man would no more swear, than go in the street half clad.
5. It is indecent; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.
6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."—POPE.
7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person to whom it is aimed.
8. It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them sticks out his head.
9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.
10. It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him, who will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something; be not idle;
 Look about thee for employ;
 Sit not down to useless dreaming—
 Labor is the sweetest joy.
 Folded hands are never weary,
 Selfish hearts are never gay,
 Life for thee hath many duties—
 Active be then while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway,
 Gentle words and cheering smiles
 Better are than gold or silver,
 With their grief-dispelling guiles:
 As the pleasant sunshine falleth
 Ever on the grateful earth,
 So let sympathy and kindness
 Gladden well the darkened earth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary,
 Drop the tear of sympathy,
 Whisper words of hope and comfort,
 Give, and thy reward shall be
 Joy unto thy soul returning
 From the perfect fountain head:
 Freely, as thou freely givest,
 Shall thy grateful light be shed.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR BEAUTY.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," it has been truthfully and poetically said. *Perfection* is the true standard of beauty; and whatever tends to the perfection, tends to the beauty of the object. True beauty is a rare jewel; a rich and costly gem that the wealth of empires cannot purchase. Beauty is imperishable and indestructible. You may have heard it said that "beauty is only skin deep," but this is an error. It is too deep for the floods of time to uproot and wash away. It is true it may cling for a moment, like the butterfly on the flower, to frail and fading things that soon pass away. But Beauty does not fade with the flower on which it might have perched for a moment.

Beauty is implanted deep within the soul; it floats abroad in the anthems of nature; it rides on the sunbeams and smiles in the lurid lightning's blaze; it sleeps in ocean's boundless depths; it sings its matin chimes on Niagara's thundering harp, and chants its evening hymn in the bosom of the storm; it flashes in the dews of the vernal spring time; it weaves its pensive shadows amidst the melancholy hues of autumn, and binds its glittering snow-wreaths around the brow of winter; it is in the forest and in the meadow, the flower and the oak; roams o'er hill and valley, and lingers around the gurgling streams; in earth, and air, and water; it is everywhere; from God it came, but he takes it not away; it kisses the cheeks of youth and childhood, but it is afraid of age; it flies the dim eye and the withered cheek, but loves to repose in the old and true heart. Beauty is the god of vanity; she kneels with sleepless devotion at its shrine, and courts its smiles with jealous longings. She tries to paint its image on her wan and wasted cheek, or to counterfeit its signature with false teeth and curls; she tries to entrap it with bustles and laces, and hoops and stays; but the lover of true beauty laughs at the hideous effigy. O, ladies, dear ladies, what would become of feminine vanity if nature was not such a tame horse? as it is, you may bridle and saddle her; paint her and disguise her; but if she were to

break her halter and assert her rights, what a horrid army of skeletons would mankind present!—Nature unveiled!—the apothecary laid away to rust; the doctor forced to swallow some of his own physic; the tailor and mantau-maker thrown into the shade; the dentist suspended between a pair of pincers; the milliner shrouded in her show-case; what a havoc there would be!

Beauty is a something that appeals to the admiration; a something that elevates the moral feelings, and exerts a refining and ennobling influence on the heart. It is not made out of "sparkling eyes," "ruby lips," "glossy curls," "pearly teeth," and other like components; these materials in such demand among the poets, and so popular with the painter, are no part and parcel of rare beauty's composition; they are the favorite flowers upon which it delights to linger a moment before they fade. Then, you ask what is beauty? I will try and answer you; and you must allow me to do so by relating the following little anecdote.

I am an "old bachelor," as the folks say, and have five sisters, all young and single. Like other young ladies, I suppose they try to look handsome and be called fascinating. It is not to be forgotten that I am a doctor. Well, these five interesting young ladies took a notion that I possessed the secret of beauty, (not because I am handsome, however,) and I took no particular pains to undeceive them. So, constantly, one or the other was teasing me to reveal it to them. Finding myself growing out of patience with their constant importunities, I determined to gratify them, at least. One morning after shaving, and reading the morning paper, I said to one of them, "Now, if you will bring me a piece of paper, I will write you that prescription for beauty you are always tormenting me about." Soon a huge portfolio lay across my lap, and taking out my pencil, wrote the following:—

PRESCRIPTION FOR BEAUTY.

Take Industry,	-	-	q. s.
" Modesty,	-	-	do.
" Amiability,	-	-	do.
" Wisdom,	-	-	do.

Mix, and add sufficient *Taste* to render of the proper consistence, and lay away in the heart for use."

I give the prescription to the world, gratis; and as some of your readers may not understand what "q. s." means, I will simply add that it means, as used in prescriptions, "quantity sufficient." And hoping that all your readers may have q. s. of beauty, I remain

Ever as ever,

THADDEUS WILLIAMS.

Waverley Magazine.

WHY CATS WASH THEIR FACES.—A cat caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said, "No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face." The cat, struck with this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed Puss extremely, and he said, "As long as I live I will eat first, and wash my face afterwards."

USES OF THE SABBATH.

A celebrated English physician has lately given the following evidence before the House of Commons on the physical uses of the Sabbath:—

"I have been in the habit, during a great many years, of considering the *uses* of the Sabbath, and its *abuses*. The abuses are chiefly manifested in labor and dissipation. The use, medically speaking, is that of a day of rest. In a theological sense it is holy rest, providing for the instruction of new and sublime ideas in the mind of man, preparing him for his future state. As a day of rest, I view it as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labor and excitement. If I show you, from the physiological view of the question, that there are provisions in the law of Nature which correspond with the Divine commandment, you will see from the analogy that the Sabbath was made for man, as a necessary appointment. A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature by which God (who is not only the giver, but also the preserver and sustainer of life) prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day and night, that repose may succeed action. But, although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence, one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. I consider that, in the bountiful provision made by Almighty God for the preservation of human life, and Sabbatical appointment is not, as it has been sometimes theologically viewed, simply a precept partaking of the nature of a political institution; but that it is to be numbered amongst the natural duties—if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty—and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question; but if you consider further the proper effect of real Christianity—namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good will to man—you will perceive in this source of renewed vigor to the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest. I would point out the Sabbatical rest as necessary to man, and that the great enemies of the Sabbath, and consequently the enemies of man, are all laborious exercises of the body or mind, and dissipation, which force the circulation on that day on which it should repose; whilst relaxation from the ordinary cares of life, the enjoyment of this repose in the bosom of one's family, with the religious studies and duties which the day enjoins, (not one of which, if rightly exercised, tends to abridge life,) constitute the beneficial and appropriate service of the day."

We are born to do benefits.—*Shakespeare.*

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

SATURDAY MORNING, Jan. 1, 1859.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

Mrs. DAY can be found at 110 California street, Room No. 1, up stairs.

WE WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Even as we write, the old year is fading away; its receding footsteps are faintly heard in the distance; a few hours more and it will have gone forever, bearing with it the record of eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. How rapidly has passed the year? We can scarcely realize

That a twelve month has passed away
Since last we greeted New Year's day.

And yet it is so, and we now stand upon the verge of eighteen hundred and fifty-nine. Who shall tell what the record of this year shall be? Surely we have cause for bright anticipations and joyful hopes.

Never has the future of California appeared so bright in the distance. Never has a year ushered in more hopes and less fears than does the present. The prediction of good seems to be upon every lip and in every heart.

Let us all so live that the record of eighteen hundred and fifty-nine be sullied by no dark pages—stained by no dishonorable deeds. So shall it be, indeed, to each and all of us a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DEATH OF MR. POLLOCK.—Mr. Edward Pollock departed this life December the 13th. This announcement has been read by many throughout the State, with feelings of profound sorrow. Mr. Pollock was a man of letters, and has contributed in no small degree to the literature of California. He leaves a wife and several small children to mourn his loss. To them we extend our deep and heartfelt sympathy.

HISTORY OF THE PRESS IN CALIFORNIA.—The *Sacramento Union* of the 25th Dec. comes to us on a double sheet, with eight pages of matter, five of which are devoted to an interesting history of the State Press of California. This valuable contribution to the literature and history of the State, shows great research and indefatigable industry on the part of the editors of that truly popular paper. The copy before us is worthy of preservation to all coming time.

DIED.

At Sebastapol, on Dec. 3d, MARY LOIS, daughter of B. W. and Sarah K. Arnold, aged one year and five days.

Not dead! bereaved and mourning parents, not dead! but born into Spirit Life. For the same compassionate voice which said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," said also, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Perhaps, even now, the radiant form of thy little Mary stands keeping ajar the pearly gate, waiting and watching for thy coming. Mourn not, but rather rejoice, for "it is well with the child."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

In accordance with an old and time-honored custom, gentlemen, upon this the first day of the year, lay aside all business cares and spend the day in calling upon their fair friends. It is meet and right that one day out of the entire year should thus be consecrated alone to woman; and it also becomes her to see that upon this day the influence which goes forth from her and from her home, be such as shall be acknowledged for good during the coming year. There is a strange inconsistency in woman's wreathing the wine-cup in smiles and proffering with her own fair hand the glass of deadly poison, at the same time that she expresses her best wishes for the coming year. And with prodigality and extravagance which appals the heart of many a husband and father, she spreads her table with the most elegant and costly wares, and the most delicious viands, paying her friends the poor compliment of treating them as if they were all gluttons and wine bibbers. The friendly greeting, the kind wish but half expressed, is cut short by the proffered dainties, and the tempting wine-cup. A friend cannot refuse, although he may have already partaken of more than sufficient to destroy his equilibrium; his gallantry has not yet forsaken him, and he bows and smiles as with a hiccup he says, "Can't refuse from the hand of a lady." We are drawing no fancy picture—any one who has received calls of a New Year's day has witnessed just such scenes, and it may be even worse; and, women as we are, we feel that the sin comes home to our own doors. In this case, it is women the temptress—nor will the excuse that it is New Years, and New Year's day comes but once a year, answer at this time. Inasmuch as it is the beginning of a New Year, would it not be well to commence it with good example and high resolve, worthy of intellectual and refined womanhood?

Would it not be well to banish the wine cup from our parlors and drawing rooms, and suffer our friends to go forth from door to door, giving and receiving the friendly greetings and good wishes which gush spontaneously from hearts warm and sincere, with the intellect undimmed, and the mind unclouded by stimulating drink?

Would it not be well to prepare a reception for our friends, with less regard to the dictates of fashion, and more to the dictates of conscience; with less affectation and more sincerity. Instead of closing our doors and hanging out the exquisite basket because we do not want the trouble, or our circumstances will not permit us to go into all the extravagance of getting up an elaborate and fashionable reception, let us throw aside the shackles of fashion, and bid defiance to the restraints of custom, by throwing wide our doors and exercising that TRUE HOSPITALITY which is our right, and which, in the mind of every right-thinking individual, is worth far more than the most elaborate table or the most magnificent surroundings. Not that we would condemn the well spread table where innocent beverages take the place of wines and liquors, when the

circumstances of the individuals warrant such luxury: but we would condemn the use of wines and liquors, and also, the shutting of doors, the barring out of hospitality because circumstances may not permit some to make as great display as their more wealthy neighbors. We would advocate the custom of calls upon New Year's Day, earnestly and warmly. It is the only day in the whole year, which is set apart and particularly devoted to woman, and we would advocate the general observance of the day by the interchange of sincere friendly greetings and the cultivation of those generous and benevolent impulses which sead gushing from the heart to the lips, a happy New Year.

GOSSIP WITH OUR READERS.

Christmas with all its bright anticipations and gay festivities has come and gone. Long may its memory live in the hearts of all, but particularly in the hearts of those little ones whose vision of life extends not beyond the sunlit sphere of home, whose youthful feet tread only upon the flowers which yield rich perfume to regale their infant senses. They tread upon no thorns, and see no clouds in the horizon of the future to dim their happiness. Thank God for the days of happy, trusting childhood! they are the Eden in which we have all once dwelt; albeit, we have been driven forth to the toil and strife of maturer years.

The Advent Sunday School held a festival at Musical Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 23d. The platform where the children were seated was decorated by five Christmas trees, each one bending beneath the weight of rich presents. But the centre one claimed our particular attention; it was larger than either of the others, and, near its topmost branches, in beautiful letters lit by gas, we read; "The Orphans' Tree." Surmounting this, at the very top of the topmost branch, as if trying to send its flame of love and devotion into the very vault of heaven, was a burning cross, fit emblem for that tree around which gathered with moistened eyes, yet happy eager faces, our orphaned little ones, to receive from hands warm with the noble impulse of generous hearts, the Christmas gifts of holy love and sympathy. The entrance of Santa Claus, who came in a chariot drawn by goats, was the signal for general merriment and the distribution of the Christmas gifts. At the close of this interesting exercise, Mr. Wm. G. Badger, Superintendent of the school, was most agreeably surprised by the children presenting him with a superb silver goblet. This school, which was started less than a year ago, now numbers about two hundred and fifty scholars, and is in a most flourishing condition.

The Pilgrim Sunday School held their annual festival on Christmas Eve, at the Unitarian Church, Stockton street. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, and was tastefully and appropriately decorated in evergreens. There were two fine trees actually laden down with the Christmas love gifts. The platform was occupied by the teachers with the children, about two hundred and fifty

in number. A poetic address which was written for the occasion, by W. H. Rhodes, entitled "Young America," as recited by Miss Kate Atkinson, who did credit to the author and herself, was rapturously applauded. We have neither time nor space to enter into particulars. Suffice it to say, the exercises were varied in their character, and interesting in the extreme. We must however refer to the voluntary on the organ by Mr. Scott, and the grand duo on two pianos by Mr. Scott and Miss Josephine Hammersmith. The benevolent, good natured face of Santa Claus appeared first in the gallery, and the children shouted a welcome which must have been highly satisfactory to the old gentleman, for he left that position and hastened to the platform, where he soon stripped the trees, disposing of the presents with a most lavish and prodigal hand. It was after ten o'clock when parents and children, well pleased with their evening's entertainment dispersed for their homes.

On Christmas morn we wended our way to Grace Church, where we heard from the lips of the Rev. Mr. Ewer, one of the most eloquent, soul-thrilling sermons it has ever been our good fortune to listen to in this country—and so Christmas has passed away and will return no more 'till another year with its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, shall have come and gone.

OUR CHRISTMAS.

We were kindly remembered by Messrs. Walley & Piper, the well known proprietors of the Plaza Saloon, 202 Washington street, who sent us several large and tempting loaves of cake, elegantly iced, and ornamented with various beautiful designs. The sight of these beautiful cakes was too much for our weak nerves, and, like Eve of old, we had to taste, when we found the taste and flavor fully equal to the appearance. We speak from experience when we say to our readers, buy your New Year's cakes at the Plaza Saloon, where they have on hand a large and elegant assortment, which they are selling at very low prices. Our thanks are also due to the same generous donors in behalf of our daughter, whose childish heart was made glad by the reception of a package of confectionery, baskets, and other toys skilfully worked in sugar.

We have received from Mr. J. Q. A. Warren the December number of the Eclectic Magazine. It is embellished with a fine steel engraving of Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor, D.D. The reading matter is composed of selections from the very best English Magazines, and may be considered the cream of periodical literature. We commend the work to all the lovers of good reading. It can be obtained of Mr. Warren, 111 Sansome street.

Mr. Ezekiel Wilson, of the Railroad House, kindly presented us, one day last week, with a very large apple of the Gloria Mundi species. It was grown in Lynn County, Oregon, weighed one pound seven ounces, and measured fifteen inches and a half in circumference. No wonder the tables are always so crowded if this is the kind of apples they make their dumplings of at the Railroad House.

A few words on the present morality of the Stage, suggested by witnessing the recital of the pieces at the San Francisco College.

Whoever witnessed these performances must have been possessed with the idea of the potency of such media in advocating moral principles and sound public sentiments. If such an example could be taken as a mould whereby to frame all public representations, the theatre might perhaps be as powerful and even more powerful than the pulpit. No parent, however sensitive on theatrical subjects, could feel any misgivings on hearing the exalted sentiments in the talented writing of the "Horatii and Curiatii." The work ought to be printed for the benefit of those who disapprove of all such performances, and who deny that as much virtue could be got out of them as vice. As it is now, there is no mincing the matter; the theatre is pretty much in the hands of the Evil One, and stage proprietors, if they dared, would confess as much. They are obliged to pander to the tastes of the mass, and parents' scruples are sacrificed to this object. What parent, who watches the huddling morality of his child, is there, who does not tremble occasionally when he hears how rascality is made palatable by wit, and immorality made burlesque by incident, on the present stage? What if the California theatre-proprietors would set the example to the world, and be the first to alter this state of things, and by employing some such writer as the author of these beautiful things: the "Horatii and Curiatii;" "Les Quatre Pajés;" "Titus Manlius;" "The Miners," &c., &c., to write for men instead of children; turn the whole stage, instead of a curse, to a blessing—giving such pieces to the public, that even clergymen and dissenting ministers might think it their duty to uphold by their presence some stirring pictures of heart-rending vice, or heaven-born virtue, so true to nature as to strike terror to evil doers, and give lasting consolation to the virtuous, in hours of darkened hope.

We throw out these hints, *currente calamo*, and exhort again, all mothers to aid by their presence these noble efforts of a gifted man, the principal of the San Francisco College.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Hutchings & Rosenfield, "The California Pictorial Almanac for 1859." It is gotten up in a very neat and handsome style, embellished with cuts illustrative of California. Price only 25 cts.

We would call the attention of the public to the advertising card of Mrs. Turner, to be found on our outside page, where can be found very rich and elegant goods, which are being disposed of at low prices.

PER ORAL.—The benign and ever welcome countenance of our friend Gen. Allen visited the *Journal* establishment last evening. We are happy to chronicle the continued good health and apparent content of the General. *Nevada Journal*.

We wish the good General would extend his visits to the Bay City.

The San Francisco College Christmas Exhibition

We are sorry to see so little notice taken of these exhibitions this year. Last Christmas, all the public papers were loud in their praise, although the attractions were not half so numerous, nor so carefully matured as those of this year. We promised our readers a description of the classical piece exhibited at this school, entitled the "Horatii and Curiatii." The story being well known, we shall proceed at once to the plot. The first scene opens with the grotto of the Parcie, a well painted view—gloomy and dark tullus. J. Naphthaly, disguised as a shepherd, appears asking counsel of the Fates, and inquiring whether his reign will be propitious or unhappy. He is replied to by Echo Autropus, (C. Slade,) who detects the imposture and advises him to adopt the peaceful policy of his predecessor; threatening him with the thunders of Jove if he disturb the peaceful arts of the people. Meanwhile Thraso, the elder Curiatius, (W. Mighell) visits the race, the stadium, and gets insulted by a young Roman, who tells him that the Albans must now give place to the Romans, as a Roman, now, not an Alban is King. Heaving in wrath he stumbles on a Roman helmet thrown from an unhorsed Knight—he buckles this on an old hornless goat and drives it upon the plain. The Romans at once take up arms to avenge the insult, and the whole Roman and Alban people are astir. Then follows the scene of its recital to the other brothers Curiatii Culo (F. Eaton,) and Tevao, (Collin Campbell.) The speech, spoken by this youth, of the horrors of war, and description of a field of battle by moonlight, was very fine, and received much applause. The scenery, a farm of the Curiatii and a harvest field, was painted with much judgment and some artistic taste. After this was a very laughable scene, given with capital humor, between a war-stricken rustic—Pollio (John Baldwin,) and an aged one, Senex. He bids him mark his martial mien, his stout breast, his fierce look &c., and asks why should Rome lose so valiant a soldier? To which, Senex, (C. de Ro,) replies, or sheep so noble a commander. Then follows a love scene between the elder Horatius (S. Inge,) and the younger Curiatius, (Collin Campbell,) which gives occasion for some very creditable declamation, by these two clever, promising youths. After a few more scenes, comes the battle which is to decide the fate of Rome, or Alba. And here it is but fair justice to notice the manly speaking of the King Tullus—(J. Naphthaly;) every word was carefully uttered, and with the best effect. Among the heralds, one, a remarkably handsome-faced youth, (Joseph King,) bearing a flag of truce, spoke with a most musical voice, and his distinct utterance was listened to with great pleasure. Thomas Poulterer, and C. Slade, were capital as Lictors, and took great pains with their parts. The Herald tells the unfortunate result of the day—how the successful combatant was loaded with chains for having murdered his sister, who was found weeping for her lover, Culo Curiatius. The goddess Syria, (C. King,)

closes the scene. She appears to the King—who retires to consult the gods—and tells him that his war-like propensities, in which he has indulged through life, will end in his cruel death. This speech was well delivered, and the wood opening for the appearance of the goddess in the clouds was well managed and well painted. In the first scene we had almost forgot to mention that a successful attempt was made to give the audience some idea of the remarkable oracles which were delivered to the Roman people. In the grotto scene where Tullus is about to leave the two Retrograms, spelling the same words backwards and forwards: Roma-amor, Atalba-ablata, was very ingenious. The first meaning Rome-love; the latter, But-alba—taken away. The speech of Tertius Horatius, (Fred. Walton,) where he deplores the want of a better religion, one more aided by the light of reason, which his conscience assures him there can be, and that a better God than those they worship must exist, ought not to be omitted in our description. This youth has a beautiful person, and his intellectual face augurs one day, some remarkable character, if he have justice done to his abilities, and it appears to us that he is in the right school for it. We were told that the pieces were got up with scarcely any sacrifice to their studies; if so, the exhibition which we witnessed deserves the highest approbation of all concerned, both teachers and pupils. The piece, as a composition, ought to be published in order that the public and our friends in the east may see what can be done in our own California. It will bear criticism, and that of the most scrutinizing kind.

PACIFIC MUSEUM.—We spent an hour very pleasantly the other day at the Pacific Museum, corner of Clay and Kearny streets. Mr. Adams has spent six years in getting up this collection, four years of which time was spent in the mountains, where he himself captured many of the animals which he has now on exhibition, whose huge proportions and terrific mien bear indisputable testimony to the daring and courage of Mr. Adams. We saw there one grizzly bear which weighs fifteen hundred pounds, a sight at which alone is worth the price of admission. We were fortunate in being there just about the time (half past four) the animals are fed, and were much pleased at the order and system in which every thing is conducted as we were amused to hear the supper bell ring before the feeding commenced. Every bear and bird in the inclosure appeared to understand and know the sound as well as we did, and not one but seemed to try to demonstrate their satisfaction at the intelligence that supper was ready. The bears danced, while the other animals showed their joy by various graceful movements, and the great eagle above, in stately dignity, flapped its wings. In the upper apartment are many very fine specimens, of stuffed birds, animals, and reptiles—the handy work of our own fellow-townsmen, Mr. F. Gruber.

Every parent in the city should make it a point to pay a visit, with his children, to the Pacific Museum, as it will well repay the cost and time.

ROBERT EMMET AND HIS LOVE.

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet.

A young girl stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon.

She was closely veiled and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor that any one of such proud bearing should be an humble suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon, led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall, with a downcast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow, in the days of boyhood, had been his polar star—the maiden who sometimes made him think the world was all sunshine. The clanking of the chains sounded like a death knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting, perchance, as is held in Heaven only, when we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body—he spoke of by-gone days, the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious—and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his childhood; and though the world might pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, he prayed she would still cling to him, when all others should forget. Hark! the church bell sounded, and he remembered the hour of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned, and their eyes met—they could not say farewell. The door swung upon its heavy hinges and they parted forever. No, not forever; is there not a Heaven?

At sunrise next morning, he suffered gloriously, a martyr to his country and liberty.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded, 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of their fair band.

'Twas in the land of Italy; it was the gorgeous time of sunset in Italy. What a magnificent scene! A pale emaciated girl lay upon the bed of death. Oh, it was hard for her to die far from her home in this beautiful land, where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh, no; her stars are set: the brightness of her dream had faded; her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on earth—close burning ties—"what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit, than to find at last, the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love given to a passing floweret?"

Enough; she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet—the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains, its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the lulling notes of the shepherd's lute sound a requiem to her memory.

A friend to whom the readers of the *Hesperian* have been indebted for many interesting items, sends us the following:

One day last week, as my little Charlie was singing "Gentle Annie," his younger brother, a perfect mischief of six years old, kept up a continued din, sometimes shouting "Pop, goes the weasel," or "Old Uncle Ned." When told that he put Charlie out; with a look full of pretended innocence, he replied, "Put him out! I didn't know he was lighted."

During the visit of the comet, Judge S. was walking through Powell street, when his attention was attracted by three small children, two girls and a boy, who were so earnestly engaged in conversation, that they were unconscious of his presence. The boy seemed much excited by the idea that the comet would burn, or knock the world into complete destruction. "Oh, no!" said the eldest girl, "I don't believe it. Do you think that God Almighty would make such a beautiful world, with all the flowers and every nice thing in it, and then go to work and send a comet to destroy it? No, he won't, he has more sense than that, I know!"

TO MAKE ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

- 1 pound of raisins, stoned.
- 1 " currants.
- 1 " suet, it must be *beef kidney suet*, chopped very fine.
- 2 ounces of citron, candied.
- 2 " orange and lemon.
- 1 wine-glassful of *good* brandy.
- 1 nutmeg.
- 1 tea spoonful of cloves.
- 1 " cinnamon.
- 1 coffee-cupful of brown sugar.
- 2 pounds of flour.
- 4 eggs.
- 2 tea-spoonsful of salt.

Boil for five hours, and do not let it stop boiling.

The chief difficulty is mixing the above; it requires a strong hand to squeeze and knead it into a solid mass, without the addition of any more liquor, but when it is made as directed, it will pay well for the trouble. The cloth in which it is boiled, should be wetted in hot water, and then sprinkled with flour. The pudding must be tied up pretty tight, as it does not swell in cooking.

Serve with drawn butter and sugar, with either sherry or brandy to flavor it.

CORN CAKE.

- 1 quart of Indian meal.
- 4 tea-spoonsful of yeast powder.
- 2 eggs, well beat.
- Half a salt-spoonful of salt.
- Sweet milk enough to make a stiff batter.
- 1 table-spoonful of molasses.
- Bake half an hour, in a moderate oven.

M. F. B.

[For the Hesperian.]

The Old Year Out and the New Year In.

A CHIME FOR 1648.

BY REV. DR. D—N.

PEAL I.

Ring! Ring! my masters, merry peals,
For 'tis the New Year's eve,
And on this night, my heart, it feels,
As ne'er again to grieve.

A stalwart, swarthy Roundhead Knight,
Encas'd in mask and cloak.
While in the turret of St. Dwight,
Thus to the ringers spoke.

In vain with hot sack plied he,
And spic'd mead, fam'd of old;
The ringers could not merrily
Ring now as they were told.

In vain they tried with all their might,
A merry, quick refrain;
The sounds were only such as fright
Ne'er wills to hear again.

In vain they sound—one—two—three—four;
Their peal more doleful grew.
"Quick, quick, my men, ring as of yore
Ye aye were wont to do."

"For Charles the Tyrant lies enthrall'd,
In yonder dungeon keep,
And England's freedom now recall'd
Bids us no more to weep."

He spoke, when thro' the belfry tow'r
In wind-blasts pass'd a sprite;
'Twas then the old clock toll'd the hour
Of dark and deep midnight.

The ringers stood pale and aghast—
Wide were the warriors' eyes;
"It is my daughter dear at last,"
Shrieked he in anguish keen.

"Woe! Woe to me! My hapless lot,
That calls me to this deed!
In vain my daughter bids me not—
Old England must be freed.

"Ring! Ring! my masters, merry peals,
Ye are in idle mood!
Ring! Ring! all England speaks and feels,
He'll die as tyrants should."

THE CHIME OF 1657.

PEAL II.

"Ring! Ring! my masters, merry peals,
My heart is sad and low,
My hand is cold, my head it reels,
With shadows, to and fro."

He pull'd a rope—Bome! Bome! it knell'd;
"I will not have it so;

Pull! Pull! ye laggart crew," he yell'd,
"They shall more merry go.

"Light up your belfry! Chase away
Those shadows on the wall!
Now ring a merry peal—he gay,
And I'll reward you all."

But all in vain. The lights burnt blue;
Funereal was the knell;
When all at once a spirit flew,
As from sepulchral cell.

It mounted up—up—up on high,
And thro' the lanc'd door pass'd;
Then stood among the ringers by,
As they cried out, "Avast!"

"Father," it said, "but one year more
Thy spirit will have fled;
What joy is there for thee in store,
When Charles the king lies dead."

"Daughter, why grieve me at this time,
At this dark hour?" he said.
"Repeat," replied she, "of thy crime,
Ere thou lie buried.

"Thy power, thy fame, will scarce atone,
For this, thy deed of blood;
Nor will thy race assume the throne
O'er British field and flood.

"Not as a traitor wilt thou die
The death of thy poor king,
But as a culprit mean, so high,
Ignoble, shalt thou swing."

She spoke, then vanish'd from their sight—
Perhaps it was thro' air—
So dim the room, so dark the night,
They could not find out where.

THE CHIME OF 1659.

PEAL III.

Ring! Ring! ye merry men! Ring! Ring!
Make this a merry time.
Old England shouts, "God save the king!"
Make answer it your chime.

A royal Charles is on the throne—
God grant him a good reign—
No more his sire's acts bemoan,
Nor trouble see again.

So perish all who take from God
His retribution just,
Ne'er let them find a peaceful sod,
Nor crumble with the dust.

But let the ravens of the air
Feed on their carcase vile;
The land that regicides do share,
Let not their corpse defile."

Ring! Ring! ye merry ringers! Ring!
Make the old turret shake;
A joyous, gladsome peal now ring,
Before the streets awake.

They rung—their hearts were with the sound,
When suddenly they stopp'd;
The dancing ropes, from hands all round,
As if death-struck, they dropp'd.

What means this terror on their minds?
The clock now twelve did toll.
A voice then moan'd amidst fierce winds,
"Pray for my father's soul."

Then down they knelt, low in the dust,
And gave a silent pray';
Be merciful, O, God! as just,
To sinners every where.

They took their torches, lanterns, some
Adown the winding stair,
And then in silence sought their home,
And meditated there.

Nor was there from that time e'er heard
A sound from old Dwight's tow'r;
Within its walls was ne'er a word,
Nor did it toll the hour.

THE LUNATIC AND THE SHIRT.

A man who had on ill-adjusted garments
and a certain wild expression in his eye, stopped at a fashionable shirt depot in New York a few days since, and purchased a finely stitched shirt which hung in the window. He did not haggle about the price; he took the article at the vendor's original valuation. As he left the shop, he said inquiringly, "Have you a laundry in connection with your establishment?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he passed on and was forgotten in five minutes by the proprietor of the shirts and dickets.

Next day the man reappeared and handed the shirt to the proprietor, and said—"Wash that shirt," and again departed. "It will be ready to-morrow," said the shirt man. Next day the strange individual reappeared and took away the garment.

On the succeeding day he reappeared and handed back the shirt, saying—"Wash it again."

The man of shirts looked at it. It had not been worn or soiled. It appeared immaculate in whiteness. "Your shirt is as clean as it may be," he remarked.

"No matter; wash it, and I'll foot the bill," was his reply.

In three days he reappeared with the shirt, which had not been worn or soiled, or wrinkled, and on each occasion he grew more and more peremptory in demanding that the shirt should be washed *clean*!

"It can be made no cleaner nor whiter," said the proprietor.

"There are yet stains upon it," said the old customer.

"Show them to me and they shall be removed."

"You cannot see them; they are invisible to you. Follow my orders and wash it anew."

Next day he came, and the proprietor said, "Here is your shirt, and I have submitted it to the critical eye of men who declare it perfect."

The customer looked at it and shook his head with a melancholy air. "These stains will never come out," said he.

The proprietor looked at him and the spotless linen with astonishment. The clerks grouped themselves together, apart from him, and circulated among themselves remarks not complimentary to the strange customer. His apparel was not in keeping with his strange fastidiousness in regard to the shirt so often rejected as unfit for his wearing. "Fool!" "non-compos!" "drunk!" were among the epithets applied to him.

The proprietor was vexed. He tossed the shirt to his customer and said—"Sir, you simply insult me when you affirm that this garment is not clean, or that it has the least stain upon it. You can leave my store, sir; I do not desire to see you again!"

There was a singular gleam in the eyes of the customer as he dashed the bundle upon the floor, where he trampled it. He exclaimed in a frenzy, "It is stained—damnable! I saw a pale young woman stitching it for a small price—for half price—for almost no price. Her tears fell fast and scalding upon it! It is well you say you can make it no whiter by your washing, for those tears which were the blood of a soul are stitched in every seam. I cannot wear it. 'Twould burn my bosom like fire. It was her last shirt. You have driven her forth, and she now walks the path that leads to hell, every day. No, no, no, you can't wash it out—you can never wash it out!"

"Poor lunatic!" said the proprietor; "I thought, all along, this man was crazy!" And he went immediately for an officer, to have his troublesome customer removed to a lunatic hospital.

The editor of the *Hydraulic Press*, with noble gallantry worthy of all praise, proposes that Californians imitate the Virginia colonists, and swap off all their tobacco for wives.

It is a glorious proposition, and has our most hearty concurrence.

THE EASTER SUNDAY TRAGEDY.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

During the pontificate of Innocent III., the deadly feud between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines was lulled into something like repose. More zealous for the cause of discipline and morality than for the extension of his own power, Innocent had established leagues under his protection, comprehending the cities near Rome, formerly under the German sway. The legates whom he despatched to the different posts, convoked diets, and those diets settled any differences that might arise.

Among the cities that accepted the protection of the pope was Florence. The purity and sanctity of the character of Innocent, the reputation for learning and wisdom which he deservedly enjoyed, and his strong will, which awed the kings of Europe, and made them submit quietly to his dictum, were guarantees of the potency of his protection; and already several noble Florentine families had demanded the rights of citizenship, and peace seemed brooding like a dove on banners which had hitherto been only stained with blood.

While thus the tiger slept, and flowers seemed to crown his brow, a cloud was brooding over the quiet of Florence. Giovanni Buondelmonte, a Guelph noble, residing in the upper vale of the Arno, paid his addresses to Ida Amidei, the daughter of a wealthy Ghibeline. The beauty and station of the young heiress of the house of Amidei justified the choice of the noble suitor, and preparations were going forward on the most liberal scale for the celebration of the marriage. No fairer flower ever bloomed beneath the warm sky of Italy than Ida Amidei. The rich olive of her complexion was relieved by a rosy flush that struggled up through the pure skin like the gleam of a ruby through a crystal vase. An only daughter, she was perfectly worshiped by her parents, and the only consideration upon which they would consent to her marriage, was the promise of spending half the year in her paternal home. The bridegroom elect consented, and the time passed swiftly away in the full perspective of a happy union at the end of a few months.

Buondelmonte had been spending a few hours at the Amidei palace, and was walking homeward, his eyes bent on the ground, doubtless in contemplation of his approaching happiness. Passing by the palace of the Donati, a woman's voice gave him kindly greeting. From the arched window a veiled face looked down and bade him enter. Although unacquainted with the family personally, yet he knew them as Guelphs like himself, and he obeyed the summons readily. She met him at the door and drew him into a room where several of her women were embroidering. It was the lady of the palace herself who had thus conducted him. Surprise took from him all power of speech, and he could only look from one to the other as if in a dream.

The lady impelled him towards a veiled figure, and raising the veil, disclosed a face of dazzling and bewildering loveliness. Even the image of Ida Amidei paled and faded

before this vision of beauty. All the poetry which existed in the mind of Buondelmonte failed to utter any adequate description of that face—its perfect contour, its purity and dignity. It was a new revelation to the ardent Italian. All that he had ever dreamed of—all that his fancy believed was realized in the lady of his love, fell far short of what he now saw. Yet he gazed in silence, unable to comprehend why he had been brought into contemplation of so exquisite a picture. The beautiful eyes filled with tears at his gaze; the soft lips parted, and a sob of mingled pride and mortification seemed to issue from them; but it only increased the charm of her beauty. The elder lady smiled at the apparent success of her scheme. Turning to her involuntary visitor, she said:

"Look well upon this face; it is that of my child. Know that I had reserved her for your wife. Like yourself, she is a Guelph; while the daughter of the Amidei is one who belongs among the enemies of your race and church."

With that bewildering, dazzling face before him, the Italian could but bow before its enchanting spell. Upon that hand whose creamy whiteness and perfect shape made a picture in itself, he bowed for a moment in silent communing with himself, and then raising his head he poured forth all his homage and the renunciation of all former vows to Ida Amidei—to her who at that moment was sitting in her perfumed apartment where he had left her weeping at the excess of her own happiness, and Giovanni accepted the hand offered by the mother of Ianthé Donati, and thus the misery of one who truly loved him was sealed.

How deep was the resentment of the noble family of Amidei may be but dimly imagined. Deeply sympathizing with their wrongs, twenty-four other Ghibeline families entered at once upon their cause. Ida Amidei was the representative of their class, and through her every Ghibeline was insulted and must be avenged. In a private room at the palace, the fathers, sons and brothers of every noble lady belonging to Ida's set, met and discussed the deep affront which had been received. They decided that nothing but the offender's blood could wash away the stain, and it was agreed, that as he would not marry her to whom he was solemnly betrothed, he should not live to wed with Ianthé Donati.

At the house of the latter, all that wealth, or taste or ostentation could suggest, was in preparation for the marriage. Every one seemed in high spirits, save the principal person—the bride herself. She sat in her darkened chamber and wept at the unhappiness of another. In the brief and tearful glance which she had taken of Giovanni Buondelmonte, no feeling of preference, but rather one of repulsion had arisen in her heart. She had heard of his betrothal to Ida, and every generous principle of her nature revolted against being a party to such an exchange of affections. All the persuasions of her proud and haughty mother, who had set her heart on this alliance, did but disgust her the more at this heartless traffic of her hand; and she was prepared to resist it, even to the point of being disinherited

by her mother. She even secretly wrote a note to Ida, disclaiming any share in the transaction, and expressing her utter distaste for one so fickle as Buondelmonte. It was a gleam of hope in the young girl's heart, for strange to say, even the infidelity of her lover did not wean her heart from him.

In the character of Giovanni there were many elements of goodness—many of sterling worth; but vanity and indecision spoiled him. Ida had just learned this defect in his character, yet it did not diminish her love. She was frantic at the idea of the determined vengeance which her friends had sworn against him, and which they had unguardedly avowed before her. She wrote back to Ianthé Donati to guard and watch her lover if possible; and at night these two young and beautiful beings met stealthily by moonlight disguised as peasant girls, to concert some measure to avert danger and death for one so false and fickle. Strange community of feeling in two so differently situated—the loved and the forsaken. It was the night before Easter Sunday; and when the two women parted, there was deep grief and a sad sense of desolation on the part of one of them, and of terror on the other, at the disastrous consequence of her own betrothal.

Sunday morning came. The churches were filled to overflowing to celebrate Easter; but a few were lingering around the streets, though in scattered or detached parties, or lounging in the shadow of the statue of Mars at the Ponte Vecchio.

"I wonder where he lingers?" said a tall, dark Florentine, who had once aspired to the hand of Ida Amidei. "We must dispatch business before the churches disgorge, or we shall lose our prize after all."

"Giannettino wants to revenge his own private wrongs at the same time, I am thinking," whispered another. "I remember that two years ago his vanity made him believe that the fair Ida would not refuse to listen to him."

"Now, by the heavens!" exclaimed Giannettino Doria, "thither rides the very man we wait for!"

"Where?—where?" was the eager question from every lip.

"Just coming round the point yonder! Quick!—be ready to attack him!"

True enough, on a superb Arabian which he had imported for his own use, and which was glittering with its costly trappings, came Buondelmonte, with head erect, and looking as if he would "wilt the world with noble horsemanship." As the silver mountings flashed in the sun, so flashed the swords of the nobles, now gathered in one group; so flashed they too, as they pierced the form so proud and active but a few moments before. He lay on the ground covered with wounds, but with his handsome face undisfigured, turned upward in the soft, sweet sunshine of that Sabbath morning. O, how would the mother that bore him, or the maiden who loved him, have borne that sight!

With hair and veils disordered, and the marble hue of terror upon their faces, hand in hand to support their fainting steps, came Ida Amidei

and Ianthe Donati. The first came shrieking aloud; the other fell down upon the body in all the stern, silent, marble grief which befit her lofty character. They clasped Ida in their arms, and tried to bear her away; but their eyes fell before the sublime look of the Donati. Death had endeared Giovanni to her heart.

"Leave us," she said, waving them away. "He is hers in death, as in life. You have killed him; you have killed this child also. She is *your* child, I think!" she continued, addressing an old man, who from the resemblance she believed to be Ida's father. "You have killed her, old man, as surely as if you had thrust your sword into her heart! Ida, dear Ida! leave them; they are unworthy of you or me. Let us watch beside Giovanni until death comes for us too!"

* * * * *

She *did* die—that forsaken girl who clung still to the memory of her faithless lover; but Ianthe Donati lived with the memory of that night ever upon her; lived to see him deeply, terribly avenged. Forty-two families of the Guelphs swore to avenge him, and then followed that dreadful period in which for thirty years, Florence was bathed in blood. "Every day some new murder, some new battle" took place within the city, until from the blood of Giovanni Buondelmonte a thousand streams had deluged Florence.

At the window of an upper room in the palace of the Donati, a woman, pale and thin, but with a stern nobleness of face, sat daily for more than thirty years after this event. The long black hair which had once adorned Ianthe Donati's head, was now white as silver. The eyes once like diamonds in their flashing beauty, were now bent on a little desk before her. Upon it were a miniature of the dead Giovanni, and a slip of yellow, time-worn parchment, signed *Ida Amidei*. The simple meal of bread and olives would sometimes set untouched for hours, in which she dwelt on that awful tragedy, while her earnest gaze would be fixed upon these solitary mementoes of two who had met and parted, and met again only in death. It was only after long years of a desolation too sad to contemplate, of years in which the lofty intellect almost gave way under the load of remembered agony; only after the frail body had become weaker than the noble soul could sustain, that she placed her hand in that of the faithful attendant of her childhood, and implored her to bury these memorials in the coffin with the attenuated body so soon to occupy it.

"When yonder star fades," she said, pointing to one which was going rapidly down, "I shall be in heaven."

She had prophesied her death before, when lying by the dead body of Giovanni, but now she was not mistaken. She clasped the faithful hand closer, as if she would receive from it support through the dark valley, and then all at once loosing her clasp, her attendant saw that she was dead—no, translated into life eternal!

That was a beautiful thought of Beecher's: We go to the grave of a friend, saying, "a man is dead," but angels throng about him, saying, "a man is born."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[For the Hesperian.]

WINTER'S EVE.

There, put more fuel on the fire;
'Tis a cold night you know;
Sweep clean the hearth, and draw the stand;
'Tis almost seven now.
And, daughter, bring the slippers, which
You wrought for him to wear;
And draw beside the glowing fire
Your father's easy chair.

Hark! the gate closes—'tis his step—
And baby knows it, too;
For, see, he claps his little hands!
And hear him crow and coo!
Now, daughter, run and welcome him—
He's entering at the door;
O! with our music, books, and work,
We've a rich feast in store. G. T. S.

[For the Hesperian.]

THE BOY HERO.

THE STORY OF THE KING CHILDREN.

Several years ago there was a large assembly gathered, one evening, at the American Theatre in this city, to see the three King children, whose parents were killed by the Indians in Oregon, a few months before. The story is a very sad one. I will tell it to you as I heard it from the little boy, the oldest of the children, and the friends who were with him at the time. He was a bright-eyed little fellow, with a very manly face. People called him the Boy Hero.

He said: "We lived in a little log house, and there were thick woods all around. Sometimes we used to see a great many Indians, but we were not afraid of them, and we always treated them kindly. They used to come into the house, and my mother always got them a good dinner. One day father was taken very sick; he laid on the bed, and the door was open—an Indian came before the door and shot and killed my father in the bed—my mother and sister and I were eating breakfast; my mother ran and shut the door and fastened it; she then took my father's gun and fired it through the window at the Indians; then a shot struck her in the breast, and I saw her fall on the floor; there was a great puddle of blood all around her on the floor. The Indians were making a great noise at the door. My sisters cried very much, but I told them not to cry, and mother would speak to us.—She reached out her hand for me and my sisters to come; she kissed us all many times, then she said, 'Open the door, my son, take your sisters by the hand, and go and meet your enemies. Who knows but God may touch their hearts, and we shall not all die? O! Father in Heaven! have mercy on my children, for Christ's sake!' These were the last words I heard her speak. I opened the door, and stood with my sisters before it. One Indian fired at us three times. He did not hit us. He was a great chief. He then said, 'You may go away with your sisters, little boy; nobody will hurt you.' So I took my sisters by the hand, and went away through the woods. At length we came to a river. There was an Indian in a canoe. He had known my father and mother. I beckoned for him to come

ashore. So he came ashore, and we all got into his canoe. He rowed with us away towards the great sea, where was a vessel, and some white men. He left us on the shore of the sea, and then ran away as fast as he could. The men in the vessel saw us, and came and brought us away. They were very kind to us; gave us something to eat, and to wear, and then brought us to this big city. 'This is my little sister,' said the boy, looking at a little rosy-cheek girl at his side; 'she was my mother's baby; she is a good girl; she never cries, but she always wants to keep hold of my hand. She thinks she would be killed by the Indians if she did not keep hold of my hand.' And it was beautiful to see the child cling to the hand and side of her fostering brother, as if her life depended on his presence. 'She has never left me one moment,' he said, 'since our mother was killed.' And then he sobbed and wiped his eyes with his apron, as he thought of his parents, now cold and dead, away in the wilds of Oregon.

Many people crowded to the Theatre when they heard that these three orphan children were to be seen there, that evening. The boy came on the stage, holding his sisters by the hand. For a moment all was still, as each one raised his eyes to get a glance at the young hero. Then came a shout—"Hurrah for the boy! hurrah for his sisters!" And then that whole assembly arose, and the very walls shook for that loud hurrah—again, and again it was repeated with a sound like thunder!—And then a shower of gold and silver came rattling on the stage. It seemed to rain money. The little ones stared and wondered, and ran away at first, to avoid the shower; then they commenced stooping and gathering into their pockets, the glittering pieces. Some good friends had lined their aprons with great pockets like bags; but, large as they were, they would not hold half of the money that was given. A gentleman at my side threw a twenty-dollar gold piece. He had mistaken it for a dollar, during the excitement of the moment, and had thrown it on the stage. It was too late, as he saw the glittering gold-piece bounding in the air before him. "O, it is more than I can afford," said he. "Let it go! let it go!" said a friend—"For one dollar, God will give you twenty; and for twenty, one hundred. O! I tell you it is out on good interest."

I was so affected with the scene that I could not think of it for days without tears. I returned to my home a better and a wiser man, as I believe hundreds did who witnessed the scene of that night. G. T. S.

The brave only, know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtuous human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave; it is not in his nature; the power of doing it, flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

[For the Hesperian.]

PERFECTED PRAISE.

A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D.—N.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIV.

"'Who the deuce are you,' said the surgeon, 'you seem to know as much about it as I do. I thought you were a tinker by trade; your name is entered in the convicts' book so.' (this I had done in order to spare the feelings of all my friends.) I'll give him up to you, and my surgery is at your service while he is your patient, and if the old fellow recovers,—recollect his age—I will say that many surgeons ought to be tinkers, and tinkers are sometimes as good as surgeons.'

"Well, the poor old fellow suffered oceans of pain, but that I had nothing to do with, although sometimes my heart misgave me, for he had to be held down by four men, often, while I dressed his leg; but he eventually recovered, and after this, I had as good as my liberty, but being immediately after concerned, with my whole gang, in an endeavor to escape in a boat, I was remanded to this gang. A short time after this, I heard my name called out, as we were mustered for our day's work, and who should it be, but my friend the convict surgeon. 'I want your opinion,' said he in a whisper, 'upon a most extraordinary and unusual case, and your behavior was so generous in the first case you had, the old man's leg, that I was determined to trust once more to your opinion. I know from your treatment of it, that you are a thorough practitioner, and shall be happy in your acquaintance; and if you had not marred all by leaguering with your gang for escape, you would have been a free man long before this, for I was working the wires, unseen by you or any one, to bring it about, and had every promise of success.'

I thanked him heartily, but yet, assured him that I could not promise to refrain from making use of an opportunity to free myself, so greatly was I governed by the spirit of adventure, be his kind offices ever so liberal; I told him I thought it my duty to be candid, although I was, as the law termed it, a pick-pocket and burglar."

"You must have been mad. Did he accept of the pick-pocket's services?"

"Did he not? We went, both of us together, that same evening to the governor's, I in my convict's dress, and he in the garb of (what I found him to be in every sense of the word,) a gentleman. The young lady, the governor's daughter, beautiful as Hebe"—

"Who was Hebe? I never heard of her before."

"No, rather; the sweet creature was seated covered up on the sofa. The Governor, her father, was in tears at her suffering. 'I have brought you this'—'ah!'—'this man of whom I spoke before, to look at this case. I need not tell your honor, that I think his opinion worth having before'—amputation, he was about to say, but, he checked himself. After I had examined it, I asked the question, if he had not treated it as *paronychia*. 'Yes' he answered, but there was some peculiarity about

it, that made him abstain from cutting it. 'It is well you did not, Doctor,' said I, when the Governor was away, for I whispered to him, it was a confirmed *aneurism*. 'Good God! you don't say so,' said he, turning as pale as death. 'Then I fear there is no hope,' said he in a whisper. 'I should like to try,' said I, 'and if you will leave me alone for a few minutes, I think I can determine more fully what it is.' He left me alone, and talked a bit with the Governor. I soon found my opinion the right one, and how the disease had gained strength by the wrong treatment.

I beckoned to him, and told him it was so, and that no time ought to be lost in obliterating the preternatural cavity of the artery. Before I could turn round, he got the Governor out of the room. The lady had taken a slight opiate, and seizing hold of the right instruments, I cut at once down upon the artery and passed a ligature around the little sac, just above its extension. I never was better pleased with myself, for the parts were so minute as almost to escape observation, and I wore a magnifier the whole time of the operation. Well, to make a long story short—"

"I think 'tis time," said the innkeeper, "for this is all Greek gammon to me."

"In three days she had almost recovered the use of the limb. The Governor would on his own responsibility have set me free on the spot, had I not formerly committed myself, but he asked me, what favor he could grant me, and what do you think I asked?"

"Your ticket of leave, I suppose."

"Yes, and that of my friend, yourself. Now, I have a project just ripening for action—but we are watched; the next opportunity I will mention it." Thus ended their conversation.

CHAPTER XV.

"Well, I never! Did you ever? No, I never heard the likes of that."

This interlocutory decision of the landlady of the "Five Bells," at Warterton, and the female gossip of the place, related to a very extraordinary event, that had happened that morning.

The lawyer aforesaid, finding that his opponents were too powerful for him, and that they had too many strings to their bow, to miss their mark, had latterly thought it best to yield with a good grace, that which he could oppose with all his forensic skill.

The workmen had that morning been engaged in pulling down the "Bowery," formerly the miser's house, and when they had approached the foundation, a large square stone which they had often in vain attempted to dislodge, and which had repeatedly defied the strength of each in his turn, at last gave way, when to their amazement they had discovered that it was a trap, fastened on the inside, and leading to a vault some nine feet square and some six feet high. Into this vault the lawyer and some of the workmen descended with a light, and no Rosicrucian discovery ever produced such an astounding scene.

There, huddled up in one corner, sat the long lost miser, his mildewed clothes (here and there in holes, through which shone transparent the

last vestige of frail mortality, the bones,) scarcely hung together. His skull rested upon the skeleton of his right hand, which again found support upon a corner of a large, oak chest, which being open, displayed all his treasures. Parchment deeds, which strange to say had not been destroyed to satisfy his hunger, (for it is evident he had been starved to death), numbered, and lettered, and bound with tape that had lost its color, lay at the top of heavy bags of gold coin of almost every description. There were securities, also, no longer secure, but all obliterated; bridal jewels that had adorned in their time the gayest of the gay, mocking by their flashing lustre from the light of the lantern, the subdued chink of light from the entrance. The vault had evidently been built for the purpose of the most cunning secrecy. The lawyer had no idea of the wealth there displayed, although he often had been supplied with large sums by the miser, wherewith to speculate, and had gained a pretty per centage by the grinding interest.

Ah, usurers! while you gloat over your satisfactory per-centage, forced may be from the hard working tradesman, or from the poor government paid official! Pause a little, to think of the misery you entail by a paltry one or two per cent more upon your loans. The hand-to-mouth honest tradesman must dispose of stores for perhaps one fourth for what he received them on credit. Night after night does he toss in his bed beside his wo-stricken partner, scheming out the means of rectifying yet. Up early and late, he finds his work almost valueless toward the desired end. If it were two or three per cent less, what a blessing it would be, for he could with his incessant labor, and his wife's pinching economy, remedy it. The poor clerk in the deepest affliction pays his doctor or his baker, it may be the borrowed sum, and is no longer in fear of arrest, and then turns to his partner to recommend for what was before an ill-sufficient daily meal, the closely calculated modicum that will keep body and soul together. Days and years do they live on in this cheerless manner, while the usurer rides in his chariot, with a charmed life about him, or gloats as a miser over his cash-book, congratulating himself, that since he has adopted a less liberal system, his hundreds have become thousands. What to him is the sinking frame of the wife, or the burning brain of the husband! Well, let such be aware that as sure as the night succeeds the day, their night of retribution will follow their day of oppression. Do not shut the book, my dear usurer; I have now done with the moral, and continue the recital.

As soon as the lawyer had taken possession of the treasures, in presence of the magistrates acting on royal warrant as witnesses, the cheek of the old lawyer blanched, as he fell upon the missing deeds, for the loss of which the poor innkeeper had incurred his hostility. Greatly to his surprise he found some of his own trinkets, which he had long given up as lost, among the treasures, and such a scene of iniquity did the writings and other matters disclose, as to obliterate the least spark of pity for his excruciating and ill timed-death.

The poor, crazed, utterly bewildered lawyer hurried home after seeing everything sealed in all official and legal presences, and burying his hands in both his pockets, swore from that time forward, he would most gratuitously become the most charitable, the most liberal, and the most just man in the world, and in this resolution he wrote out the case of the unjustly condemned inn-keeper, sealed it with the magnificent crest of his ancient and honorable family, and transmitted it to Chief Justice — by the next post.

As he anticipated, before the expiration of a month, Her Majesty's most gracious pardon, sealed with the royal arms, in a red morocco box, a splendid affair of the kind, was sent with all despatch with the next government mail. Did this right royal farce, the gracious pardon and release of a man for a crime that he never committed, not to say compensation, for the outrageous, injustice, ever reach the poor fellow? You will find it did not; but this matter belongs to another place in this history.

(To be continued.)

AN ANECDOTE WITH A LESSON.—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral, but stood on a rude scaffold constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work, that he became absorbed, and in admiration sood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and almost frozen with horror beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; and if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but started at his ghastly face. He listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that had saved him. Just so, we sometimes get absorbed upon the picture of the world, and in contemplating them, step backwards, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty in mercy dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of his dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

We are indebted to the enterprising news-dealer, Mr. H. E. Loomis, south-east corner of Sansome and Washington streets, for files of late Eastern papers and periodicals, among which we find the Golden Prize, American Union, the Scotsman, Flag of our Union, Graham's Magazine, and others, too numerous to mention. Mr. Loomis is always well supplied with various Eastern journals, as well as with the papers of our own State.

SONG.

BY R. J. DANIEL.

Oh, drain not the goblet! Oh, touch not the chalice!
But fling from thy lips the bright poison away;
For there lurk delusion, destruction, and malice,
There the spoiler prepares him, to strike and to slay.
Though ruby the hue of the draught that invites thee,
Though bright as the gem in the clime of the sun;
How briefly!—and oh! how it vainly delights thee,
For drink, and thy conscience proclaims thee undone.

Is there bliss in the goblet? Thou fool, it deceives thee!
Ask the grave and the grave's—ask Time as he flies.
"There is woe!—there is woe!" he will cry, as he leaves thee;
"And the slave to Intemperance drinks 'till he dies."
Let us quaff the cool rill that descends from the mountain,
That glides through the valley, or flows on the plain,
And pray, as we stand on the brink of the fountain,
That man, as of old, may drink water again.

As the juice in the cup is alluringly shining,
Beware, lest the eye of thy reason grow dim;
Bethink thee, a perilous serpent is twining
In its venomous might, round the mantling brim.
Then drain not the goblet! and touch not the chalice!
But fling from thy lips the bright poison away;
For there lurk delusion, destruction, and malice,
There the spoiler prepares him to strike and to slay.

A FINE THOUGHT.—There is some poetry yet left in the world. At the last Tompkin's Square demonstration of the unemployed workmen of the City of New York, one of the speakers is reported to have said:

"Let us bear in mind the temple of Minerva. When the Athenians built that magnificent structure, a stone was wanted to place upon its top. A poor mechanic was induced by his friends to compete for the prize with a favorite and wealthy sculptor of noble birth. The day for raising the statue came—that of the patrician was unveiled, and raptures of applause greeted the revelation. But it was in truth so small, that as it ascended, its beauty disappeared, and when it reached the top it seemed but a shapeless mass. The statue of the poor mechanic was next unveiled. It seemed huge and uncouth, and resembled nothing human or divine. But as it ascended, its apparent deformities dissappeared, it grew more and more comely, and finally, when it reached the top, seemed animate with divine beauty and life. The poor mechanic won the laurel, and was borne off amid the shouts of the multitude. Let us, I say, bear this in mind—if among us there are men who appear rough and uncouth, it is because we have not lifted them to that proud position they are so fitted to honor; it is because we have left them in obscurity, to elevate the pandering and unscrupulous, who only try to deceive us."

Mysterious night, when the weary can repose their tired limbs and the sorrowful forget their sorrows; when the poor and the rich can lie down in the *republic of dreams*, and enjoy the *democracy of forgetfulness*—the only democracy, except that of the grave, the world ever saw.—*Mountain Messenger.*

A USEFUL FACT.—In peeling onions, put a large needle in the mouth, half in and half out. The needle attracts the oily juice of the bulb, and any number may be peeled without affecting the eyes.

An article from the *Hesperian* is going the rounds of newspaper maelstrom, to the effect that women are blameable for their "slang language." Where do they get it? Who teaches it? Had we not better blame the husband, brother, etc., who repeat it daily in their ears?—*Placer Press.*

Mr Scobey is pained at the idea of blaming women for the use of slang expressions, and gallantly proposes that the blame fall upon the husbands, brothers, etc., who make use of such expressions in the presence of women. Remember, brother Scobey, we attached no blame to any one, we only put down a few of the expressions which we have frequently heard in fashionable parlors, just to show *how they would look in print.*

A lady asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain? "Oh, no," he replied; "ladies who have brains won't wear them."

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This Journal is designed for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and for the cultivation of a literary taste. It will present to the public original productions from among our own citizens, upon subjects most nearly connected with our homes and manners, as a people. It will carefully select information from abroad, with a special view to our necessities as a community. It will address itself to Woman, since the conductor relies much upon her own sex for aid, and will scrupulously avoid anything demoralizing in its influence. It will attempt just and fair criticism, and will expect the same. Every effort will be put forth to render it worthy of the patronage which it respectfully solicits.

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A. W. PIPER. } del5

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[For the Hesperian.

THE DIGNITY OF LIFE.

DR. G. T. S.

It is a glorious thing to live; to stand
Next to the angels, in the scale of being;
To dwell on this great footstool of our God,
To gaze on its magnificent beauty, feeling
"All this is ours; his glorious handiwork,
Who made it for our use—made us for him—
Linked to two worlds, the present and to come."

It is a glorious thing to live; to stand
On Life's high eminence, and look far back,
Into the vale of youth, and feel again
The warm blood rushing through our quickened veins,
'Till our hearts glow, like Abraham's tent of old,
Filled with the angels. To remember all
The wise and merciful discipline of life,
The seeds of spring time sowed with bitter tears,
And the abundant harvest reaped in joy.

It is a glorious thing to live; to hold
Communion with all high and burning thoughts
That light the world of mud; to dwell at home
With prophets, patriarchs, sages, bards of old,
Shining like stars in the great galaxy,
That spans the firmament of time.

It is a glorious thing to live; to hold
The reins of our mad passions, self subdued,
And feel that angels watch us in the course
Of our ascending pathway—girt about
With a "great cloud of witnesses," who mark
The soul's high progress to its God.

[For the Hesperian.

MY CALIFORNIA BRIDE.

BY CAXTON.

Fresh, as the water in the fountain,
Fair as the lily by its side,
Pure as the snow upon the mountain,
Was Jennie, my California bride.

Day after day, she grew fairer,
As I gazed on her, blooming at my side,
No gem of the ocean could be rarer,
Than Jennie, my California bride.

Time passed away, all unheeded,
For love hath no landmark, in its tide;
No grief of my bosom ever pleaded
In vain to my California bride.

Now I am lonely in my sorrow,
Her step never echoes by my side,
No hope cheers the coming of to-morrow,
Farewell! my California bride.

Near where the Sacramento's rolling
The wave of its sorrow-laden tide;
There ever on the air is heard tolling
The knell of my California bride!

THE INTERRUPTED CEREMONY.

BY J. McK. WILSON.

Henry Merton was a young man of prepossessing appearance, lively disposition, and agreeable manners. A liberal education had put him in possession of all the accomplishments becoming his position in society, which was highly respectable; and a generous nature and honorable spirit completed his claims to the esteem and respect of all who knew him. Henry Merton's father was a merchant in Glasgow, and reputed wealthy. His concerns were extensive, his credit unbounded, and his character of the highest respectability. Mr. Merton was, in short, one of the most eminent men in the city. On completing his education, the youth was apprenticed to a writer in Glasgow—it being his father's wish that he should follow the profession of the law as an advocate; but he wisely considered it a necessary preliminary step that his son should acquire, in the experience of a writer's office, a knowledge of the practical details of law proceedings before entering into the higher departments of the profession. In the views of his father, both present and future, the son himself cordially concurred. He had a strong inclination for the bar, and early discovered talents that promised to render him one of its most conspicuous and eminent members. In truth, few young men have started in life with fairer prospects, or who could have been warranted in indulging more sanguine hopes of success, than Henry Merton. On serving out his apprenticeship in Glasgow, the young man was sent to Edinburgh, to complete his legal education in the office of one of the most eminent advocates in that city.

While thus situated, Henry, who was now in his twenty-first year, became acquainted with a young lady by the name of Alice Morlington, the daughter of a gentleman of considerable landed property, who resided in Shropshire, and was, when Henry first became acquainted with her, completing her education in Edinburgh. The two first saw each other at the house of a mutual friend; and from that moment, they both felt that they had seen the person whom they could, if they did not already, love above all others. With these feelings, the acquaintance of the young pair soon ripened into intimacy, and that, again, speedily passed into love—a love as passionate and devoted as ever

warmed the heart of two human beings. In the more ordinary cases of persons situated as they were with regard to their attachment to each other, the youth of the parties, and the still more important circumstance, that they had no resources of their own to look to, would render all idea of their marrying, the very extreme of imprudence and folly. But in their case there was a fortune on both sides. Alice's father could give his daughter £10,000; and Henry's father, there was no doubt, could, with ease give his son at least an equal sum, if circumstances should require and warrant any such advance. Under these circumstances, then, it will not seem so preposterous that the young pair contemplated an immediate union, and that they did not anticipate any objection on the part of their parents. They felt there could be none on the score of ineligibility as regarded each other. In fortune, and in their respective positions in society, they were equal. There were, in short, no discrepancies in their case to be reconciled, no difficulties to be got over, save and except the consent of their parents; and this, they had no doubt, would readily be accorded them. In the mean time—that is, for about two years after their first acquaintance—Alice and Henry were content to remain as lovers; and in this relationship the latter visited Alice, with the full consent of her father, at his country seat, a beautiful and romantic residence in the shire already named. Here the young pair spent several happy weeks together, during the summers of 1753 and 1754—for of so old a date is our story—enjoying all the felicity which a virtuous attachment, and the unrestrained enjoyment of each other's society, were capable of affording. They wandered, side by side, with their hands locked together, by the woods and waters of Bargadine, breathing to each other vows of constancy and love, and looking forward, with bounding hearts, to the greater happiness that was yet in store for them.

At the end of the period just mentioned, Henry, on returning to Edinburgh from a visit to Bargadine, wrote to his father, whom he had long previously advised of his attachment to Alice, requesting his consent to their union. This consent he readily obtained; when a correspondence immediately took place between all the parties concerned, including Alice's father, which ended in a final adjustment of all preliminaries, and in

the settlement of the day on which the marriage should take place. That day was named at the distance of a month. Amongst other arrangements made on this occasion was, that the young couple should take up house in Edinburgh after their marriage, that city being the purposed scene of Henry's future career; and this house Henry took upon himself the charge of furnishing. This, however, was an undertaking in which Henry, of course, could do nothing without the assistance of his father; but that, he knew, he had only to ask to obtain. He, accordingly wrote to him for the necessary means, and relying, as he was aware he well might, on his father's ability and willingness to aid him, confidently expected that the next post would bring him the desired remittance. What was poor Henry's surprise and disappointment then, when, after a delay of three days, which alone was a matter at once of great alarm and astonishment to him, he received instead of the expected funds, the following painfully mysterious communication:

"MY DEAR HENRY,—I duly received your letter, and would have answered it in course, but delayed, for reasons which will afterward appear. I am afraid we have been too hasty in regard to your marriage. I wish things had not gone so far yet. The truth is, I have received some very bad accounts of my last shipments for the West Indies, and have been disappointed of remittances from that quarter. You must therefore, have patience for a few days longer, when I shall again write you, and hope to enclose, at the same time, an order for the amount you want.—I am, DEAR HENRY," &c.

We leave the reader to conceive with what feelings Henry read this most alarming and most distressing communication, and he will readily believe that the poignancy of these feelings was not lessened by its being wholly unexpected. The possibility of his father's being *unable* to supply him with what money he might want, had never for a moment entered his mind. It was a misfortune he had never contemplated—never dreamt of. He believed him—as everybody else did—to be one of the wealthiest men in Glasgow; and undoubtedly he was, if remunerating returns could have been warranted for all his adventures; but as this could not be, he was still within reach of the stroke of adversity. Much, however, as Henry felt on this occasion, he sanguinely hoped that his father's second letter would amply compensate for the first, by its good tidings; and, in this hope, he waited patiently for its arrival. At length the anxiously looked for letter came. Henry opened it with trembling hand, and read. It communicated his father's bankruptcy!

On reading this distressing letter, which at once dispelled all his fond dreams of coming bliss, Henry threw himself down into a

chair. His face was pale as death; his lips white as unstained paper; and an overwhelming sense of misery came over him, that prevented him for some time fully comprehending the extent of his misfortune. He saw however plainly enough, with fatal distinctness, that that misfortune included the loss of Alice—the greatest, the most distracting of all the evils which his father's reverses could entail upon him. Had these reverses not involved this misery, he could have looked on their consequences, so far as regarded himself, with a steady eye and unflinching heart—for he felt conscious of possessing talents that would enable him to make his own way in the world; but to lose Alice, to forgo all the felicity which he had promised himself from their contemplated union, was more than he could bear. To see the cup of bliss thus unexpectedly dashed from his hand, at the moment he was about to raise it to his lips, was a trial of fortitude to which he found himself unequal. It almost unsettled his reason. He started from his seat, paced up and down his room in violent agitation, and struck his forehead from time to time, with the forcible energy of despair. He suddenly paused. A thought had occurred to him. He gazed fixedly on the floor for a few seconds, with his hand pressed on his burning brow. The thought urged itself more and more forcibly on his contemplation. It presented all its aspects to his mind's eye. It assumed shape and consistency, and was finally adopted; and, in the same instant, the resolution to execute it was formed. Desperate and fatal resolution!

Henry Merton determined to conceal from both Alice's father and Alice herself, the bankruptcy of his father, and to allow the marriage to proceed in their ignorance of the fact. But dishonorable and indefensible as was this determination—a determination so inconsistent with the general character of him who had formed it, as rendered it one of those striking moral anomalies in human nature, which so frequently occur to startle and astound us, and to overturn all previous calculation—but both dishonorable and indefensible, we say, as was this determination of Henry Merton's, it was wholly untinged by the baseness of pecuniary avarice. He cared not for Alice's fortune; he wanted none of it; it was Alice herself—it was Alice alone he desired to secure: and it was this desire, unmingled with any other, that, in an unfortunate moment, overturned all those principles by which it had hitherto been his pride to square all his actions. But there was much more to do to complete the contemplated work of deception. If the marriage was still to take place, there was a house to furnish, and a variety of disbursements of various kinds to make; a number of small items of expense, small individually, but considerable in the aggregate, to be incurred; and Henry had not a guinea to meet them. It was within a week, too, of

the day fixed for the marriage, and it was not Henry's interest to have it delayed. In delay there was danger of discoveries taking place—indeed certainty; for the failure of Henry's father could not but soon reach the ears of Mr. Merlington, through some channel or the other. In truth it was a matter of marvel, every day that passed, that the intelligence had not reached him. All this Henry knew well; but he was prepared. He had matured his plans, and provided for contingencies. He had no money, but he had thought of a way of obtaining it. Henry started one night for Glasgow, with little more in his purse than paid the expenses of his journey. He returned on the following night with £450 in his pocket. Had he procured it from his father, or by his father's means? No; he had never even called on his father. Some friend then. No; he had seen no friend. How, then, or from whom had he it? That will appear by the sequel.

Henry as we have said, returned to Edinburgh with £450 in his pocket, and instantly began purchasing furniture for his new house. But there was a singular change in Henry's demeanor—a change that was not very easily accounted for by the known causes of uneasiness under which he labored. His look was now wild and haggard. He was morbidly sensitive too; he started and shook on the slightest sudden sound, and seemed to wince under the casual glance of the passer by, if protracted but for an instant. There was, in short, a degree of feverish alarm expressed in everything he said and did, that indicated but too plainly a distracted and tortured mind. No less remarkable than any other of the singular parts of his conduct, was the mystery in which he seemed to desire to involve both his own identity and his transactions with the different tradesmen whom he employed; and, above all, the reluctance with which he gave up his name—never doing this as long and as often as it was possible to avoid it. Having completed the furnishing of his house, which he effected in an incredibly short space of time, Henry wrote to Alice, informing her that everything was ready, and accompanied the letter by a handsome marriage ring, a necklace of beautiful workmanship, and a pair of superb ear-rings. This letter was replied to in course by Alice, who poured out in that reply, almost unknowingly and involuntarily, all the joyous feelings with which her approaching happiness inspired her. The letter was a compound of mingled playfulness and tenderness. She threatened to subject the house to a severe scrutiny, and to cashier the master of her household, if she found anything amiss or in bad taste. To any one situated as Henry was at this moment, but without the causes of secret misery which were his, such a letter as this would have been a source of exquisite delight; but to him it brought no such pleasurable feelings.

There was a counteracting power, against which no joy could prevail. On reading the letter of his betrothed, Henry sighed deeply—nay, it was a groan, a groan of anguish—folded it up with a melancholy and disturbed air, and put it in his pocket. It had not had the power to excite even one faint smile of satisfaction; but seemed on the contrary, only to have added a deeper shade of sadness to a countenance already strongly marked by such indication of a broken spirit.

At length the day of Henry Merton's marriage with Alice Morlington arrived, and nothing had yet transpired to discover to the bride's father the actual position of his intended son-in-law. It had been arranged that the ceremony should take place in the house in Edinburgh, in which the young people intended to reside; and for this purpose, the bride, her father, and a young lady who was to act as bridesmaid, came to town on the previous night. Henry, who had been duly advised of their coming, was waiting, with a friend, for their arrival. They came; and notwithstanding the efforts which the former made to display the happiness which he ought to have felt, his changed, embarrassed and distracted look did not long escape the observation of his intended bride.

On the following day, the wedding guests mustered in Merton's house; and the laugh, and the joke, and the mirth, and the banter, usual on such occasions, were not wanting on this. Henry made some attempts to appear as light-hearted as his apparently happy position demanded; but it was in vain. There was an utter prostration of soul, an utter wretchedness of feeling, which no degree of felicity could overcome, and no effort conceal. It did not, however, attract any very particular observation, or, if it was noticed, it only called forth some bantering remark. The party were now waiting the arrival of the clergyman who was to unite the young couple. He came; and, after a short interval, there was a general move toward the centre of the floor. The ceremony was about to be performed. At this instant, a loud and startling knock, or rather a series of knocks, rapid and fierce, was heard at the door. On the ear of the unhappy bridegroom, they struck like the knell of death. A faintness came over him, and he would have fallen where he stood, but for the aid of the person who was next to him. It was a strange and singular effect these knocks had, and to those present most unaccountable. But, strange as it was, it was not without a reason. Henry had a presentiment of evil. What he had all along dreaded, all along lived in terror of, he felt convinced was now about to happen. In the mean time, the rude summons was answered. The door was opened, and loud, sharp, and harsh voices were heard in the passage, and the name of Henry Merton was more than once distinctly repeated.

"But you can't see him," the girl who answered the door was heard to say.

"But we must see him," was the rejoinder, in a gruff, peremptory voice.

"He's engaged. There is company with him. There is a marriage in the house, and you *cannot* see him," replied the girl.

"It's no use saying more about it my lass," was responded in the same decisive voice; "we *shall* and *will* see him—so show us where he is at once." And the speaker turned round, and beckoned two men who accompanied him, but who still stopped in the doorway, to enter. They obeyed.

"Stop, stop, then!" said the girl, seeing the men were determined on having an interview with her master; "and I'll tell him to come out to you." And she tripped into the room where the marriage party had assembled; but the three equivocal and uncourteous visitors were close behind her.

They had not chosen to observe any ceremony in their proceedings. On their entering, the principal of the three advanced to Henry Merton, who was standing in the midst of his assembled friends in a sort of stupor, and seemingly quite unconscious of what was passing, and, touching him on the shoulder—

"You are my prisoner," he said. "I apprehend you in the king's name, on a charge of forgery; and here is my warrant"—producing and holding out in his hand a slip of paper, partly written and partly printed.

One simultaneous cry of horror and amazement burst from the listeners to this dreadful announcement; but there was one whose expression of agony rose above them all, and spoke of a despair and wretchedness which none but that one could feel. It was Alice Morlington. Her frantic cries, as she endeavored to reach Henry—which she was prevented from doing by her father and other friends—to fling her arms around him, to hinder him from being taken away, were dreadful and heart-rending. But her strength was not equal to the struggle. She finally sank senseless into the arms of the bridesmaid, and in this piteous condition was carried out of the apartment. But how was the unfortunate bridegroom conducting himself during this trying scene? He was standing immovable; fixed as a statue; his countenance cadaverous; his lips glued together; his eyes wild and unsettled. From the moment the officers of justice entered, he neither spoke nor moved; neither expressed by sign or word, what were his feeling on this dreadful occasion; but stood motionless, speechless, and apparently lost in the mazes of a frightful bewilderment. Horror, despair, had benumbed every faculty and left him in possession only of a vague, stupefying consciousness of the dreadful situation in which he stood. This scene however, could not be of long continuance. Neither was it. The officers intimated to their prisoner that he must accompany them,

and moved toward the door, preceded by the latter, who mechanically obeyed the intimation given him, but still without speaking, or making any sign indicative of a sense of his situation. In the next instant the party, with their prisoner, had left the house, and in a moment after, the wheels of a chaise were heard rattling away in the distance.

The harrowing sequel of our tale is soon given. Henry Merton had forged a bill on his former employer in Glasgow, a respectable solicitor, in the vain hope that he might be able to redeem it, from the funds which he calculated his marriage would put him in possession of before it became due; but the forgery had been detected, and the consequences we have in part seen. The inevitable remainder followed; for the laws were then administered with sanguinary ferocity. Henry Merton was tried, convicted and executed. It was endeavored to conceal this horrid issue of the unfortunate young man's guilt from his scarcely less unfortunate betrothed; but, by some means or other, she learned it all; and the same week that witnessed the ignominious death of her Henry, saw her cut off in the bloom and pride of youth and beauty, and deposited within the precincts of the silent tomb.

HEGIRA.—It went out into the silent night, when the pale moon was shedding her rays over the quiet valley sleeping beneath, and kissing the everlasting snow-clad hills above; when the twinkling stars, like loop-holes in the floor of heaven to let its glories out, shone over the world and kept watch like sentinels around the battlements of the celestial paradise; when weary nature had forgotten her cares and was sleeping the calm and tranquil sleep of rest, it went across the deep blue ocean's waves, and entered the consecrated spot where memory first woke to life, and the remembrance of which she will retain till the last ember has died upon the hearth. It nestled by the side of one whose hair is covered with the frosts of seventy winters, and whose footsteps have nearly reached the margin of that boundless sea that separates the known from the unknown shore. It told her of her far away boy, how he had struggled with the world, and how manfully he had breasted the waves of adversity and sorrow when they threatened to engulf him by their overwhelming might. It told her that ere her bark launched from the threshold of time to seek for the unfading glories of a better land, she might clasp him to her bosom to have but one more parting forever. It whispered to one whose cheering words of encouragement have long sustained the sinking heart, and whose bright presence like radiant hope in a ruined world amid the darkness and the gloom, with unerring finger ever pointing upwards. It went farther, and when the pearly gate was ajar, it stole in and listened—listened with rapture to the strains that flood through the realms of bliss and sometimes reach the ear of man below. Reader, it was only a Thought.—*Teheema Gazette.*

[From the Tholomne Courier.]

ARRIVAL OF THE NEW YEAR.

There's a signal far out in the harbor of Heaven—
It is woven of Dawn—it is tinted with Even.
'Tis the Admiral's flag, unfurled at the fore,
Transferred from the deck of the ship *NEW YEAR*;
How she rounds into port! How gracefully turns!
How brightly the light of her binnacle burns!
Now they put up the helm! Now the roar of a gun,
And there goes an anchor—the journey is done!
'Tis the good ship *To-Morrow*, we've waited for long—
'Tis the theme of our dream, and the burden of song.

Oh! the banner she bears is all glowing with stars,
And the dawn of two mornings emblazons her spars.
There's an Angel aboard—I can see her white wings—
She is welcome to cots—she is welcome to kings!
'Tis the angel of hope, of health, heart and Heaven;
That has sung to the exiles from Paradise driven,
Wherever they wander—wherever they weep—
Wherever they toil—in the dreams of their sleep.
In the Infant's first journey from cradle to chair,
In the maiden's first fancy, the Angel is there!

When the windows are darkened and almond leaves shine,
Oh! then, blessed Angel, the moment is thine!
Where they pray for the dawning, she flashes the light—
Where they pray for the shadows, she hastens the night;
Where the roof-tree is leafless, the stars may shine thro',
But the eyes of our Angel are shining there too.
How sweetly she says: "It is clear o'er the cloud!"
Or whispers: "Immortal is under the shroud!"
Her three silver words we shall love till we die—
In sunshine and storm—"by-and-by—by-and-by."
'Tis the chime of the soul—the articulate heart!
Oh! leave me but this, though all else should depart!
When Music's twin daughters in dust are laid low,
The spirit shall listen, shall love, and shall know.
Lo! the Angel debarks—she touches the shore—
She folds her white wings—she will leave it no more.
Let us hail the fair craft: "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!"
"The *To-morrow*, from Paradise, freighted with joy!
A consignment of hope, with letters of love,
A branch of the olive, a carrier dove:
With will for the waverling, strength for the weak,
With troths for the loving, and crowns for the meek,
A blade for a hand, and a truth for a soul,
For the toiling, a guerdon—for glory, a goal,
For the mirthful a smile, for the mourning a tear,
And for all the wide world, a *HAPPY NEW YEAR!*"

A. L. R., Columbia.

THE NIGHT WIND.—The reeling pines
from upper air give forth a sullen roar, like
ocean at the southern cape or surf on rocky
shore; they sound the monody eterne that
ever, as we stand upon the yellow beach, we
hear the sea sing to the land. But fixed
and still the sky uplifts its azure dome
in space; the heavens bear no mark of
storm or cloud upon their face. With kind-
ling, intellectual eyes, the stary hosts look
forth; they catch no whisper of the wind
that's blowing from the North. Combustion
final might enwrap and whelm the earth
from sight—the stars would still shine on as
now, nor miss our planet's light. How si-
lently our lives move on, while round us
fiercely rave the wild rebellious elements
that cease but in the grave! How calm a
port the soul maintains! But never may
she scan the deep enigma man is now and
ever was to man. This mystery of being
lifts its head above the sands, and of the
passing multitudes an answer true demands;
but aye, the living tide rolls on—in silence
most profound, and aye that eben gaze is
fixed upon the desert round.—*San Juan*
Press.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

What we understand by Woman's Rights is briefly expressed. We see her at present forbidden by custom to enter upon a professional career, deprived of the means of independence, and existence itself almost made impossible for her without marriage. Now it appears to us that, as she is not secure of marriage, as she is not permitted to seek it, and as it is an event depending primarily and chiefly on the will of the opposite sex, she ought to enjoy equally with man every means of honorable self-support in an unmarried condition, for which her inclination and capacities qualify her. Surely this is only common justice, and to refuse it argues a selfish barbarism, which can only exist in this age because its enormity is not seen in its true hideousness.

In all ages of the world, among many nations, the birth of a daughter was regarded as a species of misfortune, sometimes as a sign of shame! This fact holds good of the Jews, the Asiatic nations, the Greeks, Spartans and others, and we can detect a vestige of the feeling yet lingering in the nineteenth century. Otherwise why is it that the man whose family consists entirely of daughters is spoken of with a kind of ridicule or compassion, as if the fact were a reflection on his manhood? But the moral of the fact is more complex, and lies deeper. Vanity or prejudice are insufficient of themselves to explain it.

That which distinguishes the parental affection above all other sentiments, is its quality of foresight. Lovers and brothers are capable of as deep devotion as parents, but their affection lavishes itself principally on the affairs of the present moment. The solicitude of parents on the contrary does not confine itself to the actual health or welfare of the moment; they see their offspring at ten years' distance—they are the sentinels of the future. Now this instinct of foresight which nature has made the basis of paternal love, is precisely that which takes alarm at the birth of a daughter, far more so than in the case of a son's birth. The first question a sensible father asks of himself is, what is to become of her? The prospects of life are so harsh and uncertain for a female. If poor, what chances of misery! if rich, what of sorrow! If she be doomed to rely upon her own efforts for sustenance, how will she maintain herself in a state of society in which the utmost exertions of females barely support existence? If she has no dower, how is she to marry in a world where it is the fashion to purchase husbands? If she does not marry, how will she retain her virtue amid the thousand temptations that beset her? Neither riches, position, health, beauty, nor intellect, are sufficient to reassure a father as in the case of a son; for he knows that the life of his daughter can only be a subjective life, and her happiness will ever be at the mercy

of another; these are causes of anxiety and dread in the paternal heart.

To remove these causes; emancipate *unmarried* women from the disabilities imposed upon them by the tyranny of custom, and open for them new avenues to an honorable self-dependence; to smooth the solitary passage of the feeble and unprotected through a harsh and heartless world; these are aims worthy of the highest philanthropy, objects that must appeal irresistibly to the sympathies of every true man, and so far as the movement for obtaining Woman's Rights can help in effecting their consummation, we are the advocates of the measure.

And every observing person must have perceived that the necessity for new openings for female exertions becomes daily more urgent. Not only is celibacy steadily increasing among us, and the force of the marriage tie becoming less binding among all classes who "marry in haste to repent at leisure," thus augmenting the number of lonely and deserted females: but the means of obtaining a livelihood by female labor, are being constantly abridged by the intervention of machinery. Thus the sources of female employment diminish inversely, as the number seeking employment increases, and the ingenuity of man results in suffering to woman. It would be easy to illustrate this position by showing the effects of the sewing machine and cognate inventions, but its truth must be apparent to all; and though the introduction of the sewing machine is hailed as a blessing, by theoretical philanthropists who see in it the means of rescuing thousands of seamstresses from suffering and ill-requited toil, its immediate effect is to heighten the misery of others. It will deprive thousands of occupation—however poorly paid—and prudence, morality and common humanity dictate either the admission of woman into new avocations, or the adoption of some other mode of reform of their condition, if any other can be devised.

It is easy to say that woman's proper sphere is in the household, in the "family," and all that kind of thing. This is the baldest cant, and a mere evasion of the question at issue. No one wishes to depose woman from her place in "the family," or the "household." Every woman who is the female head of a family, has already all the rights and duties she desires or can perform. The question is not of them, but of the thousands who have neither household nor families, neither protectors nor friends who can assist them; the single, the widowed, and the orphaned, who must live by their toil. What cruel mockery to tell them that their duties are confined to "the family."—*New York Dispatch.*

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

[For the Hesperian.]

THE CHRISTMAS MINCE PIE.

Take a peep with me, girls and boys, into the boudoir of my lady Calhampton, now in Grosvenor square, London, one of the most aristocratic localities in that metropolis. What do you see there?—a beautiful little black-eyed maid, admiring her pretty self in the double pier-glass. She has just taken a diamond necklace from a large jewel box, and clasped it around her little neck, of the value of some \$12,000, an heirloom in my lady's family, and presented, in the first instance, as a part of a marriage trousseau of one of her ancestors of a by-gone time. It has been modernized by a fashionable jeweler, and has become a great favorite of my lady's. This little sylph-like maiden is an orphan, chosen out of some hundreds, from the orphan asylum, to wait upon her ladyship's little daughter, heiress to all the Calhampton estate. They are two as pretty creatures as ever enjoyed life's morn, and love each other dearly, notwithstanding the difference of their positions.

Rat-a-tat tat, tat, ring, ring, ring! goes the bell. My lady has returned with her daughter from her morning's drive in the Park. This puts an immediate stop to all self-admiration in the little orphan, and she hastens to unclasp the precious jewel and replace it in the box, in a drawer of the escritoire, whence she had taken it. Alas, alas, she cannot unclasp it. What must she do? She hears my lady's footsteps on the stairs; she has just time to shut up the jewel box, replace it where she found it, and close the door of my lady's boudoir—and now commences the history of her troubles. The jewel box is put away and locked up. Little Bridget watches in vain for an opportunity to replace it unobserved. The opportunity comes not, and the discovery of its being missing electrifies the house. My lady, in an agony of grief for the loss of it, is inconsolable; she cannot conceive how it could have been abstracted, as it has been carefully locked up until the date of—'s ball required it to be displayed. The next morning all the London papers trumpet the news, and a reward of £2000, is at once offered. Policemen search the house over and over again, but all in vain. And how does little Bridget behave on this occasion? In a maze of terror she knows not what to do. Shall she make her little mistress, the kind lady Agnes, acquainted with it? How can she confess herself the thief, to be despised ever after and turned adrift on the wide world without a friend!

Day after day, week after week, month after month passes, and yet no tidings of the necklace. Little Bridget in the meantime falls ill. The family physician attends her for a fever; during which, the little lady Agnes leaves not her bedside, but attends and waits upon her little maid as though she was her sister. This kindness cuts her to the heart. Often and often had she the confession on the tip of her tongue, but fear of the consequences at once prohibited it. The poor thing—the ghost of her former self—rather exists than lives. No one knows what ails her. She is often found in tears—and all smiles depart from her. Not

a shade of suspicion crosses the mind of any of the household as to the cause, and so her illness continues to baffle the physician, my lord and my lady, little lady Agnes, and all the upper and lower servants.

Some months after, and just three days before Christmas, Madame Millifeurs, the dress-maker, received orders to repair to my lady's to prepare three dresses for my lady and her daughter, for the forthcoming ball to be given at Ilthwar. She by chance hears of the mysterious loss of the necklace, and hints that she knows a dark woman, a fortune-teller, who is sure to know where it is. She relates to my lady an astounding instance of this woman's ability on a similar occasion—how she had foretold her marriage, and had described Mons. Mellifeurs' appearance, and Mons. Mellifeurs had, in like manner, obtained from her, (the witch) the very name of the Madame, whom he afterwards, on the very day, married. My lady listens and laughs at the poor Fracasse's credulity. Nevertheless the idea haunts her night and day, until she resolves to order the carriage, and upon pretence of visiting a poor relation, to leave it in the nearest bye-street and proceed alone on foot, without protection, into the dangerous haunts of St. Giles. She knocks at the wretched door, in an attic of a densely inhabited small house, and nothing daunted, answers to the "Come in," of the old witch. She tells her story, and the old crone requires one day to work her cards and horoscope. My lady returns all safe, and tells in the hearing of Madame, lady Agnes, and Bridget, the result of her visit. Strange, although an educated, and not by any means a superstitious woman, she entertained the idea that she would certainly recover the stolen jewel. The next morning, before daylight, little Bridget rises unobserved from her bed, slips on her clothes and makes for the residence of the old witch. After a deal of knocking and thumping, and alarm and scolding by the old creature, Bridget almost forces her out of her bed, and at the first withdrawal of the bolt, in a state of the greatest agitation and despair, falls on her knees before the hag, and relates the whole affair of the necklace. Touched by the terror of the girl, and her passionate appeals for mercy, from the witch, she will not leave her feet until she obtains from her a promise not to disclose her guilt. "Mercy, mercy, dear, kind gentlewoman; do not, I beseech you, betray me. Indeed, indeed I have spoken nothing but the truth—here is the necklace—restore it, I beseech you, without betraying me, and heaven will bless you for your kindness to a poor orphan." The witch had been an orphan. It touches a chord of sympathy in her heart, and chases away the black thought of securing a future independence for herself by appropriating it to her own purposes. What a scene! Who can believe it? A woman grown old and gray in the most shameless daily impostures, converted, like magic, at once into an honest woman by the beauty of the kneeling child before her, who calls her, (her a witch) by the endearing name of kind benefactress. "Rise, rise, my poor child from the

dirty floor beneath you; I will restore the necklace to my lady, and bear you harmless. and make you once more happy. Poor, poor child, how have you suffered! Weep no more my pretty, one lest you betray yourself." Instantly, not another tear was shed; she hugs the old woman's dirty neck, and sets her filthy cap awry by her lavish kisses. "Sweet, sweet, child, go home now—make haste home—steal softly into bed; it is hardly daylight yet. But stay; I will go with you; you may be interrupted. But, do go alone; you must be alone, and God, the protector of the poor orphan and widow, will protect thee." A name the witch uttered, to which her lips had for many long years been a stranger. Bridget flies home, almost treading on air, unlocks the back door, and creeps into bed. Not a soul observes her. The next morning a change takes place in her looks—her eye is more bright, her cheeks more flushed. Lady Agnes notices it, and thinks it is the new dress she has brought her to wear at the Christmas festival—a day religiously observed at home, in any lords family amongst his own children and household.

On that morning my lady is unusually early astir. She gets her breakfast hastily, sees my lord off to his club (fortune has it so.) to learn the first news of the last night's debate respecting the dissolution of the present ministry, when he would expect to receive a call from her majesty to make one of the new legislation. My lady is soon at the door of the witch's room,—responds to the "Come in"—seats herself down on the first chair at hand, and puts, without circumlocution, the question—"What of the necklace?" "My lady, it shall be forthcoming." "Who told you I had that title?" "Do not inquire." "The necklace shall be, you say, forthcoming—Impossible! Describe it to me and I will believe it." The witch accurately pictures it. "Gracious Providence! Can there be efficacy in such an art, in such a day as the present? Restore it to me, and I will reward you by an independence for life." "My lady, this is not so easy. In the first place, the creature or receptacle holding it, or possessing it, must be cut to pieces." "Woman, do you mean to say that I must commit murder?" "No murder, but the knife must be used, not criminally." "How? mysterious woman." "I dare not say who or what possesses it. The initial and the closing letter of the name of the creature, are M. and E." "M. and E.—M. and E., there is not one of my family or household bearing those letters in their name—stop; no, not one. When will the necklace be returned?" "On Christmas day." "What time?" "Ask no more questions, my lady, but take your departure, or the people in the house may, perhaps, recognize you. All depends upon your closeness and secrecy." "I will be as close and silent as the grave." This was the tenor of the colloquy between Lady Calhampton and the witch. She got into her carriage in a perplexity of bewilderment perfectly indescribable, asking herself repeatedly, the question, "Are witches in our days to be relied on." At home, alone in her boudoir, she ponders over the names of her numerous household,

and recolects there is one—the lower house—whose name is Mary. Mary is summoned at once. "Your name is Mary?" she inquires. "How do you spell it?" "Hawks a daisy, me ladie, I'm no scollard, but I thinks how it is M-A-double-R-Y Mary." "That spells Mary," replies my lady. "Have any of your ancestors spelt it, M-A-R-I-E." "Massy me, me ladie! I never had no ancestors, but I have heard my father say he had a brother whose nephew's second cousin was a lawyer's man, for he used to write deeds, and make bills, and so on." My lady hears something scratching at the door. "What is that?" inquires she. "It is Minnie, my lady. He hasn't seen you for three days, and goes about the house whining like a christian." "Minnie? Mary, it is my poor, pet dog Minnie, that is to be devoted to the sacrificial knife. I cannot have that much, as I require the necklace. How in the name of everything wonderful can he be connected with the jewel. He cannot have swallowed it, the idea is preposterous. Well well, we shall see. We live in fearful times—clairvoyance, mesmerism, and witch-craft. What is the world coming to? Are you sure your name is not spelt, M-a-r-i-e?" "I don't know, my lady, but I've got a-a-a-bit-of-writ-ing, a-valentine, where it is put down." "Bring it to me," says my lady. Mary gets her greasy hand on a red, now almost brown pocket-book, and delivers the poetic effusion to my lady, who reads—

O, Mary dear,
I feel so queer,
My heart is hot as mustard—
O, my loved Missie
Heal me by kisses
More sweeter than custard.

Haste, and be mine,
Sweet valentine;
And cool this heart all pepper'd—
Come change your name,
'Tis all the same,
From Mary Fox, to Shepherd.

My lady smiled, gave her the letter, and hid her prepare for the morrow; and to send the cook to her instead of the housekeeper for orders, as she had taken her holiday. Scene the last.—The dinner table. My lord at the top—my lady at the bottom. After the third course, comes the much coveted dish, a mince pie—a custom immemorial in the family—made by the fair hands of my lady herself, from the receipt (a heirloom) of the time of King Henry the Eighth. My lady's knife at the second effort strikes against something. "Why, what is this?" She takes the spoon to help to extricate the obstruction—behold the long-lost necklace! My lord stares, laughs, looks sad, and mutters "A vile trick, and yet not so, because the high reward is not claimed." The cook is called, and the whole house is in an uproar. She declares on her solemn honor that it was delivered to the baker, at the door, because the oven of her own kitchen was so full, with her own hands. My lady keeps her own counsel for a moment, and then calls my lord aside and tells him the whole of her interview with the witch. He—a sensible man, a peer of the realm—supposed to possess hereditary wisdom—knows not what to think of it. However, this he knows—that he is inex-

pressibly thankful to have recovered it any how.

He loses no time in sending for the witch. She puts on her best cap, and without delay appears at the dinner-table just at the time of dessert.

"I will give you as much again as the reward offered for the recovery of the necklace, if you will tell me how you came to the knowledge of its whereabouts. You could at once have claimed the reward, but your honesty, it seems, stood in the way."

"I will not tell the horoscope's secrets," said she; "but put your hand in your pocket, and I will tell you what there is in your hand if you will place it on the table."

"Agreed," said my lord; "and you shall have it, besides the reward, whatever it is."

"It will make me no richer," replied the witch. "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*—out of nothing nothing come." There was nothing in it; a shrewd guess of the witch, who knew that lords have no need of pocket-money.

"Whew!" whistled my lord, "Latin too, I declare!"

Finale. The poor girl's character was saved; my lady contented and happy; Lady Agnes delighted—and the old witch confessed. Her visit to the baker's shop was the last trick she ever intended to perform, as it had made her independent for life. She had fulfilled her promise, even the M. and E.—which all boys and girls will recognize as the MINCE PIE.

P. T. O.

And, now for another M. E. or morale. Certainly little Bridget is not justified in her conduct—who says she is? But taking every circumstance into consideration, I doubt whether you or I, gentle reader, at such an age, would not have committed the lesser evil to avoid the greater. Be that as it may, the conduct of the little witch, you see, had the effect of exorcising the great witch, and making her an honest woman, who otherwise had died a miserable death, without hope and without God in the world. Blessed be God, therefore, who thus in his providence extracts good out of evil. DR. D.—N.

BEAUTY OF BLINDNESS.—In the little department of sanctified beauty, no being can, by its mere presence, so gently awake the reposing guides of sympathy, as a blind girl who is near or within the summer season of womanhood. She is a living likeness of the sculpture face, the features all true and expressive, save those illuminated windows where the soul looks out and looks in. But though there can be no looking out or in—no swift messages from the bright station of the eyes, communion sweet and heaven-like is the more perfect and uninterrupted. Blind, yet she can hear; and there is wonderful melody in her voice. Blind, yet she has an understanding which may penetrate to all that is pure and valuable in written knowledge. Blind, yet she can know of what those who see, call beautiful; and hearing of the glories that grace the going of this ambitious life, she beholds them in the mind unattended by the evil and deformed servitors which dance perpetually in the physical light. *Sierra Citizen.*

COMMON SENSE.

She came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair without pretence;
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather:
And when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long, and reasoned loud
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And Common Sense should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

A GOOD PLUM PUDDING.—One pound of flour, two pounds of suet, one pound of currants, one pound of plums, eight eggs, two ounces of candied peel, almonds and mixed spice according to taste. Boil gently for seven hours.

Another Way.—One pound and a half of raisins, stoned, half a pound of currants, half a pound of mixed peel, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, three-quarters of a pound of suet, and eight well beaten eggs; mix well together, and when sufficiently stirred add a half a wine-glassful of brandy. Boil seven or eight hours.

Another Way.—To be boiled in a quart mould. One pound of plums, three-quarters of a pound of suet, half a pound of currants, two ounces of candied lemon-peel, sugar to the taste, four eggs (of which one of the whites may be left out, if you please), rather more than one pound of bread-crumbs, very finely grated; beat the eggs well, pour them over the other ingredients, add a wine-glass of brandy, and stir them well; if this is not found sufficient to moisten the whole, put in a very little milk; but the drier it is made, so that the ingredients will adhere, the better. Butter your mould, press the pudding very closely into it, tie it tightly down, and boil for twelve hours.

MINCE-MEAT.—Six pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins stoned, three pounds of apples chopped fine, four pounds of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of beef, the peel and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine, a gill of brandy, half an ounce of mixed spice. Press the whole into a deep pan when well mixed.

Another Way.—Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, three pounds of beef-suet, two pounds of moist sugar, two ounces of citron, two ounces of lemon-peel, one ounce of orange peel, one small nutmeg, one bottle of apples chopped fine, the rind of two lemons and juice of one, half a pint of brandy: mix well together. This should be made a little time before wanted for use.

DEATH.

The general conception of death—it is contended by the Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey—is vague and unreal; too much like the ancient poetic dreams of an Elysian land, and a Tartarean region; whereas it should be deemed but a necessary stage in the progress of being—a natural passage from the childhood to the maturity of our existence. We must change the form and mode of our existence, that we may exist in a higher sphere. The soul must drop its "mortal coil," that the now undeveloped, half-dormant powers that mysteriously sleep within it, may wake to their intellectual and immortal life. It may be as unconscious now of what it is hereafter to become, as the worm that crawls upon the earth is of rising to the air and light of heaven. The transformation may be as great, and as much more glorious, as intellect is more glorious than dark and blind instinct. In allusion to the departure of friends and kindred for another world, Mr. Dewey remarks:

With a firm confidence in the perpetuity of all pious and virtuous friendships, there is much, surely, to mitigate the pain of a temporary separation. Let us remember, too, that we do not submit to frequent separations in this life; that our friends wander from us over trackless waters, and to far distant continents, and that we are still happy in the assurance that they live. And though, by the same providence of God that has guarded them here, they are called beyond the visible precincts of this present existence, let us feel that they still live. God's universe is not explored when we have surveyed islands and oceans, and the shores of earth's spreading continents. There are other regions, where the footsteps of the happy and immortal are treading the paths of life. Would we call them back to these abodes of infirmity and sin?

It seems to us strange, it seems as if all were wrong, in a world where from the very constitution of things death must close every scene of human life, where it has reigned for ages over all generations, where the very air we breathe, and the dust we tread upon was once animated life. It seems to us most strange and wrong, that this most common, necessary, expedient, and certain of all events, should bring such horror and desolation with it; that it should bring such tremendous agitation, as if it were some awful and unprecedented phenomenon; that it should be more than death, a shock, a catastrophe, a convulsion; as if nature, instead of holding on its steady course, were falling into irretrievable ruin.

And that which is strange, is our strangeness to this event. Call sickness, call pain an approach to death? Call the weariness and failure of the limbs and senses, call decay, a dying? It is so; it is a gradual loosening of the chords of life, and a breaking up of its reservoirs and resources. So shall they all, one and another, in succession, give way. "I feel,"—will the thoughtful man say—"I feel the pang of suffering, as it were piercing and cutting asunder, one by one, the fine, in-

visible bonds that hold me to the earth. I feel the gushing current of life within me to be wearing away its own channels. I feel the sharpness of every keen emotion, and of every acute and far-penetrating thought, as if it were shortening the moments of the soul's connection and conflict with the body." So it is, and so it shall be, till at last "the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern, and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns to the God who gave it."

No; it is not a strange dispensation. Death is the fellow of all that is earthly; the friend of man alone. It is not an anomaly; it is not a monster in the creation. It is the law and the lot of nature:

Not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,
Then shalt lie down

With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in quiet pensiveness between;
The venerable woods,—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured around all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

But of what is it the tomb? Does the spirit die? Do the blessed affections of the soul go down into the dark and silent grave? Oh no! "The narrow house, and pall, and breathless darkness, and funeral train," these belong not to the soul. They proclaim only the body's dissolution. They but celebrate the vanishing away of the shadow of existence. Man does not die, though the forms of popular speech thus announce his exit. He does not die. We bury not our friend, but only the form, the vehicle in which for a time our friend lived. The cold impassive clay is not the friend, the parent, the child, the companion, the cherished being. No, it is not, blessed be God that we can say, *It is not!* It is the material mould only that earth claims. It is "dust" only that decends to "dust." The grave! let us break its awful spell—its dread dominion. It is the place where man lays down his weakness, his infirmity, his diseases, and sorrows, that he may rise up to a new and glorious life. It is the place where man ceases—in all that is frail and decaying—ceases to be man, that he may become, in glory and blessedness, an angel of light!

Why, then, should we fear death, save as the wicked fear, and must fear it. Why dread to lay down this frail body in its resting place, and this weary, aching head, on the pillow of its repose? Why tremble at this—that in the long sleep of the tomb, that body shall suffer disease no more, and pain no more, and hear no more the cries of want, nor the groans of distress; and, far retired from the turmoil of life, that violence and change shall pass nightly over it, and the elements shall beat and the storm shall howl unheard around its lowly bed? Say, ye aged and infirm! is it the greatest of evils to die? Say, ye children of care

and toil! say, ye afflicted and tempted! is it the greatest of evils to die?

Oh! no. Come the last hour in God's good time!—and a well spent life and glorious life, shall make it welcome. Come the hour of release! and affliction shall make it welcome. Come the reunion with the loved and lost of earth! and the passionate yearnings of affection, and the strong aspirations of faith, shall bear us to their blessed land. Come death to this body!—this burdened, tempted, frail, failing, dying body!—and to the soul—thanks be to God who giveth us the victory!—to the soul, come freedom, light, and joy unceasing! Come the immortal life! "He that liveth," saith the conqueror over death, "he that liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die!"

How do the skeptic doubts and the thoughts of annihilation, which at times mingle with our apprehensions of death, melt away before such sublime views of mortality as these!

CALIFORNIA COLLEGES AND INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.—One of the most cheering features in the progress of our great and growing State, is the ample provision made for schools of learning, and for the promotion and advancement of education among us. Although, comparatively speaking, in our infancy as a State, the progress made by the arts and sciences, and the liberal provision made for the education of our youth, affording facilities for the mental, moral, and last, though by no means least, physical development of the rising generation, in their fullest and most perfect degrees, would do credit to the oldest and most enlightened states of Europe or America. There is something in the very atmosphere of our young State—and in the freedom of its air—which appears to be beneficial to the growth and development of the intellectual and physical faculties, and which is not to be found in any similar area of country in the world.

Our country is truly made up of a "Congress of Nations"—representative men of the finest intellectual and physical types of mankind. Here the picked intellects of all religious denominations and professions of every kind are fitted for the great war of *Intellect*, that lever of Archimedes that moves the world. We are here training a vast army of intellectual and physical giants, who may be said to spring like Minerva—full grown, full armed and panoplied—from the brain of Jove himself!

As the ancient mother dimmed the lustre of the flashing gems of the Roman matrons—vain of their meretricious ornaments—and pointed with pride to her noble sons, so can the Mistress of the Pacific point to her rising sons and daughters, and proudly say, "*These are my jewels!*" Her glittering gold is but as dross when weighed in the balance with her brilliant specimens of human kind.—*S. F. Telegram.*

Have a plan laid before, and for every day. These plans ought to be maturely formed the evening previous, and on rising in the morning immediately entered upon. It is astonishing how much more we accomplish in a single day by having the plan thus previously marked out.

THE HESPERIAN.

MRS. F. H. DAY..... EDITRESS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

SATURDAY MORNING, Jan. 15, 1859.

Notice to Correspondents.

Our correspondents are particularly requested to send in communications as early as possible, since much in the mechanical arrangement of our paper depends upon promptness.

Mrs. DAY can be found at 110 California street, Room No. 1, up stairs.

CHIT-CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

With this number we close the first volume of the *Hesperian*. We take the liberty of closing the volume without quite completing the year, for the purpose of beginning our new volume in March, which for many reasons suits us better.

The liberal patronage which the *Hesperian* has met with at the hands of the public, has encouraged us to greater exertions, and we have now determined to give to our patrons an ELEGANTLY EMBELLISHED MONTHLY MAGAZINE, which we have reason to believe will be more acceptable, containing, as it will, forty-eight pages of excellent literary matter, from the pens of some of the best writers of the day, and also two or more superb lithograph plates executed by two of our most eminent artists, Nahl and Nagle.

Such as the *Hesperian* has been for purity of diction and high moral tone, it will continue to be. No pains shall be spared to make it a work worthy the patronage of a refined and cultivated people. To our friends and patrons we extend our heartfelt thanks for the kind patronage which they have so liberally bestowed upon us, and we would most respectfully solicit a continuance of that patronage.

To our good brothers of the press, what shall we say? Words would fail us to express our appreciation of their uniformly generous behavior toward us. Many a time has our courage been renewed, and a fresh measure of strength been imparted to us by their kindly words of approbation and encouragement, and while it shall not be among the least of our efforts to merit their approbation and render our work worthy of their continued favor, we would still say, treat us sincerely, let not your kindness of heart overcome your sense of justice, but let our work receive the scrutiny and criticism which it may deserve at your hands.

Our contributors, and the valuable aid they have afforded us from time to time, are held in grateful appreciation. We hope that they will continue to lend us their aid, and enliven by their contributions the pages of our new volume. We have never puffed our contributors, yet we know of no other one corps of contributors in California whose works have met with a more flattering appreciation or won a more enviable fame. Long may our band remain unbroken, and continue from time to time to cast in the good seed which will spring up and bear abundant fruit.

How our pen lingers upon the paper,

unwilling to say adieu—for perhaps it will be four weeks ere we meet again, as we need one entire month to perfect our arrangements for the monthly. Then we hope to come, bearing a work worthy of your appreciation and support, and which we trust will find a welcome to every fireside in the land.

The first number of our second volume will be issued on or about the first of March, and we would earnestly request all who wish to secure a copy to themselves to send us their subscriptions without delay, as we shall only issue the number of copies necessary to supply the immediate demand.

MARYSVILLE AND THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.

All honor to Marysville, which has been the first city in our State to set the example of voluntary contribution to the Mount Vernon fund.

The common council of Marysville recently passed a resolution directing the clerk to draw an order on the treasury for the sum of two hundred and sixty dollars, (\$260) in favor of Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, Regent of the Mount Vernon Association—the money to be used toward purchasing the tomb of the immortal Washington.

Marysville has set a noble example, and this sum, together with fifty dollars raised by Mrs. Copeland, and eleven hundred and some odd dollars raised by Mr. John P. H. Wentworth of this city, makes a very handsome sum to be credited to California as a beginning, and when a vice-regent shall have been appointed, we have no doubt that California will contribute such an amount as will leave her behind none of her sister States. In the meantime we hope many of our cities will follow the noble example of our sister of the Buttes. There is something particularly beautiful in this voluntary contribution, this free-will offering of a people, toward purchasing and beautifying the last resting place of the immortal Father of our Country.

FEMALE LABOR.

With much regret we learned of the proposition to reduce the wages of the female teachers in our public schools; and we cannot but express the hope that our worthy Board of Education will reconsider the proposition before they act upon it.

If the finances of the city are so low as to require a reduction of expenses, we shall raise no objection if the wages of the male teachers are cut down in the same proportion as the females. But if, as we have been informed, it is to be done "simply because they are women, and female labor is not worth so much as male," we shall most certainly issue our protest against the Board of Education acting from any such unworthy motive. It is unworthy of civilization, let alone the intellectual and intelligent men that compose our Board of Education—we hope for the honor of our State that they will reconsider the proposition, and let California still enjoy the honor of paying female labor better than any other State in the Union.

WHO IS THIS CALUMNIATOR?

Who is this R. Beverly Cole, whose name we hear so often mentioned of late? And what boots it that he has said it is *his opinion*—so and so of California women? Who is he, pray; and what weight has his opinion in a community where his character is known?

Who is he? He is made up in the shape of a man, to be sure, but he is a gross libel upon mankind, for he possesses none of the attributes of humanity. Where does he find his associates? Not among the respectable portion of the medical faculty, who have already had more trouble with him and creatures of his stamp, than the community has yet had, or is aware of. Who, then, are his associates, and where does he find them? *His opinion* of women, proves what his associates are, and where he finds them.

What is this reptile that we should notice the slime that he spits forth? True, *his opinion* has gone forth to all the world. And what if it has? Will not his reputation also go forth to the ends of the earth? Is the fair fame of the daughters of California so frail that it is to be blown away by the venomous breath of this one insignificant puppy? No; by no means; they have a reputation for virtue, fortitude, and patient endurance which will endure long after the name of R. Beverly Cole and *his opinion* have been consigned to the oblivion that is waiting to swallow them up.

TOO MANY NEWSPAPERS.

We often hear the remark: "There are too many newspapers—California is completely flooded with newspapers." Who ever heard of too much intelligence in a community—of too much valuable and useful knowledge among the people? Who ever heard of too much wheat, or bread, or even brandy, or tobacco in the market?—and yet our people complain of too many papers, forgetful that they are the mediums by which intelligence and useful knowledge is disseminated—forgetful they are the great safeguards of the public interests—the watchful sentinels that are ever at their "posts doing duty," they sound the alarm when danger threatens, and point out the means for the protection and welfare of the people. They are the conductors to the great highways of prosperity and usefulness. They are the representatives of a nation's intelligence and refinement, and speak in trumpet tones of civilization and moral progress.

To us it seems to savor of ingratitude, to find fault at the number of papers published in our midst. We consider that the publishers ought to be allowed to be judges in this matter. Every paper that advocates the principles of morality and virtue, should be looked upon as a public benefactor, and warmly welcomed to every community of intelligence and refinement.

We would call attention to our advertisement of Miss Bremer's new work, "The Four Sisters," which will be found on our outside page.

A few words for the State Medical Society.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of some, to condemn the whole medical faculty for the fault of one individual. Now, it seems to us that this is not just right. It must be borne in mind that the State Medical Society extends from one end of the State to the other; consequently they cannot call a meeting in a day, or even a week. Again, their Constitution and By-Laws make no provision for other than their annual meeting, which will take place in about twenty-six days. We have no doubt but the State Medical Society will set themselves right before the public with regard to this matter, and so define their position with respect to this man, (R. Beverly Cole,) and all of his stamp (for there are more of the same kind) as will be perfectly satisfactory to the public.

As the bee extracts sweets from the poisonous flowers, so we hope that the course pursued, and the words uttered by R. Beverly Cole, may not be lost upon our community, but awaken them to a sense of the fact that our country is overrun by imposters and quacks. We hope it will make husbands, fathers and brothers feel the responsibility of calling into their families men of whom they know nothing more than that they have got a sign at their door with M. D. upon it—men who are as ignorant of their profession as they are of the common courtesies of life. We hope that every man will stop and consider what manner of man he is about to introduce to the bosom of his family, to the bedside of his wife or his daughter. We hope they will learn to distinguish between the scientific physician and the *thorough bred* quack,—between the man of high moral character, and the whitened sepulchre that would ruthlessly desecrate the most sacred feelings of the heart—in one word, we hope they will learn to distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy. We think that all physicians should not be classed with this shameless maligner of female purity; and we believe that the Society at its approaching convention will bring itself out with a clean and unsullied reputation; and we shall be very much disappointed if they do not deal out justice to R. Beverly Cole in such a way as to silence him forever—and, at the same time, will prove that they are not unmindful of the dearest and best interests of women throughout the land.

Special Notices to Contributors.

All contributions for the next number of the *Hesperian* should be sent in by the fifteenth of February, at the latest. Contributors sometimes forget that articles should be in the hands of the printer early, as it takes no little time to arrange the mechanical part of our work. Contributors will please bear this in mind, and send in their contributions at as early a date as possible.

Contributions are solicited from every part of our State, and also from the Eastern States.

Although our corps of contributors is already large, we hope to receive many more for the new volume.

THE POLLOCK TESTIMONIAL.

God bless California and her noble hearted sons. There are scenes in the every day life of California which strike home to the heart with mingled feelings of reverence, admiration and awe—such a scene did we behold this morning, on Washington street. Crowds of men eagerly pressing forward to McGuire's Opera House. So great was the crowd that they had to organize as they do at the Post Office on steamer day—and now they stand in file, way down the street as far as the eye can reach. But why this crowd—this eager rush to a place of amusement? Why is the dollar held so nervously and impatiently in the grasp until it is thrown with a will and a glad rattle into the box of the treasurer? Why do the dollars flow in so rapidly that the treasurer is bewildered, and vainly tries to keep his "count?" I will tell you. California has received a new legacy, and the Press of California, a new commission: a widow and four fatherless little ones have been bequeathed to us. And the Press is commissioned to HONOR THE DEAD BY SERVING THE LIVING.

Thursday night has been appointed as a benefit for the widow and her orphans. This is why men are seen hurrying from all parts of the city. This is why a business hour has found the desk empty, and the ledger closed. This is why the tools of the mechanic lie idle on his bench. This is why the half filled stick of the printer has been thrown down, and the din of the steam press hushed—this is why the steps of all tend in one direction, hurrying eagerly forward to deposite the free-will offering of sympathy, benevolence and regard.

As we looked upon the crowd of stalwart men, and thought that but one motive actuated every heart, and that motive was sympathy for the bereaved and afflicted, the weak and helpless, we thought we saw yet lingering on those rough faces, traces of the "image in which they were created," and wiping the tears that had risen unbidden to our eyes, we went on our way rejoicing, feeling, that with all his faults, there was yet some good left in man.

We take the liberty of making the following extract from a private letter recently received from a kind and appreciating friend:

"I asked my little daughter just now, what message she had to send to Mrs. Day—she said; 'Tell her when I get large, I will write some poetry for her paper.'"

There is poetry and music in that answer which reaches to the very depths of our heart, and sends up a flood of gratitude that we have been called to the high honor of occasionally ministering to the minds of these pure and innocent little ones.

Our thanks are due to Mr. H. H. Moore, librarian, for a ticket of admission to the full course of lectures to be delivered before the Mercantile Library Association. The lectures will, no doubt, prove instructive as well as entertaining; and we hope will meet with that generous support from our citizens which similar entertainments meet with at the East.

Young Ladies' Seminary, Oakland.

In no instance is our prosperity as a people more manifest than in the schools, which are every where springing up around us.

We recently spent a day in Oakland, and were much surprised to find there a most flourishing Seminary for young ladies, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. de Laguna, assisted by Miss M. C. Pollard. This school, which was started on the 6th of September, 1853, with only seven scholars, now numbers between thirty and forty as intelligent, healthy, happy looking faces as we have met with in long time.

The course of instruction pursued in this Seminary embraces all that is taught in High Schools, including all the accomplishments, Modern and Ancient Languages, Drawing, Painting, Vocal and Instrumental Music, and Calisthenics.

An ample play-ground is connected with the School, and the physical education of the pupils is carefully promoted by daily exercise and recreation in the open air. A very good library, and considerable philosophical and chemical apparatus have been procured, and will be increased from year to year.

The location of this school is one of the most desirable in the State. Removed from the noise and confined air of the city, it is yet sufficiently near to enable parents to see their children every week.

Mr. de Laguna, the principal of the School, has been long and favorably known as a teacher of Modern Languages, and with the assistance of his amiable and accomplished lady, cannot fail to make the school all that could be desired.

We understand they have in contemplation the erection of a new and elegant building, to be occupied as a Seminary, the ensuing spring.

Oakland has also a very flourishing College for boys, to which we shall refer at some future time.

We have received from Mr. J. Q. A. Warren, No. 111 Sansome St., General agent for California, the January number of the *Eclectic Magazine*, issued in advance to California subscribers. It is embellished with the splendid match prints, "Sir Walter Scott and his Literary Friends at Abbotsford," and "Shakespeare and his Contemporaries." These engravings are got up expressly for the *Eclectic*, and are in Sartain's best style. In the opinion of many eminent men, the *Eclectic* is now unsurpassed, containing, as it does, the cream of the British Monthlies, selected from more than sixteen British periodicals. To the cultivated mind, or those desirous of choosing select and choice reading, comprehensive and instructive, we cannot recommend a more valuable magazine than the *Eclectic*. The present number contains some twenty-nine articles, among them, "Woman and her influence," "Heroes of India," "Carlyle's Frederick the Great," and other gems, powerful in interest. The magazine is now offered at publishers' prices by the Agent, at 111 Sansome St.

[For the Hesperian.]
EVERY DAY LIFE.

"Well Susan, have you heard the news?" inquired Agnes Ladd of her sister as she rose from the breakfast-table, and seated herself at one of the windows of the sitting-room, with sewing in hand.

"To what do you allude, Agnes? I can't say yes, or no, till you tell me what your news is."

"You know, I spent last evening at Mrs. Hopkins'. In course of conversation, Mrs. Blake's name was mentioned, and I observed, 'that I thought her a very fine little woman.'"

"You think so?" said Mrs. Hopkins, in a reserved tone, which I plainly saw, indicated she did not. I was determined to sift out the matter, whatever it was."

"Sifting out with a good purpose, I hope," interrupted Susan.

"Now don't be tiresome, Susan, let me tell my news—gossip you will call it—and then you can lecture to your heart's content. 'Why, Mrs. Hopkins', don't you think so?' I asked."

"I hardly feel," rejoined Mrs. Hopkins, "free to express an opinion, as I do not know the lady intimately. In fact I have never troubled myself particularly to form her acquaintance, though I have seen her several times at our social circles."

"Why, did you not like her appearance? She is thought quite entertaining, and I know is intelligent."

"I dare say she may be intelligent. As for being entertaining, I don't doubt that, for I thought she was a little too much so, particularly to gentlemen."

"Perhaps you women folks didn't give her a chance to be entertaining to any one else: judging from your own account, 'you did not try to form her acquaintance.' I knew that remark would draw her out of her pretended reserve, for I saw plainly it was all pretence, and she was longing to tell all she knew."

Her lips unclosed instantly with: "The truth is, I dislike to be uncharitable, and repeat what I hear, but I suppose I shouldn't mind mentioning it to you, as you are an intimate friend. I would not like to tell it to every one, and you must be sure not to speak of it."

My only reply was: "What is it?" laughing inwardly at our great intimacy, and the grand secrecy to be observed.

"Why, they say she neglects her husband, and is continually running with other men. That she is fast driving him to ruin and dissipation."

"Indeed! but who is 'they say'?"

"Oh! several have mentioned it to me, I cannot particularize—besides, they say she especially favors a Mr. Gordon, in fact is in love with him."

That capped the climax in my estimation. "I can assure you that your engaging friend Mrs. Blake should receive such a dressing."

"But, Agnes, you certainly told Mrs. Hopkins there must be a mistake. You never let the matter rest there, did you?"

"Rest there it certainly did, for I'd as soon think of disturbing the quiet of a frog pond, as troubling myself about anything that did not interest me."

"Yet, Agnes, it interested you sufficiently to inquire out the gossip."

"Susan, it was not my business to defend the woman. Mrs. Hopkins was welcome to her opinion, if she chose to entertain it, and as Mrs. Blake is not my particular friend, but yours, you can take up the cudgel for her, if you see fit."

"She is not your particular friend, I admit, Agnes, yet she is your neighbor, and you have violated the rule of charity towards her."

"Why Susan!" indignantly exclaimed Agnes, "I uncharitable? Prove it. Prove it, right off."

"St Paul says,—'That charity thinketh no evil—rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.' Now if you take up scandal, and report it, you have broken the rule of charity. Charity would not have permitted you to have drawn out Mrs. Hopkins, to say what she did, nor to be pleased with the recital of the tale to which you listened. You also would so far have 'rejoiced in the truth,' as to have denied the validity of the report Mrs. Hopkins had heard."

"I declare, Susan, you are sharp on a person. But how could I say it was not so? I did not know the source of information."

"You knew this much, Agnes, that Mrs. Blake is an intimate friend of mine. That, if there was anything improper in her behavior, I could not have been intimate with her. You ought to have given her the benefit of your certain knowledge, that your sister considered her friendship a treasure, and placed before Mrs. H. the impression of her conduct in your presence; for you must acknowledge, it has always been womanly and dignified."

"Sister, I confess I have been selfish, nay sinful, in withholding the good I knew, and in listening to the evil,—to speak truthfully, searching it out. I will help you to unravel the mystery, and repair my share of the evil, as far as I can. There is one thing I noticed, however, last evening, that notwithstanding Mrs. Hopkins' injunction of secrecy, I found most of the ladies present were already posted in the facts that had been given me."

"That need not surprise you, for evil finds ready messengers eager to communicate to any who will listen, and listeners are seldom wanting. You need not go far to unravel the mystery, as you call it, Agnes, for I can do it for you."

"Mrs. Blake has already spoken with me of the report." "Which of course reached her through one of her anxious friends," said Agnes, demurely. Her sister could not forbear smiling, but proceeded without further remark—"wounded and hurt, as any delicate woman would be, that any one would speak lightly of her. Her only comfort was in the thought, that her daily life must prove the falseness of the story, and she let it fall to the ground unworthy of notice."

"But how did it come about, such a report?" "The husband is a member of the Lyceum, and she always attends with him. One evening he was detained by his business, and did not reach home till near the hour of starting. He had supper to eat, and himself to prepare,

which would detain him nearly an hour. As Mr. Gordon was there, waiting to accompany them, Mr. Blake proposed, that he should take Mrs. Blake over to the hall, as he did not wish her to lose the benefit of an interesting lecture to be given that evening, and she would be too late for it if she waited till he could go. He was to be at the hall, to conduct her home, which he did. Once after, at Mr. Blake's request, when he expected to be absent from the city, Mr. Gordon protected Mrs. Blake to the Lyceum and home. These are the only occasions where she has ever been out with any gentleman except her husband. As for her husband being dissipated, I can safely say, that is a falsehood. I know both husband and wife—know them to be devoted to each other, and the husband seldom spends an evening away from his wife. As for loving Mr. Gordon,—Mrs. Blake is a christian, and above infidelity to her husband. As regards Mr. Gordon—I have confidence in him, that he is an honorable man, and I trust him so far, that I have consented to be his wife."

"Susan, Susan, if you haven't got ahead of me this time! I'll give up trying to be posted on the standing items of the day, after this, when my own open hearted sister can be quiet about her affairs. Wish you joy, however, sister of a good husband, now that I have partially recovered from my surprise."

"But you have not told me yet, if you found out who hatched that beautiful story?"

"You have at times seen a Mrs. Jones at the circle. She is the lady. She is an illiterate, narrow-minded woman, placing the worst construction on persons' actions, and does not hesitate to give her warped views as facts. She imagined Mrs. Blake was accustomed to receive indiscriminate attentions from gentlemen, from seeing her on the occasions named, with Mr. Gordon. The rest of the story originated in the lady's imagination alone, and those who know her place no reliance on her sayings, as they know her to be a slanderer and gossip."

"Has Mrs. Blake spoken to her on the subject?"

"No, she has never mentioned it, though she has met her on several occasions, and treated her courteously, showing that she fully lived up to that charity, 'which suffereth long and is kind.'"

"Who would have believed that from such a small matter, such a report should arise? I'll make it all right with Mrs. Hopkins before night. She shan't have an opportunity to tell her choice bit again. As for myself, I'll keep my tongue under better control in future. If I can't find any good to tell, I'll keep quiet. I shall not pry out evil, or if I know of evil, I will let it rest, where the telling would accomplish no good."

"Rest assured, dear Agnes, with such a resolve kept, you will be a gainer both for time and eternity. Heaven will reward you if you thus live in charity with all men, giving you such a treasure of love, that your own heart will be enriched thereby, and you cannot fail to enrich others."

S. C. H.

Sierra Co., Dec. 30th, 1858.

[For the Hesperian.]

A Merry Strain by A Merry Man.

We saw the merry sun arise
And smile on merry faces,
And light up all the merry skies
O'er many merry places.

We watched each merry sunbeam new,
Its colored merry rays,
And wished our life were one dream too,
Of dancing merry days.

We looked around in merry hour,
And merry saw all Nature,
How Bird, Beast, Flow'r, a merry dower
Took from a glad Creator.

We saw the merry lambskins play
Upon the merry lawn,
And merrily wished to dance away
Like them from night to morn.

We watched the merry honey bees
Among the merry flowers,
As we sat under merry trees,
Enjoying merry hours.

We heard the merry singing birds
Among the merry bowers,
And laughed o'er many merry words
From merry friends of ours.

We thought too that the flowers sang,
Moved by the merry wind:
All beauty is a merry tongue,
To every merry mind.

We heard how merry David grew
With merry harp's glad art,
And piously did we crave too,
His grateful, merry heart.

Dr. D.—N.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—The *Sierra Citizen*, after stating the proposition that California is a "concentrated extract of the Union," gives the annexed glowing word picture in illustration of it:

Educated intelligence is distributed and has its constant indulgence in city and village. Fifty thousand children, in charge of five hundred well paid teachers, are enjoying the benefits of an admirable public school system; churches of several denominations are established numerously in every county; public libraries have been founded in large and small places; the trade in standard literature is extensive, and the monthly purchase of newspaper contents immense. In the social relation there are all those scenes wherein fashion displays her richest robes and flashes her jewels, and beauty smiles, and gallantry wears its captivating and gum-elastic frills. The "grand ball," and "splendid supper," and "delightful serenade" are as peculiar to the remote towns in the mining districts of California as they are to the oldest and largest towns of the Atlantic slope. The mechanic arts are manifest in all our communities; the best work in every branch of industry is here; for in the mountains may be seen architectural excellence equal to much that may be seen in aristocratic streets of the national Capital. Buildings in the smallest places are frequently better furnished than thousands of metropolitan residences; the cottage houses of San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville and many of the lesser towns, are set in flowers, and all their surroundings partake of nothing inferior to oriental magnificence, in the fulness of its shades, brightened and softened by a sky-curtain resplendent day and night.

[For the Hesperian.]

CLEAR LAKE.

This beautiful Alpine sheet of water, overshadowed and hidden, so to speak, by surrounding peaks of the Coast mountains, is one of the many inviting localities of our State, and deserves, as it is destined to be, far better known than it is at present. To the tourist in search of the picturesque and sublime, the lakes of Switzerland could not present a more attractive feature. It is about fifty miles from Napa City, in a direction a little West of North. The route from the latter place to the lake, passes over alternate ranges of mountains and intervening valleys, presenting a variety of scenery that would well repay the journey, even without the crowning view of one of the greatest natural curiosities of California. Clear Lake is an enormous fountain, having no supply tributaries, save the numerous springs, many of them boiling hot, rising on its margin and perhaps welling up from its bottom. A small river runs from it called Cache Creek, which, after pursuing a south-easterly course about fifty miles, enters the Sacramento Valley, and is lost amongst the lagoons that border the river. The Lake is near the axis or divide of the coast mountains, on their eastern slope, and has an elevation of twelve or fourteen hundred feet above the sea level. The shape is irregular, and extends N.W. from its outlet, in length about twenty-five miles. The breadth is variable; in traversing the Lake from the outlet of Cache Creek, the shores alternately widen and contract from one to three miles, until at a distance of ten or twelve miles it is suddenly narrowed to less than half a mile; beyond this the shores recede away from each other to meet again in the distance, inclosing a circular basin of twelve miles in diameter; this portion is known as Big Lake, in contradistinction to the part east of the strait, which is called "Lower Lake." On the south side of the Big Lake is Big Valley, a fertile plain of considerable extent, bounded on the south by a mountain ridge that divides it from waters of the Pluten River, tributary to Russian River. The portion of the lake east of the strait is crowded by the mountains which spring from the water's edge. Toward the eastern extremity, however, they recede, and a valley is formed that extends five or six miles beyond the lake, down Cache Creek. The peculiarly sinuous shore line gives rise to numerous little bays and harbors, where the light canoes of the Indians are anchored when their dusky owners rest from their work of catching fish, or killing wild fowl, with which the water abounds. Several beautiful little islands elevated but a few feet above the water, shaded with broad-spreading, ever-green oaks — of the extent of from one to fifteen acres, add much to the picturesque effect. To these secluded spots the Indians of the neighboring valleys have retreated; and the wreck of a tribe that but a few years ago was counted by thousands, now finds ample room for its diminished numbers on these isolated specks of land. They are a harmless and inoffensive people, and seem to have no difficulty with

the whites. They live abundantly on fish and fowl, and the only dread they seem to have is that they may be forced to go to some Government reservation.

On the north side the mountains rise from the immediate margin nearly the entire length of the lake, leaving only a narrow pathway near the water. A few little valleys of exceedingly fertile soil, lie hid in the folds of the mountain, and open to the lake their only outlet. The largest of these is called "Loon Valley," and contains about fifty acres. With this exception the north shore is bold and precipitous. The water has a depth of fifty or sixty feet to within a few yards of the land, all round the northern side; toward the eastern extremity there are, however, several little bays with shelving shores and bottoms. In one of these bays, numerous springs of boiling hot water make their way up through the fissures of the smooth rock bottom, extending from the margin of the water to a distance of two or three hundred feet into the lake, spreading along the shore to twice that distance, and forming one of the most delightful bathing places imaginable. You can have a bath of almost any temperature, by getting nearer or farther from one of the hot jets. Some caution is however requisite, as I found to my cost, by placing my foot when wading about, over one of these jets. Several such places are observable, where hot water, accompanied with gas, issues from rounded openings in the rocks. In one place in the centre of the lake, I found gas bubbles in large quantities constantly agitating the surface over an extent of hundreds of acres. The water was seventy-five feet deep, and although the surface presented no increase of temperature, I imagine the bottom was a locality of hot springs, such as I observed along the shore in shallow water. Some of these springs seem to be pure water, others are highly impregnated with mineral matters. The whole neighborhood abounds with mineral springs, generally hot, and the volcanic aspect of the country gives reason to believe that subterranean fires are yet active at no great depth below. Of some of these volcanic appearances, and of the remarkable scenery, I shall take occasion to speak in my next.

V.

The Little Pilgrim is the name of a most excellent little work published by Grace Greenwood of Philadelphia. It is a monthly journal, for boys and girls, and we particularly recommend it to the attention of parents in this State as a work every way worthy of their patronage, and one which may safely be placed in the hands of their sons and daughters. The terms which are reasonable, are as follows:

Fifty cents a year for single copies; 5 copies for \$2; 14 copies and one to get-up of club, for \$5; 24 copies, and one to get-up of club, for \$8; 50 copies for \$15; always payable in advance. Address, post paid always, Leander K. Lippincott, 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

The most foolish of all vanity is that of expensive dress, jewels, and costly furniture.

LABOR AND ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

Everything in creation, from the sun to the beautiful flower which greets its morning presence with a dewy blush, has a mission, which involves motion, growth, or decay; and the want of the two former qualities is a proof of leath. Were our world (which revolves in common with the satellites of the sun) to stand permanently still, the anti-podes would be covered with perpetual night. The necessity for this action is obvious; for it is the life—or, rather, the partial sustenance—of all existence. Man himself forms no exception to this rule. Were the arm made by the Divine artist to hang listlessly by his side, it would not have been bound with those bony hinges, which, far louder than the voice of science, commands it to move in developing exercise. An idle man is an anomaly rebuked by every passing zephyr; and we pity the millionaire who, wrapt up in a solitary and ignoble stillness, views the world busy around him, while he stands still, like a useless being for whom Heaven could not find a suitable occupation. The Earl of Stanhope, and other noblemen, found idleness so irksome, that they followed daily, in their lordly mansions, the profession of a trade; and to the former personage we are indebted for the printing press called after his name.

But if labor is the exchange for the sustenance of life, athletic exercise is no staple of its progressive or conservative existence. The muscles, nerves, joints, and the other appurtenances of morality require an exercise which no particular occupation can give. Hence the gymnasium stands separated from and not co-relative with all the muscular development of the body which labor is supposed to achieve. The chest, with its speaking oracles of life—the lungs—must be expanded and kept free from its vital tenants; and no doubt the prevalence of consumption in many classes may be traced to their contracted and sedentary occupations. Where athletic exercises are common, consumption is comparatively less. If the philanthropists of the age, who claim for woman positions at war with the will of God and nature, would assemble in an Athletic Exercise Convention, and preach the necessity of their principles for human governance, they would do a service to this race, and be recognized as the ethical lights of their intellectual age. We trust that the day is not far distant when athletic exercises will be as common as ordinary labor.—*Ex.*

We have received from Messrs Stratman, McGinn & Co., 114 Washington street, a copy of the *Ladies' American Magazine*, a work which takes the place of *Graham's Magazine*. The reading matter is interesting and instructive, and the embellishments, of which there are quite a number, are of a high order. Stratman, McGinn & Co., are the sole agents for this work in this city. We are also indebted to the same parties for late Eastern papers.

LADIES AND THICK SHOES.

The kind of shoes now worn by ladies are exceedingly detrimental to health, and to their use no doubt serious sickness and death is occurring daily. So fashionable has it become for the ladies to wear shadows of shoes, that the manufactories turn out no other sort, and it is an impossibility to procure at any shoe-store, a suitable pair of ladies' shoes for the purpose of walking or protection against the cold of winter.

There is nothing which adds more to comfort, and certainly no less to health, than a firm, thick pair of shoes. The sole of a lady's shoe for outdoor use should be from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness, and the upper leather of thick, soft calf skin.

Now, ladies don't say, "Oh me! one could't get about in such clumsy things." Just try a pair of the shoes of which we have spoken, and if you don't acknowledge they are the most pleasant shoes you ever wore, not only for warmth, but for ease of locomotion, we'll pay the damage.

An experienced pedestrian always prefers a very thick soled boot or shoe. The man who wishes to make a long journey never wears thin soled boots, for his feet would soon become so full of blisters that he could not proceed further. The thick sole braces the foot, allows one to proceed with ease, and defends from the inequalities of the ground. People who wear thick soles or boots never have corns. The Chinese know the value and comfort of thick soles. They have them made of great thickness and entirely intractable. Let the ladies change the fashion as regards shoes, and their comfort, health, vigor and longevity will be no little promoted.—*Nevada National.*

THE ORACLE.

Strephon, a Greek youth of high rank, said one day to his tutor: "I would gladly go to Delphi to question the oracle concerning my fate. It seems to me as though I could then arrange my life better, and choose the way of wisdom with more certainty."

"If thou thinkest thus," answered the master, "I will accompany thee."

They set out on their journey, and came to Delphi. With peculiar sensations of awe the youth entered the dreary environs of the sanctuary. They reached the temple, and sat down opposite. Then Strephon read this inscription over the entrance of the temple: *Know thyself.* "What do these words mean?" asked he.

His master answered: "They are easy to explain. Think who thou art, and to what end thou didst receive life. We must first know ourselves, before we dare to question our futurity."

"Who am I, then?" asked the youth.

"Thou art Strephon," answered his tutor, "the son of the worthy Agathias. But if death were to take thee suddenly, as a little while ago it snatched thy brother Callias, could I then say to thy lifeless corpse or thy ashes: 'My dear Strephon?' Behold, the being which thinks in thee, and which

will soon know its futurity from the mouth of the priest—that is *THYSELF*. This invisible being is destined to guide all thy actions, to regulate thy life, and to form it into a well-defined whole. By this means thou wilt become like unto the gods, and content with thyself. For the man whom the spirit governs may be compared to a well-tuned lyre, which emits nothing but lovely sounds; but the man who is governed by sensuality and passion, is a slave, and his low inclinations lead him whither they please on ungodly ways. Whosoever fully acknowledges this his destiny, and by questioning himself discovers how far he has approached the goal in the way he has chosen, or how far he is yet distant,—that man knows himself."

The youth was silent. Then the master said: "Come, let us now enter the temple."

But Strephon said: "No, my beloved master, the inscription is enough for me; I am ashamed of my foolish desire; I have too much to do with myself and with the present to trouble myself with the future."

"Happy art thou," said his tutor; "do not repent having undertaken the journey; it has answered its purpose, for thou hast heard the voice of the gods. Thou art on the road to wisdom; thy humility proves it, for this is the first fruit of self-knowledge."

THE LONESOME CABIN DOWN THE GLEN.—

We can comprehend the dreariness of hours accumulating in the miner's lonesome cabin down the glen. The fire burns cheerfully, but the sparks seem to drop like pound weights from the fore-stick. The silence outside is more oppressive than the altercations of wrathful storms. In spite of his resolution he thinks of his deserted fireside, and in imagination little plain-faced sisters grow to the comeliness of angels, and she whom, perhaps, he has addressed unkindly, folds her wasted arms about him, and in the unsearchable richness of a mother's love, whispers into the ear of his heart, "My son?" Every brook, and tree, and creature of home magnify in affection, and he thinks—

"Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands."

Misfortunes and sickness come, and when the huge trees trail their shadows along the opposite hill, he feels a deeper night gathering in his soul, and when a stray minister of religion would counsel prayer, he answers:

"Who is God, that he should hear us
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred;
When we sob aloud the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word."

Thus, in a bright, beautiful world, in a near neighborhood with hearts sympathetic and yearning for companionship, like his own, many an one grows despondent, until in despair he lifts his false key to the door which God's own hand may open, and goes out to the bewildering fields where suicides search for rest.—*Trinity Journal.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ANGEL VOICES.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

She sat among the flowers,
Beneath the garden wall;
And they looked into her face and smiled,
And voices came from them all;
"We are lovely, we are beautiful,
And we love to smile on thee;
But there are fairer flowers than we, sweet child,
There are fairer flowers than we."

She listened to the birds,
As they fluttered and sang overhead;
And sweet were the songs they sang to her,
And these were the words they said:
"We sing all day to the listening flowers,
And we love to sing to thee;
But there are sweeter singers than we, fair child,
There are sweeter singers than we."

One day the angels came
And took that child away;
They bore her away to the fields of Heaven,
And then she heard them say:
"We have brought thee to a fairer land,
The dwelling of the King,
Where the flowers are ever beautiful—
The birds forever sing."

[For the Hesperian.

The Story of Carlo, the Faithful Dog.

Many years ago there was a very terrible earthquake in this country. Many houses were thrown down, and many men, women, and children were killed. In one place the people had assembled in a large church, and were kneeling in prayer when the earthquake came. The roof of the church fell in upon them, and crushed them nearly all to death. The sea rose very high and made a dreadful noise as it dashed its waves high up on the shore. The cattle ran bellowing from the hills, and the birds flew round and round in circles, and screamed with terror.

There was one man who lived with his wife and two children, near the shores of the bay. His house was built of adobe, or sun-burnt bricks, such as you sometimes see here now, and the roof was covered with earthen tiles. Near the house was a *cuerera* or house to put hides, for the people here then used to trade in hides, and sell them to the captains of the vessels who came here. There were very few vessels that came here then—only two or three in a whole year.

Well, the man lived very happy here with his wife, and little boy called Antonio, and his baby brother, whose name was Angelo. They had also a large dog whom they called Carlo, and whom they all loved very much; Carlo was a very faithful dog, and Inez, the man's wife, used often to leave him in the house to take good care of the children, while she went to do the work of the family out doors. There was a brook near the house, where Inez did her washing; she pounded the clothes by jumping on them with her feet, and then spread them on the green grass to dry.

Well, Carlo was left alone in the house one day, with the little baby boy, Angelo. Antonio was with his mother, who was washing clothes at the brook. Then, suddenly, the dreadful

earthquake came. Inez caught Antonio in her arms, and started to run with him to the house, but the ground rose beneath her feet, and she fell with him on her knees.

"O, blessed Virgin," she said, "spare my life, and that of my poor boy, Antonio!" Then she thought of little Angelo in the falling house, and poor Inez screamed with terror. She started and ran again with all her strength toward the house; she had just reached it when she saw the roof fall in.

"O, Angelo!" screamed Inez, "my poor Angelo, thou art dead! My baby is killed!" She caught hold of the roof of the fallen dwelling, and tried to lift it aside; all the time calling for Angelo; her darling baby Angelo. Then all at once, Carlo came running toward her from the hide house. He sprang upon Inez, and taking hold of her dress with his teeth, tried to pull her toward the *cuerera*.

"O, Carlo! where is my baby? What hast thou done with my child?" cried the frantic mother. But poor Carlo could not speak; he could only seize hold of Inez' dress and drag her toward the hide house.

"Is it so, is Angelo in the *cuerera*?" said Inez, rushing with all her strength toward the place. "It is so! Thank God, Angelo is still alive!—he is sleeping in the *cuerera*!"

Inez always loved Carlo after that. She loved him next to her husband and children; for she said, "It was he that saved Angelo from the ruins of the falling house."

Carlo lived many years in the family, until he was a very old dog. When he died, Inez and her husband and children mourned for him very much. They buried him in the garden, and many years after they would point to a little hillock, covered with grass and flowers which the children had planted, and say, "This is the grave of Carlo, the faithful dog."

G. T. S.

SPEAK GENTLY TO EACH OTHER.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Please to help me a minute, sister."

"Oh, don't disturb me, I'm reading," was the answer.

"But, just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I, emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of ten years old, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home, his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and jackknife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it—and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this in the fifteen minutes after he left me, and my book gave me no

pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him, and afforded the assistance needed, but I knew he had found some one else! But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes!" His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and sure enough, on the roof of the wood house was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to suit any boy. I praised the windmill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and entirely forgetful of my unkindness, and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room with anxious faces about him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of those deceitful calms in his disease, that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh, no," replied he, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He mused a moment, and then added:—"Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me fix it, and you was reading, and told me you could not? But it didn't make any difference, for Mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly those words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awakened!—How I repented as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter and fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed the eyes once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving, I remember the lost little Frank—and I remember also, the thoughtless, the unkind words!

Brothers and sisters, be kind to each other. Be gentle, considerate, and loving.—*Examiner*.

The first rule in the choice of a friend, is not to love him before you know him. Some time is required to discover virtue and probiety. The next rule, which is not less important, is to choose from the society of the good and the virtuous.

[For the H.]
PERFECTED PRAISE.

A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

BY REV. DOCTOR D.—N.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVI.

"I have not felt such uninterrupted happiness, for many a year, as I have enjoyed since my return in your delightful village," said Ashhurst to Dr. Goodman, "and your presence throws a charm over all. How is it, Doctor, that you have managed to gain the good will of every villager in the place? Scarcely a child or an old woman have I met with, that does not use your name as a household word, and bless the very air you breathe. I met a child this morning, as I was being wheeled about, and do you know there is planking all around your park, for my hand carriage?—but, this child, she was reading most intensely a little book. I asked the title, and on looking back, found written on the inside cover, in a rustic hand, in the very best round text of the school-master: 'A gift from dear Doctor Goodman.' 'You have a fine pig in your sty there, Dame,' said I to a poor old creature, almost as crippled and as helpless as myself. 'Tis quite a picture! where did you get the sample from?' 'It was the gift of dear Dr. Goodman. I have had I don't know how many young from it—enough to pay my rent. He found me in great affliction at the death of my poor old man, and over head and ears in debt, and when he told me to cheer up, I remember I answered, what cheer was left for a poor old soul like me. I remember as well as if 'twas yesterday. He answered; 'The cheer of bearing our misfortunes lightly, and setting about bettering them.' This pig, with many other good things, I have received from him, and do you see that nice handsome pump in the middle of the green?'"

"My dear sir, interrupted the Doctor, "I know what you are going to add, but I see no praise due to us for doing our duty, for it is a duty and an awfully responsible one to those who have wealth, in what manner they use it. Unerring wisdom has put it on record, how hardly shall they who have riches enter into the heavenly kingdom. Well, now, as to the health, do you find the air agrees with you?"

"Every thing, Doctor, every thing! and I feel this affliction the kindest stroke of Providence, for it has made me know more of the truths of Holy Writ, than any symptom that death could frighten me into. O! if I could but find out the poor victims of my former vile pleasures, so that I could, in some measure, atone for my past errors! In your dear society, and that of this young divine, your friend, I could feel that I could experience as much of heaven as this earth will allow. But tell me, doctor, how is it that this young man whom you esteem so highly is always so very merry?" I always thought that the practice of religion must always be attended with a correspondent gloom. Instead of this demeanor, this young man has always some joke to crack—some odd story to tell, or is whistling some merry tune or other. Don't you think that

such behavior is inconsistent with the clerical walk of life?"

"Not at all, my dear Ashhurst. I have always found that the most religiously inclined men were the most cheerful, except under confirmed affliction, and even then you will find an elasticity of spirit, among them, very rarely to be found among the foolishly-gay dissipated, or the hypocritically pious."

This was the full experience of the doctor: often, when he heard praise bestowed on a young man for any praiseworthy act, there would be a deep, dark shade pass over his countenance, and his features would mould themselves into an expression of the bitterest sorrow, but it was but momentary, and his countenance would soon light up again with its former brightness.

It was rumored that he had been unfortunate in his family, by the separation of a wife or a rejection from a lover. Whatever it might be, certain it was that religion had soothed all his sorrow and increased all his pleasures.

"Your remarks remind me," said Ashhurst, "of a passage in his sermon of last Sunday—'That if the Almighty had intended that our life should be one unchequered with joy, he would have clothed the glad verdure in a black garb, and hidden his bright sun behind a dark veil.'"

"I had almost forgotten to tell you," said the good doctor, "that I have a piece of news to surprise you with."

He then detailed the event of the strange discovery of the miser, and gave him hopes of being put again into possession of his property unencumbered. For since the estate had been placed under the joint control of the doctor and lawyer, so judicious a use had been made of it that in the few years that had elapsed, sufficient proceeds had arisen from it as almost to suffice to pay off all encumbrances upon it.

"In that case, dear doctor," said Ashhurst, "I must request you to add another to the many deep obligations I am under to you,—and that is, to endeavor by all manner of means to find out certain parties to whom I have to regret to say, that I have behaved like a villain of the worst description. The thought of their remaining any longer in deep suffering by my unprincipled conduct, embitters almost the whole of my existence; and if it were not for the kind friends, that God in his mercy has raised up for me, amongst which, you, my old friend, stand forward, and not amongst the least our worthy and consistent spiritual adviser, and my dear little Jessie, life indeed would be intolerable. What a fire-brand plucked from the fire have I been. Surrounded as you found me with the most worthless and abandoned men, how thankful ought I to be for the accident that brought us together."

"Yes," said the doctor, "all must own at some period or other of their lives, that 'God works in a mysterious way.' But why have we not seen our little reader these last two days?"

"Little Jessie? I think she said her mamma

was indisposed. I sent yesterday and heard that she would soon resume her duties. Do you know, doctor, there is something within me that draws me irresistibly to that child which I cannot define. I never heard so young a child so imbued with such accurate notions of ordinary things. When asked a question, her answer always appears to be elaborated by the principles of logic."

"She is as much a puzzle to me as her mother," replied the doctor. "For a woman, where the limits of education of the sex in England are so narrow, she is one of the best educated women I ever conversed with."

"Perhaps it is no compliment, doctor, when I tell you that, as you were the first that awakened in me the certainty of a future, she was the next person that confirmed me in the truth of it. I must confess that our worthy, reverend friend had, at first, very little hand in this conversion. What he advanced, I looked upon with such suspicion as coming from one whose business it was to advocate religion, that I became as passive as a patient who takes medicine merely to conduce to recovery without feeling any present benefit from it."

"What first drew my attention to this child, and perhaps yours also," said the doctor, "was, that there was a thorough absence of what is called religious cant, about her. There was no beating about the bush to introduce her favorite subject, religion, as is observed in most children that have been drilled into it, as is the case with those of some mistaken parents. Her's is truly the religion of the heart—like that of her mother's. She, young as she is, has seen how her poor parent has been sustained and supported by it under the deepest affliction, and the child has, no doubt, been early led to conclude the countless value of the blessing."

"I wonder if ever I shall see her mother?" inquired Ashhurst. "Is she like her child?"

"Not much; she has scarcely a feature resembling her; but this may have been the cause of much sorrow. I have known, in the course of my varied experience, the most surprising changes brought about by this means, so as almost to obliterate every vestige of a former self. I have known even the stature almost to alter."

"Poor lady! What an exalted study must religion be to prove a remedy under such deep suffering. Did you ever elicit from her the cause of it?"

"Never, as in my own case, dear friend—for I have had, and still have, my own cross to bear—any approach to promote this discovery appeared so offensive that she became, on the instant, nervously sensitive, and would instantly change the tenor of conversation, or rise abruptly from her chair—no, her sorrows appear to be sacred to herself."

Ashhurst saw, in this observation, sufficient to guard him against any future idle curiosity of the doctor's affliction, more especially when he considered how much it was out of his power to relieve it.

"Tis time for me to commence my visits," said the good doctor. "Who have you got to read to you to-day?"

"I have sent George to the charity-school for a lad, but I think I would rather do without, to-day. My little Jessy must make up for lost time. Of course you will visit her poor mother, in your round?"

"I shall see her first," answered the doctor; "her energies are too valuable to be suspended in this parish, even for a day."

So saying, he took his leave, leaving the poor crippled Ashhurst to his own reflections; for he had been prohibited, as the reader is aware, from altering his position in his chair at any time, either for the purpose of reading or for any necessity, and although his health increased under the doctor's tender care, there had been no alteration in the affection of the spine. The chair had been so manufactured, by the doctor's ingenuity, as to fall back and enlarge at the sides into a bed. From this it may be judged how utterly helpless the accident had rendered him.

"Who is it?" said Ashhurst, in answer to a slight tap at the door of the library.

To this no answer was returned, but a more subdued rap was heard.

"Come in! come in!" shouted he, and in a moment Jessy made her appearance.

"How are you to-day, sir?" she modestly asked—for it was observed by all, that the older she grew her modesty became greater.

"I should first ask how your dear mamma is," said Ashhurst. "The doctor, when he saw her yesterday, found her, I am sorry to hear, in much perturbation."

"Yes, poor, dear mamma! What do you think, sir? she says she saw a ghost?"

"A what?" inquired Ashhurst.

"A ghost, sir, a spirit of a deceased person."

"A ghost! Do you believe in ghosts, child," inquired Ashhurst.

"No dear, no sir; nor did mamma, either, till last Friday, when she declared that in the evening a figure like poor Jane, glided in the room while she was sewing, and sat down on a chair opposite her, muttering 'Poor Jane, poor Jane.'"

"Poor Jane! Who is she—who is she?" hastily inquired Ashhurst, with a cheek suddenly bleached as white as marble.

"Dear me, sir, does it make you, too, ill to hear it, as well as mamma, who saw it? Do you believe in ghosts, too, sir?"

"No, child, no! But the name! Who is or who was poor Jane?"

"Oh, sir, she was a friend of poor mamma's for a short time, but she went insane, and drowned herself, and was buried; I myself saw her buried in—churchyard. I could show you her grave. I often visit it to water the flowers around it, and have done so for many years. But dear me, sir! I see you are ill; I will ring the bell! Why, he is fainting! What shall I do? O! here is some water," said she, rubbing his face with her wet hands, and then pours water into his own hands from a flower vase that stood by. After this, applying a smelling-bottle to his nose, he recovered before the servants had entered.

After this, one was dispatched with all

haste for Dr. Goodman, and the young lady received a gentle hint to withdraw, as she had confessed to them, Mr. Ashhurst was ill from something she had informed him of. Without further ceremony, and with much sorrow, she left, all in amazement, wondering how such sensible people as her mother and Mr. Ashhurst could believe in ghosts; and with a firm resolve to have the matter at once cleared up, after she had seen good Doctor Goodman and the Curate. I am quite sure—thought she to herself—of their opinion about it. But poor mamma, whose opinion I would take before all the world—who has never deceived me—no, not in a single instance. O, what can I think of it all. Thus saying, she, with a heavy heart, and perplexed mind, entered her domicile.

[This work is designed by the author to be published in book form. As we are about changing, somewhat, the character of our work, we thought to have no continued stories in our next volume. But, as we have commenced this, if our patrons feel as if they would like to have it completed and will take the trouble to inform us of their wish, we will continue it—Ed.]

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